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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART

A MAGAZINE OF THE
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1896.

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

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THE BAPTISM OF CLOVIS.

(From a painting in the Pantheon by Joseph Blanc.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. JANUARY, 1896. No. 1.

GODSPEED.

By H. V. R.

GO FORTH, O MESSENGER, anew begin
The monthly cycles of a nascent year.
Go forth to every clime where Christ is dear,
And for His Sacred Heart fresh triumphs win.
Go, breathe His peace among discordant din
Of those who love the Christ, but yet adhere
To errors, that in garb of truth appear,
And rend His seamless robe with schism's sin.

Go, bear the light to those whose hapless lot
Hath fallen to them in benighted spot,
Where never ear hath heard the Holy Name.
Go forth to Arctic cold and Tropics hot,
On tireless pinions go, and weary not
Until to all our Godspeed thou proclaim.

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BHOOTEA HUTS, WITH PRAYER-FLAGS.

IN SIKKIM.

By G. O'Loughlen, S J.

THE readers of the American MESSENGER will surely be glad to hear of the interests of the Sacred Heart in this far-off corner of India, and will rejoice that the glorious reign of Jesus Christ has been extended to this region; but their joy will be merged in sadness when they learn how few of the thousands of this country have yet submitted themselves to Him, whose yoke is sweet and whose burden is light; nor will their sorrow be soothed when I tell them that the chief reason why the burning desires of the Sacred Heart have hitherto been denied is that the laborers are few; for that the fields are ripe for the harvest is an opinion shared by all that know anything of this country.

May the furtherance of our divine Saviour's wishes for the souls in Sikkim be added to the intentions of my readers, whose prayers will be an ample recompense for this short sketch.

I shall be pardoned for having chosen the comprehensive title, "in Sikkim," to which, I own, my sketch will not adequately respond, when I say that my object is to avoid perplexing the reader at the start with a probably unknown name; for my intention is to confine myself to an account of the work being done at Kurseong, where the scholasticate of the Jesuit Fathers of the Belgian province, whose field of labor in India is Western Bengal, is situated.

Sikkim is the narrow and not very long strip of mountain and valley running up from the foot of the Himalayas, between Nepal on the west and Bhutan on the east, to the snowy barrier, beyond which lies Thibet; the chief station or town in this beautiful country is Darjeeling, nineteen miles south of which, at an elevation of 4,500 feet, is Kurseong.

It may interest my readers to know how this spot is reached from the metropolis, and I shall accordingly

briefly indicate the route. Leaving Calcutta at half-past four in the evening, the traveller is carried northward by the Eastern Bengal Railway, the line steadily maintaining, throughout its whole length of 328 miles, a northerly course. At the fourteenth mile from Calcutta the train stops for a few minutes at Barrackpore, the winter villa of the viceroy of India and a military station, famous as the place where the great Sepoy mutiny of 1857, which shook the tower of British rule in India to its very foundations, first betrayed itself.

Barrackpore left behind, there is nothing of interest for the rest of the journey along this line; on either side one sees nothing but monotonous rice-fields, stretching out as far as the eye can reach, with here and there a village, with its palms and bamboos. At about 9 P. M. the train reaches Damookdea, on the right bank of the Ganges. Here a ferry-steamer is waiting to carry him across the river, on the other side of which is the southern terminus of the northern section of the Eastern Bengal Railway. The passage of the river does not ordinarily take much more than an hour, but during the monsoons, when the flood is broad and fierce, much more time is spent in the crossing.

On landing, the traveller enters the night-train, as it is called, which unfortunately runs along a metre gauge-line, and consequently oscillates and jolts too much to allow very sound sleep, some being quite unable to obtain any rest the whole night. At about half-past eight the next morning the terminus, Siliguri, is reached, which is also the terminus of the Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway. Of this wonderful little railway the nature of my letter will not allow me to speak at length, but it is well worth seeing, being considered a triumph of engineering skill. From Siliguri the line runs along the level for nine miles through the Terai, that malarious belt of marshy forest that skirts the Himalayan range along its whole length from east to west, and is the home of the elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, buffalo and wild boar. Strange to say, the Terai is inhabited by human beings, and, stranger still, they are healthy and robust in its malaria-laden atmosphere, to which they are so accustomed that they sicken of malarial fever in the hills and open plains; this may appear fanciful, but I give it on the testimony of trustworthy authorities.

After nine miles, the ascent begins; the line, a two feet gauge, rising by a uniform gradient of one in twenty-five feet from an elevation of about 700 feet at the base of the hills to its maximum elevation, 7,400 feet, at the top of the ridge that separates the Kurseong from the Darjeeling valley; from this, its highest point, the line descends to Darjeeling, its terminus, four miles farther, the total distance from terminus to terminus being fifty miles.

Once in the hills, every mile is full of the most varied interest, for the traveller cannot fail to be charmed by the lovely views of hill and valley, of deep rocky gorges, down which rush roaring the clear mountain torrents, bordered and overhung by beautiful trees, decorated with moss and orchids of various kinds. But if the traveller be not charmed by the scenery, he will surely watch, with the keenest interest, the windings of his little train, and will be struck with the sharp curves round which it goes so safely, often puffing along within two feet of the brinks of precipices with sheer descents of from 1,000 to 3,000 feet, by the loops, the reverses, the zig-zags and the endless twistings it goes through to gain a higher level.

When all goes well, Kurseong is reached at 1 P. M., the railway station being about a mile from St. Mary's, the above mentioned scholasticate, though to reach it one has to mount about 500 feet up the steep spur on which it stands. The flat of St. Mary's reached, the scene that greets the eye amply repays the toil

of climbing: to the south the hills, as they descend, throw out innumerable spurs; below appears the dark fringe of the Terai, and beyond the green plains, intersected by numerous streams that glitter in the sunlight; to the north the mountains, ever rising, clad in forest of oak, magnolia, birch, and other stately trees, but fortunately dipping just in front of Kanjinginga and the adjoining snow-covered peaks, thus affording us a view of part of the majestic snowy range; to the west, at our feet, lies the valley of the Balasun, a small stream flowing in a rocky bed about 3,000 feet below us. On the farther side of this stream rises the range that marks the boundary between Nepal and Sikkim. To the east the view is cut off, since St. Mary's is about 1,000 feet from the summit of the hill on which it is built.

To this spot the scholasticate was removed seven years ago, the climate of the plains, for the greater part of the year, being quite unsuited for serious study.

Here a short notice of the races among whom we live will not be out of place. Excluding the Europeans, who may be divided into residents and visitors; the residents being the government officials, the tea-planters and a few landed proprietors and shop-keepers; the visitors, the many that come up to the hills during the broiling weather in the plains from April to October; and excluding also the natives from the plains, of whom there are not a few tradesmen and domestic servants, the natives of the hills can be roughly divided into three classes, *viz.*: Lepchas, Nipalis and Bhooteas.

The Lepchas are considered to be the aborigines of Sikkim. They are a frank, honest, cheerful and hospitable people, in morals far superior to their pagan neighbors. Their religion consists in the propitiation of the evil spirits, to whom they ascribe all the calamities that befall them. The Lepcha is short, 5 feet 4 inches being the average height, of strong build but timid, with fair features of a distinctly Mongolian cast, and a language of his own.

Unfortunately, the Lepchas are slowly but surely dying out, as civilization advances. When they were masters of their country they roamed about freely over the forest-clad hills, clearing a patch of land where they intended making a stay; then, after raising four or five crops, they moved off to another spot, to repeat the same operation; but now the hills, up to 7,000 feet, are for the most part denuded of forest, and where the trees still remain they are jealously guarded by the Government Forest Department.

The Nipalis, under which name I include the tribes of Nepal, have immigrated in such numbers into Sikkim that they now form seventy per cent. of the population. They are to be found especially in the tea gardens, where they find ready and well-paid employment. In religion they are Hindus, though not so particular about caste regulations as their brethren in other parts of India. The Nipali is a strong, sturdy mountaineer, of about the middle height, and a good soldier.

CHAPEL, SCHOOL AND FARM-YARD.

Lastly come the Bhooteas, by whom I here mean the Bhooteas of Bhutan and of Sikkim, but the name properly applies to the Thibetans. The religion

BOYS OF THE SCHOOL.

of the Bhooteas is Buddhism, to the externals of which creed this poor, degraded people pay great attention, as is attested by the prayer-flags with which they surround their huts, and by the prayer-wheels so often to be seen in their hands. For the benefit of my readers I shall explain the use of these devices. The prayer-flag consists of a tall staff, to which is attached a long, narrow strip of cloth, with the mystic words, "Hom mani padmi Hom," stamped upon it several times. So far the meaning of these words has not

ST. MARY'S FROM THE NORTH.

been discovered, the Lamas themselves not understanding them. It is believed by these poor people that, as these prayer-flags flutter in the breeze, the invocations, or whatever the words may be, rise to the supreme spirit. The same end is attained in their opinion by the use of the prayer wheel, a cylindrical box that turns on the handle by which it is held and swung round. In this box there is a piece of paper or cloth with the above words.

The Bhootea is of tall and powerful frame and of fair features, though not so fair as the Lepcha. In British Sikkim the Bhooteas are traders and carriers, and are noted for the enormous weight they can carry. When the load does not exceed 160 pounds they will walk up hill comfortably with it, and you may intrust them with as much as 250 pounds On the arrival of the traveller in Darjeeling he is surrounded by the Bhootea porters, men and women, disputing for his luggage. Each is provided with a long strap of plaited cane or twine. This they tie around the thing to be carried, leaving a loop for the forehead; then, sitting down, with their back to the load, they place the loop on their forehead, and slowly rise. Once they gain their feet they will tramp along steadily up hill with burdens that would crush a porter of the plains.

The Fathers, on their arrival in this strange and beautiful country, could not but be moved to pity by the sad condition of the poor pagans around, among whom Anglican and Presbyterian missioners had already made some proselytes; but much as they wished to devote themselves to the task of winning these souls to Jesus Christ, stern duty demanded their time for other occupations, and forbade the opening of a regular mission, especially as the already established missions around Calcutta and in Chutia-Nagpore urgently require reinforcement. Prayer and the offering of all the actions of the day in union with the intentions of the Sacred Heart could still be employed, and surely they are powerful weapons for the conquest of souls; yet something more could be done for these perishing people. Little,

it is true, but a little from which rich fruits might be hoped for.

Towards the end of 1891, saintly Father Motet, who went last year on the feast of St. Stanislas, his favorite saint, to receive the reward of his many good works, generously aided by benefactors in Belgium, built a small house, to be a free school for native boys, and a plain but neat little chapel. Both buildings are within easy reach of the scholasticate, being erected on a flat about 150 feet lower than the flat of St. Mary's. St. John Berchmans' school soon numbered some thirty lads, which is about the maximum number we can afford to clothe and feed. Less than half this number were sons of already Christian parents or of catechumens, the rest being pagans, either abandoned by their parents, or made over to us as a measure of economy.

The working of this school will be understood from the following details: The boys are lodged, clothed and fed, free of charge; the expenses so incurred being covered by the generosity of benefactors. The school-building consists of one large boarded room that serves as dormitory and class-room. In front of this room, and along its whole length, is an open veranda—the refectory, and behind are two small rooms, one the schoolmaster's room, the other the kitchen.

The boys sleep on the floor, and on rising in the morning fold up their blankets and put them away for the day on shelves in the wall, thus leaving the room free for the classes. They rise at 6 A. M., and as soon as the blankets are put up, morning prayers are said in common; then comes holy Mass in their own chapel. All have to be present at the august sacrifice, at which they assist by reciting together, from their prayer-books, prayers that have been composed to suit the different parts of the Mass. Mass over, the priest, kneeling at the foot of the altar, recites with them the prescribed prayers for the intentions of the Holy Father, followed by short prayers for their friends and benefactors, for their pagan brethren, and for all Christians.

On leaving the chapel, which is about 9 A. M., there is recreation, during which they drink a tin of tea, prepared by themselves. This last item seems to require a word of explanation. In this country of tea even the poor natives partake of this refreshing beverage, though the tea they

LEPCHA CHRISTIANS.

use is of course of the coarsest quality. They have two recipes for preparing it, according as they want sweet tea or salt tea. For the sweet tea they boil the tea-leaves, or rather tea-dust, to which, when drawn, they add a little coarse, brown sugar; milk being a commodity few can afford. For the salt tea, boiling water is poured over the tea in sufficient quantity, and the mixture is then flavored with a little salted butter.

Now for the explanation of the phrase, "a tin of tea," which may sound strange to those accustomed to hear of a cup of tea. Well, the fact is, they have no cups, but drink out of tin vessels, which further must not be understood to mean tin mugs, for they are nothing more than the cans used for preserved provisions.

At 8 A. M., the piece of rail that does duty for a bell, is struck as the signal for work, *i. e.*, sweeping and dusting the school, sweeping and clearing the grounds around, digging and weeding the garden, carrying water for cooking and washing purposes, and cooking the mid-day meal.

At half-past nine the classes begin, presided over by the native schoolmaster, who is of course a Christian. The course of studies, as will be seen, is not very high. They are taught to read and write Hindi, which in the corrupt and ungrammatical form, is the common language of the country, though the boys, who, with four or five exceptions, are Nipalis, always speak their own dialect among themselves. They are also taught elementary arithmetic, which, when they have acquired it, completes their profane education. Their religious education is imparted to them by two scholastics; one of whom teaches the elder, the other the younger boys. A visit to the school during class hours is always interesting. The boys are scattered over the floor—some reading, some writing, others working at problems of arithmetic—each intent upon his own task, at which he works aloud, regardless of the others, who appear not

LOOP IN THE DARJEELING-HIMALAYAN RAILROAD.

to be disturbed by the confusion of voices.

Eleven is the welcome hour for their first meal, and as soon as the clock in the school-room strikes this hour, books and slates are quickly stowed away, each boy provides himself with his enamelled plate and tin of water, and takes his place. When they are all ready, standing in two rows facing each other, grace is said aloud, and all sit down in silence on the floor to their meal of rice and vegetable curry. This is the daily fare, except on Sundays, when they get meat curry, and then more rice has to be cooked, as the meat sharpens their appetite.

LEPCHA GROUP.

This meal is followed by recreation, during which they amuse themselves playing marbles or cricket, which latter game is thoroughly enjoyed by these poor little fellows, without expensive bats, balls and stumps; a rock standing up serves for wickets, the bat is cut out of a piece of deal wood, and the ball is indifferently of cloth, wood, rubber or leather.

At one P.M. there are classes again till half-past two, when the greater number go out, accompanied by the schoolmaster, to gather firewood, a few remaining to sweep, to carry water and to cook the evening meal. At five o'clock they have their second meal, which is the same as that of the morning; then they play about till six o'clock; at six all go to the chapel for the rosary, after which there is study till seven, when night prayers are said and all go to bed.

To provide for the future of the boys is the question that now perplexes us. Of those that have gone out from the school to seek employment in Darjeeling, three or four have, unfortunately, fallen into bad company; and though they have not renounced their religion, are yet a scandal to pagans and Christians, and even those that have remained faithful are exposed to great dangers. Nor can they easily secure good places, for they must be content to be either workers on the tea-plantations or domestic servants, for tillage cannot support a man in this part of the country. In neither line are the prospects bright, and in each they are exposed to hourly temptations, being forced to live among pagans.

Under these circumstances, it has been decided to make our school an industrial school, where the lads will be taught different trades. Of course, this requires money, and the beginnings must necessarily be small; nevertheless, something has been done, as will appear from the subjoined statistics. Two have been sent to Calcutta to learn book-binding, one to

learn tailoring, one is being taught tailoring here, one baking, two gardening, two cooking; and some will soon be put to carpentry, as our first two apprentices to this trade have no liking for it.

There is, moreovor, at Kurseong a school for girls, of whom there are six—all little orphans; the school is managed by the schoolmaster's wife, who teaches her charges catechism, reading and writing in Hindi, plain sewing and knitting.

Besides the boys and girls of the two schools, thirty all told, there are with us six Christian families, four Nipali and two Lepcha. Of these I cannot speak too highly; their Christian sentiment, their piety and fervor are really admirable, and compensate in some measure for the fewness of their number. On the First Friday of the month, for instance, all the men, women and children that have made their First Communion, regularly make the Communion of Reparation, though as a measure of discretion they have been given clearly to understand that there is not the faintest shadow of obligation to do so. My readers will, I am sure, pray in a special manner for four or five pagan families that are on the threshold of the Church, but are too weak to brave the reproaches and taunts of their tribesmen. May the Sacred Heart help them with His all-powerful grace to break through the bonds of human respect and join our little Christian community.

I must not omit to mention the good work being done here by one of our lay-brothers, who devotes his medical knowledge and skill to the relief of all the poor sufferers that come to him, treating them and giving them medicine gratis. This practical proof of charity will surely bear fruit in the hearts of the many afflicted and suffering natives, whom he treats so kindly and with such success, that the number of his patients is continually increasing. In the meantime, he has the consolation of having baptized ninety-six infants, of whom ninety-four are now in heaven.

ST. MARY'S FROM THE SOUTH.

I may add, in conclusion, that in Darjeeling there are about 100 native Christians and catechumens under the care of a Jesuit Father, and that in Pedon, a village south-east of Darjeeling, where the Fathers of the Foreign Missions are waiting for the opening of the gates of Thibet, there are a few more than 100.

ST. JOHN'S ART.

By Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, S.J.

ART is the right way of doing anything. St. John has something to do, and what he does is done under the breath of the Spirit of God. His soul, always full to the brim of the love of his Master, always ready to pour forth that love upon others, does so in a supreme act of devotion in the splendid monument which bears his name. That monument dazzles while it attracts. It stands alone among the works of the human race, alone in its glittering combination of artistic excellences, alone in its sublime unity amid variety, alone in the loftiness of the theme and the superb humility of its treatment.

Looking at it as a work of art we are struck, first of all, by its artful concealment of fine art in its sheer simplicity. As the careless reader might peruse the famous book of Loyola's Exercises in an hour's reading and throw it aside with disgust at its baldness and flatness, so the hasty student of St. John will fail to see aught but the boldness of rugged outline or the rude stolidity of a blunt witness to truth. The finer instinct for literary form, born of loving pondering and quiet gazing into those crystal depths, discloses a world of artistic beauty. A Meissonier needs a microscope; the spirit that paints here, is the spirit that paints the feathers on the insect's wing.

Are you hurried, then, or quivering with natural activity, do not read; pray first, calm yourself, and now as the sound of the angelus bell dies out of your heart begin to weigh the golden words of the golden spell that wraps the world's soul in its magic trance. Yes the angelus bell, the sweetest sound in all the world, the most lasting joy of earth, the triple summons of a triple choir of spirits to lift our hearts ever on the wings of prayer; the angelus bell sounding o'er hill and valley, o'er wood and lake and mountain, in the crowded city, by the lonely hamlet, the sacrament of the metallic world, wedding bronze to gold, this is the first stroke from the pen of the Evangelist, "the Word was made flesh," and is tenting with us—keeps tenting with us is the word he wrote—is our comrade, our boon companion, our brother and our God.

Ten thousand titles have been heaped upon Him by His fond admirers and ardent followers, titles of power and pride, titles of wealth and honor, titles born of the heart's inmost affections; but when all has been said and life's needs and life's ways have been measured, the title that tells most, is that implied in John's tenting, our messmate the Christ is, for we know Him ever in the breaking of the bread.

Art crowds its canvas as nature multiplies her bounties. A foot of sward with blooming blue-bells and the buzz of bees lulls the heart in springtime and crowds the fancy till honey of Hymettus could not equal the joy we taste in the work fresh from the Master's hand. So the spirit crowds the canvas of this lovely gospel. Scarce have we heard the bell ringing in our comrade; comrade just home from the world's war, comrade radiant with light and love, comrade proclaimed and proved to be Heaven's own anointed One, comrade whose career we are going to shadow forth, where in marked contrast, the Baptist is thrust forward on the scene.

Contrast and balance are two supreme principles of art. The wise serpent was not more cunning in making this contrast between the qualities of the greatest of men than John in spreading them by quick dashes on the canvas. "Who art thou?" What a group it is that asks the question. How broad the phylacteries,

reverent the mien, and eager the inquiry. "I am not the Christ." "What then, art thou Elias?" "I am not." "Art thou the great prophet?" "No." All is negative; all sharp rebuttal. False charges or vain inquiries should ever thus be met. The art of conduct shines before us here. "Who art thou? What sayest thou of thyself?" "I am a voice—a voice that tells of the Christ, a voice that echoes the cry of Elias." A positive answer to the triple question: Yes and no, light and dark, good and evil: these terms hold the world. Few words well weighed are worth their weight in gold. "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Isaias."

We see them apart, the comrade king of men and the image of all sweetness; the fiery, intense and stalwart herald, bronzed and hardy as heart of oak—we see them together, the sight never to be forgotten. The Jordan flowing full, the crowds approaching in groups, the strong clear stream of speech, the fervid and expectant looks of the Baptist. Then the man of men, the youth of Galilee, bronze locks, broad forehead, deep set eyes, chiselled features, the play of a thousand sweet emotions lost in infinite reverence—divine yet human, human yet divine.

John's witness does not admit of analysis on principles of human art any more than do the thunders of Sinai. We do not analyze the ocean's depths, or the sun's core simply because they are at once vast and inaccessible. Such is John's witness. God's truth, an infinite ocean or equally boundless folly. Religion, theology, prophecy, type, fulfilment, proof, the eternal yes—all crowded into five short verses—such art makes Shakespeare's noted passages weak as air-pistols compared to gattling guns. We gasp, we strain, we shudder and cry "I believe," or we turn away and laugh as did the crowd that said: "That man the 'lamb of God,' sheepish enough and soft enough, I dare be sworn—Lamb of God indeed, why He's nothing but a carpenter in Nazareth!"

Two holy young men follow the carpenter, drawn by the fascination of His person. He tarries and asks simply: "What seek ye." They answer: "Master where dwellest *Thou?*" How eloquent the "Thou." What would we give to see the smile which lit the face of John, for he it was who said this, when he spoke that one word! Already the longing of a pure heart to rest itself in ecstasy on a pure breast, draws him as the magnet draws the iron. All the world's love and all the world's story is written in those words. Comrade, where is Thy tent? Messmate, where is Thy table? Master, where dost Thou teach? Brother, lead me home—Father, into Thy arms.

So Andrew goes to find Peter and leaves Jesus and John alone. Jesus and John alone together! So you would have all the romance of life and love for flitting passion, and wasting fool fires, would you? You would limit Sampson's power by Delilah's shears turning a warning into a theology. You would condemn love of friend for friend, as if it had not ever been the truest, dearest and best thing of earth. Unholy fires and silly fancies Man is a thing of reason, too, and reason mounts on eagle wing to throne of faith. Faith warms with glow of love and the eyes of Christ; eyes that charmed John and Andrew, turned Simon into Peter, found Philip and made him follow at a word; eyes that looked through the guileless Nathaniel and made him blush the blush of innocence, exclaiming: "Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God, Thou art the King of Israel,"—these are the eyes that watched on the shore in the dawning, that are watching now as we fish in the night They are the eyes of God.

The artist leaves much unsaid, unpainted. The suggestion of what is not before us wakes fancy, by stirring curiosity. We know that John is thinking of that tenth hour as he writes, we know

that he and Andrew were the first to hear and heed, we know that what the Master said charmed their souls and chained them forever to the rock. And all this is in the open. There is no disguise or concealment. The ford of the Jordan was a world passage. The meeting of the two baptizers was better known than that of two Cæsars.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST—DOMENICO ZAMPIERI.

The cradle of the church was humble, a grassy mound by a flowing stream; the founder was humble too, a village smith; the story is as humble as the lowly virgin's prayer, but it is the exalted humility of nature wedded to grace, the dignified humility that set with sweet propriety on the silver locks of him who found himself the head of a hundred bishops when he wrote the words, "In the beginning," echoing Moses, heralding the world's spring, gladdening the ages and leaving us the priceless legacy, which, as a work of art, stands first in the gallery of ages. Abyss calls on abyss. John is herald and John is legatee; the King's coming and the King's demise are consistent: child of pure love, the breast of pure love receives the sacred flame of Pentecost and pours its fires forth to burn, to cleanse, to harden, to revivify the world.

Even then in this opening chapter

which by the nature of the case is crowded with doctrine, with profound theology, with masterful assertion, the artistic spirit has found scope in the brilliant contrast of light and dark; the character sketches hinted not developed, the swiftly shifting scenes, the groupings by the Jordan, the centralizing power focusing our attention on the form, figure, face of Christ, as on the voice of John the Baptist. Many other artistic features might be pointed out, but they fall under other divisions, and find their appropriate notice there Our purpose is to open the way to deeper study, as John himself intends, but to open the way for the dove which he saw cleaving the crystal air and sinking into the breast where thereafter he loved to rest and where the head of the world is resting.

AN IDEAL CATHOLIC CITY.

By Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.

NOW that Rome is in the hands of the enemies of God's Church and Catholic life is hampered there in every way they can contrive, we think it will interest our readers if we give them a short account of what we may call an ideal Catholic city—one which seems to be a centre of Catholic life, and one whose inhabitants glory in being devoted children of Holy Church.

Bruges, the old city of Mary, so called from the numberless statues of our Lady which are, even to this day, at the corners of the streets and over private houses, is the capital of West Flanders, and is situated some twelve miles from Ostend. Hence it serves as an agreeable rendez-vous for tourists who wish to make trips in Belgium. Her old splendor is gone. Once the Venice of the north, with a population of 200,000, she has now only some 50,000. Three hundred years ago she was the centre of European trade, and had a cosmopolitan population; and even to-day we find traces of the merchants, who came from afar, in the Rue Espagnole, Place des Orientaux and Rue des Anglais, where was the *domus Anglorum* which, for many years, was presided over by William Caxton as warden.

But time has altered the tide of affairs, and commerce has left Bruges and gone to London and Antwerp and Hamburg. The sea, also, which once brought argosies laden with rich merchandise, has had its share in the decay of the city, for it has retreated some four miles off, and left the whilom seaport of Damme high and dry amidst the sands. Bruges, however, is beginning to hope that the old days are not entirely dead; and now that she is going to become a seaport, her trade and commerce may live again.

But one thing has not been altered by time, and that is the Catholic life of her citizens. It has grown deeper and deeper with the years, and to-day the dear old city stands out in Europe as one of the most devout places where men do congregate. To one coming from a non-Catholic land, Bruges is full of a peculiar charm. Setting aside her history, her antiquities, her old-world aspect (which she has retained more than any other city we know of) and her countless art-treasures, which are enough in themselves to attract all lovers of the beautiful, Bruges is, above all, saturated with Catholic life, and affords, in its spiritual aspect, a charming example of what a town can be.

It is refreshing, in these terrible days of worldliness and strife, to breathe the pure air of Catholicity, and to live in a town where the Church enters into one's everyday life, and to live among a people, kind and generous, hospitable and frank, who are mainly con-

cerned with seeking first the Kingdom of God and His justice. This has been the privilege, for the last five years, of the writer of these lines, and he is grateful to Almighty God for having given him this opportunity. Whether this quaint old city will long continue to have this peculiar charm we cannot say. It is almost certain that the return of commercial prosperity will go far to spoil it for those in search of quiet and retirement. We will present, then, our readers with a slight sketch of life in Bruges, and will try and give such descriptions as will be of interest to those far away.

We have a cathedral, St. Sauveur, which, besides its twenty-four canons and other chapter officials, has also a staff of parochial clergy, a parish priest, and three curates. The canons keep up the chapter office with daily High Mass and on great festivals sing the whole of the Divine Office. On Sundays the Bishop assists at the office and Mass and very often at the vespers and benediction. On all the prescribed days he pontificates, and the splendor of the ritual is fully carried out. It is one of the pleasing sights to see his Lordship going from his palace to the cathedral, preceded by the *Suisse*, who is gorgeous in uniform and gold-laced cocked hat, and a beadle in long black gown bearing a silver mace on his shoulder; the bishop, in his choral habit, attended by his chaplains, comes up the street blessing the kneeling passers-by.

But as a parochial church St. Sauveur is most interesting, and we may take it as a type of the other churches. The Masses begin at 5.30 A. M. and continue every half hour till the chapter Mass at 9 A. M., and then there are often requiem Masses, anniversaries or funerals, which go on till noon. In the evening at an hour which varies with the season, there is every day benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The church is very well attended and the early Masses have large congregations. No good Brugeois will think of beginning the day without assisting at the Holy Sacrifice; and there are but few who do not return in the evening to get the last blessing of the Father of the family.

In the early morning, and before and after the evening benediction, we are edified to see men and women and children making the stations. This is a favorite devotion and we know of one old woman, who, when she was dying, made her daughter promise to make the stations of the Cross for her every day, a promise she has faithfully kept. The good people of Bruges do not make such a long affair of the stations as we do. They know well that all that is necessary is to meditate for a few moments before each station and to move from one to another, so they can easily go through the devotion in a little more than ten minutes. By the way, this devotion of the stations of the Cross takes a practical form in Bruges, for the most beautiful pictures of the stations are painted here and they pride themselves on these works of art, so full of true Christian sentiment, and redolent of the spirit of the ages of faith.

On Sundays, for the parochial Masses, a temporary altar is put up in the nave, for alas a thick renascence screen shuts out the high altar from view. The whole church is packed from the 5.30 A. M. to the last Mass at 11.30 A. M. The High Mass is at 10 A. M. for the chapter. But there is also very often a parochial High Mass at 8 A. M. At each public Mass there is a sermon, and it strikes a foreigner as strange to see the people moving their chairs so as to sit all facing the preacher. For in none of the churches are there benches, but only chairs which you can take and place wherever you like.

In the house of God, all are on a level, the rich and the poor are mingled and there is no distinction of persons. Two centimes is the price for a chair, and so for ten centimes (two American cents), one can go to church comfortably five times. These chairs are let out for a certain sum by the *fabrique*, that is, the church-wardens; and the receipts,

though the charges are so small, form an important part in the resources of the church. This payment of two centimes is made at every service, and old women go round the church to collect it of the worshippers.

Let us picture a scene which is often repeated in Bruges. Some one is ill, and the doctor has ordered the sick man to have the last sacraments. Word is sent to the sacristan of the parish church, who, in Bruges, is an important and well-paid official. He summons the curate on duty for the week (for the sick-calls and other pastoral work are taken in turn), and the church-bell is tolled to warn the people that our Lord is going to comfort one of His dying children.

Soon the priest in cotta and stole, with the veil on his shoulders, is seen coming out of the church, bearing the Blessed Sacrament. He is preceded by his acolytes, one bearing a lantern and the other ringing the warning bell; the sacristan brings up the rear, carrying whatever else may be needed for the administration of the sacraments. As the little procession goes on its way, all in the street who meet it kneel, and salute Jesus of Nazareth, who is passing by; the vehicles stop, and should a soldier be near, he salutes in military fashion the King of kings.

If our Lord passes by the guard-room at the Halle, all the guard turn out and present arms. When the priest arrives at the house he finds all prepared by one of the Black Sisters, as the nursing Sisters are called here, from their black dress, and in peace and recollection the sick man receives his God and all the rites of the Church. Should he die, he is laid out by the loving hands of the devoted Black Sisters, and the room is arranged after the manner of a *chappelle ardente*. The necessary hangings, candlesticks and other articles are brought from the parish church. Then all the friends and neighbors come in to kneel and pray for the dead man's soul, and on leaving sprinkle the body with holy water.

The hour comes for the funeral, and the male members of the family assemble in a darkened room in the house and stand along the wall—then all their friends and acquaintances come in and bow to each member of the family. This is generally done in silence. Having paid their respects, the friends wait about until the clergy arrive to conduct the body to the church; and then they follow the mourners to the funeral service.

As I am writing now, a funeral is passing my window. The *Suisse* of the cathedral goes first, then come the banners of some eight or ten confraternities belonging to the church; then a cross-bearer and acolytes, with altar boys. The singers follow next, singing the *Miserere*, and one man plays a sax-horn to keep them in tune. Then come the clergy in cottas, and the parish priest in the midst wearing a black stole. Next the body is borne. The coffin is covered with flowers and surrounded by the boys of a charity-school, bearing large wax candles. The mourners follow bare-headed, and in what we call evening dress—a dress used here on any occasion of ceremony. Then come a crowd of friends and acquaintances who walk as best they can, and seem to keep up a brisk conversation on the way.

When they reach the church the High Mass begins. I have never known a Catholic funeral to take place without a Mass, either high or low, forming part of the ceremony. The very poorest take care to have a Mass said in presence of the body. Afternoon funerals are practically unknown.

At the offertory of the Mass a strange ceremony takes place. Just before the priest washes his hands, he turns round and comes down from the altar with the paten and stands at the bottom of the steps. Then all the mourners come, one by one, bearing lighted candles, and kiss the paten and make an offering. After

the family have been up, then come the stream of friends, sometimes hundreds in number, and they all, one by one, go up to the priest and kiss the paten and then pass round. If it is the funeral of a rich person every one as he goes up receives from the sacristan a piece of silver money to put on the plate and also a mortuary card. What the origin of this custom is I cannot find out. It takes place also on other occasions such as weddings, churchings and confraternity Masses; when those for whom the Mass is being offered go up and kiss the paten. I have often held the paten for 500 or 600 persons.

As soon as they have kissed the paten I am sorry to say most of the men leave the church, not without, we are sure, a prayer for their deceased companion. Women do not attend as a rule; there is a low Mass said for them at a side altar while the high Mass is going on. At the end of the Mass a dole of bread is made for the poor. Great big long loaves are stacked up at the bottom of the church and officials called "the masters of the poor" make the distribution to such poor of the parish as have tickets.

Weddings are much the same everywhere. After the bridal party have been to the Hotel de Ville (City Hall) for the civil contract they drive off to the church, and after the marriage ceremony assist at the nuptial Mass and receive the solemn blessing. In churchings the ceremony is not that of the Roman ritual. After the blessing the woman goes up to the altar, kisses it, and leaves her offering on the altar itself. She then assists at a Mass said in thanksgiving and makes another offering, when she kisses the paten at the offertory.

Each parish church has its public procession through the streets at stated intervals. That of the cathedral is the Corpus Christi one, a state affair, in which all the authorities, civil, military and ecclesiastical, have to take part. The soldiers turn out, and a detachment of cavalry with their band, open the procession. Infantry with fixed bayonets, line all the route. Each parish is represented by its clergy, in vestments, its *Suisse*, cross-bearer, verger and acolytes. The images that are venerated in the church are carried on biers by men in mediæval costume, and young girls and boys, dressed in rich and picturesque robes, represent various incidents in the lives of the saints or the guilds connected with the church.

One pretty group, for instance, represented the Holy Name worshipped by all the tribes of the earth. Little boys, arrayed in various national costumes and bearing flags of all nations, not forgetting the Stars and Stripes, surrounded a huge golden globe on which was inscribed the Holy Name. Around the statue of the Holy Child was a group of Chinese children for the Confraternity of the Holy Child. With the statue of the Seven Dolors, girls in violet and black, carried the emblems of the Passion; with another statue of our Lady, came the Children of Mary in blue and white, bearing banners of the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary and the Litany of Loretto. Beautiful bands of children, decked out as shepherdesses, bore baskets of many-hued flowers.

The last group is always that of the Blessed Sacrament, and consists mainly of children, representing angels, and clad in cloth-of-gold dalmatics, with many-tinted wings on their shoulders and circlets of gold on their heads. Some bear censers, others various emblems of the Blessed Sacrament, such as sheaves of wheat, bunches of grapes, pots of manna and golden chalices. On they go, a beautiful pageant of color all most artistically arranged and dressed.

But, hark, we hear the far-off sound of voices chanting hymns of triumph to the King, whose feast we are keeping. The men of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament walk in long lines—some hundreds of them; and then come the clergy. The bearded, sandaled Capu-

chins, headed by their cross, the shaven-headed Carmelite in his white mantle, and representatives of the other religious orders; then the young levites from the seminary—some hundreds in number—and the clergy of the town. Then follow the venerable Chapter, and at last, under a magnificent canopy, amidst the smoke of incense, and guarded by six stalwart *gens d'armes* with drawn swords, comes Monseigneur, the Bishop, bearing the Most Holy. He is followed by the Governor of the Province, in full state dress, the Burgomaster and Aldermen of the city, and other officials, all in uniform. A squadron of lancers close up the procession.

As the pageant sweeps through the streets, decorated for the occasion, the people kneel and the crowded windows are lighted up with candles. Three times do they halt on the route, and benediction is given at an Altar of Repose. At the moment of the blessing the drums roll and the trumpets sound, and there is a clash of swords in honor of Him who is bestowing His blessing on His faithful people.

We shall not conclude this sketch of Catholic life in Bruges without expressing the hope that the dear old city will never lose its mark of Catholicity, and its people never be less devout than they now are.

A JAMAICA BOY.

By Rev. P. F. X. Mulry, S.J.

OLD ST. MARTIN'S was in its usual bi-weekly turmoil. In a few moments, a sergeant of the West India Regiment would arrive from Up-Park Camp, and the order to "fall in" would be given, but meanwhile the Kingston boys were enjoying themselves. Here, there and everywhere they were tearing around like mad. Stealing "taws" or marbles was one diversion, playing at hopscotch another. The favorite game, however, seemed to be a compound of strike, run and yell, with a predominance of the latter element. No wonder the Jamaica Club looked on in dismay from its luxuriant quarters alongside at this new move—a military one—on the part of Bishop Gordon. The servants, also, at the club house had given up all hopes of obtaining the hitherto neglected "Number Elevens" on the generous mango tree in St. Martin's yard.

There were eyes sharper even than theirs, and climbing was a second nature to the youngsters of the "Catholic Cadet Corps." It was safe to say that the mango that would be allowed now to ripen on that tree and remain one moment beyond the necessary time, would be entitled to the very first prize in the Darwinian struggle for existence. Father Smith, who was in charge of all this confusion, had just detected, amidst the dusky green foliage, the tell-tale patch on the trousers of Emanuel Obadiah Howden, but not wishing to disturb the young monkey at his airy banquet, he had wandered off to one side, where, beneath the long, dark beans of the cassia tree, Daniel Daley and Shadrac Robertson were contesting the world's championship over the checker-board. The priest was thinking, as he looked, that if the street boy of Kingston found interest in such a pastime, there was at least some encouragement in the attempt to bring religion and civilization home to him.

The Protestant brigade movement had just reached Jamaica. There was enlisting right and left of boy-warriors. "Parish Church," as the Episcopal cathedral was called, had its brigade; so had "Coke Chapel," the Wesleyan conventicle. Others were in process of formation; and

it was well for Bishop Gordon and the Jesuit Fathers of the mission, that the "Catholic Cadet Corps" was in the field, for otherwise many of their boys would have been stolen from them. Between Parson Clare and Parson Panther the little fellows would have had slight chance of coming out victors in faith against the strong temptation to play soldiers.

But the priest's meditations were interrupted by an eager excited voice: "Fodder, him don't Catholic. Him b'long to Mista Clare's brigade." Some eight or ten lads of every color, except white, had come together, a kind of committee to protest against the admission into the "C. C. C." of one of the latest applicants. The speaker pointed with the words to a slightly brownish fellow, twelve or thirteen years old, who, all unconscious of the notice bestowed upon him, was sauntering about, coolly inspecting everything and everybody, and studying out on his own account the entire make-up of his new companions.

Eugene Henderson was the name he had given on application, and Father Smith's impression at the time was that another, and rather an unusual variety for Jamaica, was being added to his already diversified stock of boykind. There was what would be termed elsewhere a certain "toughness" in his look. The small cut on his left cheek would have given his countenance a piratical caste, only that the shrewd, clear eyes forbade any unfavorable thought of the soul that gleamed through them.

Certainly he must be a trifle wild, but not passionate; rude never, unless the world were employed, as it is by the ordinary Jamaican, to designate anything and everything that displeases him in another. Eugene's reverential yet fearless way of approaching Father Smith had already won him the latter's favor, for it meant that, be the lad what he might, there was in his case something to work upon, the want of which was sadly felt in the many young

EUGENE.

Zulus of the Kingston streets. With all his respect for authority, it was clear that he had a mind of his own, and was used to forming his own opinion of men and things. The priest could not think the less of the boy, because he reminded him of an almost similar type in his own land of the Stars and Stripes.

And now there was a serious complaint against Eugene. He was, so said the committee, an interloper for Mr. Clare—a spy in the camp. It was fortunate for him that everything in the code

of warfare had not been adopted by the "C. C. C."; for otherwise banging, and that in a most summary fashion, might have been resorted to. Louder and louder grew the storm of voices; one wave of indignation followed fast upon and commingled with another; and many moments had not elapsed before the cause of it all turned his eyes in the direction from which the commotion proceeded. A sign from the priest was sufficient to bring him leisurely into the presence of his accusers.

"I hear, Eugene, that you belong to Parish Church Brigade? Is it true?" At once there was a pause in the clatter of tongues—a hush in the tempest; but the eyes fixed upon the face of the accused sparkled with expression. Little Joe Mendez had wedged himself in between long Moses Jackson and stout Mortimer Abisted, and he looked undecided as to whether his next bite should be from the already disordered mango in his brown hand, or from the scarred cheek of the unterrified Eugene. A burly young Haytian, Marcel Natamé, always ready for a fight or a laugh, and generally indifferent as to either, had stationed himself behind the prisoner, and the knit ebony of his brow was a portent to be dreaded.

"Fodder, I doan b'long again; I lef' Friday gone." The answer came clear and decided; no tremor in the voice, no quailing beneath the fixed gaze of the priest The latter could see to the very depths of the honest blue eyes, and the scrutiny satisfied him. His conclusion voiced itself promptly. "Boys, you may go now and leave us together. We'll settle the matter between us."

At once the cloud of menace passed from the faces of the bystanders. It was evident to them that practically a favorable verdict had already been given, and by some mysterious process of moral electricity, their indignation had melted away. There remained not even the inclination to dispute what they knew would be the Father's judgment. However, young Jamaica had been quiet for just one minute, and there must be an outlet somewhere for this unusual restraint. Such a pushing, and scrambling, and shouting as ensued! Judge Venner, from across the street, thought for the moment that there was to be a repetition of the great earthquake of 1692, so eager were the urchins to break away and so overpowering the din with which they accompanied their efforts. Marcel Natamé overturned two of his fellows in the promptitude of his obedience, and as he careened to the other end of the enclosure, speed as well as color increased his resemblance to the "steed as black as the steeds of night," that

> "Carried Sheridan to the fray,
> From Winchester, twenty miles away."

Eugene gazed after the Haytian with an amused expression of countenance; then sweeping quickly with his eye the shattered ranks of his former adversaries, exclaimed: "Cho! dem boys mek contenchun 'bout nuffin."

"Fodder," he continued, "Mek I tell you sumfin. Me name don't Eugene Henderson. I tole you dat las' day, 'cause dere wuz boys round listenin' and me no want den to hev dem know de rite name. Me name now is Eugene Hart."

So sudden a confession came about with the force of a shock upon Father Smith. Eugene, with all that honesty of appearance, had deceived him. However, on second thought, there was no reason to alter the previous good opinion. The boy was a peculiar combination of shrewdness and straightforwardness. He had been prospecting, as it were, for the right kind of associates. "Parish Church Brigade" had not satisfied him, for, although a Protestant home and a Protestant school had dimmed in his mind the fact of his Catholic baptism, its remembrance had not been altogether obliterated. His guardian angel must have helped on the idea that he should begin to be faithful to the promises then made. At any rate duty, as well as

military-drill, had its part in enticing him to the ranks of the "C. C. C."

Before committing himself entirely, however, to the proper course, he had wished to investigate for himself the class of boys with whom he would have to associate. His giving in the correct name to-day was another way of saying, that after some hesitation, he had decided to accept the risks. The next morning, with his mother's consent, he was to leave the Moravian school and become a pupil of Brother Reddington, at St. Joseph's.

It may be difficult to explain just how it came about, but the truth is that, at the close of the interview, Father Smith said, "Yes," to Eugene's request: "Fodder, wen de band kum, I beg you de rattlin' drum." Meanwhile, the drill-sergeant had stepped through the gate, and the Catholic Cadet Corps was falling into line.

THE "C. C. C." DRUM CORPS.

TALKS ON ETHICS.

By Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.

THESE talks are pickings from notes taken during a course of popular lectures on this topic. By popular I mean elementary, and desire to prevent disappointment by nullifying any expectation looking for polish of style or profundity of argument. As in things of greater or less importance, some preliminary notions are requisite. They play the role of the guide, who, standing on the threshold of the edifice to be inspected, entertains the visitor with some general notions respecting its origin, proportions, purpose, and architectural characteristics.

When requested to contribute to the pages of the MESSENGER, I was for a moment taken aback. Unthinkingly I asked myself the question: Where is the connection between ethics and that wonderful devotion which it is the object of this periodical to propagate? I say "unthinkingly," for, coming to myself and remembering the purposes of this branch of philosophy, that its aim is to bring before the reasoning faculty the scientific basis upon which all uprightness is built —the motives for righteousness—to show that the lowest depth of unreasoning is reached by those misshapen lives which are not in harmony with ethical principles: to make clear that man's goodness is man's highest perfection of his highest parts: that the peoples and individuals, who are not in tune with the principles which it inculcates, are retrogressive: that the unethical and the immoral are identical: that it makes for a purer and brighter state of things: that it is a side-light of the reason manifesting how just the commands of the Maker are, I immediately perceived that in a lower sphere, with different helps, with more feeble and less eloquent means ethics preaches the same doctrine: is a factor in bringing about the great end of the devotion of the Sacred Heart: is a fellow-laborer in the same field (acting Ruth's part, of course): emphasizes the teaching of the Saviour: that, if its principles are stoutly maintained, it will help to realize the prayer: "Thy will be done!" and hasten the fulfilment of the daily desire of Him who taught us all to pray, "Thy Kingdom Come:" in a word, that it fits into the aims of this magazine as the shadow jumps with the substance; and so the need of an apology vanished.

I have called this paper "Talks." I apprehend that I shall fall into some of the defects which characterize chats or talks. The dictionary tells me that a chat is "an idle, familiar talk." In the present case I object to "idle," but I plead guilty to "familiar." If I digress or repeat, the fault is to be imputed to my methods and not to ethics. Clearness and emphasis sometimes call for repetition, and I take it that, if I digress honestly and naturally, no blame should attach to me, because it means simply that a new idea has arisen—an idea ramifying from, or suggested by, the main subject and which, correctly or not, I deem of sufficient importance to be imparted.

What is ethics? It is of moment to define. The very word, "definition," gives us at once its meaning. It fixes limits, fences us around, and says, "so far and no further." The advantages of such limitations, in any kind of discussion, are incalculable. The definition has the double gain of clearness of presentation and fixedness of attention.

The term, "Ethics," was once a nightmare for me. At the opening of the Catholic Summer School of America, a friend approached me and said, "the

pity of it, that you were appointed to treat of such a 'dry' subject! Of course," the friend continued, "you wont have much of an audience; a few friends and myself, out of friendship, merely, will be present at your lectures. Do take something more interesting, next year." The course of ethics became the most popular one of the session; and, when all was over, it was unanimously voted that it was a calumny to call ethics "dry."

The reason for this is not far to seek. There is hardly a question of interest to individuals or communities which ethics does not touch upon. One who has commenced to open the windows through which he can gaze on the problems of life is enchanted by the vista opened up by this science.

But I have not yet defined ethics. When ethics was christened it was given more names than one. It is called moral philosophy, science of morality, natural right, natural law. When we style it ethics we are drawing upon the Greek; when we style it moral philosophy, or the science of morality, we take our term from the Latin. There is one idea which underlies all these terms, and that idea is customs, habits; so that if I were to describe ethics as the "science of customs," I should not be far out of the way. In customs, whether of men or of peoples, we find the impress of individual acts. A scientific man surveying the great field of human action as spread before him by history, will notice a difference of conduct, will remark different standards—different motives, will be called upon to justify some of these actions, to deprecate others. Now we have touched the very vitals of ethics. It is an investigation of the principles which ought to actuate every man in every one of the acts for which he can be held responsible, either to his own conscience or the society of which he is a member, or to the great Framer of all things.

Let me say at once that ethics, or moral philosophy, is the science of right conduct derived from reason. Because it is philosophy it is a science, and because it is science it is not any kind of knowledge—it is not superficial knowledge—it is profound knowledge, it is the knowledge of things in their causes. Philosophy aims at giving the last answer to the last question that may be asked about things.

Philosophy is the only branch of human knowledge which really deserves the appellation of science. But still (how, I don't know) natural sciences have claimed peremptorily for themselves the name of science. Now, the natural sciences have never discovered the sun or moon; they affirm that they exist, how they attract and how they rotate, but they never get beyond these facts. Astronomy, you may say, has discovered some heavenly bodies. Where is the abstract principle contained in this discovery? Where is the universal idea implied? When they assert that such is the orbit in which a planet must travel, they allege only facts. They never, as scientists and in their own domain, evolve anything like a law. Their laws are only the expression of facts, however abstruse their statements. They have not gone below or behind the matter. They explain other laws of nature and their complex operations, the tide, eclipses, the advent of a comet—grand and magnificent no doubt. Please, remember that none of the sciences, except philosophy, go beyond the statement of facts. It is good for scientists to be told this. They are listened to as the lords of creation. We will acknowledge them as princes, but will not deliver them up the possession of the whole world.

Ethics, as I have said, is the science which treats of moral rectitude, by the light of rational principles. It is a science, because it establishes the why and wherefore of its axioms, because from recognized facts it deduces principles which are connected and have a

foundation in truth, which strike their roots deep down in human nature, and are confessed to universally, everywhere and always.

I think that enough has been said to vindicate, in a general way (as we proceed the claim will be made more manifest), the right which ethics has to be called a science. It is a science which treats of moral rectitude, by the aid of natural reason alone. There is no revelation in it.

"Rectitude" means "straightness." We have in our language the two expressions, "straight" and "crooked." They are diametrically opposed terms. When a line is straight it is not crooked, and when crooked it is not straight. We apply our conception of visible things to our ideas of the invisible. We take facts in the physical order and apply them in the moral. Rectitude must mean that quality which certain actions have of taking a certain direction, which is a straight one. Dr. Barrow said: "A straight line in morals, as well as in mathematics, is the shortest distance between two points." A "straight" man arrives, as far as morality is concerned, sooner than the "crooked" man.

Ethics, therefore (we are presenting our definition in every possible way), is the science that treats of the direction which certain actions should take. I said certain actions. There are free actions, and actions over which we have no control—for which we can make no laws; they have their own laws within themselves. I can shut my eyes and open them, but when my eyes are unclosed, there is the act of seeing—my eyes see—over which I have no control. There is the circulation of the blood, a very important action. If that circulation were to stop, we should stop. There is no control over that action. We cannot regulate it (doctors can, to some degree). We know the blood ought to gallop at a certain pace. We are told that if it does not we are going to have a great deal of trouble with it. When we change the laws of the circulation of the blood, we change the circulation itself and the result is disease and death.

There are actions which are our own to perform or not, as we please. Ethics indicates the direction these actions must take. They are evidently the free actions of the individual, because they are the only ones we can regulate: they are the only ones to which we can say, "go and come," and they go and come. Such actions are the object matter of our science.

Much, perhaps all, of what I have said makes the utility of ethics apparent. Dealing with our personal responsibility, it investigates the actions for which we are worthy of praise or censure, the actions which have to do with the marring or the making of the happiness of mankind, the actions that make or unmake us as men, the actions compared with which other actions are unimportant.

Every man must be either a moral or an immoral man—every man must be either straight or crooked. Reason suggests straightness as the proper form for man's moral nature, and looks around to learn whether in its domain there is marked a rule, which if these free actions follow, the man will be a moral being, a rule controlling our free actions, and our free habits.

We have habits that are not free: the habit of the heart to beat, for instance. It would be a very bad thing if the heart were to lose that habit. But there are others which we can command. They are those which are brought about by the repetition of free acts. I think Thackeray says: "Sow an act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny." This science of ours lays down rational laws for every thought and word and deed of ours which can beget a habit, a character, a destiny. It is a science that trains the best part of man, it is a science within the sphere of natural reason, and points out the way over which true manhood must travel. Is it loss or profit to be familiar with such laws?

As we advance, it will become evident that ethics is a science; its more attractive features will be made clearer, and it will be shown that it has for its object the direction of human acts, by which term I mean deliberate acts. It will suggest very clear and distinct ideas concerning these acts: it will discover that they are inter-related, and that from their inter-relation spring principles which are susceptible of demonstration.

I said it was a *practical* science. Some sciences are merely speculative. They begin and end in the intelligence. Our science, as all sciences, begins in an operation of the mind, but from this operation of the mind are inferred certain principles which become rules of action. Because these principles reach out to action, the science is called a practical one. It is not only a practical science, but is derived from principles of reason. It is called Moral *Philosophy*—it is not Moral Theology. The deductions of Moral Theology are built upon revelation and ecclesiastical authority. The conclusions of moral philosophy are evolved solely from the processes of human reason. Still, we are not groping in the dark. There is a sun and there are stars in our heaven. We walk beneath the light of revelation; we make use of the teachings of revelation to stop ourselves short—to test our conclusions. This is what we have to do with revelation in the matter of moral philosophy.

Revelation is a very large factor in modern history, especially that phase of revelation called Christianity. Great facts become by their results infibred in the thoughts and ways of men. The great fact of the discovery of America by Columbus has evidently had a wonderful influence on men's thoughts and men's minds. A signal fact like the discovery of America or any scientific discovery, a grand historical fact, like the building up of a nation or the destruction of an empire, must necessarily bear in upon the minds and manners of men. There cannot be the slightest doubt that a great war has a wonderful effect on men's thoughts and men's actions; and the consequences of such a war, like the brook, go on forever.

Now, it is simply impossible to state historically a more splendid fact than the establishment of Christianity. It was a fact above ground, and luminous from the very moment of its inception. It has been working upon men during all the cycles that have revolved since. Men think differently in consequence of Christianity. Having had an influence on men's minds and deeds, it is clearly evident that it is almost impossible for any science to draw its inferences outside the light of Christianity. Every scientific conclusion is going to meet either a welcome from Christianity or opposition. This is mainly true of moral science. No moral statement can be made that does not either attack Christianity or coincide with it. No man can say this is right or that is wrong, without being confronted with the approval or disapproval of Christianity which shows that Christianity has filtered through the actions of men down to their most hidden motives.

It is therefore out of the question for us to say, when we are laying down the first principles of moral philosophy, that we are going to proceed without considering Christianity at all. We shall find ourselves in the impossibility of reaching any determination without being brought thereunto by an inspiration that is either conformable or antagonistic to Christianity. Only in this way do the lines of Christian revelation and moral meet—not otherwise.

I have said Christian revelation, with regard to moral philosophy, is simply a light in which it proceeds. Let us call it the touchstone of moral judgments. I might say we should make no statement, with regard to the morality or immorality of an action without verifying it by some of the principles of Christianity. Our science is a practical, rational

science. What we are doing now those who lived before Christianity might have done. The conclusions we reach, we reach independently of Christianity, if there be such a thing as flinging off its preponderating influence.

Religion, therefore, has to do with us moral philosophers inasmuch as we cannot help it. It is not our teacher, but our preceptor. Religion is going to lay down for us within the limits of our science no single axiom. Our own minds, acting logically, are to be for us the exponents of moral philosophy. We find ourselves once more confronted with our definition: ethics is a science, practical, rational, deriving its laws from reason only—the end and purpose of that science is to direct human actions to righteousness. I might say again moral philosophy is a practical science, deriving its principles from the light of reason, and directing the whole responsibility of man. I trust I have given clear expression to the concept of ethics.

The advantages of this science speak for themselves. I challenge you to find anywhere a branch of philosophy more gainful. Other branches of learning perfect only one part of the man; moral philosophy rounds off—finishes the whole man. If a man's free actions are without flaw, then the man himself is without flaw. The perfect man is the man whose morality—in the large sense we take it—is beyond reproach.

As to its necessity, I would say that it is so useful that it is necessary. That surely emphasizes its advantages. Is anything so necessary for a man to possess as that knowledge by which he can shape himself as he understands by his reason he ought to be shaped? That is the end of moral philosophy. Compared with other branches of knowledge, its position is at the apex.

There are so many conflicting opinions stated nowadays on the essential points of man's moral nature, that there is nothing about which a man is more anxious to be enlightened than about the principles which guide him towards perfect doing. American history brings before us in this connection the saying of the unsuccessful candidate, that he "would sooner be right than be President." Of course it would have been more satisfactory to be both; but the high sentiment he expressed is latent in every man who is not brutalized: who wants not to be wrong.

In this endeavor to reach righteousness man finds himself disturbed by the noise of warring views—one says this is right, another says no. Hence the necessity of being sure of the great leading-lines of human action. These principles are provided by moral philosophy, otherwise it would miss its end which is the morality of the individual. What is a man if he be not moral? Better for a man who is not moral (and when we use the word "moral" we use it in its largest sense) to herd with lower beasts. That we all admit.

Am I claiming too much for moral philosophy? If the claim seem rather large, I beg of you to suspend judgment until further development.

Our chat for to-day is over. I have used a great many words, and yet expressed but one idea: the idea of the advantages, of the necessity of ethics, a science which we have defined in so many different terms, yet all meaning the same thing—the science, practical and rational, of human conduct. When another leisure hour is afforded us we shall concern ourselves with the place ethics holds relatively to all philosophy—its divisions, a summary of its history and a presentation, in a general way, of the divers topics it discusses. And if circumstances allow, it is our purpose to look into some of the books on ethics composed by philosophers of our own and other countries, of our own and other creeds.

COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF ST. MARY.

AN IRISH SHRINE.

By John B. Cullen.

THE Southern capital of Ireland, in the beauty of its situation and of its environs, rivals many cities of Europe.

To continental travellers, the natural position of Cork and the scenes its heights command, often recall reminiscences of Namur, one of the most picturesque cities of the Old World. There is, indeed, much resemblance in the scenery and surroundings, so to speak, of both places. The view from the Belgian city affords glimpses of no less than seven kingdoms—hence its fame; but beyond this interesting prospect, there are but few features of landscape which surpass in pictorial effect those which nature reveals from the hills in which Cork is embosomed and nothing in the general tone of the foreign scene that compares with the matchless green of the Irish landscape.

There are many delightful places within a day's drive from Cork and those who are content to travel after the old fashion will best enjoy these excursions.

By the Great Southern and Western Railway a ride by rail to Youghal is accomplished within an hour. The beauty and variety of the journey is fully equalled by the accidental charms with which history has invested almost every mile of the road.

For a few miles the train skirts the waters of the Lee affording views of the woodlands of the opposite shore dotted with villas and castled homes, which recall visions of lands wealthier but not fairer than those of Ireland. At Queenstown junction the line diverges inland and speeding on past Middleton many a crumbling fortress on the lonely hillsides recall memories of the fates and fortunes of the chieftains of Desmond—

for this was once their territory. Soon after the increasing ozone of the breeze tells the ocean is at hand, and in a few moments Youghal is reached.

Emerging from the station a splendid view of the bay is obtained. It is semi-circular in shape and beautifully terminated on the south by Cable Island. A noble strand girds its shores, interrupted only by the arms of the estuary which forms the harbor and into which the River Blackwater flows. From here the town is not seen as the lofty hill beneath which it lies, intervenes between the ancient port and the open sea.

On an eminence overlooking the harbor stands the picturesque lighthouse of the bay. Tradition tells that its guiding lamp in ages gone was tended by a sisterhood of nuns, whose convent stood close by.

The antiquity of Youghal soon impresses itself on the stranger. The irregularity of the houses, of which no two seem alike, affords beautiful glimpses of street-picture—the whole presenting traces of the influence of Danish, Norman and Elizabethan times.

Of the antiquities of Youghal, the Curfew Gate is, perhaps, the first that arrests attention. Its wide arch spans the thoroughfare at midway, dividing the north and south districts of the town. This quaint structure—a sort of "Temple Bar"—supports a four-storied building, with picturesque windows, surmounted by a venerable clock and belfry. A keeper lives in it, whose duty it is, in accordance with the custom of olden times, to ring the matin call for the inhabitants. And when the shades of evening close around again he

"Tolls the knell of parting day."

During the Danish occupation of Ireland, Youghal formed one of the most important of the Norsemen strongholds.

Early in the Norman period it was invested by Maurice Fitzgerald, head of the Chieftainage of Desmond, with whose illustrious line the fortunes of the place were bound up for many centuries. Here, in 1224, this remarkable soldier founded the first Franciscan Monastery established in Ireland. Having successfully led the forces of the English king against the Scots, and, later, having won many a blood-stained laurel on the fields of Palestine, wearied of the glory of arms, in the evening of his days, he betook himself to the cloisters of his abbey, where he died a Franciscan, in 1257. This monastery was, for long centuries, the last resting-place of the Earls of Desmond.

Not a stone of this foundation now remains. The site, however, is in possession of a community of Presentation Nuns.

A magnificent pile of conventual buildings, more beautiful, perhaps, than the first, have risen on the site. Beneath the convent gardens, now bright with flowers, and often ringing with gladsome voices of merry children, sleeps many a valiant knight of the line of Desmond,

"Whose good swords rust,
Whose bones are dust,
Whose souls are with the saints; we trust."

CONVENT OF THE NUNS OF THE PRESENTATION.

There are, however, in Youghal, other

THE CLOCK GATE—YOUGHAL.

memorials of the house of Desmond, with which Time, the leveller of all, has dealt less ruthlessly. Of these the best preserved is the Collegiate church of St. Mary, founded by Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond, A. D. 1464. It is beautifully restored, and one of the most historic buildings that Ireland possesses. From its peculiar situation, on a *plateau*, scooped, as it were, out of the hillside, and embowered with trees co-eval with itself, this venerable church and its surroundings leads one completely into the past. Its prevailing style is early English; the east window presenting, however, one of the finest specimens extant of the decorated period. Besides the north transept rises a massive Norman keep. St. Mary's was a military church, and in its day served the twofold purpose of a fortress and a church. But the theme of this sketch is linked with the Dominicans of Youghal.

In the year 1268—ten years after his father was laid to rest in the lowly habit of a Franciscan—Sir Thomas Fitzgerald invited the sons of St. Dominic to Youghal, and endowed their house. Scarce a vestige now remains of this pious foundation. The fragments of a crumbling gable, the shattered tracery of a window alone mark the site amid the waste of swelling mounds of long forgotten graves. But there was a time—during which for many centuries the fame of this sanctuary spread far beyond the seas—myriads of pilgrims wended their weary way over land and wave to pay their devotions at the shrine of "Our Lady of Graces."

Records of this Irish pilgrimage are handed down to us from the writings of Dr. Burgo, Bishop of Ossory, and of many others. There is much in the narratives, which recalls the story of Notre Dame de Boulogne, one of the holiest shrines in France. As in the case of the latter, the miraculous image of "Our Lady of Youghal" was borne from shores unknown, and drifting with the rising tide, at last reached the Irish strand. Here, too, straying fishermen were first to discover the piece of precious wood, within which the miraculous image was concealed. In the designs of Providence, these poor

"toilers of the sea" were made witnesses of the first miracles wrought by it.

A famous French traveller, Boullaye Le Gouze, in one of his works published in 1653, gives us the following quaint account gathered from the traditions of the period.

"In the Convent of St. Dominic was the image of the Virgin Mother of God which had formerly been the object of greatest veneration in Ireland. It arrived there (Youghal) in a miraculous manner. The tide brought a piece of timber to the river's bank adjoining the town, and a number of fishermen wished to take it away, the wood being of a kind rare in this locality, but they were quite unable to remove it. They then harnessed ten horses for the purpose, but without any effect. The incoming tide carried it towards the Dominican Convent, when two religious took it on their shoulders and placed it in the court-yard. During the night the Superior of the Convent had a vision informing him that the image of our Lady lay in the wood, where it was found. This is the story told of it by the Catholics, who up to the present cherish the greatest veneration towards it—but the Dominicans having been persecuted by the English settlers have carried it elsewhere."

From the first installation of the image of our Lady within the Abbey Church 600 years ago, down to the present day, manifold favors have been vouchsafed in response to the prayers poured out before the Altar. In the dark days of persecution, as with the other religious houses of Ireland, persecution and distress visited the Dominicans of Youghal. They seem, however, to have held possession of their monastery till late in the reign of Elizabeth, when, on the suppression of the Desmond insurrection, the estates of that noble house were confiscated, and a great portion of them, together with the town of Youghal, conferred on Sir Walter Raleigh. To the vandalism of Raleigh's soldiers is attributed the complete destruction of the sacred spot, around which so many traditions and holy memories cling.

In the demolition of the church the

RALEIGH'S HOUSE.

Miraculous Statue was, however, saved through the heroism of a daughter of the house of Geraldine, which, even in its fallen fortunes, still clung fondly to the old faith. Having snatched the precious relic from its resting place she fled with it to a place of safety, and even though pursued by the soldiery she miraculously escaped.

The ivory image is believed to have been enshrined by her, since the silver case, within which it still rests, bears this inscription—"Orate pro anima Onoriæ—filiae Jacobi de Geraldinis, quae me fieri fecit." Although deprived of their home, the Dominicans fondly hoped that brighter days would come again—when the shattered walls of the Abbey would be raised and the clients of Mary once more would gather around their altar. And so it was, custodians were appointed in regular succession—"in loco refugii"—to the ruined Abbey by the Chapters of the Order.

However, the wished for day never came. With the act of May 1, 1698, which compelled all religious to quit Ireland, the longings of the Dominicans of Youghal vanished for ever.

The image of "Our Lady of Graces" was, however, destined to remain on the soil of faithful Ireland. Before the departure of its last custodian, it was placed in the safe keeping of Sir John Hore, Shandon Castle, County Cork.

In more peaceful days a small community of Dominicans were again appointed, nominally to Youghal—to whom the relic was once more restored about the year 1756. The shadows of decaying prosperity, however, fell rapidly on the old town of the Desmonds, its population dwindled away, so that with heavy hearts, after all their troubles and vicissitudes, the sons of Saint Dominic determined to forsake Youghal, with all its memories of faith and sorrow.

Such treasures of the past as still remained, together with the cherished image of our Lady, were borne to the sister Convent of Cork, where all are still reverently preserved.

So late as 1872, in thanksgiving for recovery from illness, the statue of our Lady of Youghal was re-enshrined within a costly Gothic casket enriched with sparkling jewels, by the father of the present Bishop of Cork, Most Rev. Thomas O'Callaghan, O.P., D.D. It is inscribed, "Sanctae Mariae Gratiarum Michael O'Callaghan familiaque devote Gratias agentes A. D. MDCCCLXII."

Since then an altar of spotless marble has been erected, and beneath a pillared canopy may be seen and venerated, the time-worn image of "Our Lady of Graces," whose history is but the epitome of Catholic Ireland's story of weal and woe for six chequered centuries.

TO A SANCTUARY LAMP.

By T. F. R.

THOU sentinel of Christ, whose ruddy glow
Unceasing shines, that we may know
Where Jesus dwells,
When e'er I thee behold, I seem to see
His Sacred Heart, whence love for me
Unmeasured wells.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

By Rev. James Conway, S.J.

"IT was in the year 5199 after the creation of the world, 2957 after the deluge, 2015 after the birth of Abraham, 1520 after Moses and the deliverance of the people from Egypt, 1032 after David was anointed king, in the 65th week of years according to the prophecy of Daniel, in the 198th Olympiad, in the year 752 after the building of Rome, in the 42d year of the reign of Octavian Augustus, when the whole world was in the enjoyment of peace, that Jesus Christ, eternal God and Son of the eternal Father, wishing by His merciful coming to sanctify the world, nine months after being conceived by the Holy Ghost, was born as true man of the Virgin Mary."

With these solemn words the Roman Martyrology announces the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ. This was the fulness of time—that time fore-ordained and determined in the counsel of the Most High, foretold by the prophets, the time for which the world had sighed so long. Hence it is that the Church in her liturgy, lays such stress upon the date of this great event.

"Let us go over to Bethlehem," say the shepherds, to whom the angels had proclaimed the coming of the Saviour, "and let us see this word that has come to pass. And this shall be a sign to you; you shall see the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." Let us follow in the wake of these simple shepherds. Let us go over to Bethlehem in spirit and see this word, that has come to pass. Who is this tiny Child? Who shall declare His generation?

Ask the divine Babe Himself. He will answer: "Amen, amen, I say to you before Abraham was made I am." He is the eternal One with whom there is neither past or future, who is ever present at every moment in time and eternity—the ever living present, the unchangeable *now*. Adam, Methuselah, Abraham were made and passed away; He *is*. "I am, who *am*," He says to Moses. "Jesus Christ yesterday, and to-day, and the same forever."

Ask St. John, the seer of Patmos, to whom were revealed the mysteries of the divine life. He will tell us: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him. . . . *And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us;* and we saw his glory." He is, then, the Word of God, begotten of the eternal mind of the Father in the beginning, that is, before all time, to His own image and likeness, "the figure of the Father's substance and the splendor of his glory"—consubstantial with Him, equal to Him in all things—God of God, true God of true God. Thus He was from all eternity in the bosom of the eternal Father, with the Holy Ghost who proceeds in like manner from both Father and Son by the mutual breath of their infinite love. He was infinitely happy, free and powerful in His Father's embrace.

Who can describe this wonderful life of the Most Holy Trinity? From all eternity the three divine persons were most happy in themselves and in one another. From all eternity the Father, by contemplating His own infinite essence, which is the only object proportionate to His infinite intelligence, produced the Son to His own perfect likeness. From all eternity the Father and the Son, contemplating each other as the infinitely perfect, good and beautiful, loved each other with unspeakable love. From this act of their mutual

love proceeds the Holy Ghost, the Third Person, having the same infinite and incomprehensible nature as the Father and the Son. In this knowledge and love the Holy Trinity was infinitely blessed from all eternity, and did not need the aid of any creature to complete their happiness.

Yet the infinitely blissful Trinity determined in council, as it were, to communicate their happiness with rational creatures, to create intelligent beings to their own image and likeness, and to make them partakers of this same happiness—the contemplation and love of the supreme and infinite God. "Let us make man to our own image and likeness," said the Holy Trinity. And thus man was created and fitted out with supernatural gifts to enable him to know and love God, in a similar way as God knows and loves Himself. This was his birthright, his inheritance. But he lost this inheritance by sin. Yet God did not abandon him. By a new decree of His love the triune God determined to restore him to his inheritance, as if He said: "Let us reform him, whom we have made to our own image and likeness." In other words, God resolved to redeem man. This was the decree of the redemption—the second great manifestation of God's love to man.

Now, how is this redemption to be wrought? God had at His disposal infinite ways and means. He could have pardoned man without exacting any satisfaction; or He could have imposed on him some satisfaction which, though inadequate in itself, might be an atonement acceptable to an all-merciful Judge. But the Holy Trinity devised a means in which infinite justice should be combined with infinite mercy—that is, the Incarnation of the Son, the Second Person, by whom satisfaction was to be made commensurate with man's offence. This is the third great manifestation of God's goodness and mercy.

In the first creation and sanctification of man, God lifted him up to Himself. In the second—the Redemption—God came down to the level of man, became man Himself. "God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son." Great was the love manifested in the first instance; but greater still that displayed in the second. Great is the love of a sovereign who takes up a subject and puts him on his own throne; but much greater is the love of that sovereign who comes down from his throne and takes up his abode in the poor tenement of his subject. Yet the comparison is weak and expresses but a shadow of the truth when applied to the Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us. Besides, human love, be it ever so intense, is usually tainted, to some extent, with self-love, whereas the love of the Son of God is pure and unselfish. He had all to give, nothing to gain.

These are the thoughts and wishes which occupied the mind and will of the Most High from all eternity—His own infinite happiness and this wonderful design of communicating this same happiness to man. This is the theme of that hymn of praise which, for thousands of years untold, the angels sang before the throne: "Holy, holy, holy! Hosanna in the highest! Glory be to God on high, and peace to men on earth."

Notwithstanding the wickedness of men, God did not repent of His decree, which He had announced to our first parents, and confirmed to the patriarchs and prophets, that the woman's seed should crush the serpent's head, and that in that seed He should bless all the nations of the earth. Even when man's sin provoked His wrath, He chastised him, but did not exterminate him, waiting patiently until the fulness of time should come.

"But when the fulness of time was come," says the Apostle, "God sent his Son, made of a woman, made under the law; that He might redeem them who were under the law; that we might receive the adoption of sons." In these

words we have in outline the contents of this loving decree of the Most High—the Son of God to take human nature of a woman, to become the Son of man in order to make us the sons of God. He might have taken the nature of an angel, or have clothed Himself with the mere appearance of a man. But no; He preferred to become one of us, flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone, that He might become our brother, and we, the children of His eternal Father. Therefore the Apostle says: "Nowhere doth he take hold of the angels; but of the seed of Adam he taketh hold."

But who is the privileged woman of whom He is to take this human nature? She, too, is included in the eternal decree. From all eternity, God contemplates all His creatures—not only those that are to exist in time, but also those that are merely possible—and from this countless number He singles out one, the master-work of His divine wisdom and love, the Queen of His creation, the first-born of His creatures; the Virgin daughter of Juda, Mary of Nazareth. Her He chooses to be the Mother of His only begotten Son. She is conceived without the stain of original sin, fitted out with every choicest gift of nature and of grace, prepared in a special way for her sublime calling—to be the dwelling-place of the Most High. Day by day she advances in wisdom and in grace, until the moment when the Son of God, enamored, as it were, of her beauty and sanctity, determines to come down and take up His abode in her immaculate womb.

That auspicious moment, for which mankind so ardently sighed, is come at last. The privileged Virgin, who doubtless also, regardless of self, sighed for the coming of the Redeemer and the Redemption of Israel, is to be found retired in her humble chamber in Nazareth, absorbed in prayer and contemplation. The Holy Trinity—the Father, whose chosen daughter she is; the Holy Ghost, who has espoused her to Himself; the Son, whose Mother she is destined to become—looks down with complacency upon her.

The Angel Gabriel is despatched to announce to her the decree of the Most High. He salutes her with the startling words: "Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee!" She is confused by this distinction from on high. "Fear not," says the angel; "behold, thou shalt conceive and bear a son; and thou shalt call his name Jesus." She is concerned for her virginity, which she prefers even to the dignity of the divine Motherhood. The angel reassures her, saying: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee." This assurance removes all her doubts and fears. She submits to the divine decree, saying: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done to me according to thy word."

At these words the Holy Ghost descended into the chaste bosom of the Virgin of Nazareth, and brought about that miracle of miracles—the incarnation of the Son of God. THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH. The Son of God, the Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, is forever and inseparably wedded to our nature, having a true human body and soul with all their powers and faculties as we have—nay, even with all their weakness, sin alone excepted. The King of ages, the Immortal, who dwells in light inaccessible, has become a poor mortal, helpless child, imprisoned in the dungeon of a mother's womb!

But the condescension of the Son of God does not end here. He could have conferred wealth and power and high social standing on His Mother, being the scource of all riches and greatness. He did not do so. He found her poor and left her so, in order that He, who is the possessor of all things, might be among the lowliest of our race. He did more; He positively courted poverty, privations and hardships.

It came to pass in those days that a decree had gone out from Cæsar Augustus ordering that the whole world should

be enrolled. This decree happened to be put in execution in Syria at the very time that our Lord was to be born. Hence it was that the Virgin Mother and her holy spouse, St. Joseph, were forced to travel from Nazareth to Bethlehem, a journey of two days, at this very unseasonable time, to be enrolled in their native city. This was all in the providence of God, that His Son in the flesh might experience all the hardships and inconveniences connected with poverty and obedience.

On this journey of Mary and Joseph we may well imagine how humble their conveyance, how scant their provisions, and how poor their accommodations were. Arrived at Bethlehem, probably at a late hour of the day, there was no room left for them in the public inn. They went from door to door seeking for a lodging, but there was none to be found. So they were forced to turn their backs on the habitations of men and seek refuge with the beasts of the field. "He came unto his own, and his own received him not." They retraced their steps down the steep descent, until they came to a by-path, on which the cattle were wont to be driven to the pasture. They followed this track until they came to a cave which served as a stable. Here they sought shelter from the winter's chilly blast. The Son of God, the King of kings and Lord of lords, "who upholds all things in the power of his word," in coming into this world does not find a human habitation to shelter him. "The foxes have their holes and the birds of the air their nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head!"

Here in this lowly stable, in the winter's cold, in the most abject poverty, none so poor as to do Him honor, is born into this world and laid in a manger, the Son of God, the Creator of the universe, the Lord and Master of all things. And, strange to say, while He is rejected by the world, abandoned by men, the angels sing: "Glory be to God on high, and peace to men." God is glorified and peace is restored to us by the self-abasement of the Son of God. Man seeks his glory and his peace where they are not to be found—in self-exaltation. Christ teaches us where they are to be sought and found—in humiliation. "He humbled himself," says the Apostle, "becoming obedient. . . . For which cause God hath also exalted him, and hath given him a name, which is above all names." The way of self-abasement is then the true way to greatness.

This greatness of our Lord soon began to dawn, and shone even through the clouds of persecution and suffering, until it was consummated in His glorious resurrection and triumphal ascension into heaven. While He is forsaken by men, the legions of God's angels give Him praise and adoration and glory. "And there was a multitude of the heavenly army praising God, and saying: "Glory be to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." Then followed the shepherds, who were keeping the night-watches over their flocks on the pastures of Bethlehem, and were summoned by the voice of angels, bringing their humble gifts, and the still more precious tribute of their adoration. "And they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger." Oh, what a treasure, what a privilege, for those good simple souls to find Him whom kings, and patriarchs, and prophets had longed in vain to behold! What wonder, then, that they should return, "glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen?"

The next tribute of honor paid to the new-born King is that of the Wise Men from the East, who, despising the scoffs and scorns of an unbelieving world, came a long and perilous journey to pay Him the tribute of their allegiance. "We have seen his star in the East," they say, "and we are come to adore him." These were truly *wise* men, who could read the signs of the times. They were wise, not in their own conceits, not with that knowledge "which puffeth up," but in the divine wisdom of the Holy

Spirit. Therefore they not only knew the truth, but also acted upon it, breaking down every barrier, surmounting every obstacle that was thrown in their way. They saw the star; they followed it; they came; "they found the Child with Mary, his mother, and falling down they adored him; and opening their treasures they offered him gifts: gold, frankincense and myrrh."

Thus the angels of God and the stars of heaven, the lowly and the great of this earth, combine to pay a fitting tribute of honor to the new-born Saviour in His poverty and lowliness. We might add to these manifestations the transports of joy of the holy ancient, Simeon, and of the prophetess Anna, when their eyes had beheld the salvation of the world and the "light to the revelation of the Gentiles." But let this suffice for the present.

In conclusion, let us ask ourselves, what lesson we should draw from these considerations? First, we should admire and praise the goodness, mercy and condescension of the Son of God, who "being in the form of God," as the Apostle says, "took the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man, and in habit found as a man." So God loved the world. It is His delight to be with children of men. Moreover, we cannot fail to see, even at the cradle of our Lord, the two hostile camps of good and evil arrayed against each other—the one, small indeed, with Christ, the other against Him. With Him are Mary and Joseph, the shepherds, the Wise Men, Simeon and Anna; against Him, the hard-hearted people of Bethlehem, who mercilessly drove Him from their doors, Herod, who seeks His life, and the great world, which despises or disregards Him. The same division exists to-day. He who is not with Christ is against Him.

Now, everyone should at this time ask himself: "On which side do I stand? Do I stand, or rather prostrate myself, with Mary and Joseph at the crib? Or do I stand with Jesus' enemies? Am I prepared to receive Jesus when He stands knocking at the door of my heart? Or do I spurn Him like the people of Bethlehem, and seek to remove Him like Herod?" To-day, as 1900 years ago, "He comes unto his own and his own receive him not; but as many as receive him, he gives them power to be made the sons of God." We should, then, prepare ourselves at this season for His spiritual coming into our souls. "The grace of God, our Saviour, hath appeared to all men, instructing us, that, denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly, and justly, and godly in this world, looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

THE BLACK FINGER.

By M. T. Waggaman.

CHAPTER I.

THE SUNSET CROSS.

WINTER on the mountains! Winter, stern and pitiless, without a whisper of spring.

The stillness of death was everywhere, over the bewildering vistas of peak on peak, that were graying in the gathering shadows, in the black gorges, from which the snow-drifts had slipped, shuddering into the fathomless depths below; on the gentler slopes, where the dwarf pines stood, rigid and ice-sheathed, and the waterfalls clung, like white foam wraiths, to the rock, held by the death-grip of the frost.

North, south, east, west, all was lifeless, colorless, desolation, save where, in the gap torn between two gray peaks, burned a glimpse of sunset, an angry line of light scarring the leaden sky. Outlined against it, a boyish figure came up the ridge, dragging a rudely-made sled. The young mountaineer was whistling cheerily, for it had been a day of rare sport for him. Four jack-rabbits that he had shot as they darted through the whitened furze were stretched upon his sled; the deerskin pouch, slung over his shoulder, was heavy with loot—nuts from the gray squirrel's hoard in the hollow tree, red apples from Farmer Nicholl's bin, two fat chickens that had crowed too recklessly within reach of this young marauder's hand.

For Eric was a savage, pure and simple; quite as much of a savage as if he lived 5,000 miles from the electric light of civilization, or the anxious bench of missionary societies. He pilfered from the gray squirrel's nest and Farmer Nicholl's barn with equal indifference; the smoky old hut that he called his home was little better than the caves and holes where his wilder neighbors burrowed, and old Dan, who had given him food and shelter ever since he could remember, was as grim and surly a guardian as any mountain bear. But he had cared for the boy in his own rude way, and taught him all he knew. There was no bolder heart, no keener eye, no swifter foot on the mountain range than young Eric Dorne's; he could track these pathless heights from peak to peak, hunt the shyest game to its covert, shoot the wild bird on the wing, though he knew neither letter nor figure, neither prayer nor law. Strange stories were whispered around the mountain cabins of old Dan and his protégé, but the surly old hunter himself, no one dared to question, and for either his past or future Eric had no thought or care.

At fourteen he still lived the blank wild life of the bear cub, or the mountain deer. Rosy and reckless, he was clambering up the snowy ridge that evening with his spoils, when a sound struck upon his ear that made him pause breathless.

Through the white stillness came the howl of old Boar the wolf-hound.

Only twice before had Eric heard Boar howl thus. Once when the catamount had crept to their hut in the darkness, and was staring in the unbarred window with eyes of flame; again, on a night of even greater terror, when that same howl had guided Eric to the ravine where Boar kept watch over his master, bleeding and senseless, from a struggle whose secret old Dan would never reveal. And the boy's ruddy cheek paled, as the sound came again this evening, piercing the gray shadows, almost human in its despair. Dropping pouch and sled-rope,

he bounded up the mountain-side to the hut, an ungainly structure of logs and bark, in the shelter of an overhanging rock. "Dan, Dan, what is it, Dan? Where are you?" There was no answer, and, bursting open the unbolted door, Boar's howl alone greeted the boy as he stumbled over a great gaunt figure, lying prone upon the earthen floor, with the dog at its side.

It was Dan, whom Eric had left that morning in all the sturdy strength of his lusty years, hardy and rugged as a mountain pine.

For a moment the boy stood dumb, with an icy awe, for Dan's breath was coming short and quick; his leathery old face was drawn and livid, while the eyes were turned to the wintry sunset with a look Eric had never seen in them before. It was Death the boy faced, and he recoiled from it as all wild things do.

"Dan, Dan, who done it to you," he found voice at last to cry! "What hurt you? Can't—can't you speak, Dan?" But the old man's eyes only turned to the boy, in dumb, glassy despair.

Snatching a whiskey bottle from the shelf, Eric poured a few drops of the liquor between the pale, working lips. "Who done it to you, Dan?" he asked again, for hardy young barbarian that he was, Eric could think only of harm by violence.

"None," gasped Dan feebly, "It's the—death grip—lad—here," and he tore open his coarse shirt. "It's wot tuk me father and me grandfather, and me forbears all. It's taking me."

"No, no, no; don't you say that, Dan;" cried the boy passionately. "I'll run for the doctor. He has the stuff to cure you. It's only the cramp that has got you, Dan. Take another sup of the whiskey; you're getting better. Keep up a bit, and I'll run to the village beyant."

"No, no;" interrupted the old man hoarsely, "No doctor, there isn't time. Luk-ye there, lad," and he pointed with shaking finger to the West, "Tell me what d'ye see?"

"The sun, shure I know it's going down, but I'll not mind that."

"D'ye no see, d'ye no see it?" muttered Dan, pointing again to the strip of sky visible through his narrow window.

The sun had just gone down, but, as it sank below the horizon, it sent upward a shaft of golden light that crossed the cloud rift and shot up for a moment into the gloom beyond.

"The cross," gasped the dying man, his eyes flaming feverishly. "Is it a dhrame, lad, or d'ye see it too? The red cross of the Rourkes. It's burning in the sky for me, for me. Whisper, bend nearer, d'ye hear what I say? I want the praste."

"The priest," echoed Eric, blankly.

"Aye, the praste, the *rale* praste, ye mind, no other—the praste at the little church in Stryker's Notch. Will ye git him, boy?"

"Him in the gown, you mean. Shure I know. An'—an' what am I to do with him," asked Eric, in bewilderment.

"Bring him here, ye fule, here, here," gasped the old man, in fierce impatience. "Tell him there's one dying, wid the curse of God and man on him, and will he come and lift it?"

"Aye, aye, keep easy, Dan; I will," said Eric, for the old man was trembling from head to foot. "I'll go, as you bid me."

"Take the Bear's bridle; it's the shortest road," gasped Dan. "Ye know how to kape it. Mind—it's—the praste I want—the Pope's praste."

"Yes, yes," said Eric. "I'll find him, never fear, Dan; keep easy. I'll find him. And I'll stop at McGarrahan's, and tell some of the boys how bad it is with you, an' they'll come."

"No," thundered Dan, starting up with sudden strength. "Naither McGarrahan nor any of his divil's crew. I'll blast ye wid me dying curse if ye bring wan of thim near me. I'll give Boar the word to throttle thim, if it takes me last breath. Off, lad, off, while there is time, for the fires of hell are burning

"The cross," gasped the dying man, his eyes flaming feverishly. "Is it a dhrame, lad, or d'ye see it too? The red cross of the Rourkes. It's burning in the sky for me, for me."

in me breast. Off for the praste, God's praste."

And the old man fell back exhausted, while, as if launched forth by that terrible outburst, Eric sprang out of the cabin and darted away.

It was well the lad was keen-eyed and sure-footed, for the path he had to tread was one that would tax his powers to the full.

There was a safer road skirting old Bear Cap's base—a road that led by the mine-pits and furnaces and cabins where went on the weary struggle for existence that was all Eric knew of life. But that road was too long. He must travel to-night as the bird flies.

Straight up the white mountain he sped, while the light faded from the West, the shadows deepened, and all above, about, before him, melted into a vast, cloudy, pathless waste. Higher and higher, and now the winds began to waken and moan in the icy gorges, low, muttering echoes answered, and it seemed as if evil powers were loosened to stay his steps. It was only of evil powers that Eric had ever heard in the wild legends of Pookah, and storm-spirits and mountain-gnome that the Welsh and Irish miners had brought across the sea. But, haunted by the look in Dan's eyes, driven by the tone in Dan's voice, the boy sped on, tracking the white wastes with an instinct keener than sight, while the wind rose from moan and wail into fierce fury, swaying the ice-sheathed pines and sending the loosened snow-drifts sweeping by like troops of demon-driven ghosts.

"The praste! to lift the curse that is on me, God's praste." That cry of Dan's seemed to echo in Eric's ear, even over the din of the storm. What curse had reached Dan, sturdy Dan? Fears, vague and shapeless as the sweeping snow-drift, chilled the boy's unawakened soul. Was that a Banshee, wailing beside him? Or was it the hoarse cry of a storm-spirit in the gorge over which he sprang, shuddering? Surely that was some tall giant of the mountain looming up in his way. Eric stopped, trembling in every limb. With the waking of brain and nerve the brute instinct had deserted him. He looked around at the chaos of crag and cloud and sweeping drift with a new terror of helplessness. The waste had grown trackless; the trail had vanished; he was lost. Lost on the summit of old Bear Cap, on a winter night.

Lost, lost! Eric knew all the word meant. "Kape to the Bear's bridle, or he'll throw ye, lad," had been Dan's grim warning ever since Eric could remember. And the "Bear's throw" was a deadly one; more than once older and bolder hunters than he had been found, when spring loosened the icy grip of the mountain, lying dead at the bottom of some black ravine whither they had been cast by one unwary step.

Twice, thrice, Eric tried to resume his way, but it was only to pause again in bewilderment, and stand like a wild thing at bay, while the wind shrieked and the snow swept down upon him, and all the fierce powers of darkness seemed to turn upon him and hunt him down. A chill of despairing terror struck through the boy's sturdy frame, when suddenly, amid the tumult of the storm, a sound reached his ear that made his heart leap and then almost stand still.

Was it the cry of a kelpie, the wail of some demon-driven wraith?

No; clear and full it swelled on the very wings of the storm, in rich, human tones. And, dropping on his hands and knees, Eric crept along the unknown path; he dared not tread upright; feeling his way with icy, bleeding fingers, while the sounds of hope leading him on grew louder and fuller.

It was a chant upborne by a deep manly voice that swelled out from the darkness beneath him, and Eric crept on knowing that light and warmth and shelter were near. There was a precipice to his right; he could feel the jagged break of the rocks under his hand, could hear the bellow of the wind in its depth, the roar of

answering echoes far, far below. But clear through the thunderous discords came the voice, its words audible now, mystic words, meaningless to Eric, save in their hope and cheer.

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes; laudate eum omnes populi. And then the old pæan was echoed by Eric's cry, for the path broke off suddenly beneath his groping touch; for one wild moment he seemed swinging in chaos, amid rushing wind and swirling snow; then, starting to his feet, he staggered back a slip or two, and the lights of Stryker's Notch flamed forth at his very feet. He had turned the crest of the mountain; he had crossed Bear Cap on a ledge that, in his boldest daylight hour, he would not have dared to tread. And nearly dizzy with the peril he had escaped, Eric sprang down the cliff and stood panting at the door of the little chapel where Father Paul, the young pastor, was practising his vesper chant.

CHAPTER II.

A MOUNTAIN FOLD.

The mission at Stryker's Notch was a cheerless one. Years before, a fierce battle had been fought in this cleft of the mountain, and a brave young soldier had perished there with the cross on his sword-hilt pressed to his lips.

It was in his memory that the sorrowing mother had erected on the spot a little chapel in honor of the "Sacred Heart," and as mines and furnaces peopled the rugged heights around with toilers, the new field seemed to demand a laborer. Father Paul, therefore, had come six months ago to serve the little altar whose lamp gleamed like a star on the mountain side, amid clouds of sin and sorrow and ignorance its pure ray could not pierce; clouds that only grew blacker and more sullen, as the young priest's voice arose in pleading and protest against the crime and lawlessness that he, as God's minister, was bound to condemn.

It was in such an hour of discouragement as sometimes comes to the bravest and best, that Father Paul had taken his seat at the little organ this evening, to cheer his fainting soul with those triumphal chants, echoing like war cries down the ages. The last notes of his *Laudate*, were just trembling into silence when the sound of a footstep fell upon his ear. He rose quickly, for threat and menace had reached him already, and he knew the "Pope's praste" was both feared and hated on these lawless heights.

He stepped forward; a white-faced, trembling boy stood at the sanctuary railing, staring in bewilderment around him at the quaintly carved altar; the adoring angels bending on either side, the crimson-tinted lamp swinging from the oaken ceiling—above all at the Munich statue of the "Sacred Heart," the form divine that seemed to rise life-like in majestic beauty amid the roseate-hued shadows—welcoming the boy, who, out of storm and darkness and peril of death had struggled to his feet.

"What are you doing here, boy?" asked Father Paul, sternly.

"It 's the—the priest I want," stammered Eric, Dan's cry still echoing in his ear, "God's priest."

"I am the priest," answered Father Paul, still keeping a suspicious eye upon this messenger.

"Shure, me head was that dazed," said the boy, with a nervous laugh, "that I thought at first it was Him," pointing to the statue. "Don't he look real and pretty and kind. But it's the priest I was sent for, and I was bid to say that there was one dying—dying with the curse of God and man on him, and you were to come and lift it, if you could."

"Who is the dying man, and where is he?"

"It's Dan," answered Eric, whose

head was still dizzy and voice unsteady. "Dan Rourke at the Ridge above Roker's Ridge."

"Roker's Ridge," echoed the priest. Four miles from here. I know of no Catholic at Roker's Ridge."

"It was Dan bid me come," repeated Eric.

"It was neither the doctor nor any of the boys he'd let come near him. The curse was on him, he said, and the priest would lift it, shure I knew you wouldn't and you couldn't," continued the boy bitterly.—"It's too far and too cold, an' I must go back,—" Eric drew a long shivering breath,—"for there's only Boar with him in the black night and the storm. I must go back to Dan."

"Wait," said Father Paul, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder and casting a searching glance into his face, "If this is the truth you are telling I will go with you."

"You will!" said Eric, staring, "By the holy ——"

"Hush," said the priest sternly, "don't swear here. What road do you take?"

"It's that they call the Bear's bridle, but I missed it in the dark and crossed the ledge; me head swims to think of it—crossed it on me hands and knees."

"That ledge above the notch!" exclaimed the priest, "you must be mad, boy."

"It was Dan bid me come," repeated Eric. "I missed the road till I heard the music. Then I dropped down and crawled till I seen the light."

"And you must go back there?" asked Father Paul.

"No," answered Eric, "I know the safe track now, I can keep it if I had a glim of light."

"I have a lantern," said the priest, all suspicion of this daring messenger gone. "You are cold and trembling, my poor fellow, and no wonder. Step into my room here," and the speaker opened the door of a little addition to the church that served for his modest dwelling. "Drink this," and he poured a glass of wine for the shivering boy. "Now warm yourself while I get ready."

And crouching down by the grate fire, that was the one cheap luxury of these coal-ribbed cliffs, Eric felt the generous glow warming his chilled blood, suppling his stiffened limbs, bracing his quivering nerves into life and strength again. In a few moments the priest stood before him no longer a gowned recluse, but a vigorous young athlete booted and equipped for crag and cliff.

"All ready," he said briefly. "Do you feel warm again, warm and strong enough to start?"

"Yes, yes," said Eric, springing to his feet, "there's no time to wait; I can keep the Bridle now, no fear."

"Take the lantern then," said Father Paul, flinging the leather strap that held the bull's eye around his companion's neck "and lead on my boy, and may God guide us both—for it is a fearful night."

On they pressed, up the white mountain side, but the glow of the light swinging around Eric's neck seemed to cleave the darkness like a star, all bewilderment and fear were gone. Up the great trackless wastes he led, boldly and steadily, while Father Paul strode on behind, not altogether sure of his guide, we must confess, but willing to take all risks for the chance of saving that soul whose cry had reached him out of the very depths of despair.

On and on, over rock and ridge and chasm, up heights that seemed to lose themselves in cloudy chaos, Eric's lantern went twinkling cheerily while his young voice rang out in warning and guidance: "Keep to the right, there's a gully below; steady, mister, over these rocks, hold to me hand, it's a bad step here, keep to the right."

Had Father Paul's errand been a less solemn one, he might have imagined himself bewitched by some mountain elf, who was leading him into pathless wastes from which he could never escape. But

borne upon the young priest's breast, under the sacramental veil, was One, whose presence banished all light fancies, One, whose coming seemed, as of old, to still the tempest, for as they passed on, the wind that had swept the heights an hour ago, sank sobbing into the gorges; the clouds it had torn asunder, swept off in broken masses to the south, and a wan moon looked down like some pale, grief-stricken face—and with a shrill shout Eric bounded to the top of a rock and pointed forward. "We're there," he said, "there's the hut where Dan is lying, mister, come on, come on—"

And springing forward himself like a young roe, Eric stood breathless, but triumphant at Dan's side. Dan lay struggling in a death agony, whose terrors God alone could know.

"I've brought him, Dan; I've brought the priest to lift the curse off you; you'll be better now, I've got the priest."

"The praste—the right one, is it?" gasped the old man, as his eye fell on the stalwart figure at the door; then like a strain of forgotten music from a far off past, came Father Paul's blessing, as he crossed the wretched threshold: "Peace be to this house, and to all who dwell therein."

"Aye, aye, lad, ye've got the right one," panted old Dan, "raise me head, let me shpake. It's in the jaws of hell me blackened sowl is this night, Father. Bend closer, in God's name, and let me shpake while I can"——

Seated on a rock without, Eric waited, Boar's head upon his knee; lean faithful old Boar, who knew as much as his young master of the divine ministrations of love and mercy that were working such heavenly wonders near.

"He's a lifting the curse and it wouldn't do for us to see, Boar; even old Bet Pringle lets no one cast an eye on her when she's working off a spell. "An' it was the bad curse that lighted on poor Dan this day; it was well I got across the Bear Cap in time for him that could lift it. An', priest that he is, he's a decent kind o'body, though the boys tell bad stories of the likes o' him. Mike Murtagh says they make black nigger slaves of you if you listen to them, and they've holes in the ground where they bury you alive, and fires to roast you like so many sheep. It was a queer bit of a place where I found him to-night; you and I'll steal down some time, Boar, and take another look at it, when no one is by. It's not like a meeting-house," continued Eric, stroking his companion's long ears in an unusually meditative mood. "It minds me more of the Pine Glade, in the hollow, when it's summer time, and the moss is soft and the birds singing in the tree tops."

"An' I wonder was it a statue, or what was it that stood there in the red and white gown, with the kind smiling face? Shure, I thought at first he was real, me eyes was so blind and me head so dizzy I thought shure he was real and a calling me out of the darkness and storm. Whisht, eh, what is it?"

"You can come in now, my boy," called Father Paul, from the doorway, "your old friend wants you."

And Eric springing up, followed by Boar, entered the hut, where the moonlight falling full upon old Dan, uplifted on his bearskin pillow, showed his face livid indeed with the death agony, but strangely altered. The fierce lines of despair had relaxed, the wild gleam of the eyes softened; it was as if the dark tide through which he was struggling had been suddenly stilled into peace.

"Down on your knees, lad," he whispered hoarsely, "God forgive me for it, Father, but he knows no more of howly sign or prayer than the baste at his side, but I'd have him see and know I'm not dying the—the—divil I've lived."

And Eric knelt down and stared in dull wonderment, while the last solemn rites were administered, and absolved and anointed, the dying sinner was united to his God. He listened uncomprehending, while Father Paul recited the acts of thanksgiving to which the livid lips

that strove to echo them had been so long strangers.

There was a moment's pause, as the priest concluded, then old Dan spoke with difficulty: "Bend closer to me, lad, closer for I've sumthin to say to you. There's wan black fear on me sowl yet, an' it's fur ye, ye that I've let grow up like the whelp and the bear cub. Listen, it's me last wurrds, ye're to go wid the good Father here, and do as he bids you whin I'm gone."

"Gone!" echoed Eric. "Gone! Shure you're not going now, Dan. Hasn't he lifted the curse from you? You are better now."

"Betther? Yes," answered Dan, hoarsely. "Betther, God be paised for His mercy. But the curse—it's only ye can lift what's left on me soul. It's me last wurrd to ye, lad. He'll take ye; go wid him."

"With him! The priest, d'you mean? No, no; don't ask me that, Dan; don't ask me that," cried Eric, passionately.

"I do, I do! it's that, and nuthin else. Will ye lift the curse, or lave it on me where I go? Will ye go wid him that will take ye in God's name, or—or—or——"

Dan's speech failed him, and he could only gasp and struggle and wave his gaunt arm, tremulously, in dumb appeal.

"Promise what he asks, my boy," said the priest's low voice in Eric's ear. "Let the poor soul depart in peace."

"Then, I will; I will, Dan," sobbed Eric, shivering with awe. "I will do whatever you ask me."

"Your hand on it," panted the dying man. "Your grip." And he held out his hand for the one pledge recognized by his lawless class. Eric met the icy grasp that tightened in his young hand, sending a chill through every vein. Then the grip relaxed, there was a shudder, a long-drawn breath, and Eric's wild cry was echoed by Boar's howl. Poor Dan was dead!

"Murtheration!" was old Tim Connor's breathless expletive, when, in the gray twilight of the dawn, Father Paul met him hobbling down the pit road, to open the chapel, over which Tim had kept faithful watch these ten years. "Shure, an' it's niver that divil of a Dan Rourke yer riverince manes—him on Roker's Ridge?"

"The same," replied the priest. "He died, by God's mercy, a humble penitent, last night."

"Dan Rourke, is it?" repeated Tim, in bewilderment. "And yer riverince wint to him, up beyant, in the black night! The Lord save us!"

"I wish the poor man to have Christian burial," continued Father Paul. "Let Ryan and Tracy go up this morning and see to it, and, if possible, have him brought to the church. It will be a good example."

"To the church, is it?" gasped Tim. "The church! The ould reprobate! I mane, God be merciful to him. Dan Rourke brought to the church! We'll thry it, sur, as you bid." But Tim thought it best to conclude his sentence by a shake of the head, more eloquent than words.

Ryan and Tracy, two sturdy, elderly men, went on their mission of charity somewhat reluctantly. Dan's character was well known—his leadership in one of those lawless leagues, banded together by fierce oaths and dark, heathenish rites, strongly suspected.

The two men reached the hut only to find it empty, while nailed by a dirk to the door was a bit of paper bearing the rude scrawl:

"Waked in Secret.
Let them come who know.
Let them watch who dare."

"Faix, and ye may belave we made quick thracks home whin we saw that," said Tracy, with an uneasy laugh. "It's the divil's own wake Dan Rourke will have this night, yer riverince, and naither law nor gospel can shtop it, for

where they've tuk the poor corpse no living crathur dares tell."

"But the boy?" said Father Paul, anxiously, "the boy that poor Dan begged me with his last breath to save; have the scoundrels taken the boy, too?"

"Is it Eric Dorne?" asked Ryan. "Bad luck to him, for the wildest young divil that iver run the airth. Aye, they've tuk him too, yer riverince, and they'll kape him, ye can wager that."

And as the days passed on, Father Paul was constrained to believe Ryan was right. To search for his lost charge would have been as useless as dangerous, for with the night came snow, a mountain snow.

Hour after hour it fell in a gray, blinding storm. Cloud seemed to meet crag; all landmarks vanished above; around, below, all was alike—a white blank, save for the swirling, noiseless, feathery flakes.

There were scarcely two-score worshippers at the next Sunday Mass, but even through that little band went a perceptible thrill as Father Paul's announcement rang out through the strange noonday twilight—

"Your prayers are requested for the repose of the soul of Daniel Rourke, of Roker's Ridge, who died, by the grace of God in the bosom of His Church, last week." It was a battle gage, calm and fearless, as all who heard it knew.

"Begorra, and his riverince caught the wolf by the throat thin," commented Tracy as he passed out of the church.

"Aye, and he'll growl," was the significant reply of his friends, "ye can wager that."

(*To be continued.*)

THE SYMBOL OF DIVINE LOVE.

By Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J.

WHY not worship Christ whole and undivided? Why separate the different members of Christ? Why single out the Heart of Christ as the object of devotion? Such questions are often put, not only by those outside the true fold, but even by a class of persons within the fold.

Were we dealing with Catholics alone, the one sufficient answer would be that Christ Himself had revealed this devotion and must be the best judge of its propriety. But as this implies a belief in Christ's revelation to Blessed Margaret Mary, which non-Catholics would not accept, we must give other reasons which have a cogency of their own, apart from the question of a revelation.

In the first place, the difficulty proposed is founded on a misapprehension. We do worship Christ whole and undivided. We do not separate the Heart from the person of Christ, although there are excellent grounds for special honor being paid to the Heart. The Heart, then, which we honor is the living Heart of Christ. It is the Heart of flesh which beat with longing during the nine months before His birth; which accepted gladly the humble offerings of the shepherds and the precious gifts of the wise men; which felt the pain of the circumcision; which bled at the slaughter of the innocents and endured the bitterness of exile in Egypt; which submitted in obedience to the will of Joseph and Mary; which taught His Blessed Mother the paramount importance of His heavenly Father's business; which after that brief exercise of ministry in the Temple with the doctors of the Law again returned in lowly submission to live and work unknown in Nazareth.

But time and space would fail us to follow the Heart of Jesus through the mysteries of the public life, to tell of His compassion for the little ones, the poor, the sick, the maimed, the afflicted, the

sinful ; to recall how divinely He forgave the treachery of Judas, the malice of His enemies, the cruelty of His executioners ; to recount His love when, from the Cross, He gave His Mother a son and us, in St. John, a Mother ; to dwell on that charity for the thief who confessed Him before men, and that desolation which filled Him when His heavenly Father seemed afar off and deaf to His cries and tears. In a word we honor the Heart that so loved men when He was visible among them on the earth, and loves them now when present invisibly in the tabernacle, and shall love them unto the end.

It is the great loving Heart of the God-man. It is therefore worthy of divine worship because divine itself, since it is the Heart of a divine Person. From the moment when God the Son assumed it, it became worshipful. Even when the soul of Christ had left His sacred body on the Cross and when it lay lifeless in the tomb, that Heart of flesh was adorable because still united inseparably to the Word. It is the Heart that gladdened the holy women and the apostles on the resurrection morn. It is the Heart which the hand of Thomas felt beating in that open side. It is the Heart that gave its blessing as the Lord ascended by His own power into heaven. It is the Heart that beats undying and unspeakable love at the right hand of the Father. It is the Heart which so loved the fallen race as to offer itself as the victim of expiation.

It is the Heart which even now beats in our tabernacles, voiceless but eloquent, interceding for the sons of men with whom He delights to dwell.

It is the Heart which, in the whole Christ, we receive in Holy Communion. It is, we repeat, the living, loving Heart of Christ unseparated and inseparable from Him. As Pope Pius VI. wrote, January 30, 1781, to the Bishop of Prato-Pistoia : "The substance of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus consists in this, that, under the symbolic representation of the Heart, we consider and venerate the immense charity and the overflowing love of our divine Redeemer."

When, therefore, we worship the Sacred Heart, our worship does not stop at the mere Heart of flesh in itself, but tends to the whole Christ whose Heart it is. The Heart is not so much the object of our devotion, as it is the emblem and the symbol of the love of Christ ; not the human love only, but the divine as well. But the divine love is eternal, as He says, by His prophet : "With eternal love have I loved thee." This divine love, then, antedated His life on earth, and was indeed the motive of that life and the reason of the incarnation. But man, made up as he is of soul and body, needs something to appeal to the senses to help his devotion. The abstract idea of love does not move him. 'Tis hard for him to love what he has not seen and cannot see. Hence one motive of the Son of God becoming man was to remove this difficulty, and to give to man a God clothed in human nature like his own, which, as St. John testifies, he and his fellow-Apostles "heard, saw with their eyes, looked upon and with their hands handled of the word of life."

We worship, then, this heart of flesh, but inasmuch as it is the symbol and the emblem of the love of Christ for His Father and for men.

For just as man is composed of a visible body and an invisible soul, and speech is made up of words, which the ear hears, and of ideas, which the mind understands through the words ; so too, the object of the devotion to the Sacred Heart is composed of a material and sensible element, which is, as it were, the body of this devotion, that is, the Heart of Jesus ; and of a spiritual element, which is the soul ; and this is the love which fills that Heart.

To separate these two elements would be to mutilate the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The Jansenists, if pushed, would consent to honor the love of Jesus Christ, but not His Heart of flesh : they would

not have devotion to the Sacred Heart. Others, on the contrary, would like to honor the sensible heart only, and would make of the love of Christ not the object but the motive of their worship; these too have not a complete idea of the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Let us hold for certain that the object of this devotion is at the same time the *Heart of flesh* of Jesus Christ, and the *love* which makes this Heart beat. The Heart is the symbolical element; the love is the element symbolized. Under the symbol of the Heart, says the breviary, love is worshipped: "sub Cordis symbolo, recolitur charitas."

Mark well that the Heart is taken as the symbol, not as the organ of affection. For as the love we honor is the eternal and divine love of the Word, it is certain that the Heart was not the organ or co-principle of this love, since the Heart did not exist until the incarnation. Yet it is this love of the Word which is the object of our devotion. Moreover, the Church does not usually base her decisions on controverted scientific opinions. In approving the devotion to the Sacred Heart, she relied on a simple truth, which no one doubts, and which is sufficient to justify this identification of the heart with love.

Everywhere and in all times, men have understood that in a true sense the heart and love constitute but one thing. Whether they say: "I give you my heart or my love, that is, the love which animates my heart," it is one and the same thing, and everybody understands it as such. The gesture of love is to place one's hand on the heart. As a proof of love which survives death, men sometimes bequeath their hearts as a legacy to relatives, friends, native place or country. The representation of a heart has always been accepted as the symbol of love.

The reason of this symbolism is the relation which men perceive between the movements of their heart and those of their love. For the heart is the centre in which all nervous sensitive impressions produce their effect. Every affection of the soul produces a proportionate modification in the movement of the heart. A great grief can stop this movement or quicken it to such an extent as to break the heart. A lively joy will make it jump; so too does an ardent zeal or a violent passion. Hence men have always identified their love with the heart, which gives out so faithful an echo.

We have shown, we think, an excellent reason for the worship of the Sacred Heart in the symbolic excellence of the heart in the human organism. We find another, however, in the attraction which so many of the saints have felt for the Heart of Jesus wounded on Calvary. But the all-sufficient one for Catholics is the expressed will of Christ Himself in His revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary.

He showed His Heart burning with the flames of divine love in order to inflame our hearts with love for Him. He well knew the efficacy of such a symbol and His purpose has been verified. He revealed it at a time when love had grown cold, and faith was on the wane. It at once enkindled love wherever the devotion was made known, and it routed the enemy which was endeavoring to accomplish the dethronement of the love of Christ in the hearts of men, by representing Him as cold and hard and too awful to be approached in the sacraments except seldom and with extremest preparation.

Christ revealed the antidote to this most dangerous and insidious poison by proclaiming how approachable He was, how kind and loving to men by laying bare to them His Sacred Heart, with all the treasures of grace. It is the love of a God whose essence is charity. "He loved *me*," cried St. Paul, "and delivered himself for *me*." So is it true of each one of us. To each Christ says: "Behold this Heart which has so loved men," which still loves them, which asks for their love in return.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. GEORGE O'CONNELL, S.J.

By the Editor.

IN the death of Father George O'Connell of the Society of Jesus, the MESSENGER loses one who, as a member of its staff from 1887 to 1889, contributed greatly to the prominence it was then beginning to achieve. In fact, his death came by the disease he contracted while assisting so zealously in the editorship of both MESSENGER and *Pilgrim;* and although ill-health prevented him from continuing his labors in our office, he never lost his interest in our work, as our readers may judge from the number of excellent historical sketches contributed by him during the past six years. Even while preparing for his end, he loved to write for our pages on the subjects he had so much at heart, and frpm time to time we shall have the pleasure of offering our readers many of his chapters on the history of the Church in the West, and the privilege of keeping his name and his spirit in their pious remembrances.

Father George O'Connell was born in New York City, July 15, 1862, of pious parents, to whom the Society of Jesus is indebted for three of its devoted members. Entering the College of St. Francis Xavier in that city, at the age of thirteen, he made a very successful course of studies. He was graduated in 1880, and received the degree of Master of Arts the following year, when he won the honors of his class. These honors were the well-earned reward of years of serious and enthusiastic application to study, which, with his pious and edifying behavior, merited what the young graduate had always prized above every other college honor, the esteem and love of his professors and superiors. Naturally enough, they all took a deep interest in the choice of the profession which Geprge had already made, and felt that his studious habits, careful reading and upright character gave promise of speedy success in the practice of law, upon the study of which he had already entered at Columbia College in 1880.

To those who knew him well—and his candor always made such knowledge easy—it was clear that, while a soul with such lofty ideals as his would make any profession a means of helping his fellowmen, he was only awaiting the impulse of a divine vocation to give himself, soul and body, to the service of God and of our holy religion.

Soon after finishing his course at Columbia, he decided to follow in the footsteps of his two brothers, who had already joined the Society of Jesus, and accordingly, in September, 1883, he entered the novitiate at West Park on the Hudson. There he applied himself, with the utmost simplicity and diligence, to the various duties of novice life, his activity of mind, wide reading and experience making him ever a delightful and edifying companion. His relish for out-door exercise soon made him a leader in the walks and explorations of zeal which the novices used to make in search of negligent, uninstructed or fallen-away Catholics, whom they might find in the neighborhood.

The one trait that stood out prominently in the character of Father O'Connell during the time of his first studies in the Society, or rather of the review of the studies he had made at college, was an insatiable desire for his own essential and spiritual improvement, and for a similar improvement in his fellow-scholastics. Obliged to repeat his classical and philosophical studies in the short space of less than two years, he still found time for reading, and, what is still more admirable, for rendering many services to those who were study-

ing with him. His conversation, his knowledge and experience, and his spirit of enthusiasm made his superiors, as well as his equals recognize the force of his influence, and it was no surprise to any one that he should have been appointed even as a scholastic, for work that is usually entrusted to priests of the Society.

In 1886, the MESSENGER was published in Philadelphia, and during that and the following year it increased so rapidly in size and in circulation, that it became necessary to add to its staff of editors. By that time also the *Pilgrim* had come under the control of the MESSENGER, and when Father O'Connell came to take part in our work he found that most of the task of editing the new periodical was to devolve upon him. So well did he succeed, not only in conducting, but also in developing the various departments of the *Pilgrim*, that his superiors were about to entrust him with sole charge of it, when, in the spring of 1889, his health began to give way under the strain of this and of other labors which he had generously taken up, notably that of organizing and managing the St. Berchmans' Altar Boys' Society in the great Church of the Gesù, in Philadelphia. After resting at St. John's College, Fordham, for awhile, he was sent, in search of a more favorable climate, to Santa Clara, California, leaving New York, via Panama, December 2, 1889. This voyage was for him the beginning of a long series of journeys, which gave him little rest until his return to Frederick, Md., the week before his death.

The year 1889 he spent at Santa Clara College engaged as Prefect or disciplinarian over both boarders and day-scholars and director of his favorite work the Altar Boys' Society, for which he composed at this time the St. Berchmans' Manual so often recommended in the pages of the *Pilgrim*. It was during this year also that he gathered material and illustrations for the sketches of the Franciscan Missions in California which appeared in the MESSENGER at intervals from 1890 to 1893. Not finding the climate all that could be desired, he was ordered to St. Mary's College, Kansas, in the summer of 1890, but could stay there only a few months, leaving in November for El Paso whence he went to Old Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he remained until May of the following year. Meantime, he had been preparing for his ordination to the priesthood, with a view to which he was sent to Denver in May, 1891, where he was ordained in the Cathedral of that city by Bishop Matz on June 4, offering his first Mass the following morning.

The following school-year he spent at the college of the Sacred Heart in that city as professor of rhetoric and elocution and as director of the college paper, the *Highlander*. It seemed as if what often happens was to be repeated in his case, that the Sacrament of Holy Orders had given him a new tenure of life. Indeed he grew stronger in spite of his many tasks and when met by some of his eastern friends at the World's Fair in 1893 he was urged to come back to his own province.

That very trip was to prove fatal to him. Although designed by his superiors as a means of restoring his health completely, it had the very opposite effect and a fresh cold caught in Chicago made him hasten back to Denver, no longer able to do the active work of professor, but forced to live as an invalid, first in Denver, then in Pueblo, next in Las Vegas and Old Albuquerque, and finally in the Denver Sanitarium of St. Mary, where he spent the last six months of his life. It was during this period that he prepared the series of New Mexican papers which we are still publishing.

In May, 1895, Father O'Connell sent us word that he had at last begun to prepare for death. In addition to lung trouble of six years' standing, he was suffering from asthma and dropsy. For some months he had lost his voice, and his fingers gradually became so swollen that

he had to give up his favorite occupation of writing. His doctors gave him no hope, and he himself had begun to look forward to death. It was at this juncture that a novena of prayers was begun in his behalf, as many as forty religious communities, besides thousands of our devout readers, joining in asking his cure through the intercession of Father Jogues and René Goupil. The novena was made just after the feast of the Sacred Heart, and so notable was the improvement in his condition from day to day, that his doctors promised him a permanent cure. On the strength of their promise he telegraphed the news of his partial recovery, asking that the prayers in his behalf be continued.

For two months he continued to improve, and his medical attendants were still sanguine of his final cure. Indeed, so much did they count on the strength he had regained during this time, that even when it became evident that he must, sooner or later, succumb to consumption, they still assured him that he would live from eight months to a year, and advised him to return East in order to die among his friends. In spite of his many infirmities he started on the journey as soon as he had received the permission of his superiors. He reached Frederick, Md., the eastern novitiate of his Order, on the night of November 8.

Instead of eight or nine months Father O'Connell had but as many days to live. No doubt the travelling and sudden change of climate hastened his departure, but his own prayer, that he might cease to be a burden to others just as soon as he should cease to be able to work, obtained for him a speedy release from the sufferings which seemed to grow upon him daily up to his death.

On the feast of St. Stanislas he was anointed by his brother the Rev. Raphael O'Connell, S.J., of Woodstock College; Ambrose, another brother of the same college assisting. With his ritual grasped firmly in his hands the dying priest followed the ceremony, reading the prayers audibly and showing in his whole demeanor the sentiments of resignation and consolation with which the sacred rite inspired him.

From that day until the Sunday following he calmly awaited the summons of his Maker, edifying all who visited him by his cheerfulness, patience, lofty spiritual conversation and keen interest in everything that concerned them. From one he would enquire kindly about his health, from another about the special work in which he was engaged; he never tired of asking about the MESSENGER and the particular objects for which the *Pilgrim* was founded.

Though suffering intense pain his only thought was to spare others trouble and with this motive he deprecated the attention of those who announced to his mother and relatives that he had but a few days to live. "Why should she come so far to hear me groan?" he said, when told that his mother had arrived. "How God will bless that mother for all the suffering my illness has caused her."

Death came slowly, after a long and painful agony, borne most heroically, in the constant effort to unite his sufferings with those of Christ. Frequently during his agony his actions showed that his soul was finding the true comfort of a dying priest and religious in the pious assistance of his religious brethren, and in the quiet devotion of a mother of heroic faith.

Readers of the MESSENGER, Associates of the League, and patrons of the Shrine at Auriesville have many reasons for remembering in pious gratitude the soul of Father O'Connell, the more so that he will not be the first to forget those in whom he was so much interested during his life. By his death the Society of Jesus has lost one whom it could ill afford to lose at so early an age, had not his superior qualities and earnest zeal made such a deep impression on his brethren, that what they will miss in his co-operation will be amply made up by the influence of his example. *Requiescat in pace.*

LIFE IN THE AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME.

By L. S.

IT was, I think, James Russell Lowell, who said that there is an education in even rubbing up against the walls of an institution like Harvard. With how much greater truth and force may this remark be applied to student life in Rome. Rome, the City of the Soul, the city, "the stones of whose streets," as Barthélemy expresses it with excusable hyperbole, "are wiser than the men of other lands."

With intellectual advantages inferior to none of our American centres of learning, there is besides an education of environment and contact, a training for heart and eye and ear, deep and wide-reaching in its formative influence, and which is nowhere else to be attained. Not one walk through her narrow streets but calls to mind the history of the world's greatest heroes. Monuments of all that is grand and glorious, in pagan as well as Christian civilization, meet you at every step. In retrospect we see the forum once more crowded with a motley multitude hanging on the lips of a Cicero or Hortensius, her senators seated in gravest consultation on measures to resist the open enemy thundering at the city's gates, or to expel the more insidious foe that lurks within her walls.

There are places that will ever be associated with all that is best and purest in our nature, witnesses of heroic endurance and a faith stronger than death in its unflinching profession and practice, and there are places from which we recoil with horror, and whose annals of debauchery and sin we would fain erase from the history of the human race. And one there is, the grandest ruin of them all, the Coliseum, which bodies forth this double heritage of good and evil, and from its ivy-mantled walls tells at once the story of all that is gross and degrading, ennobling and saintly.

STREET DRESS OF AMERICAN COLLEGE STUDENT.

There are art galleries and halls of sculpture to delight the eye and instruct the mind, vast churches and rich shrines, which even from an architectural and æsthetic standpoint, command our highest admiration and esteem. Nay, even in this her day of decadence, when, as the peasant song of the Campagna puts it, "Rome, Rome is no longer what it was," when the queenly robes have fallen from her shoulders, and she sits by the sluggish waters of the Tiber, disfigured and begrimed by the inroads of modern improvements and socialistic ideas, she teaches an object-lesson of gravest import—the lesson that the dream of a united Italy was an empty phantom, and that Rome's only true greatness and prosperity rests on this, that she is the City of the Popes.

So far we have but looked on Rome as she appeals to the heart and intelligence of the ordinary traveller or lay student.

But for him whom God has called to His sacred ministry and granted some spiritual insight into the things around him, how much deeper is the influence exercised by studying in the Eternal City. His work is done beneath the inspiring glance of Christ's Vicar on earth, and her basilicas, and catacombs, and shrines are all so many open books wherein are written the brightest pages of the Church's history, practical lessons of Faith, and Hope, and Charity, perpetual incentives to noblest thought and deed in emulation of those who have so gloriously gone before us in this divinest of all works, the salvation of souls.

But let us not give too full a sway to the feelings which crowd in upon us as we turn in thought to the days of our student life. Let us imagine that we have reached the doorsteps of the North American College. An Italian servant answers our ring, and a moment later we are bidden cordial welcome to Rome by the Rt. Rev. Rector. Equally cordial, but more demonstrative, is the welcome extended by the students. We at once feel at home, and the noon recreation finds "the newcomers" busily engaged in answering a hundred questions as to things and persons in dear America.

A few days of rest, and then when the novelty of our surroundings has worn away, there comes the incident which, of all others, marks the line of demarcation between our past and present life, the reception, if I may so call it, of the cassock, for it has, in the number of accidental changes it involves, something akin to the reception of the religious habit. In our home seminaries this does not mean so much. Every walk finds the seminarian of Troy and Baltimore once more in civilian clothes, albeit his coat has attained a canonical length, and the stately beaver lends height and dignity to his youthful years. Then, too, his vacations are not necessarily marked by the use of the cassock. But in Rome it is quite otherwise. The cassock once assumed is worn throughout the whole course.

The details of "this taking" of the cassock may not be without interest. First, our coat, if of clerical cut, is solemnly entombed, with camphor, in our bureau-drawers, to await the distant day of resurrection, some six years hence. Then one last look at our pantaloons as we lay them aside to don the knickerbockers and long black stockings of early boyhood. Our natty button gaiters, with their pointed toes are the next sacrifice, giving place to a low-cut shoe of generous size and thin sole. When ordained, we may adorn them with silver buckles, but, for the present, nothing so pretentious is to be thought of. Then comes the cassock of heavy black cloth, made after the fashion we have associated with the habit worn by the Jesuits of this country, but with this difference, that it is held at the neck by three red buttons, and a wide red cincture encircles the waist. How awkward we feel the first few days, and how our mothers and sisters would laugh if they could see us stumbling up the stone stairs, from neglect of the feminine precaution of raising the cassock in front!

In winter a long, heavy coat, with cape, is worn indoors, and, of course, at all seasons the biretta. But the street dress is still more of a novelty—a big three-cornered hat and a shapeless coat, without sleeves. From the shoulders there hang down two broad strips of cloth—our leading strings—the distinctive badge of student-life. The wearer of this coat—the *zimarra*, as it is called, in contradistinction to the *ferrajuolo*, or cloak worn by priests—must never go out without a companion; and, in the good old days of the Popes, if found alone, he was liable to arrest as a truant.

So great a change in our outward trappings naturally carries along with it a marked increase of external modesty, but there yet remains in our carriage an air of freedom and independence which

says plainer than words that, even to the detriment of evangelical meekness, we are prepared to defend our rights within due limits. This fact is fully appreciated by the Roman rabble, and it is no uncommon occurrence to see a crowd of roughs insulting a band of Italian clerics, while *gli Americani* pass by unmolested. Twice only did I witness anything to the contrary. One of these incidents will throw light on the reason for keeping at a respectful distance.

A band of Americans were walking two by two, as is the custom, across the large piazza in front of the Quirinal Palace, the residence of the usurping king. Suddenly two Italians headed straight towards our ranks with the intention of breaking through. But they had mistaken the character of the foe. In a second a strong right arm had shot forward into the face of the aggressor. "Don't stop the ranks," called out the prefect, and without even getting out of step, the line moved forward to the broad marble stairway leading down to our dear little Via dell' Umiltà. For a rowdy the world over, the most effective means of persuasion is the knock-down argument, and from an American standpoint, I think, they would be a material change in the relations of Church and State, if Italian students saw fit to employ it occasionally against their assailants.

But great as is the change in our external appearance and despite the conclusion that might be drawn from the incident just related, greater still is the change that is effected in what regards our interior life. Let the words of a distinguished professor of theology bear me out in this assertion. "Your American student walks around as if he owned the college, but more docile, obedient, hard-working men I have never met among the students of any nation." Some perhaps may have acquired these virtues during their school-days at home, but for the majority they are the result of the deep religious spirit, the charity, the discipline which reign within the walls of the American College.

The life of a Roman student is not an easy one, but the life, too, of a zealous, earnest priest whether in city or country is essentially laborious, and attended with hardship and self-sacrifice, and well then it is that the preparation for the sacred ministry should not be wanting in things that are not pleasing to flesh and blood. To sweep and tidy one's own room and to be reprimanded when these duties are not faithfully performed, to be obliged to ask permission for even the smallest articles of clothing and sometimes to be refused, to be subject in a dozen little details to a prefect, appointed from our own or perhaps a lower class, to have our sermon publicly criticised in the refectory, to observe silence at meals and to lift our birettas in humble acknowledgment of a correction in our reading at table, to have each Sunday our companion for the week's walks assigned us, all these and innumerable other points of college discipline, are indeed hard in the beginning, and on English nights, as they are called in contradistinction to the nights when we are obliged to speak Italian in recreation, we often sang with special emphasis and vigor the concluding words of a well-known darkey song, "Oh, why was I tempted to roam (Rome)."

And then when the winter nights have come with never a fire to warm our shivering limbs and the *scirocco* spreading its dampness round about till wall and desk are dripping with moisture, and we wrap our cloaks about us, and with desperate energy apply ourselves during the long evening study, from 5.15 till 7.45, to the task of mastering philosophy and theology, there are times when our hearts sink within us, and only the thought of our vocation and of the frail Visitandine nun who had suffered greater hardships in the narrow cell we now occupy, spurs us on to courage in our work. All this, as I have

said before, is hard, but it was borne cheerfully and without a murmur, and after years have revealed the influence these trials exercised in the formation of our characters. What Roman is there who would not willingly undergo them again, and who, if asked as to the advisability of studying in Rome, would not answer by hearty congratulations to the young student, to whom his bishop had made this offer?

But we are once more giving too full a sway to sentiment and reminiscence, and deserting the work we had proposed ourselves, namely, to describe the life of a student of the American College.

FIRST STUDENTS OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

First of all, to put the question as it has been often asked me, "What is the American College and who are its professors?" At the very outset I must remove a misapprehension. If by a college you understand a place where classes are held, and the classics or higher branches are taught, the American College is not a college at all; for if we accept ecclesiastical chant and ceremonies, it has neither classes nor professors. For all instruction the students go to the Propaganda. The same remark applies to the Irish and Greek Colleges whose members also attend the lectures of the Propaganda, and to the German, Scotch, English, and other national colleges whose students go to the Gregorian University.

It is then simply a boarding house? Again our questioner is as far from the truth as in his first conjecture. The American College is in the highest and fullest sense of the term a seminary where students who are supposed to be of more than ordinary ability are sent from the different dioceses of the United States to prepare themselves for the priesthood. A brief glance at its foundation and history, and the daily order of exercises, will give the best insight into its character and aims.

"Pius IX." said the present gloriously reigning Pontiff, on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the college in 1884,

"Pius IX. entertained a great love for the people of the United States. But I want it distinctly understood that I yield to him in nothing with regard to love for my dear Americans." The truth and sincerity of this assertion have since been confirmed by innumerable favors. Among these marks of loving esteem, the establishment of the Apostolic Legation holds the first rank, and it is worthy of notice in this connection, that the American students were always the special favorites of Monsignor Satolli—a fact, no doubt, which had no slight weight in determining his selection as Legate to this country. Then, too, our hearts are still re-echoing the beautiful and wholesome lessons of the Bull "Longinqua" with its striking commendation of Alma Mater.

But we must still remember that we owe to Pius IX. the college's foundation. It was at his suggestion that it sprang into existence, and it was his personal donation of $40,000 that purchased the Visitandine Convent of Umiltà now occupied by the college. On December 8, 1859 the North American College was formally opened and the group of thirteen represented in our picture were its first students. Some were already students of the Propaganda, and their uniform is that now worn by the students of that great institution. The senior of the band and the first prefect was Dr. Edward McGlynn, then a deacon. A little study of our group will disclose the features of the present Archbishops of New York and San Francisco, Bishop Northrop, Monsignor Seton, Father Poole of Staten Island, Dr. Reuben Parsons and the aged Father Merriweather S.J., now Spiritual Father of the Novitiate, Macon, Ga.

The first to act as rector was the venerable Benedictine, Dr. Bernard Smith. His successor was the Rt. Rev. George McCloskey D.D., the present bishop of Louisville, Ky. Next came Dr. Silas Chatard, afterward promoted to the See of Vincennes, Ind. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Louis Hostlot, D.D., then took up the reins of government till his untimely death on the eve, as it was rumored, of his elevation to the Episcopate, cut short a career of great promise. Father Schulte, of Philadelphia, who had been vice-rector under Mgr. Hostlot, continued to act as rector for nearly two years, until the appointment of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. O'Connell, D.D., who is now succeeded by the Very Rev. W. H. O'Connell, of Boston, Mass. Among the vice-rectors were Fathers Metcalf and Deasy of Boston, Dr. McDevitt of Cincinnati, Dr. Francis Wall of New York and Dr. Frederick L. Rooker of Albany, the present Secretary of the Apostolic Legation. This last named shared with Dr. Edward Hanna of Rochester the additional honor of holding for a time the chair of theology in the Propaganda. Less widely-known than the rectors, but an equally important factor in the mental and spiritual training of the students was the humble and learned Dr. Ubaldi, remembered, perhaps, in this country, as the bearer of the cardinal's hat to Archbishop McCloskey.

Inaugurated under the auspices of Mary Immaculate, the college has gone rapidly forward till its fourteen students of '59 have grown to seventy-five in '94, and the entire band of the olden days would scarcely form a *camerata* at present writing.

The word camerata throws us at once in *medias res*. Coming from the word *camera*, or room, it serves to designate the bands of fifteen or more, into which the students are divided, and such divisions whether because based on proximity of rooms, or because of the common recreation room, are denominated a camerata. Save in the recreation after dinner and during the vacation, there is supposed to be no communication between these bands, and "a mix" or common assembling, is one of the privileges of a few great feasts. At the head of each division is a prefect, responsible to the rector for the good order of things in his section. His chief duties are to give permission to talk to another during

time of study, to see that none are absent from community exercises and that all rise and retire promptly, to assign companions for walks and to determine their objective point. As a mark of honor he walks in the last place to the right of the line. Next in authority comes the beadle who, in the absence of the prefect, discharges these various duties, and on walks holds the first place on the right of the advancing column.

The order of the day is briefly as follows: 5.30 rising, morning prayers and meditation; 6.30 Mass, immediately followed by breakfast; 7.50, rain or shine, we fall in ranks to go to class at the Propaganda. At ten o'clock we return home for study till 11.50, when a ten minutes' examination of conscience precedes dinner; 12.45 to 1.30 recreation in the garden. There are two hours of class in the afternoon, and a walk of an hour and a half, but the time of these exercises varies according to the season of the year and the consequent change of the hour of the Ave Maria or sunset. The general rule is that class begins three hours and a half before the Ave, and is followed by the walk. During this walk a ten minutes' visit is made to the Blessed Sacrament, and the church selected is, if within easy reach, the one whose feast is celebrated that day. All the remaining time, whether before or after class, is devoted to study up to 7.35, when we have beads and spiritual reading in common; 8, supper; 8.30 to 9.30 recreation. Night prayers are then said, and the preparation of the points for the morning meditation made. A "good night" visit to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, a few short prayers before favorite pictures of the Madonna and St. Joseph in the corridor, and our day's labors are brought peacefully and holily to a close.

Substantially the same order of time obtains on holidays, except that the time that would be given to class is added to the ordinary time for walk. Even in the vacation there is no curtailing of the hours allotted to study. Sundays and holydays are invariably observed by Solemn High Mass at 8.30, and vespers in the afternoon. These services take place in the beautiful little church attached to the college. Its variegated marble walls, its life-size statue of the amiable St. Francis de Sales, a masterly oil painting of the Madonna, and the organ loft, cut off from view by an elaborately carved grill, give ample evidence of the rich endowment, taste, and cloistral life of our predecessors, the daughters of de Chantal.

The domestic chapel, when ordinary community exercises are held, is less rich in ornaments, but the marble floor and heavy oak choir-stalls are relics of other days. A charming garden, with waving palms and inviting fig and orange trees, ends in this, as in all other Italian monasteries I have seen, the vision of comfort and attractiveness. The long, narrow refectory, with its wooden benches, the small, low-doored cells, with their brick floors and scanty furniture, preach a sermon silent, yet eloquent, of the virtues of penance and self-denial, make us partakers in the discomforts, if not the merits, of the religious life.

But you must not conclude that ours was but a piety borrowed from the surroundings. There was a spirit all our own, infused into deed and thought, a spirit of ardent devotion and unflagging labor, and, above all, a spirit of the deepest fraternal charity seldom within my experience equalled—never surpassed. Kept alive by frequent communion—nearly all approached the holy table three or four times a week, and the sacrament of penance twice—it rested on the firm basis laid by the annual retreat, and was strengthened and inflamed by triduums of the spiritual exercises at Easter and Pentecost. These triduums were generally given in Italian, and were to some extent lost on the newcomers. Of my first triduum I caught scarcely more than the words, "Gesù e Gesù crocifisso," but as St. Paul assures us that Jesus and Jesus crucified is the sum of all knowledge, I

can well believe that even these days of prayer and meditation were not without spiritual fruit.

But if you are not ashamed of our big hat and shapeless coat and leading-strings, come and accompany us to school. A *Hail Mary*, a prayer for protection to our Guardian Angel, and the signal to start is given by the invocation, "Immaculate Virgin, help us." Our first visit, of course, will be to the Propaganda, a walk of little over five minutes. In passing, we notice the huge Trevi Fountain, famous in its tradition that whoever drinks of its waters will live to return to Rome. Then there is the Church of San Andrea della Frate, where our Lady appeared to Alphonse Ratisbonne. It is not yet eight o'clock, but perhaps we may meet and salute a Cardinal even at this early hour, or more likely still, exchange greetings with the old Professor of Arabic, the only one of a famous class of twenty-six who did not become a bishop—the class of which the brilliant Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, was the acknowledged leader, and the late Mgr. Corcoran, of the *Catholic Quarterly*, a member. The big bell is just ringing for class, and Irish and American, Greek and Armenian, Franciscan friar and black-gowned Servite of Mary, are entering the great doorway of the Propaganda.

As we mount the stairs a mammoth picture of the meeting of Philip Neri and the ambitious young cleric meets our gaze, and the repeated "*E poi*, And then," of the saintly founder of the Oratorians reads the lesson of studying with a pure intention, and not through hope of a doctorate or ecclesiastical preferment. In the hallway above, the students of the Propaganda proper are issuing forth from a half-a-dozen different doorways. They are of all sizes, colors and ages, from the tall Nubian, black as ebony, down to a young Athenian, with flaxen hair and

EXTERIOR OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

eyes of lightest blue. And the class-rooms? Let us enter one. Desks and benches, seemingly a century old, and scarred with the names of generations of students; brick floors, and two small windows, which scarce admit enough of light.

The lecture has not begun, and the hum of prohibited conversation is loud and continuous. Two Albanians are talking together, but they are not, as you might imagine, fellow-countrymen, as one hails from the capital of the Empire State, the other from the land that borders the farther side of the Adriatic. A negro, possessed, one knows not how, of the name of Purcell, is conversing with a couple of Irish students, with names less Celtic than his own. A young Greek, of unpronounceable patronymic, is receiving congratulations on his recent marriage. Down in the back of the room the Americans are talking with a group of German Franciscans, who, from the fact that they live with the Irish community of their Order at St. Isidore's, speak English with an accent inimitable in its combination of Celtic and Teutonic. Poor Frati! Their profession of poverty and humility is given, in Rome, full scope for exercise. With our national instinct of assisting the down-trodden, we alone seem to take kindly to them, and from their bare feet and shaven heads there came to us in return full many a lesson of mortification.

But hush! the professor is coming. After invoking the Holy Ghost, he mounts his old-fashioned chair, or pulpit, and a minute later we are deep with head and hand in the metaphysics of the schools. It is no easy task, this study of philosophy and theology, as made in Rome. Practically without other text-books than the *Summa* and *Contra Gentiles* of St. Thomas, all depends upon one's ability to assimilate the rapid utterances of the Professor. To remember the whole lecture is impossible; to take it down in writing is equally out of the question. So we have to learn to grasp at once the force of an argument—to lie in wait, as it were, for the middle term of a syllogism, and then, in the quiet of our rooms, fill out these notes and digest the mental pabulum thus afforded. A hard task, you will say, and a drudgery and vexation for those of inferior parts; but as a means of intellectual discipline, a training for future controversy, its importance cannot be over-estimated. The professors are enthusiastic in their work. St. Thomas is at their fingers' end, while not unfrequently the course of a triumphant march of reasoning is happily and unexpectedly crowned by an apt quotation from Dante.

Still it is with a sigh of relief we hear the bell for the end of the hour, and we make our escape to the easier study of mathematics. Here a surprise awaits us. The first lecture is on notation and addition in arithmetic, and it is hard to repress a smile as we see our classmates of the East hopelessly lost in the intricacies of the multiplication tables which we of America and Europe have mastered before attaining the full use of reason. However, before the year has closed we have advanced to trigonometry, and our advantage in point of mathematical training seems a minus quantity when we are called to the board for the first time to give a demonstration in Italian.

Equally rudimentary were the beginnings of physics. I have learned that since our time the munificence of Leo XIII. has supplied the Propaganda with a physical and chemical cabinet, but in ye ancient days physical instruments there were none. The blackboard and professor's snuff-box were made to illustrate all physical apparatus from an air pump to a dynamo. Even now I can see dear old Rubini bidding us pay all attention, as he portrayed the progress of the steam engine with the aid of his snuff-box. The digit finger represented the smoke-stack, a gyratory motion of the hand at the four corners of the box took the place of wheels, while a backward and forward motion of his arm formed a

graphic illustration of the working of the piston rod. And now we are ready for our journey. With a short, "tut, tut," he moves the snuff-box forward across his desk till it meets an obstacle worse than a broken rail or a blown-out cylinder. The professor needs a pinch of snuff, and the improvised locomotive comes to a standstill. The demands of his generous-sized nasal organ are satisfied, and once more our snuff-box engine is brought back to the station to start afresh upon its journey.

But there are other studies that present more difficulty. Hebrew is no favorite among the English-speaking students, and despite the able teaching of a converted Jew, an Augustinian, the Irish and Americans evince strong anti-Semitic tendencies. Greek is less disliked. It is taught by a native Grecian, but the familiar oration on the crown is scarcely recognized by the ear when pronounced after the thin, diluted manner of modern Greece.

What, you ask, of the respective ability of the different nations as their students come together in conflict in this, of all intellectual arenas, the most cosmopolitan. Let philosophy and theology form the basis of comparison, and I answer that in mere memory and the gift of languages, the Easterns easily rank first. Their memories are phenomenal, and it is no exaggeration to say that many of them can repeat a whole hour's lecture almost verbatim. But with a few brilliant exceptions it is simple parrot work. The smallest objection knocks to the ground this showy superstructure of learning.

Not so the work of the Irish and Americans. Lacking facility and fluency in speaking Latin, for grasp and depth they admittedly bear the palm, and as the time for the annual competitions draws on, it is a noble sight to see the two nations so closely allied in sympathy, language, tastes and character, battling for intellectual supremacy. Now victory rests upon the arms of Ireland, now upon those of the United States, but often by the smallest margin, say by a single additional man numbered among the "*laudati amplissimis verbis.*" "What heads these Irish have for theology," the great Cardinal Franzelin is reported to have said in the days when the *Irlandesi* attended the Roman college. With Celtic blood flowing in the veins of so many of us American students, with all the push and energy and the ambition of a young nation carrying us along, I think we can apply without egoism the remark of the Jesuit theologian to ourselves.

But after all, the education of the class-room is not the chief advantage of studying in the Eternal City. As great theological learning can be, and is doubtless, acquired elsewhere, and I have met students of Innspruck and Louvain, and even of our own home seminaries, who were fully the equals of our Roman doctors. But as I have said before, there is the collateral education of eye and ear and heart, the education of what Ruskin so aptly calls "associated thought," and this can be nowhere else so well obtained. We are brought in contact with and see the most intimate workings of that greatest of all institutions, even from a worldly standpoint, the Church. We become acquainted, sometimes personally, with the men who occupy places of trust and power in her various congregations, and living and studying, as it were, under the eye of the Holy Father, there grows up within us an unswerving, personal, enthusiastic love and attachment to Christ's Vicar.

Then, too, basilicas and catacombs, shrines and magnificent ceremonies are preaching a sermon ever eloquent, ever varied, and ever fruitful. There is scarce a day of the ecclesiastical year unmarked by some great feast of white-robed martyr or saintly confessor, and sometimes these feasts crowd so fast upon each other, that we are obliged to attend the same day the first vespers of one saint and the second vespers

of another, should we wish to satisfy our devotion to both. November finds us at St. Cecilia's, and St. Clement's with its quaint cloister and subterranean church or braving the malaria of early morn, to go to Communion at the shrine of the young St. Stanislas. Christmas brings us to the crib of our Infant King, at St. Mary Major's, and within the Octave, to Ara Coeli, where boy preachers are telling the praises of the wonder-working Bambino; to St. Stephen's with its realistic

STUDENTS OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE IN 1894.

pictures, and to the Lateran, where the feasts of St. John the Evangelist and the Holy Innocents almost coincide, and thus allow us in spirit, if not by ritual, to honor the Beloved Disciple while we join in the beautiful strains of Capocci's *Laudate pueri* to the glory of the infant martyrs.

The Epiphany—the day which marks the calling of the Gentiles—is fitly chosen as the patronal feast of the Propaganda, and among its observances is an Academy wherein poems and compositions are read in sometimes as many as forty different languages. A rare treat it must have been for Cardinals Mai and Mezzofanti, but to the ordinary listener, I must confess, it is a most tedious performance. May with its many shrines to our Lady is a month of grace; but it is the feasts of June that are fraught with greatest spiritual joy and devotion.

Trinity Sunday with its ordinations, the feast of the Sacred Heart, when it is so frequently our privilege to conduct the ceremonies at the church of the Trinità attached to the large convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart—the only church in Rome whose choir is composed of female voices.

St. Aloysius' day is a feast of flowers, and tenderest sentiment, especially for his youthful clients, and last and greatest of all, as the scholastic year hastens to its close, comes the feast peculiarly of Rome, the annual solemnity of SS. Peter and

Paul, June 29. If you would see the Basilica of St. Peter aright, if you would drink in the full significance of this colossal edifice "of temples old and altars new," the grandest ever raised to the honor of the living God, visit it to-day. Standing under that peerless dome, glance around at the crowd that surrounds you.

Every nation and people and tribe and tongue is there represented. Bands of mere sightseers pick their way through throngs of devotees. The full red uniform of the German students is contrasted with the all blue of the Greeks, and the modest purple of the Scotch. The green-cinctured Poles stand side by side with the plain black cassocks and red belts of the Irish, both united in their common heritage of suffering undergone for the faith. The Collegio Americano del Sud, in blue and black, is ranged beside the Collegio Americano del Nord, whose white collars, red cinctures, and blue-faced coats make the *tout ensemble* of their trimmings the national colors.

And, if you turn to the students of the Propaganda College, a single camerata will often contain representatives of a score of different nations. The same, if not greater variety, is to be observed in the religious orders. There are barefooted friars in habits of all shapes and colors. Brown Franciscans, white Trinitarians, and black Passionists. Among the shod there are white Dominicans and black-robed Augustinians, and Jesuit Scholastics whose downcast eyes and modest bearing recall the sanctity of Stanislas and Aloysius and Berchmans. From such a scene one irresistible, incontrovertible fact forces itself upon the mind, the most potent and obvious proof of the divine origin of the Church.

Take one more wide, comprehensive glance around. Let the eye range from the sanctuary filled with Cardinals and Archbishops and Bishops and unnumbered monsignors and priests, back to the surging crowd of worshippers, and then kneeling at the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles aglow with the glimmer of myriad lamps, while there bursts from a half a thousand voices the strains of the sublime apostrophe *O felix Roma*, your heart takes up the burden of this hymn, and all aflame with sentiments of just pride and love, you realize as never before that the Church of Rome is Catholic and universal.

But even in Rome it is not "all work and no play." The training and development of mind and heart go on apace, but there are hours of most enjoyable recreation, outbursts of fun that well bespeak our joy and innocence of soul. The gentle Father Faber has said that "a community without a joyful spirit lacks half its vital force"; and we read of Lacordaire and de Ravignan that when they first entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice they were surprised, if not scandalized, at the frequent laughter of the young seminarians. "Wait," was the answer given them, "till you have grasped the spirit of the house"; and we are pleased to learn that ere long the two austere Apostles of modern France had caught the contagion of their companions' merriment. Of this healthful, joyous spirit there was no lack among the Americans, nor were occasions wanting for its exercise.

The three months of August, September and October are passed among the Alban hills. During the year there are walks to the distant Janiculum or Tre Fontane; mornings spent in examining treasures of art or passed amid the cool shades of the Pincian; afternoons in the secluded Villa Mattei, or in the more public Villa Borghese. In the last-named villa we often indulged in a game of base-ball, and it was one such that led a writer in *Spaulding's Guide* to tell of a game he had witnessed in Rome, in which all the players were Italian monks! "They played like professionals, knew all the technical terms, but when I approached to inquire the source of their knowledge and ex-

perience, I found that, outside of base-ball parlance, they could not speak a single word of English." Of course it was one of our little tricks on travellers. A more common form of the joke is to converse in Latin or Italian, till some group of sight-seeing American or English misses have loaded us with all imaginable epithets, from lazy and dirty up, and then to put them to ignominious flight by using our native tongue.

And so the cycle of our years runs on. Each June sees a band of newly-ordained priests returning to the States, their places to be taken by fresh arrivals in November. We too are gradually mounting the ladder leading to the summit of the holy priesthood. Philosophy has given place to dogma, and ethics to moral theology, Greek to church history, and Hebrew to sacred Scripture and liturgy. The small tonsure of our initial orders has widened into the larger circle of the deacon, and the day at last dawns when in the mother of all Churches, the Lateran Basilica, we receive the power of offering the unspotted victim of propitiation, of loosing and binding the sins of the world.

There are hurried visits to favorite centres of devotion, hearty "Godspeed" from our fellow students who charge us with a hundred messages to the dear ones at home, and then, fit crowning for our Roman course, we go to beg a blessing at the feet of the Holy Father. Right gladly is it given, and with it words of admonition and encouragement to live forever in our memories, and as the aged Pontiff raises his hand in parting benediction, we feel as if we were receiving from the lips of Christ Himself the divine commission to go out and teach all nations.

In conclusion let me quote the words of the saintly Pius IX. as he unfolded to the Archbishop of New York, in 1854, his project for the establishment of the American College. "By this means young men of your choice, sent hither for the purpose of devoting themselves to the Church, will be reared like choice plants in a conservatory. They will be here imbued with both piety and learning, drawing Christian doctrine from its purest springs, being instructed in rites and ceremonies by that Church which is the mother and teacher of all Churches. They will be moulded on the best forms of discipline; and thus trained they will go back to their native land to fill with success the functions of pastors, preachers, and guides: to edify by an exemplary life, to instruct the ignorant, recall the erring to the path of truth and righteousness, and with the aid of solid learning, to refute the fallacies and baffle the designs of their adversaries."

Whether or not these sanguine expectations have been entirely realized it is not ours to say. We point with pride to Archbishops Corrigan and Reardon, to Bishops McCloskey, Chatard, Richter, Northrop, Horstman, McDonnell and Burke of St. Joseph, as of our Alumni, and as we call the roll of the many students of the American College, scattered throughout the land from Florida to Massachusetts, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, whose names are synonyms for zeal and learning, we are led to believe that our record is not an inglorious one, and that the prophetic vision of Pius has seen, at least, a partial fulfilment.

FOR JANUARY, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

THE year 1896, which is just dawning upon us, will be one of great significance for France. It is the fourteenth anniversary of the baptism of Clovis, King of the Franks, which took place on Christmas Day, A.D. 496. This memorable event has been aptly called *The Baptism of France*, inasmuch as with Clovis were baptized at the same time several thousand of his countrymen, while many more thousands soon followed their example. Thus France became a Christian and Catholic nation. By the baptism of Clovis and of his Frankish warriors, Catholic France, "the Church's eldest daughter," was born; and from the approaching celebration of the fourteenth anniversary of this supernatural birth, we have reason to hope that the *Grande Nation* will be regenerated to new supernatural life. This is the hope of the Central Direction of the Apostleship of Prayer, and of our Associates in France, who ask our prayers. This is also the confidence of Leo XIII., who has blessed and recommended to our prayers this Intention for the first month of the new year.

But Pope Leo, who has the welfare, both spiritual and temporal, of this grand old nation so much at heart, has done more than this; he has opened the treasury of the Church for the occasion, and granted a Plenary Indulgence in the form of a solemn Jubilee to all those who, during this current year, will visit the scene of this great event at Rheims. We have reason, then, to expect a great religious revival in France in the course of this year. While Frenchmen will look back upon their history, and contemplate the glories of the past, we may confidently hope that they will also return to the sentiment of their forefathers. We may hope that the lessons and graces of this jubilee year in France "shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers," that the Lord may not visit them with the anathema they deserve (Mal. iv, 6).

The historic event which this national jubilee commemorates is one of the most remarkable facts in history. Clovis was a man of extraordinary natural gifts. By his daring and enterprise he brought under his sceptre the greater portion of the territory lying between the Rhine and the Pyrenees. Yet he was a barbarian and the ruler of a barbarous people. For the Franks had not yet, to any extent, been brought under the civilizing influence of the Christian religion. In fact, they had thus far only contributed their share towards the destruction of Christianity in Gaul.

But the time had come when God, in His good providence, had determined to lead those barbarous hordes out of darkness "into His admirable light." This He chose to do by the instrumentality of a woman. The celebrated Count Joseph

de Maistre says, somewhere, "that in all the great conquests of Christianity, as well over individuals as over nations, a woman always played a prominent part." And a greater authority than he says: "The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife" (1 Cor. vii, 14). So it was with Clovis. He had the good fortune to have for his wife a Christian saint—the beautiful, the devoted, the chaste St. Clotilde.

Clotilde was a Burgundian princess, famous alike for her beauty and her virtues. She was baptized and brought up in the true Catholic faith. Her hand was sought by many princes. When the envoy of Clovis presented his suit, she is said to have exclaimed: "Know you not that a Christian woman can have no alliance with an idol-worshipper?" But, on further representations, as if enlightened by God in regard to her great mission to the Franks, she acceded to the suit, and acquiesced in what she regarded the divine will, saying: "If God, in His providence, has decreed this union, and wishes to accomplish it, and if He wishes to make me an instrument for the conversion of your king, I shall be happy to do His will. Go in peace."

God willed the union, and found means to bring it about. Clotilde was safely conveyed across the frontier of Burgundy into the Frankish realm. The marriage was celebrated. From the very outset she exercised the most salutary influence over the barbarous king and his court. By word and example she spread the good odor of the Gospel. The chronicles relates how, one day, she suppliantly accosted the king with the following words: "O mighty king, hear the request of your humble spouse, and grant her one favor." "Speak," said Clovis; "I shall be pleased to gratify you." "It is my desire," she continued, "that my king should adore the God of heaven, the Father Almighty, who has created us; that he confess our Lord Jesus Christ, the King of kings, who has been sent by His Father for our salvation; and the Holy Ghost, who enlightens and strengthens the just in virtue. Bow thyself to the divine Majesty; reject thy idols—vain images, fashioned by falsehood—and protect the churches of the living God."

Clovis respected the wishes of Clotilde; but he was not yet ready to execute them. "It will be hard," he said, "to renounce the worship of the gods, and to adore your God." Her words, however, rendered fruitful by her prayers and example, sank deep in his soul and were destined to produce fruit in proper season. That moment of grace was nearer than, perhaps, even Clotilde herself, anticipated.

The Alemanni, a powerful German tribe, with numerous allies, in all numbering 100,000 men, made an inroad into the land of the Franks. No sooner was Clovis apprised of the fact than he marched against them with some 25,000 or 30,000 men, no match for the Alemannian forces. They met on the left bank of the Rhine, on the famous field of Tolbiac. The contest waxed fierce. While the contending armies seemed to be equal in valor, the superiority of numbers was on the side of the Alemanni.

The Franks began to give way; their defeat seemed inevitable. But, while the battle was raging at Tolbiac, St. Clotilde, in her favorite retreat in the forest of Poissy, was lifting her pure hands to God in prayer for the victory of the Frankish arms. It was not in vain. In his last extremity, Clovis rallied his scattered forces, and exhorting them, exclaimed with a clarion voice: "God of Clotilde, give me victory, and I will adore Thee!" His prayer was heard. There was a fresh onset. The Alemanni were routed and put to flight. The God of Clotilde had conquered. It now remained for Clovis to fulfil his promise.

This the King was not slow to do. On his march from the Rhine back to Rheims he put himself under the instruction of a holy priest named Vedastus (or Waast). God Himself intervened miraculously in the instruction of Clovis. As he marched

one day in company of his instructor, they were met by a blind man. "Man of God," he exclaimed to St. Vedastus, "have pity on me; it is not for alms I crave, but for the assistance of your power with God. Heal me; give me back my sight!" The Saint raised his eyes to heaven, stretched out his hand over the blind man, and made the sign of the cross, saying: "Lord Jesus, true Light, who didst once open the eyes of one born blind, repeat that wonder in favor of this Thy servant, who has recourse to me, in order that this people may recognize that Thou art the one true God, who dost fill the heavens and the earth with Thy wonderful works." At these words the blind man received his sight, and Clovis blessed and glorified the God of Clotilde.

We may imagine with what joy Clotilde awaited Clovis at Rheims. But the joy was mutual. Clovis rejoiced at his triumph over the Alemanni; but he rejoiced still more at the victory over himself—that he had found the true God, the God of Clotilde; that he was now one heart and one soul with her. "Clovis," he exclaimed, at their first meeting, "has conquered the Alemanni, but Clotilde has conquered Clovis!"

St. Remy, Bishop of Rheims, continued the instruction of Clovis, and completed what Clotilde and St. Waast had begun. Though thoroughly convinced of the truth, the step was an arduous one for Clovis. He knew that he was putting his crown in jeopardy. The ancient superstitions were deeply seated in the Franks, and he feared the results. He wished to prepare them for the event. He, therefore, convened a council of his nobles, to give them a full exposition of the causes that led to this important step. But, to his great surprise, all, as if by inspiration, cried out with one accord: "We reject our mortal gods, O holy King, and are prepared to follow the immortal God, whom Remy preaches."

St. Remy was delighted at this disposition of the Franks. Christmas day was fixed upon as the day of this memorable baptism. St. Remy sent invitations to all the bishops of Gaul to be present at the sacred rite. They came in good numbers, not only from the desire of gracing, by their presence, such an important ceremony, but also eager to pay their respects to him who alone was capable of maintaining the peace and liberty of the Church in Gaul. The sacred rite was conducted with the most solemn ceremonial. The baptistry was profusely ornamented. The ground was strewn with rich carpets, and the walls were draped with the most costly textures, from which sweet perfumes were diffused in all directions, so that, as St. Gregory of Tours observes, "those who were present imagined themselves transported into an earthly paradise."

The king was the first to approach and ask for baptism before the assembled people. St. Remy received him at the sacred font, with the words: "Bow thy head in gentleness, Clovis, and adore what thou hast burned, and burn what thou hast adored." The king pronounced his profession of faith, received the cleansing waters of baptism upon his head, and was anointed with the holy chrism. The ceremony closed with the anointing of Clovis as king of the Franks. Historians differ as to the number of Franks that were baptized with him. Some say 3,000; some 6,000. Whatever the number may have been, the event may well be regarded as the baptism of France.

Clovis had a two-fold mission—a political and a religious one. He was called by divine providence to make France a nation, and to make it a Christian nation. He was true to this mission. Whatever acts of despotism and cruelty he may have been guilty of in its execution must be attributed more to the character of a barbarous age, and the exigencies of circumstances, than to personal vindictiveness. Certain it is that, in the pursuance of his providential mission, he achieved grand and lasting results for religion and civilization.

After the baptism of Clovis, the Franks are no longer a barbarous horde. They are a nation conscious of a divine calling for the defence and propagation of God's Kingdom. The unity of the faith, the love of one God as the Father of all, the brotherhood in Jesus Christ, more than the force of arms, unite the various elements of the population—Franks, Gauls and Romans—into one people. All cheerfully join their forces against the enemies of God and His Church—whether they be the Arian Visigoth, the fanatic Musselman, or the devastating Lombard. For centuries, under the leadership of the Franks, France was the stay and protection of the Church and of the Holy See. It was by the aid and liberality of the Frankish Monarchs, Pepin and Charlemagne, that the Holy See obtained that position of political independence, which alone renders the free government of the Church practicable. The *Gesta Dei per Francos* has become a household word in the history of Chistendom.

Until within the last century France has been the glory of the Church. Despite the political and religious upheavals, despite the apparent reign of terror and of the spirit of evil in this century, France as a nation clings to the ancient faith—the faith of Clotilde and Clovis, of Pepin, Charlemagne and St. Louis. Her faith is staunch ; her charity is unbounded ; the piety and devotion of many of her children are the admiration of the world. In this godless century she has been favored by God as no other nation has. She has had her saints and her martyrs. She has been the privileged scene of the apparitions of Lourdes, and of the numberless miracles which followed, and are daily occurring before the eyes of an astonished world. She has also in these latter days been chosen by our Lord Himself as the birthplace and the cradle and the hearth of the devotion to His Sacred Heart and of the Apostleship of Prayer, which are doing so much for the regeneration of the world.

But side by side with these supernatural manifestations there are the powers of darkness at work in France, as perhaps in no other Christian nation on the face of the globe. There is liberalism, that would throw off all restraints of spiritual authority. There are socialism and communism and anarchism, that would break the bonds of civil authority as well ; there is naturalism, that ignores or rejects everything supernatural, and preaches the unstinted gratification of even the grossest sensual appetites ; there is Freemasonry in its most advanced phases, even to the extent of positive hatred of God and devil-worship; there is every species of infidelity, hostility to the Church and to all her divine institutions, not only in the case of private individuals, but in public life, in civil laws and enactments ; there is the persecution of the religious orders, which is tantamount to a policy of extermination.

For the removal of these evils she looks for our prayer. Let us join our prayers with those of the noble sons and daughters of France during this month—that this may be truly a year of spiritual regeneration for this venerable daughter of the Church ; that the haters and persecutors of God's Church and the enemies of Christ may be put to confusion ; and that all may again renounce Satan, and all his works, and all his pomps, and believe in the one God and in His only Son, Jesus Christ.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular for the Church in France.

THE·READER·

IT is our firm belief that, next to the necessary means of grace, prayer and the sacraments, and Catholic education, which is the foundation of Christian life, the most important movement of the day is the Apostleship of the Press. This fact was acknowledged by the Apostleship of Prayer from the outset. Hence the very first step taken by Father Ramière, who may be regarded as the Father of the League of the Sacred Heart, was the starting of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, which he made part and portion of the work. This organ was intended not only to convey to the Associates those instructions and items of news that directly concerned the organization itself, but also to promote the world-wide interest of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

* * *

Who can measure the height and depth, the length and breadth, of the interests of the Sacred Heart? They are as high as the heavens, and deep as the forces of darkness, broad and long as the universe. They are not confined to the home or the church or the school, to prayer and the sacraments. No; they are commensurate with the great plan of salvation itself, which was conceived by the divine mind from all eternity, was executed by the divine Son in the flesh, and is, and shall be, continued by His Church on earth unto the end of time.

* * *

Prayer and the sacraments, it is true, are, as it were, the soul of this great work. But much more is needed to make those means of salvation efficacious. Above all, the world must be imbued with Christian thought and sentiment; it must be guarded against, and disabused of, prejudice and error. Darkness must be dispelled, and light must be spread. This is certainly one of the dearest interests of the Sacred Heart. This is the proper object of the MESSENGER. Its scope is as wide as the interests of Christ and of His Church. Nothing that concerns the Church and religion is foreign to it. It bears and interprets the message of the Sacred Heart to the millions of its readers all over the world. It is a true Apostolate of the Press in itself.

* * *

While the MESSENGER is conscious of this exalted mission, it cannot but rejoice in every movement that has for its object to spread the light and knowledge of Christ and His Church, wherever such movement may exist, and whatever shape it may take on. Its motto is that of the Apostle: "Whether by occasion, or by truth, Christ be preached, in this I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice" (Phil. i, 18). True to this principle, in a recent issue, we devoted these pages to the Apostleship of the Press in England—the work of the London Catholic Truth Society—which, we understand, has awakened much interest. As by the General Intention for this month, our attention is drawn to France, we shall devote a few paragraphs to the Catholic press movement in that country.

* * *

Nowhere, at the present day, is the secular press more frivolous; nowhere is the irreligious press more positively godless; nowhere is the immoral press more shameless than in France. The specimens of light literature which are imported to our own country fairly reflect

the prevailing taste of the French reading public. What it craves is excitement, sensation, refined sensuality presented in new and untried forms. An expression had to be set apart especially to designate this taste. It is the *fin-de-siècle* taste. It is the taste of a degenerate, languishing, world-weary, life-sick generation. There are thousands of scribes at work in France day and night, in every department of literature, catering to this depraved taste.

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Nothing short of a regularly organized *crusade* on the part of the good could effect anything against these unbridled forces of evil, which are playing moral havoc throughout the country. A crusade was started then, in regular form; and lest any one should fail to understand the nature of the movement, or forget that it is a veritable crusade, it was called *La Croix* (the Cross); and those who enlist in the movement, like the Crusaders of old, take the Cross, and are called Knights of the Cross or of the Good Press (*Chevalier de la Croix, de la bonne presse*).

* * *

The movement was inaugurated in Paris, about seven or eight years ago, by M. l'Abbé Picard. The first step was to start, in the metropolis, a daily Catholic paper, with a vigorous Catholic policy. This project succeeded, and, by means of a clever organization, the daily *Croix* obtained a circulation of 165,000. This year a special edition for the South of France (*La Croix du Midi*) has been added, with a circulation of 15,000. About twenty supplements, mostly weekly, for different classes of readers—laborers, sailors, children—have been started at different times, which have now an aggregate circulation of 1,754,350. Besides, over a hundred local supplements are published in various centres of France, with a circulation of 491,100. There are, moreover, four foreign supplements, one of which, the *Kriz* (Prague, Bohemia), has 120,000 subscribers. Considering that each one of these publications passes through several hands, we must conclude that several millions of the French-reading public are, at least weekly, brought under the influence of the *Croix*.

* * *

All this literary activity emanates from one centre—the Maison de la Bonne Presse, Paris. This publishing-house was established in 1873, for the publication of a small bulletin, called the Pélerin (Pilgrim), whose chief object was to advertise pilgrimages to the great shrines of France—chiefly La Salette and Lourdes—and to chronicle the graces received at these sanctuaries. Till 1883, the Pélerin was merely struggling for existence, when the work received a new impulse by its present direction. It was started anew, under the banner of the Cross, in the month of the Sacred Heart. Within a fortnight the Pélerin received 3,000 new subscribers, which secured its future existence; the *Croix* was inaugurated, and another publication, entitled the *Salut*, was started; and all this without a penny of capital, and with an editorial staff of only two men.

* * *

The work had also to contend with much prejudice. Devout people of France were scandalized at the profanation of the holy sign of the Cross by putting it at the head of a newspaper. The movement was considered as fanatical. Denunciations were loud against it. The Pope was even solicited to cause the removal of the sacred emblem from the paper. But the sign which insured the triumph of Constantine and inspired the heroic movement of the crusades of the Middle Ages was not likely to be removed by the Vicar of the Crucified. *In hoc signo vinces.* That sign which gave victory to the Christian arms has also the power to overcome the spiritual enemies of Christ and His Church.

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The motto of the *Croix* is the same as that of the Apostleship of Prayer:

Adveniat regnum tuum (Thy Kingdom Come). Its organization is similar to that of the League. It has its head-centre in Paris, at the Maison de la Bonne Presse and local centres or committees, having each a president or chairman, a secretary and treasurer and a number of advisors. Each centre has its promoters, whose office it is to canvass for subscribers and to distribute the various publications of the *Croix*. The subscribers correspond to our Associates. Even children are not excluded; for, although they may not be readers, yet they can offer up their daily beads and their weekly or monthly Communions for the success of the good work, and are, therefore, gladly enrolled as Knights of the *Croix*. A special bulletin, *La Croix des Comités* (3,000 copies), is issued weekly, for the instruction of those who take an active part in the work. This periodical contains all interesting information on the progress of the work, the proceedings of congresses and local meetings, practical hints for the guidance of committees and promoters. A mass is offered monthly at each centre for the benefit of the work, and promoters and members pledge themselves to offer one *Our Father* and one *Hail Mary*, or the entire Rosary, and a weekly or monthly Communion, for the same intention.

* * *

September 2–6, 1895, a general congress of the committees of the *Croix* was held at the Maison de la Bonne Presse. Delegates were present to the number of 307, from all parts of France, while from more than a hundred others letters of regret were received expressing the most lively interest in the movement. It was manifest that recent opposition to the work had only served to increase the sympathy for it, and to unite and strengthen its ranks. The programme of the session, which lasted five days, though bearing strictly on the work, was most varied and interesting. The speeches were plain, pointed, outspoken and business-like. All attempts at oratorical effect were strictly excluded. There was nothing but a plain, common-sense statement of what was being done, and what might be done, and the discussion of the best ways and means to do it.

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Much attention was devoted to the Knights of the *Croix*, their organization and their work. "What is a Knight of the *Croix?*" asks one of the speakers. "A knight of any cause is one who enlists in its service, who defends it with the arms of his choice; and surely this title belongs by right to the Chevaliers de la *Croix*. Some render excellent service by their pen; others lend the aid of their powerful eloquence, and are not afraid to commend our work in their public speeches, and to refute our enemies in their own conventicles; others, again, devote themselves to the more humble, but not less useful work of circulation; and this, in fact, is the chief task of the Knights of the *Croix*."

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The following resolutions were adopted in regard to the organization of the Knights of the *Croix*: "Whereas, at the present time, the most efficacious means for the diffusion of religious and moral ideas through the press, and the vindication of our just claims as Catholics and Frenchmen, according to the policy outlined by the Holy Father, is the formation of a band of apostles for the circulation of the *Croix*, *be it resolved:* (1) that the Central Direction of this work form throughout the country branches of the Knights of the *Croix;* (2) that it unite the various branches in one and the same federation under certain common rules; (3) that a central committee be formed in Paris, whose duty it will be to traverse the country and to establish local branches of the Knights of the *Croix*." By this organization, it may be hoped that the circulation of the *Croix* and its supplements will soon be doubled and tripled, and that the scope of the work will be considerably enlarged.

The political, social and economic programme of the *Croix* forms a very interesting feature. The congress acknowledges the sad lack of competent political leaders in France. Consequently it proceeds from the principle that the regeneration must begin from below. The programme must be a simple one. "It's first article must be the frank and loyal acceptance of the Republic. This acceptance, which has been an accomplished fact with the workers of the *Croix*, ever since our great Pontiff has demanded it, is now complete. . . . We demand the repeal or the entire change of the anti-religious laws; the Republic must become a government of equality for all —tolerant, moderate, reserving the rigor for revolutionaries, disorderly persons, and thieves. We decline to engage in the perilous discussion of purely political reforms."

* * *

On social and economic questions the Congress adopts for its programme the encyclical of Leo XIII. on the Condition of Labor. The Congress clearly states its principles in detail, in regard to ownership, justice, labor, State intervention in social matters, associations, agriculture, commerce, industry, all on the lines of the Pope's encyclical. The report concludes by urging the necessity of concerted political action on the part of Catholics, which, on the lines indicated, inthe opinion of the Congress, seems to involve no serious difficulty. Steps have also been taken at this congress towards the formation of a Catholic electoral organization in connection with the work of the *Croix*. An electoral bureau has been established at the headquarters of the *Croix*, and it is hoped an organization, which will be the political salvation of France, willsoon develop.

* * *

Among the social and economic questions treated were beneficiary associations, rural banks, the protection of children, the education and advancement of the working classes. Special attention was given to the ways and means of circulating good reading matter among the laborers. There is a special weekly supplement to the *Croix*, entitled the *Laboureur*, devoted to their interests, with a circulation of 455,000 copies. The improvement and circulation of this organ was especially recommended. It is interesting to read the hints given to the editors by M. Boissard. "The laborers," he says, "have a limited vocabulary, and we cannot be too careful to avoid learned words, which are unintelligible to them."

* * *

Space does not permit us further to pursue this interesting report. There is hardly a spiritual work of mercy that was not discussed in this Congress, for the scope of the *Croix* and its organization is as wide as that of the Catholic press itself. We might ask ourselves, in conclusion, whether there is any call or room for a such an organization in these United States. Much, by all means. Whether it is possible of realization is another question. But there can be but one opinion on the need and usefulness of such a work.

* * *

If there were in this country a well-organized and wide-awake Apostleship of the Press, we might possibly be spared the sad literary phenomenon of a popular magazine, that boasts a circulation of 400,000, owned and edited by a Catholic, publishing and advertising in flaring red letters, a most atrocious and vulgar slander against the Church, concocted in the brain of an English Jew, who is evidently maddened by his intense hatred of Christianity. If we had something in the nature of an Apostleship of the Press, either such an article would not be published or the publication would not go unpunished.

Reunion Movement in the East.—The Patriarch of Antioch, Mgr. Gregory Youssouf, whose residence is at Damascus, has written a remarkable letter to his official representative in Paris, Mgr. Homfy, the Uniat Greek Archimandrite. We give the following extract on the great question of the reunion of the churches.

The Patriarch writes: "The movement daily gathers strength. Our separated brethren, clergy as well as laity, earnestly desire to reunite with us in the Holy, Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Faith. The breath of the spirit of union, proceeding from Leo XIII. is spreading like a flame, devouring all error, in all directions—from Mt. Akkar, from Wadi-Nassara, from the region of the Nussairiah Mountains to ancient Apamæa embracing Tripol, in Syria and its port; in Palestine, from Bethlehem, as far as the Mutassarrifiyet-al Mâan, on the borders of Arabia Petræa; in the Lebanon, from Sug-al Garb to Bteter, and even further; in Asia Minor, from the Archbishopric of Aleppo to the cities of Anatolia, moreover, through the whole archdiocese of Hauran, and also the diocese of St. Jean d'Acre.

"Our seminary for natives at Ain-Traz, where we are at present, is filled to overflowing. The majority of the pupils are committed to our care by parents who were formerly separated, but are now reunited to the Catholic Church. Yet we have been obliged, I say it with regret, to refuse them in large numbers, as we have not room for them. Meanwhile, however, we are able to send a good number to St. Anne's, in Jerusalem, to the good and zealous 'White Fathers.' In a word, the Reunion movement is making, day by day, the most astonishing progress, and is on the way to conquer the entire East.

"The requests addressed to us for reception into the Catholic Church are never-ending. Every day deputations arise from all sides, and in such numbers that it is absolutely impossible to meet the pious wishes of all these converts. We have neither the necessary number of native priests and missionaries at our disposal, nor sufficient means; all is exhausted. It would be necessary to provide each village, each hamlet with a priest, a school, teachers, and a chapel for divine service. We implore the God of mercy, who rules over the hearts of these still separated brethren, to listen to the desires and prayers of the venerable Leo XIII., our illustrious chief pastor, and to send us ever the help of His divine grace to strengthen our weakness, in order that we may be able to carry out His holy designs in regard to His people, the children of His handmaid the Church.

"Tell our dear brethren in the West that these conversions are largely owing to their fervent prayers, to which we once more commend our patriarchate, our undertakings, and all the new missions so dear to our heart."

Grindelwald Reunion Conference.—One of the outcomes of the apostolic letter of Leo XIII. to the English people is an address to the Holy Father drawn up and signed by the members of the Grindelwald Reunion Conference. Among the signers were Dean Farrar, of Canterbury, the Deans of Ripon and Bristol, the Archdeacon of Manchester and many other leading Protestants of the most varied religious opinions: Anglicans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Methodists.

The address contained an expression of gratitude for the Christian courtesy and pious aspirations of the Pope. It deplored the diversions existing in Christendom and insisted on the duty of praying for unity, but set forth the necessity of the different sects of Christians as defences of various positions of religious truth.

Owing to the errors against faith contained in this address, the Holy Father felt himself obliged to decline it, lest he might seem to palliate them. Nor would he, for the same reason, receive Rev. Dr. Lunn, the president of the Grindelwald Reunion Conference who brought it in person to Rome. He, however, expressed his willingness to meet Dr. Lunn in a private capacity; he praised those parts of the address relating to the necessity of praying for unity, and thanked the members for the expression of their good will.

Coronation of our Lady of Prompt Succor. The crowning of the statue of our Lady of Prompt Succor in the Ursuline Convent in New Orleans took place on the feast of her patronage, a very appropriate day as Archbishop Janssens had lately proclaimed her patroness of Louisiana under that title.

A year ago, when visiting Rome, the archbishop had obtained this high privilege from Leo XIII., who, in a rescript, appointed him his delegate for the ceremony.

This venerable statue has been venerated in the Ursuline Chapel since 1809, and many and extraordinary graces have been obtained through our Lady of Prompt Succor. A committee called upon the clients of Mary for contribution of gold, jewels, and money. The response came in gold valued at $1,500, jewels estimated between $6,000 to $8,000, and $2,065 in cash.

As our Lady bears in her arms the Christ child, it was decided to have two crowns. The designs were competitive. The choice fell upon those of Feeley, of Providence, and the crowns are considered exquisite works of art. The ceremony of the crowning was an imposing one. Besides Archbishop Janssens, there were present six bishops and many priests. Some 10,000 people assisted at the Pontifical High Mass, coronation and procession. This honor paid to the Blessed Virgin is of special interest to all Americans, for the role of our Lady of Prompt Succor in the deliverance of Louisiana from the British foe in 1815 is part of the historical annals of the State. From the convent windows the Ursuline Sisters saw the clouds of smoke rising from the battlefield, and heard the deep roar of the cannon, and the shrill notes of musketry. All night they passed a sleepless vigil in prayer before the Holy Sacrament. They knew that General Jackson with only 6,000 men was opposing 15,000 infantry, and that the disproportion of the forces would assure victory to the British. The sisters knew that Jackson had sworn that if vanquished the enemy would only find the city in ashes. Then the sisters had recourse to our Lady of Prompt Succor. The statue was placed on the main altar. All the nuns were prostrate at the feet of the Virgin, and with tears and lamentations they besought her to save the city from the enemy. The Bishop of New Orleans, Mgr. Dubourg, offered the holy sacrifice of the Mass in the presence of the statue, while the noise of the battle was being heard, and the whole community was suffering the direst of mental tortures, in doubt of the final result. At the consecration, a soldier, out of breath, dusty, begrimed with powder, rushed into the chapel, crying:

"Victory is ours! The English are completely vanquished!" After Mass the solemn and joyful hymn, *Te Deum*, was chanted.

General Jackson himself did not hesitate to believe in the miraculous intercession, and so wrote to Bishop Dubourg. The same day the general called at the Ursuline Convent, and warmly thanked the sisters for their prayers in his behalf and in behalf of the American people.

Thus devotion to the Blessed Virgin under the appellation of our Lady of Prompt Succor obtained a strong foothold in New Orleans. In 1851, at the request of Mgr. Antoine Blanc, Pope Pius IX. granted permission to celebrate every year on the 8th of January a special Mass of thanksgiving in honor of the great victory obtained through the intercession of our Lady of Prompt Succor.

An Historical Sword.—Herr Lessing, the learned director of the Museum of Industrial Arts in Berlin, has recently published an article on the sword which is used at the coronation and other solemn ceremonies of the Kings of Prussia. He proves that this sword was presented in 1460 by Pope Pius II., to the Margrave, Albert Achilles of Brandenburg. It is of exquisite Italian workmanship. The Roman Pontiffs frequently bestowed such presents on princes who deserved their favor. Some thirty specimens are preserved in public or private collections. The one in question, however, is the only one which has always been in use for the official ceremonies of a reigning family. It was used at the coronation and at the funeral of William I. as well as at the crowning of his grandson Wm. H. Would that the Kaiser would wield it for, instead of against, the true faith.

A Veteran Sister.—One of the veterans of the Franco-Russian war died lately in Aix-la-Chapelle. It was Sister Michaela, of the Order of St. Elizabeth who, during that eventful war, did such good service on the battlefield, that she, with another sister, received the high distinction of the Iron Cross. She died at the age of sixty, and had lived thirty-one years in religion.

APOSTOLIC WORKS

REPARATORY ADORATION OF CATHOLIC NATIONS.—

An association under this title exists in Rome for the purpose of universal expiation. It was approved by His Holiness, Leo XIII. in 1883. It was with this thought of universal reparation that Clement VIII. instituted in Rome, in 1592, the devotion of the Forty Hours.

The design of this pontiff, as he sets it forth in his Bull of institution, was to convoke the faithful to the churches where solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament takes place successively. He wished them to pray, not only for the Roman people, but for all Catholic nations, in order thus to appease divine justice, and deliver Christian nations from those public calamities which are perpetuated and increasing on account of the multitude of sins.

As in our days the gravest difficulties and trials beset the Church in every land, it is opportune to encourage reparatory prayers among the faithful of all nations. Such is the reason for the existence of this Association. Its end, then, is to unite in the Forty Hours' supplication both the Romans proper and the foreigners living in Rome, so that in Rome itself representatives of all nations will assemble together at the foot of the throne of the Blessed Eucharist, there to make reparation of honor to our outraged God.

Moreover, it proposes to unite in spirit those who pray for this intention in Rome to the Catholics in other lands, who with the same intention join together in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, in the churches of their country at the same hours as their respective nations are being prayed for in Rome. Thus this reparation and public exposition becomes, as far as possible, universal.

The faithful in all parts of the world can become members of this association. In Rome they bind themselves to make, each week, half an hour's adoration at the solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during the Forty Hours. Out of Rome, this adoration may be made in any church where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved.

A day of the week is assigned to each nation, namely: *Sunday* to England, Ireland, Poland and Norway; *Monday* to Austria, Hungary, Germany and Greece; *Tuesday* to Italy; *Wednesday* to Portugal and North America; *Thursday* to France and South America; *Friday* to Switzerland and Catholic missions; *Saturday* to Spain, Belgium, Holland and Syria.

Another day may be chosen when the one fixed for each respective nation is inconvenient, owing to the duties of an associate.

The associates are advised to give their preference to the hours in the day when the churches in which the exposition of the Forty Hours is going on are less frequented, namely, from noon to six in the evening.

Associates who are faithful to the National Adoration once a week can gain, every day, all the indulgences of the Forty Hours in Rome.

It is in keeping with the spirit of the association that this reparation should be made in groups, so as to give it the character of public expiation. For this purpose the local Director distributes the associates into sections, presided over by *zelators*. The acts of reparation are recited in common.

The yearly subscription is one penny, *i. e.*, two cents in our money. This modest alms cannot wrong any parish or religious work. It is the only resource which keeps up the Centre of this universal association, and so covers the expenses of a considerable propaganda, and it will enable the Society to assist poor churches in Rome to celebrate worthily the Forty Hours.

Offerings should be sent to the Direction, via Pompeo Magno, Prati di Castello, Rome, Italy.

ANOTHER DAMIEN.—

Father Pamphile Damien, brother of the martyr of charity, has gone to take up the work among the lepers of Molokai. Twice before he had arranged to leave Belgium for this purpose, but each time

severe illness prevented his departure. He is now fifty-eight years old, and his hair is snow-white, although he has all the ardor of youth. He is a distinguished Hebrew, Greek and Latin scholar, and also understands English. Most of his life has been passed in Louvain, where he held the post of Professor of Theology in the University. He also lectured on theology for two years in the Seminary of Versailles.

He goes to his new field of labor accompanied by four monks—Brothers Dominique, Sylvain, Severin and Seraphion, who will also work among the lepers. In the same party are also two other priests and four sisters, who are going to Honolulu to engage in religious and educational work. The head of the party is the Vicar-Apostolic of Honolulu—Bishop Ropert, one of Father Damien's closest friends. He went to Europe, at the request of the Hawaiian Government, to procure additional help. The Government pays all the expenses of the party.

There are about 200 Catholic lepers at Molokai now, attended by Fathers Muller and Conrardy and by several sisters. Father Damien will succeed Father Conrardy, who will leave the islands.

A college has lately been established at Hadzor, Droitwich, England, for the training of apostolic men to continue the work of the saintly Apostle of Molokai. In consequence, its name is the Damien Institute. Moreover, under the same title, it will publish an official organ, which will be a monthly record of events bearing upon the affairs of the lepers. As great interest is felt in this country for the work among these unfortunates, many will be glad of an opportunity of assisting the work by subscribing to this little magazine or by contributions, which may be sent to Miss E. Harper, 585 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE LEPERS OF ICELAND.—

An appeal in behalf of the lepers of Iceland comes to us from Father Sveinsson, S.J., who has undertaken the apostolic work of their conversion. The entire population of the island is 75,000. Of these 300 are afflicted with leprosy, and the disease is spreading. Hitherto efforts to convert the Icelanders have been fruitless, and only one family is Catholic, the rest being Lutherans. Hoping to win their souls by ministering to their bodies, Father Sveinsson has devoted himself to their care. Three young ladies have volunteered their services for life to this cause, and an asylum will be erected as soon as funds are provided.

ST. PATRICK'S ROMAN LEGION.—

It was founded by Leo XIII. on the feast of St. Patrick in 1894. Two years previous he had said to the Irish Pilgrims, who had come to Rome during the celebration of his Episcopal Jubilee: "We have approved and aided the erection of a church in honor of St. Patrick, in this city of Rome. The building is begun and will be completed when the necessary funds are provided. We doubt not that all Ireland, following our example, will generously contribute."

It was found, however, that casual subscriptions would never suffice to carry on and complete the work. The Holy Father decided, of his own accord, to found an organization, which, by appealing for small offerings, would realize his desire that all the Catholics of Irish race should co-operate in the erection of their national church in Rome. Rev. Father Glynn, O.S.A., Prior of St. Patrick's, Rome, by his order, drew up a prospectus, which the Pope approved.

The Legion is composed of organizers and volunteers. The organizers are Decurions, Centurions and Tribunes, who respectively enroll ten, a hundred, or a thousand members. The Decurions share in fifty masses yearly; the Centurions in a hundred, and the Tribunes in two hundred. All those enrolled in the Legion enjoy the benefit of 1,500 masses annually. Five masses are said for the repose of the soul of every deceased member, if due notice be given. The names of all the members are presented to the Pope on March 17. The only obligations are the payment of a shilling (twenty-five cents) and the recital of six *Hail Mary's* yearly.

When the Holy Father lately received the report of Prior Glynn, he expressed his deep interest in the building of the church. The people, he said, owed much to their aspostle, who, in the course of his lifetime had brought their entire nation into the admirable light of Christ, and who by his prayers on earth and his aid in heaven had obtained for them the grace of perpetnal faith. It was, therefore, especially fitting that the grace and glory of such an apostolate should be commemorated in the Eternal City.

"For these reasons We have contributed," he said, "fifty thousand francs ($10,000) as a testimony of our love for

St. Patrick and his children, and in fulfilment of Our duty of pastoral solicitude towards the City of Rome. Should there be any person unacquainted with the circumstances which create so sad a need of a church in that portion of Our city, tell him in Our name that there is the greatest need of a church in the precise locality where St. Patrick's is being erected. On March 17 last, We were pleased to receive the names of 25,000 volunteers, and We hope that We shall receive the names of 500,000 on the recurrence of the same feast in 1896. We impart our blessing to all who are enrolled as volunteers, and in a special manner to the organizers and members of the Supreme and Local Councils."

The Legion has taken great hold in Ireland and is rapidly spreading. The faith and generosity of the poor are especially noteworthy in this expression of devotion to their great apostle.

CATHOLIC LECTURES FOR PROTESTANTS.

About two years ago the Rev. John S. Vaughan organized a band of lecturers for the purpose of explaining Catholic truths to Protestants.

As he anticipated greater fruit if the lectures were given on neutral ground, he resolved to engage a public hall. Accordingly Kensington Town Hall has been the scene of the crusade and the fourteenth series of public lectures has lately closed.

The success warranted courses in other places, and halls were secured in the North, South, East as well as the West of London.

The results have been very gratifying, for 104 lectures have been given in some 14 public halls. The attendance has been estimated at about 100,000 persons, of whom at least 40,000 were Protestants. They listened attentively to the lecture, explanations and answers which all together lasted from 8 to 10.30 P. M. The subjects treated were both dogmatic and controversial. Care was taken to remove the common prejudices so deeply implanted in the minds of the English people and so persistently kept alive by anti-Catholic sermons, lectures and tracts.

THE CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN NORWAY.

Lutheranism was forced upon the people of Norway by royal power and by fraud. It took a century to stamp out Catholicism in the land. It was done, however, effectually, so that fifty years ago Catholic priests were banished from Norway under pain of death, Catholics were liable to imprisonment and the very name of Catholic was held in contempt.

In 1868 Norway was made a Prefecture Apostolic, and the Rt. Rev. John Baptist Fallize, a Belgian, was placed in charge of it. He is now Titular Bishop of Elusa and Vicar-Apostolic. He describes his office as that of a factotum. "The Bishop must be an administrator, a barrister, a notary, an architect, a newspaper editor, a writer, something of a banker, a school inspector, a teacher of plain chant, and above all a beggar."

How well Mgr. Fallize fills these various roles will be seen by the progress of Catholicism and by the change of sentiment towards the Church during the past twenty-five years. In 1869 the number of Catholics was 220; in 1890, 875; and in 1894, 1,200; the total population is about 1,915,000. The sisters have done much to remove popular prejudice; their work has made them respected and loved by all, and their services in nursing the sick are eagerly claimed by Protestants. They ride free in the street cars of Christiania, a privilege which might well be accorded the sisters in our own country. They have in the Norwegian capital a convent school for girls, a novitiate, and a hospital. There are also two parish churches, an episcopal residence, a seminary, several Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, workingmen's clubs, a newspaper and a printing press. There are about ten stations, with churches, chapels and schools, and six hospitals in different parts of the country.

Last year the Bishop opened a church and a hospital at Christiania and thousands of Protestants were present, including the Governor of the Province, the Mayor of the town and other officials. Mgr. Fallize begged them all to unite in prayer for the reunion of Christendom. The Governor replied: "Monsignor, we shall pray with you for the accomplishment of our Lord's prayer *ut unum sint*. If I am not mistaken this hope will be realized before a century has passed." We only hope that the Governor may have the spirit of prophecy.

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

FRANCE.—At the moment when Italy was putting forth her feeble efforts to celebrate the triumph of usurpation and Freemasonry over the Papal Sovereignty, Paray-le-Monial, once the cradle, now the hearth, of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, was the scene of an impressive act of reparation. A numerous pilgrimage made up of bishops, priests and people, representing all parts of Italy, after visiting Lourdes and imploring the intercession of the Immaculate Virgin, arrived at Paray, September 24. They had come to offer their prayers for the Holy Father, Pope and King by every title human and divine, and to make expiation for the outrages committed against our Lord in His Church and in the person of His Vicar on earth.

The fervor of those pious Italian pilgrims was something unusual and astonishing, even at Paray-le-Monial, which is the scene of so many edifying demonstrations. Masses were continually offered for the intention of the Holy Father, from midnight till midday, at the shrine of the Visitation. What divine consolation must have on that day flowed from Paray, or rather from the Sacred Heart, to the heart of Leo XIII.! It is such devotedness and such supernatural aid that support the august prisoner of the Vatican in the many trials and vexations to which the malice of his enemies has subjected him.

The pilgrimage closed with a solemn act of expiation before the Blessed Sacrament at which Mgr. Caldaioli, Bishop of Grossetto, Tuscany, officiated, assisted by Mgr. Tedeschi, domestic prelate of His Holiness, and by a large number of priests. His lordship read aloud a magnificent act of consecration approved by Leo XIII. professing allegiance to Jesus Christ, Lord and King in the Blessed Sacrament, and the Saviour of mankind from the many social ills which now hang over it.

The Italian pilgrims have shown a very special devotion to the Ven. Father Claude de la Colombière. They all visited the tomb of the Apostle of the Sacred Heart in a body and gave such evidence of devotion as had never been witnessed before. Priests and people approached the tomb with the greatest reverence, and prostrating themselves before it repeatedly kissed the black marble slab that is placed over it. Some of them clung to it for a long time and could hardly force themselves from the hallowed spot. Numerous schedules were left at the tomb recording the devout petitions of the pious pilgrims.

The devotion to the Ven. Father de la Colombière is increasing from day to day. Requests for prayers and novenas of masses are pouring in from all parts. Besides the Masses and prayers of the Fathers, these intentions are recommended to the prayers and masses of all visitors of the Shrine. Numerous graces are obtained through his intercession. The following is especially worthy of record. We take it from the *Échos* of the Rev. Father Zelle, S.J., in the *Messager*.

"Port-l'Evêque (Calvados), September 29, 1895. Dear Rev. Father:—I herewith wish to discharge a debt of gratitude I owe to the Ven. Father de la Colombière. For the last five years, in consequence of accidental poisoning, I suffered from stomach trouble (gastritis of the most malignant character according to the testimony of the physician who treated me at the time). The nature of the infirmity demanded the greatest precautions in diet. I had lost all hopes of ever being able to eat like other people, as the least thing brought on a relapse.

"Having gone on a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial about the middle of July, I there met the pious mother of one of the Fathers of your house. The kind lady, seeing the miserable kind of diet to which I was condemned (it consisted of milk gruel) advised me to pray for my recovery to Father de la Colombière, assuring me that several of her acquaintance had recourse to him with good effect. I went to his tomb to pray for a cure, at the same time protesting that I would recognize it as proof of his power with God, if, at the end of the novena, which I was about to begin in his honor, I could eat like everybody else.

As soon as I got home I began the novena, and on the ninth day, while wearing a relic of Father de la Colombière, I made an attempt to eat freely the ordinary food which was prepared for other people. I ate meat, vegetables, fresh fruit; nothing sickened me. The improvement is permanent; I now eat those things from which I was obliged to abstain. I have, therefore, reason to think that I owe this improvement to my novena. If my present condition continues, I shall go next summer, according to my promise, on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the tomb of the Venerable Father. Several physicians have treated me. If testimonies are of any use, I shall be pleased to do what depends on me to procure them."

These are indications which point to the speedy elevation of this devoted Apostle of the Sacred Heart to the rank of the Blessed.

. ZAMBESI.—Our Lord promised that He would give to the priests who would honor His Sacred Heart, the power to move the hardest hearts. This promise is borne out particularly in the case of those priests who are laboring in foreign missions.

Rev. Father Baeker, S.J., writes to the Director General of the League from Quilimane, Lower Zambesi:

"Our work here is progressing every day. Thanks be to the Sacred Heart of Jesus! It was the Sacred Heart that blessed our station at Quilimane. Here we tried to open an industrial school, which dragged out a sickly existence for some years. There was much labor, hardships untold, for the missionaries, and hardly any results. Last year, happily, after the school had placidly expired, the reverend Father Superior decided to place the mission under the title and invocation of the Sacred Heart, promising, at the same time, to build a chapel in its honor. The same day that this resolution was taken, a negro-woman came to call the Father to baptize her sick child; and ever since both men and women of all ages have presented themselves at the mission of the Sacred Heart for instruction and baptism.

"So far, the poor missionary of Quilimane could record no more than ten or twenty Easter confessions as the result of his apostolic zeal and labors. And now, what a change! In the first six months the Sacred Heart has already given to the new mission *four hundred* converts from paganism. These recently converted Caffirs approach the Sacraments frequently. On June 21, we celebrated, for the first time, the First Communion, with solemnity. During the month of June there was a great revival of fervor among our new Christians. The first eight days of June we had more baptisms and Communions than in the two preceding months. No day passed without some baptisms. When any threatened to pass without bringing any, the missionary father, in all simplicity, would light a candle before the statue of the Sacred Heart, and soon a negro woman would present herself with a child to be baptized. Praised be the Sacred Heart of Jesus!"

CHINA.—"It is a source of great consolation to me," writes Mgr. Bulté, Vicar Apostolic of South-East Tcheli, to the Director General of the Apostleship of Prayer, "to be able to extend to the entire Mission what Father Neveux recounts of the protection accorded to his district by the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Evil reports were spread against the Europeans on occasion of the Chinese-Japanese war, which were calculated to cause us grave apprehension for the future. The extreme distress of a great portion of the population of the Vicariate, which was visited by disastrous and fatal inundations in the autumn of 1894 and in the spring of 1895, exposed us to depredations of different kinds. Despite all this, we were able, with the help of the Sacred Heart, which we solicited in a thousand ways, to continue our sacred ministry with fruit.

"We have even registered a few baptisms more than last year—1,096 adults as against 1,051, and 14,290 infants of pagan parents, as against 13,720 in the preceding year. The total number of Christians has been raised from 41,682 to 42,660. The number of catechumens, who are regarded as sincere, is estimated at 3,133."

Mgr. Bulté gives an instance of a Christian community of 7,000 in his district, who record in the Treasury of Good Works for one year no fewer than 703,206 Rosaries—a number which would put most of our Centres to shame! We hold over the interesting letter of Father Neveux for our next issue.

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Cardinal Satolli.

By the time this number of the MESSENGER reaches our subscribers Mgr. Satolli will have received the Cardinal's biretta. The Papal Delegate, like his illustrious patron, Leo XIII., has always been a warm friend of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, and thoroughly interested in the work of the League. A brilliant pupil of the Athenæum of Perugia, an eloquent and learned professor of the Propaganda he was chosen by the Sovereign Pontiff as the first Papal Delegate to the United States. In the discharge of this arduous office he has been faithful to the trust confided to him, and, as a reward of his fidelity the Holy Father raises him to the dignity of a Prince of the Church. The MESSENGER but discharges a pleasing duty when it congratulates the new Cardinal on this honor so well deserved and asks the Associates of the League to pray that Cardinal Satolli may live many years to promote the cause of Christ's Church, the cause to which he dedicated his life.

The MESSENGER.

The present number of the MESSENGER speaks for itself. The deed is more eloquent than the promise. In realizing the present improvements, the MESSENGER shows its keen appreciation of the task it has to perform. The MESSENGER has to do a divinely appointed work, the spread of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and must therefore do it well. Hence all the resources it can command are directed to the accomplishment of its mission. These resources are financial, literary and artistic. The first of these three is limited to the small revenue derived from the subscriptions. But this small amount which has been scrupulously employed in improving the MESSENGER without advancing the price has enabled the editors to present to the Catholics of this country the best printed and most artistically illustrated devotional magazine published. Its literary merit is by no means inferior to any of our many well edited Catholic magazines.

The improvements realized in the new form entail additional expense and we look to the hearty co-operation of our patrons and of the members of the League to help us. If each of our subscribers would secure but one new subscriber, it would be of no small assistance. The Promoters of the League have here an opportunity of enlarging their sphere of action and of discharging more perfectly the office their name implies. They cannot better promote the devotion to the Sacred Heart than by endeavoring to place the MESSENGER, the organ of the Sacred Heart, in every Catholic family. We feel confident that we do not look forward in vain to a practical appreciation of our efforts by the Promoters and Associates of the League.

The Scope of the MESSENGER.

As the mission of the MESSENGER is to bring about a union of every Christian heart with the Heart of Jesus and to effect co-operation with the desires of the Sacred Heart, it is clear that the scope of the MESSENGER is as extensive as are the objects in which Christ Himself is interested. Hence, though at first sight some of the subjects treated in our pages may seem to be foreign to our mission, still, on reflection, they will be found to be perfectly consonant with it. Do these articles chronicle the triumphs of Christ's Church in any quarter of the globe, then they gladden our hearts by the knowledge of facts that please the divine Heart. Do they paint her struggles, then they quicken our interest in His cause. Do they portray the beauty of His service and the glory and joy of His faithful followers, they stimulate our desires to follow Him more closely. Do they teach us how to shape our lives aright, they tell us how to reach Him. Do they, while amusing, inculcate Christian virtues, then they show us the adornment of the soul worthy of union with Him. By their effects must they be judged, and as all honest earthly pursuits are but means to eternal union with Christ, their treatment in view of that union is within the scope of the MESSENGER, which seeks to teach men to find God in all things, and not to rest in anything except in union with Him.

St. Joseph, Patron of the Church.

On December 8, 1870, a Pontifical decree declared St. Joseph the Patron of the Universal Church. It was the answer of the Holy Father, Pius IX., to the ardent desires and prayers of the faithful all over the world.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, in various countries and languages, played a prominent part in promoting this new honor for the spouse of the Immaculate Virgin and the foster-father of Jesus Christ.

It was in most trying times that Pius IX. had recourse to St. Joseph in behalf of the Church. The revolutionary party in Italy had seized upon the patrimony of the Vicar of Christ, and sectaries were scattering everywhere the seeds of rebellion against the true faith. France, too, was in the throes of war. Never was there a more opportune time for invoking the powerful support of the Guardian of the Holy Family. Nor does the twenty-fifth anniversary find us in less need of his assistance. Realizing this, Leo XIII. invites all the faithful to unite in celebrating this jubilee of the Protector of the Universal Church.

A committee was appointed to attend to its solemnization in Rome, under the patronage of His Eminence, Cardinal Parocchi. Mgr. Sebastiani, Canon of St. John Lateran, is the President. Novenas and triduums in honor of St. Joseph will be made, and the jubilee festival will be celebrated, by special favor of the Pope, on the third Sunday of Advent, being the octave of the Immaculate Conception of our Blessed Lady.

A decree of the Congregation of Rites, *Urbi et Orbi*, declares that on this Sunday, in all the churches in the city and in the world where a preparatory novena or triduum has been made, a solemn votive Mass, with *Gloria* and *Credo*, may be celebrated in honor of St. Joseph. In the other Masses on this day the commemoration of the feast of the Patronage must be added.

How many motives we have for confidence in St. Joseph! The divinely-appointed guardian of Jesus and Mary, whom they obeyed for so many years, has not lost his power, for relationship is not changed in heaven, and will be refused nothing, especially when the interests of Christ are in question.

It has been well said that God has made Joseph, as it were, His minister-plenipotentiary and His treasurer-general in dispensing graces for souls. This is in accordance with what St. Teresa says: "Other saints help us in such and such a need; but the power of St. Joseph extends to all our needs."

Fruits of a year.

Summing up the work of a year we get an idea of what the League is doing in this country for the glory of God. The result fills us with gratitude for the revelation of a devotion so suited to the times and which draws men so sweetly to the sacrament of God's love.

1,028 Diplomas of Aggregation to the Apostleship of Prayer, were issued during 1895, making a total of 53,139 parishes, communities, schools, and other institutions aggregated throughout the world.

400 Local Centres of the League were established in the United States in 1895, making over 3,500 Centres in communication with this Central Direction.

At 973 Solemn Receptions of Promoters 11,027 received the indulgenced Crosses and Diplomas during 1895, making in all 52,567 who have received them in the United States.

421,000 Certificates of Admission to the Apostleship of Prayer were issued by this Central Direction during the year, making the total membership at present 2,526,000. There were 100,000 more admitted this year than last.

183,000 new Associates were registered this year for the 2d Degree; 1,200,000 Associates now receive the monthly *Decade Leaflets;* in the United States 800,000 Associates make, at least, a Monthly Communion of Reparation.

There are at present about 23,000,000 Associates in the whole world.

First Friday in January.

At the beginning of the year just closing we were advised in the MESSENGER to select the First Friday of last January as a suitable occasion to offer the whole year to the Sacred Heart. It will be profitable on the First Friday of 1896 to look back over the year just ended and see how faithful we have been to our offering. If we have adhered to it we have great cause for rejoicing, and should hasten to consecrate the coming year to the Sacred Heart that it may be a year of still greater blessings. If, during the past year, we have sometimes been unfaithful to our promise, let us learn from our infidelity where the danger lies, and generously take the means to shun it during the coming year that our new offering may be complete, a joy to the Sacred Heart and a blessing to ourselves.

BOOK·NOTICES·

CHRIST IN TYPE AND PROPHECY. By A. J. Maas, S.J., Professor of Oriental Languages in Woodstock College, Md. Vol. II. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1896. 12mo. Pages 500. Price $2.00.

This volume completes one of the most important works on Scripture published in our age. There have been lives of Christ of various kinds—popular and learned, devotional and scientific—in good number, but few have attempted to give a complete and systematic commentary on the prophecies of the Old Testament bearing on the Messias. No such work, to our knowledge, by Catholic or Protestant, has thus far existed in the English language; and we are not sure that there has been any that is altogether complete in any language. And yet the Messianic idea is the soul of the Scriptures of the Old Law, without which they have neither meaning nor purpose.

No study can be more interesting to the Bible scholar than that of the Messianic types and prophecies—the gradual development of the Messianic idea from the somewhat indefinite promise made to our first parents, until it finally takes the most definite shape in the Psalms of David and the visions of the prophets. This development in all its phases and circumstances is brought out in the work before us. In the first volume the reverend author, after a general introduction, treated those prophecies which have reference to the genealogy, the birth, the infancy, the various names of the Messias. In the present volume he continues, on the same plan, to treat of those that bear upon His offices, His public life, His sufferings and death, His glory.

Thus the whole work is divided into eight parts of nearly equal volume. Each prophecy or type bearing on these different heads is treated in a separate chapter or section, in which the learned author pursues the following method: He first premises an introduction, giving the context and establishing the Messianic character of the type or prophecy. Then follows a full commentary on the text. Finally the logical conclusions which follow from the text are briefly and clearly formulated.

It would be impossible here to give any idea of the comprehensiveness, thoroughness and erudition of this learned work. Let students of Scripture, who certainly cannot afford to ignore it, examine it for themselves. They will find that, while it unfolds to all the unspeakable treasures of the Old Testament, it leaves no question touching on the subject it treats without a solution, which, if not entirely satisfactory, will be at least the best obtainable in the present advanced state of Biblical science. The value of the work for apologetical purposes is incalculable. It opens a wide field for the preacher and the controversialist. The argument, reduced to its simplest terms, is convincing alike for agnostic, Jew and pagan: "God cannot testify to what is false. But God has, by means of the Messianic prophecies, testified to the divinity and divine mission of Jesus. Consequently Jesus had a divine mission and nature" (Vol. I., p. 25). We have much reason to be thankful for this valuable gift of talent and industry.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF AN EIGHT DAYS' RETREAT. Arranged for general use by the Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.B. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1895. 12mo. Pages 259. Price $1.00.

This book is both instructive and edifying. In plain and simple language it presents to the reader the eternal truths, the means of salvation, and the maxims and practices of a Christian life in a series of meditations, spiritual readings and conferences, systematically arranged for an eight-days' retreat. There are five exercises set apart for each day—two meditations (one for the forenoon and one for the afternoon), one conference, one spiritual reading, and a short recapitulation, intended for the points of the morning meditation. The various exercises abound in good, solid thought, and contain nothing that may not be practi-

cally applied by the ordinary Christian living in the world.

Technically we might take exception to the practice of making the morning meditation a repetition of the exercises of the preceding day. The proper time for repetitions is the evening, when the mind is tired. New matter should be given for the morning meditation, when the mind is fresh. Besides, in an eight-days' retreat, with four or five exercises a day, we would expect at least three days to be devoted to the meditation of the life of our Lord. The Mysteries of Bethlehem and Nazareth and the public ministry of our Lord cannot fail of their effect on the Christian in the world more than on the religious. On the other hand, subjects like Prayer, Growth in Holiness, etc., are better suited for conferences than for meditation. However, the words of the Apostle may be applied here: "One after this manner, another after that."

ST. PETER. HIS NAME AND OFFICE. By T. W. Allies, K.S.G. with a Preface by the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1895. 12mo. Pages xii. and 332. Price 2s. 6d.

The primacy of St. Peter and of his successor, the Roman Pontiff, is the basis of Catholic unity. It is the cardinal pivot upon which hinges the organic union of Christendom now so eagerly looked for by Catholics and Protestants. This circumstance makes the appearance of this excellent work most timely. It is taken in the main from the Latin work of Father Passaglia on the Prerogatives of St. Peter, which has thus far been unsurpassed on this special question of fundamental theology. The argument is based exclusively on Holy Scripture, treating *in extenso* the various texts of the New Testament bearing on St. Peter and his office. The primacy of St. Peter is developed before us. This office is promised in the very name which he received from his Master—the rock, the foundation of the Church, against which the powers of hell shall not prevail. It is conferred on him with the words: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my Church. . . . And I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." He was solemnly invested with this power when the Saviour gave him charge to feed, rule, and govern His entire flock, saying: "Feed my lambs; feed my sheep." St. Peter also exercised this supreme authority over the apostles and the faithful, as may be seen from the Acts of the Apostles.

The supremacy of St. Peter is not made to rest on any one text in particular, but on the cumulative evidence of all, taken in their context and their connection with one another. Thus the argument is complete. The treatment is luminous, and as popular as the nature of the subject could bear The make-up of the book is very tasteful. It is destined, we have no doubt, to do grand service in the present movement for reunion.

ANGLICAN FALLACIES; OR LORD HALIFAX ON REUNION. By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. London: Catholic Truth Society. 12mo. Pages 114. Price 8 pence.

Father Rivington, in that interesting style peculiar to him, reviews the history of the Anglican schism and of the various fruitless efforts of reunion made since the days of Henry VIII. to our own time. He sums up the effect of his study in the following conclusions: "(1) The idea of unity contained in the metaphor which our Lord used of the Church, *viz.*: that of a *kingdom*, involves a society linked together by visible communion. (2) None of the Fathers countenance the notion that the unity of the Church consists in her union with our Lord, and not also in visible union and intercommunion between the various parts of the Church. (3) The occasional suspensions of intercommunion that have taken place in past times amongst those still reckoned as within the visible Church afford no parallel to the chasm that has long yawned between England and Rome. (4) Those in communion with Rome do present the spectacle of unity amongst themselves which indicates a supernatural aid. (5) Reunion must, therefore, involve a restoration to this unity. It will be the work of the Spirit to gather men into the unity already achieved on so large a scale, and in respect of such a vast range of truth, as is to be found in the Roman Catholic Church."

REASONS FOR REJECTING ANGLICAN ORDERS. By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society. 12mo. Pages 150. Price 1s.

This is a very thorough and compact little treatise, and the most up-to-date yet published on the subject. Father Smith's contention is that Anglican orders are to be rejected because the

Anglican Ordinal is not the form of the Church, but a downright and intentional *corruption* of it, in a heretical sense; because the Anglican form is a form of man's devising, snbstituted, in defiance of all the laws of prudence, for the form which is the venerable and apostolic inheritance of the Church; and because it is uncertain whether Barlow, who officiated at the consecration of Parker, from whom the Anglican succession is derived, had himself the episcopal character, and whether the essentials of the ritnal were carried out in the consecration act. He concludes:

"How a Catholic can anticipate that the Church will ever give her sanction to orders, over the value of which so much doubt hangs, or allow those who have no other title to priesthood to stand at her altars is more than we are able to understand. And if Anglicans can rely upon their efficacy with perfect contentment, generation after generation, they must forgive us for inferring that, however much they may imagine themselves to believe in apostolic succession, their belief is altogether wanting in the intense earnestuess which characterizes ours."

POPULAR INSTRUCTIONS ON MARRIAGE. By Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. New York: Benziger Brothers. 32mo. Pages 190. Price 50 cents.

This is a very timely little book. It treats in a plain and popular style the dignity of marriage, its indissolubility, mixed marriages, preparation for marriage, duties of married people, duties of parents, the education of children; to which are appended a rule of life for young people, an instruction on the examination of conscience, and some practical admonitions from the writings of St. Alphonsus. It deserves a place in every Christian family, and is sure to do good to young and old alike.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES of the Catholic Church Institutions of Philadelphia. A Parish Register and Book of Reference. Philadelphia: Daniel H. Mahoney. 8vo. Pages 230. Price 50 cents.

These sketches are of more than local interest, as they practically contain the history of Catholicity in the archdiocese of Philadelphia, as embodied in the churches and institutions, from the foundation of St. Joseph's Church in 1732, to our own day. The historical items have in each case been submitted for revision to the pastors of churches and the heads of institntions, so that they may be presumed to be fairly accurate. It is gratifying to observe the rapid and solid progress of the Church in the Quaker City.

SWAN SWANSON, the American Citizen. Showing how he joined and why he abandoned the A. P. A. By Hon. Michael J. Doyle, Ex-member of the Michigan Legislature. Chicago: J. S. Hyland & Co. Pages 309.

Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. Those who never heard of the tactics of the A. P. A. might be inclined to regard this book as sensational. Yet it is not only based on truth, but most of its incidents are literally true. Swan Swanson is a sturdy Swede, who, like many of his countrymen, came to this country in quest of fortune. He is niether a philosopher nor a litterateur, nor the *privat-docent* of a German University, nor the heir to millions, like Dr. Claudius. He is a youth of sound, stalwart common sense, whose lot is cast among the struggling millions. He rises to eminence through his own merits. His trials and triumphs are told, and well told, in this volume. This story puts before us a phase of American life before which the conventionalities of the "four hundred" and of the distinguished foreigners of New York and Newport, dwindle into insignificance. While it reveals an appalling state of depravity, it is not a pessimistic story. The evil is more than compensated by the portrayal of characters of sterling and robust virtue.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 11,104.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v, 18.)

——— ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 1. — A young man, who had given himself up to all kinds of excesses for five years, and whose conversion seemed hopeless, returned to his duties after his friends had recommended him to the Blessed Virgin and the prayers of the League.

BALTIMORE, MD., NOVEMBER 3.—A seminarian, who was much distressed by a nervous affection, wishes to return thanks for relief which he obtained after making a novena of Communions in honor of the Sacred Heart and our Lady of Perpetual Help.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., NOVEMBER 3.—Thanks are returned for the saving of a large piece of property through the Sacred Heart. It was to be sold for a debt and the money to pay it was received from an unexpected quarter at the last minute.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., NOVEMBER 3.—I return thanks for the safety of my four children. The oldest took scarlet fever and two doctors said nothing could prevent the others from catching it. I promised publication and a monthly Mass for the souls in purgatory.

GALLITZIN, PA., NOV. 4.—A mother returns thanks for the cure of a headache, which was so severe that it almost threatened to deprive her of her reason, also for several other favors received.

OMAHA, NEB., NOV. 5.—Thanks are returned for a spiritual favor after invoking the Guardian Angel of the person who was to be the instrument of conferring the favor; also for the recovery of a person seriously injured.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, NOV. 6.—A Promoter returns thanks for the happy death of a man who had neglected his duties for twenty-five years. He was recommended to the League and publication was promised. Soon after he asked for a priest and received the last Sacraments.

HORANIFF, KANSAS, NOVEMBER 6.—A prayer was granted by the Sacred Heart. The favor—means to obtain money—was not possible except through divine power. A Mass, a Communion and publication were promised.

HANFORD, CAL., NOVEMBER 6.—I received a severe bruise on my left ankle. It swelled, became black, hard and painful, and seemed a serious injury. Nothing relieved it until I bound the Badge on the affected spot, left it there, and used nothing else. In a short time it was entirely healed, and has caused no further trouble.

STEPHAN, S. DAK., NOVEMBER 7.—Thanks are offered for the preservation of the Indian Mission Chapel, the Sisters' and the Girls' building, while the main building, only sixty-four feet distant, was burned to the ground on October 30.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 9.—Sincere thanks are offered for two great temporal favors: one was the excellent sale of some property, and the other was the securing of a good Catholic tenant for an empty house. A mass and publication were promised. On the First Friday of this month the latter favor was granted.

——IOWA, NOVEMBER 10.—An Associate returns thanks for the restoration of two sums of money, through the intercession of St. Anthony. A promise was made to assist at two Masses, receive Holy Communion twice, recite two rosaries and to publish the favors.

PORTSMOUTH, VA., NOVEMBER 10.—Two favors are gratefully acknowledged. A father, who had been away from the sacraments for many years, was reconciled to God, and died in peace. A splendid position was obtained, after recommending it to the prayers of the League and promising a donation to the most needy mission, although there seemed not a shadow of a chance to obtain it.

NEW YORK, N. Y., NOVEMBER 16.—About a year ago a Promoter went into business for herself. Times were hard, and she was not successful. Forced to give up the business, she applied to her former employers, but her place was filled. Other applications and advertisements were fruitless. Her funds were dwindling down, and she lost, by death, her beloved brother. One day she called her brother by name, and said: "If death has not broken our affection, and if you can hear and help me, do so at once, and I shall have a Mass, in honor of the Sacred Heart, said for you every month." A few hours later a letter came from an unthought-of source, bidding her call next day on a certain firm. She did so, and got a position equal to her former one.

NEW YORK, N. Y., NOVEMBER 18.—A girl was cured of a serious mental trouble, that threatened her health and usefulness, by wearing the Badge and by prayer. The burden has been lifted from her brain and heart, and she is able to perform her duties.

POCAHONTAS, ARK., NOVEMBER 21.—A man was mortally wounded by being thrown from a wagon; he was knocked senseless, and both legs were crushed off. It was thought that he would never revive. Devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart were promised, as well as publication. In a short time the man recovered consciousness, and, after devoutly receiving the last sacraments, died a happy death. Also, for the recovery of a child very dangerously sick. A novena of rosaries in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, was promised. The disease left the child after the recital of the first rosary.

SOUTH BOSTON, NOVEMBER —.—I had been troubled with a very sore eye. A doctor had treated it, but for one week I was blind. I wore the Badge on it for three days and promised publication. In a week I was entirely cured.

Spiritual Favors: Conversion to the faith of a husband; a religious vocation; a happy death for one who had been long insane; prevention of scandal; reclaiming to a good life of two sons; a person going to confession after three years of neglect; return of a sinner who had neglected her duties for nine years; bringing back of a brother to his duties after twenty years; happy death of a man who had not been to his duties in forty years; of a woman, away for some fifty years; also many other favors.

Temporal Favors:—Recovery of a person given up by the doctors; a successful surgical operation; speedy and permanent cure of severe pain in the back by using St. Ignatius' water and promising publication; cure of sore eyes; relief from severe pain; cure of heart disease pronounced incurable by doctors; relief from a stomach trouble; the easy death of one threatened with a painful agony; cure of a serious trouble of long standing; fruitfulness for one long barren; restoration to health of a mother ill for many years; a favorable change in a fever on promising publication; speedy recovery of a child from diphtheria, when beyond medical aid; recovery of an Associate by making a novena, from an illness of eight months' standing; a cure through Ven. Mother Barat; successful operation on the eye of an aged man, the Badge was applied with soothing effect; favorable settlement of an apparently hopeless lawsuit; relief from pecuniary embarrassment; recovery of a lost ticket of value; means to pay an important debt; work obtained in an unexpected manner; protection during three bad storms; a remarkable preservation from fire, also from a contagious disease; escape on a dangerous sea voyage; also many other favors obtained from the Sacred Heart through our Lady under various titles, St. Joseph, St. Anne, St. Anthony, St. Ignatius and other saints.

Favors through the Badge:—Cure of two children from a serious attack of bronchitis; cure of a severe case of neuralgia and rheumatism; an instant cure of toothache; speedy relief of stiffness in the neck; relief from neuralgia; cure of a sore eye by applying Lourdes water and the Badge; almost instant relief from a dangerous disease; also many other favors through the Badge and the Promoter's Cross.

AFTER THE MARTYRDOM—DORÉ.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. FEBRUARY, 1896. No. 2.

RESPICE FINEM.

By F. M.

SOUL, when thy life is done, and the day-beam golden
Shows as a changing light, dim, mist-enfolden,
That glimmers on a waste of heaving sea,
How will thy life-long ways then seem to thee?
Like to the beaten shore, all barren, drear,
With cold, gray sands, and tangled drift-weed sere,
And empty shells and bleaching wrecks bestrown,
And shapes that tell of death and sorrow's moan?

Or, will thy works rise up like stars that bring
Radiant hope and lightsome comforting
Unto the weary toiler on the wave,
And bid him do a manly part and brave?
For rest is nigh and the warm light of home,
And loveful eyes are peering through the gloam,
And hearts are throbbing for him wistfully.
Undying soul, what will thy life's work be?

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SAVANA LA MAR.

THE GEM OF THE ANTILLES.

By R. M. Bernard.

WHEN the proposition was made to us last November to spend a few week's holiday on the island of Jamaica we were at first disposed to treat the idea as a joke. Jamaica for a holiday! The very thought of it seemed absurd. Visions of Yellow Jack and all sorts of tropical unhealthiness were at once suggested by the mere mention of the name. We had a well-defined idea that Kingston was a second Sierra Leone so unsavorily known to English colonists as "the white man's grave."

Our friend, however, was so enthusiastic on the beauties of the "gem of the Antilles" and so earnest in his defence of the climate, that we at length gave in a weak and half-hearted adhesion to his plans for our vacation, and, after making our will (*honoris causâ*, as the university dons say) and bidding a tender farewell to our friends, who all took a *quem deus vult perdere* view of the matter, we embarked on a comfortable steamship for what to us was indeed a voyage of discovery.

We reached Kingston, in a trifle less than five days, with the vaguest notions of the island, its natural attractions or its degree of civilization. Floating dimly in our minds were some hazy recollections of the part played in Western history by the famous buccaneers of the Spanish Main, and during the voyage from New York our cicerone had told us wonderful stories of the doings of Mansvelt, Davis, Morgan, and the other pirate heroes of Port Royal. We remembered that our English history had taught us in our schooldays that Jamaica had been taken from Spain by the English under Oliver Cromwell, and also recalled the

fact that the island had been the great centre of the slave trade of the West Indies, the importation of slaves in the eighteenth century reaching the enormous total of half a million souls.

When we landed at Kingston we were at once struck with the appropriateness of the island's name which is believed to be derived from words meaning "the land of water and of wood." No description could apply better. Jamaica is indeed a land of water and of wood—with a few good-sized mountain chains and peaks thrown in to complete the scenic effect. The entire island is situated within the tropics and as it is traversed, as the guide book says, by lofty mountain ranges, every variety of climate is met with, from the ardent tropical temperature of the plains to the cooler atmosphere of the Blue Mountain Peak, where the mercury occasionally drops to the freezing point. The soil is wonderfully fertile and, besides an unlimited wealth of tropical vegetation, we saw growing on the plains many of the fruits and vegetables that are found only in temperate latitudes.

Kingston, the capital of the island, and the most important town in the British West Indies, is a very interesting place, and we were agreeably disappointed on discovering that it is quite an up-to-date city. Churches of every denomination, public buildings of no mean pretensions, markets, well-built and well-managed hotels and, last but not least, several miles of street-car lines speedily dissipate one's ideas of tropical simplicity, but add greatly to the comfort and enjoyment of the visitor.

Tourists unaccustomed to tropical manners and customs cannot fail to be both amused and interested by this "city under the sun." Everything is so different from what they have seen before, and the houses, the streets, the people and the extravagant wealth of tropical vegetation which everywhere abounds, are each in turn the objects of surprise and delighted admiration.

Our friends in New York who had prophesied all sorts of disagreeable experiences for us had warned us that we should find Kingston hotter than —— well, than a record-breaking September day in New York. It certainly is not in the plane of comparison with "Greenland's Icy Mountains," but the heat there, in our experience, was no worse than in fifty other places in which we had managed to be tolerably comfortable at different times. Compared to the white glaring streets of Valetta in the island of Malta, to Aden in the Red Sea, to Colombo in Ceylon, when the Simoom blows, or to Cooktown on the Queensland coast, we found Kingston as refreshing as a glass of bitter ale in Melbourne, when the "hot wind" blew. The fact appears to be that the climatic character of the town has been grossly maligned and certainly the numerous foreign residents manage to get along very comfortably with a due observance of the ordinary laws of hygiene.

Kingston shops afford plenty of amusement to the stranger and are oftentimes a trap to the unwary. They are for the most part kept by natives, descendants of the liberated slaves, often with a dash of white blood evidenced by the great variety of color shades.

As few of these shopkeepers have

BOG WALK.

adopted the one-price system, such a dialogue as this is often heard:

"Good morning, Peter! I want a pair of shoes for my little boy."

"Good maanin', missy. He's jes' what' yo's a lookin' fe."

"Yes; I think they will do, Peter. What price are they?"

"Well, missy, I chaage any oder body ten shillin' fe dem shoes; but yo's a good cus'mer to me 'n I let yo' hab 'em fe eight shillin'."

BANANA CARRIERS.

"Oh, Peter! You know those shoes are not worth anything like that."

"Lo' bress yo' missy; d'ye tink ole Peter him tief? I'se gwine t'lose money by dem shoes; say, yo' gib him six shillin'."

"Three shillings, Peter."

"Say him faave shillin, missy."

"Three shillings is plenty for them."

"Say him foh shillin' missy. Well, den tree shillin'.

And the lady departs with her purchase, while Peter goes through the same process of haggling with his next customer.

One should not leave Kingston without visiting the museum, which contains many curious and interesting relics of the early history of the island. The custodians take a grim delight in pointing out the iron torture cage, which is said to have contained, when exhumed, the bones of a woman. The library boasts 12,000 volumes, and many rare old folios containing some remarkable records of the former Spanish rulers and of the exploits of the buccaneers.

There is good sea fishing to be had in the harbor of Kingston, and the variety of fish which our lines made us acquainted with was a constant source of surprise. The names of many of them, such as welshmen, angels, pipers, grunts, parrots, cowfish and hogfish, were absolutely new to us, and every species of the finny family seemed to be here represented. We made excursions to many points around the harbor, and

found much to interest us. In fact the shores of this beautiful bay seem to teem with historical reminiscences.

We were rather disappointed in Port Royal, whose remains afford scant evidence of the magnificent architecture and sumptuous luxury that we are told characterized the city in the days when the buccaneers made it their headquarters, and enriched it with their plunder. The terrible earthquake of 1692 overwhelmed the city and its inhabitants in one common ruin. Here and there we came across some relic of medieval architecture or a piece of old Spanish carving that would gladden the heart of a collector of antiques, but beyond the names of the streets, to which still cling the memories of the picaroons who were wont to strut along them in all the splendor of silks and velvets and gold lace, there is little to remind one of the former glory of the town.

The great Catholic church of the old city, with many of its finest buildings, now lies at the bottom of the harbor, but there is a church still standing, which was built, according to the natives, previous to the earthquake. The date, 1725-1726, upon a marble slab on the wall of the edifice seemed, however, to cast some slight doubt on our informant's veracity. A richly carved organ gallery of age-blackened mahogany excited our admiration, and the obituary tablets with which the walls were covered recorded the fate of many an English soldier and sailor laid to rest here, far from his native shores.

The trim and orderly dockyard was a more cheerful sight, with its bright red and green paint harmonizing well with the brilliant colors of the surrounding landscape; and the bustle and activity, consequent on the presence of the British North Atlantic squadron in the waters of Port Royal, served as a welcome distraction from the air of gloom which surrounds the once great capital of the Spanish Main.

The majority of the numerous forts and batteries which protected the old town are in ruins. Fort Charles alone still stands on its original foundations, which have withstood the earthquakes and hurricanes of 200 years. The famous British Admiral Nelson was commandant of the fort and around every stone of the old fort the natives have wreathed some anecdote of the hero of the Nile.

The barrier reef of the Palisadoes which had attracted our attention from the sea, looking as it does like the fierce, jagged spikes of a steep palisade, is the site of the naval cemetery and the numbers of brave seamen who have left their bones here seem to have caused an atmosphere of perpetual gloom to hang about its crab-infested sands. It is a gruesome spot and we were glad to turn from it to inspect the well-appointed quarantine station which is situated not far off at Green Bay, on the western side of Port Royal Harbor, between Fort Clarence and the Apostles' Battery. This battery was "named for" St. Peter and his companions, but there must have been an Irishman at the christening, for seeing there were not twelve guns in the fort we were reminded of Larry Doolin's assertion, that the sculptured figures on the Dublin post-office were the Twelve Apostles. When met with the objection that there were but three, the celebrated jehu stoutly replied that the rest were inside sorting the letters.

On the land side many pleasant excursions may be made from Kingston on foot, on horseback or in carriages, and indeed, the cyclist will find admirable facilities for his favorite mode of locomotion, on the 2,000 miles of excellent macadamized roads which the island contains. Up Park Camp a mile and a half from the city to the northeast of the fine race-course are the headquarters of the West India Regiment, manned by natives and officered by whites, and here the redcoats vary the monotony of their military duties with cricket, tennis, polo and even hurdle-racing.

Taking the main road across the island from Kingston to Annotto Bay, after three miles we reach the village of Half-way Tree, a cluster of small stores and houses with a picturesque old church and graveyard. Along the road are dotted cool looking white villas with wide vine-covered verandas, surrounded by bread fruits, mangoes, tree ferns, bright scarlet and yellow flowering shrubs, stately palms, and broad-leafed shady century plants. These are the residents of the better class citizens. In the neighborhood are many fine mansions, prominent among which is King's House, a handsome structure built in the comfortable style of the country, with broad piazzas, in the centre of a beautiful garden, tastefully laid out, with a wealth of flowers, shrubs and shade trees. Here the governor of the island, Sir Henry Blake, entertains with open-handed hospitality the society of the island, and here visitors to Jamaica are always sure of a cordial welcome.

Not far off is a villa which long sheltered the family of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the well-known author, whose daughter, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, a convert, inherits her father's literary tastes. His son, Julian, who lately won the $10,000 *Herald* prize for the best novel, has become a resident of the island. In the cemetery of the old church, which dates from the days of the "good Queen Anne," is the grave of Col. Harrison, a granduncle of our own ex-President, and for many years the representative of the United States in the island of Jamaica.

On a market day the road presents a busy, animated scene. Tram-cars, carriages, bicycles, saddle-horses and heavily laden mules and donkeys dispute the way with throngs of native women, bearing on their heads heavy burdens of fruit and other market produce. These women are a bright, merry, happy-go-lucky kind of folk. They do almost all the work, the men appearing to consider it beneath their dignity to labor hard. The ships at the wharves are loaded and unloaded by the women, they break stone, carry materials for building, do house and field-work, drive panier-laden donkeys and mules, and, in fine, think nothing of carrying on their heads a load of produce heavy enough for a donkey, and "toting" it ten or fifteen miles to market. They laugh and joke and sing under their burdens, avoid the passing horses or vehicles—for there is no sidewalk—quarrel among themselves and make up again, and finally "get there" with their long, gliding gait, half-swing, half-roll, not unlike that of their Dutch sisters, who skate to market along the frozen dykes of the Netherlands. The carriage of these native women is really majestic, and would be a revelation to our new-woman athletes on the possibilities of a course of long walks with a fifty-pound weight on the head.

A thirteen-mile horseback ride took us from the hotel at Constant Spring, which is about three miles further on the road than Half-way Tree, to Castleton, the beauty place par excellence of Jamaica. The way led along a beautiful mountain road, through mango groves, banana patches and groups of plantains and banyans, which tempered the ardent rays of the sun, and through the broad leaves of the trees we obtained delightful glimpses of beautiful mountain scenery, with Blue Mountain Peak, 7,000 feet high, towering majestically in the distance. The long ride seemed as nothing, so delightful was the scenery. Plantations bright with the changing hues of the tobacco plant, cocoanut groves, fields of sugar cane, cottonwood trees apparently blazing with the brilliant flame colors of the parasitical orchids, here and there a native hut, daubed over with red or yellow clay, an occasional glimpse of a silvery stream and a winding road far below in the valley—the latter gay with a moving panorama of brightly clad market women, vehicles and animals—all combined to form an ideal

KING'S HOUSE.

landscape, with the bold, irregular, crumpled-like forms of the mountains in the background.

Castleton Park is a veritable Garden of Eden, and seems to have been created to show what nature could do in her kindest mood. A rich and fertile valley, a beautiful stream, now rushing along in rapid eddies, now resting tranquilly in sheltered pools, as if giving up the idea of ever reaching the ocean; a mean temperature of about seventy-five degrees, and an abundant and equable rainfall—these are the gifts of nature to this favored spot. To these have been added all that the science of the botanist and the skill of the trained gardener could acomplish. Every part of the globe has been laid under contribution, and there are few families of the vegetable kingdom that are not here represented. The plants and flowers are artistically and tastefully arranged, and the result is a botanical garden such as probably no other country in the world can exhibit. The harmonies of the natural landscape have been carefully preserved, and art has been kept to her proper sphere as nature's handmaid. St. Iago de la Vega, or Spanish Town, as it is gen erally called, is a pleasant place to spend a few days. It is delightfully situated about fourteen miles west of Kingston, on the Rio Cobre, a beautiful river running between banks shadowed by splendid palm-trees, with here and there a clump of the beautiful feathery bamboo, that can only be likened to a group of feathery ostrich plumes. Spanish Town was the official residence of the governor until about twenty years ago, and the King's House, as the official residence is called, is the finest building of its kind on the island. A fine statue of Rodney, the great sea-captain, whose naval successes are so closely interwoven with the history of the island, occupies a prominent position, under a handsome stone cupola, on the public square.

In the neighborhood of Spanish Town we found much to interest us. The Bog Walk gorge (an English sailor's corruption of Bocca del agua) is deservedly looked upon as one of the most beautiful spots in Jamaica. Other places that well

repaid a visit were Milk River, where there are natural hot and cold springs containing valuable medicinal qualities; Port Henderson, near which are some wonderful caves; Bath, a favorite holiday resort, with a popular mineral spring, and Rodney's "Lookout," from which the famous admiral "watched the adjacent sea for the French."

Although a British colony with a governor appointed by the Queen of England, we found the tone of thought, especially in commercial circles in Jamaica to be, as an English author expresses it, "much more American than English, and reference is much more frequently made to the opinion of the States and New York than to that of England and London." Of the total exports from the island the United States take over fifty per cent., while England is satisfied with about thirty. The import trade from the United States also is growing rapidly and much American capital has been invested in the development of Jamaican resources. The most notable illustration of this, perhaps, is the extension of the railroads on the island. The Jamaica Railway, a British organization, was incorporated in 1843, but up to 1885 only sixty-five miles were built, the British government having purchased the roads in 1877. In 1890 Mr. Frederick Wesson, of the New York firm of Hoadly & Co., organized the West India Improvement Co. in this city, and the road was purchased from the government of the island. The company was pledged to extend the line, and the work of construction was almost immediately begun upon plans and surveys made by an American engineer, Mr. George H. Latham, of Virginia. The extension from Porus, where the English built line had ended, to Montego Bay on the northwest coast was opened for traffic last February. About forty-five miles of the northeastern extension from Bog Walk to Port Antonio via Annotto Bay, a distance of about fifty miles, have since been finished and this

HALF TREE INN.

road was expected to be ready for use by January 1. This will make a total of 120 miles built by the American company in less than six years.

We had the distinction of travelling from Kingston to Montego Bay on the first train that ran over the completed line, and were in very high company on the trip, the governor of the island and many distinguished colonists being among our fellow-passengers. By this line the north and south sides of the island are connected, and it has made it possible to go and return from Kingston to Montego Bay in a single day. The country through which the railroad passes, besides being picturesque and beautiful, is very rich in commercial products: growing sugar, coffee, bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, and many of the most valuable woods and spices, all of which will find a market eagerly awaiting them, now that they can be easily transported to the coast.

In the country around Montego Bay we found much to interest us. Near St. Ann's Bay, on the north coast, was the site of "Sevilla d' Oro;" Golden Seville, founded by Don Juan de Esquivel, Jamaica's first governor. It seemed hardly credible that in that early day, surrounded by what was then an unknown wilderness, a city should have sprnng up of which we read that the pavements of its cathedral extended two miles, that its theatres and palaces were splendid, and its monastery world famous. Along the coast to the eastward as far as Port Antonio we found numbers of towns whose chief industry is the collection and shipment of the banana crop of the surrounding country. Most of this fruit goes to the United States, and near St. Margaret's Bay, on the Rio Grande, we found Golden Vale, once a great sugar estate, but now devoted to banana cultivation by an American company.

From Port Antonio, to which the growth of the fruit culture has given a promise of future prosperity, we rode along the coast through great estates to Manchioneal, thence to Bath, where there is a fine sulphur spring, on the Port Morant and through the Maroon settlement of Nanny Town to Morant Bay, the scene of a terrible massacre of the whites in 1865. Thence we got back once more by the Windward Road to Constant Spring, and so to our first landing place, Kingston, whence we sailed for home after a few days, carrying with us the pleasantest feelings of our few weeks' sojourn in the gem of the Antilles.

A brief reference to the people of the island will not be without interest unless our powers of description fail to make even a small fraction of the impression on the reader that the originals made upon us. Almost every shade of color may be seen, from the golden hair, blue eyes and fair skin of the Anglo-Saxon, to the jet black, wavy locks, sparkling black eyes and swarthy cheeks, which plainly proclaim a Southern origin. Through many variations the color shades from brown to olive and to yellow, and the end of the chain is reached in the jet black skin and wool-covered head of the full-blooded negro.

There is a system of public schools, which is doing much to lift the native population from the depths of superstition in which the descendants of the slaves were long sunk. And there are also several training and reformatory schools.

St. George's College for the higher education of boys, is under the charge of the Jesuit Fathers, who belong to the Maryland-New York Province.

There are only twenty Catholic schools in Jamaica, but very creditable results have been obtained, and the schools of the Franciscan Sisters have for years earned the highest commendation of the government inspectors. The industrial school at Alpha Cottage, conducted by a branch of the English Sisters of Mercy, is one of the most interesting places to the visitor. It is for orphans, waifs and strays and the children are all colored.

Their handiwork won a diploma of honor at the educational exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair.

The Church of the Holy Trinity is the only Catholic church in Kingston, and the Jesuit Fathers attached to it have no sinecure. Bishop Gordon, the head of the mission, informed us that he and his assistants have an extensive territory to minister to and, poorly manned as the mission has been, the work has involved no small degree of hardship and self-denial. The bishop is a perfect type of a courteous well-bred English gentleman. His heart is thoroughly in his work, and his discourses, of which we heard more than one during our stay, are plain, practical and full of common sense and are worded so that the humblest of his hearers can understand. They are characterized, too, by a spirit of perfect toleration. There are eight Jesuit Fathers doing educational and missionary work on the island. Those who have the outlying and distant missions have to suffer many privations. But much good is being effected.

The better class residents of Kingston and the larger towns are, as a rule, refined and highly educated, and many of them have visited both Europe and America.

The Victoria Institute in Kingston is active in the promotion of science, literature and art. Music and letters have many patrons and the community is eminently a social one. Balls, dinners and garden parties are frequent. A Jamaican dinner table is a thing of beauty that might even excite the envy of a Fifth Avenue hostess. The warmth of the tropics has infused itself into the manners of the people and one is irresistibly charmed by the admirable blending of self-respect and warm-hearted hospitality with which he is received on a visit to the island.

English is the universal language and every variety of it may be heard from the refined accents of the better class residents of Kingston to the flat guttural jabbering brogue of the negro peasants whom it is next to impossible to understand. The people are contented and happy and there are no shocking contrasts between wealth and misery. If superstition still holds sway over the minds of many of the negroes it is steadily giving way before the influence of education which is advancing rapidly.

There is plenty of field for the investment of capital to advantage in encouraging manufactures, developing the natural wealth of the island or in establishing good hotels for the comfortable accommodation of the increasing number of tourists who have discovered the many advantages the island offers as a winter resort.

Every one in Jamaica is hospitable and the visitor soon begins to feel at home in a country where it seems to be the aim of everybody to make him comfortable, from the governor down to the humblest negro servant who greets him in the morning with a cheerful "Hopes maastah is well this maanin." It is a delightful place to visit either for the invalid, who cannot fail to be benefited by the "perpetual June" which has been accurately used to describe the climate of the island during the whole year, for the botanist who can never tire of the endless variety of flora to be found in an island which boasts no less than 500 different species of fern, or for the admirer of grand and picturesque scenery.

IN NAZARETH.

THE RETREAT IN NAZARETH.

By Rev. James Conway, S.J.

"CAN anything good come out of Nazareth?" said Nathaniel to Philip, when the latter, in transports of joy, announced to him that he had found "Him of whom Moses in the Law and the Prophets did write." In this the guileless Nathaniel was only reiterating the popular prejudice, which had passed into a proverb.

How such a prejudice should arise and gain currency it is hard to understand. Nazareth is by nature decidedly the most favored spot of the Holy Land. It nestles in the mountains of Galilee, in a spacious basin or amphitheatre, surrounded by a circular range of hills some 500 feet in height, and is thus concealed from the view of the approaching traveller, until after having climbed the steep and narrow pathway his eye lights upon the white roofs of the village, strewn in the green valley "like a handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald." An ancient Christian writer compares Nazareth to an earthly paradise, and attributes its loveliness to the supernatural favor of the divine Child and His holy Mother. "Its women," he says, "are endowed with incomparable grace, and their beauty, which surpasses all the maidens of Juda, is a gift from Mary. As for its wines, its honey, its oils and its fruits, it yields not the palm even to fruitful Egypt."

Nazareth, according to all recent accounts, has lost much of this glory. Yet its rich, green meadows, its shady hollows, its limpid springs, its fig and olive trees, its oranges and pomegranates, are still unsurpassed.

From the village itself you can only see the blue firmament and the slopes of the surrounding hills; but you have only to ascend a few hundred yards and the most magnificent scene opens upon the view from three sides. From the brow of this hill the eye of the Saviour

many a time may have surveyed the wide plain of Esdraelon, the scene of so many bloody battles, stretching away to the south; the snow-clad peaks of Libanus and Hermon, glittering in the serene atmosphere, on the north; and, to the west, the radiant Mediterranean, laden with galleys bearing the wealth and power of mighty Rome.

Yet for all that natural beauty of the "Flower of Galilee," it was held in contempt by the Jews. This, probably, was only a part of that odium which attached to the whole region of Galilee, owing to the mixed character of its population. In Galilee were situated the twenty cities which Solomon had given to Hiram in return for his services in transporting timber for the building of the temple; and from an early period it had become the seat of a foreign population, whence it was called "Galilee of the Gentiles." Yet Galilee, and Nazareth in particular, so despised by the Jews, were privileged before all other portions of the Holy Land as the residence of the God-Man for nearly thirty years of His earthly life, "that it might be fulfilled which was said by the prophets," says St. Matthew, "that he shall be called a Nazarite."

Philip said to Nathaniel: "Come and see." So I would at this moment say to my reader: "Come and see, if anything of good can come from Nazareth." Let us seek out the Holy House. It differs little in appearance from other houses in Nazareth. According to tradition, it was built against a slanting rock in which there was a cavern. This cave was made to form a part of the dwelling—an expedient which is by no means rare in the East. It was in this grotto that the angel appeared to our Blessed Lady, and that the Word was made flesh. The grotto and the place where the house stood now form the crypt of the Franciscan Church in Nazareth. In the grotto stands an altar of the Annunciation, and in the vestibule, which occupies the site of the Holy House, are two other altars, dedicated respectively to the Archangel Gabriel and to SS. Joachim and Anna.

Nothing can be plainer than the Oriental dwelling. It usually consists of one apartment. Mats or carpets are strewn along the walls. The furniture is scant. From the centre hangs a lamp, which is the only ornament of the apartment. On a ledge running along the wall are placed the vessels and other articles of daily use, while the household treasures are stowed away in a wooden chest placed in a recess of the wall. The table consists of a large tray, which at meal-time is placed upon a wooden stand in the centre of the room. On this tray is placed the dish from which all help themselves in common. So the custom is now, and so it was at the time of our Saviour. If there was anything that distinguished the Holy House from the other dwellings of the poor in Nazareth, it was order, tidiness and cleanliness—certainly not luxury.

These were the simple surroundings in which the King of kings chose to dwell among us for thirty years—in which it pleased Him to grow up, to toil, to pray, to obey and to advance in wisdom and favor with God and men.

The notices in the Gospels concerning the hidden life of our Lord in Nazareth are very scant. St. Matthew relates that after the death of Herod, an angel of the Lord appeared again to St. Joseph in Egypt, saying: "Arise and take the child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel; for they are dead that sought the life of the child; who arose, and took the child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel. But hearing that Archælaus reigned in Judea, in the room of Herod, his father, he was afraid to go thither; and being warned in sleep, retired into the quarters of Galilee. And coming he dwelt in the city of Nazareth; that it might be fulfilled which was said by the prophets, that he shall be called a Nazarite."

St. Luke tells us how, after the Presentation of our Lord in the Temple, Mary

and Joseph with the Child "returned into Galilee, to their city, Nazareth; and the child grew, and waxed strong, full of wisdom; and the grace of God was in him." Then follows the episode of His visit to the Temple at the age of twelve, how He remained behind, and was found on the third day in the Temple, "sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions; and all that heard him were astonished at his wisdom, and his answers." St. Luke concludes his narrative of the childhood and youth of our Lord with the words: "And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them. And his mother kept all these words in her heart. And Jesus advanced in wisdom, and age, and grace with God and men."

We have in St. Mark the further testimony of the people of Nazareth that our Lord practised the trade of a carpenter, and that He had a number of near relatives living in that community, or, as some think, in the same household with Him. "Is not this the carpenter, the Son of Mary, the brother of James and Joseph, and Jude, and Simon? Are not also His sisters here with us?" It is hardly needful here to remind the reader that the "brothers and sisters" here mentioned are only the first cousins of Jesus, who are frequently designated in Scripture as brothers and sisters. This usage prevails not only in the Hebrew, but also in the Greek language.

Those hints concerning the youth of our Saviour are, indeed, few and short. But they open a wide field for consideration. They present the characteristic features of the hidden life of our divine Lord—an outline which is sufficient for our instruction, edification and imitation. Those few traits are so general that every one, no matter in what condition, can apply them to himself; whereas, if they were more detailed, the application might be less easy.

The first thing that strikes us in this retired life of our Lord is its entire humanness. The Saviour totally conceals the overwhelming majesty of His divinity. It was only once, at the approach of manhood, after the completion of His twelfth year, that, in the Temple amid the doctors of the Law, He is recorded to have given a manifestation of His divine wisdom. This He did with the object of keeping His divine mission before the minds of His friends. "Did you not know," He says, "that I must be about my Father's business?"

The Apocryphal writings have many wonders to relate of this period of our Lord's life, These myths represent the boy Saviour as precocious, forward, mischievous and puerile. He is a little wonder-worker—always ready to work miracles for his own convenience or for the amusement or torture of His playmates. If a board is too short for the use required, He stretches it to the proper length. He moulds sparrows from mud, claps His hands, and they fly at large. His miracles are sometimes boastful, sometimes revengeful, sometimes blasphemous, so that He arouses the popular indignation, and Mary is constrained to keep Him indoors. To say nothing of the intrinsic absurdity of many of the miracles narrated, this wonder-working of the Infant Saviour is altogether improbable and out of keeping with the character of our Lord as laid down in the Gospels. Besides, the Gospel seems clearly to hint that our Lord worked His first miracle when He changed water into wine at the marriage-feast of Cana in Galilee: "This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee."

There was nothing boisterous, nothing sensational, nothing aggressive, in the hidden life of Christ. Of Him it was written: "He shall not contend, nor cry out; neither shall any one hear his voice in the streets. The bruised reed he shall not break, and smoking flax he shall not extinguish; till he send forth judgment unto victory." He grew up like every other child. He had to be washed, and dressed, and nursed, and

fed, and helped in every way like other children. He was trained by His Mother to walk His first steps and to lisp His first words. He developed according to the natural order, grew in wisdom, and knowledge, and favor, as He did in age and external appearance.

We must not, however, suppose that there was a moment when the human soul of our Lord did not possess that marvellous wisdom and knowledge which characterized Him later in His public ministry. There was no increase as to the grade or quantity of knowledge and wisdom; but there was an increase as to the kind of knowledge and wisdom. One who intimately knows a friend, whom he has never seen, from his picture and from a long continued and familiar correspondence, may add to the quality without adding to the quantity of his knowledge, by personal acquaintance. In a similiar manner, the knowledge of our Lord could, and did, increase in kind from daily experience. But, besides, He so tempered His conversation that He displayed only that grade of knowledge and wisdom which was in keeping with His age; so very human was this portion of the life of our divine Lord. There is nothing in it to awe, to terrify, to repel; there is everything to attract, to assure, to win confidence, to put every one at ease.

How then must we conceive of this hidden life? First of all it was a life of prayer. True, the Gospel makes no mention of the prayer of our Lord during this time; but it is taken for granted. Jesus Christ was true man, and as such it was His duty to adore and honor God His Father. He had the complete use of reason from the first moment of His existence as man, and therefore the precept of divine worship was binding upon Him from the very instant of His conception. This obligation He certainly fulfilled with the greatest delight and the profoundest reverence. His priestly mediation of prayer began with the incarnation itself. Therefore St. Paul says of Him: "When he cometh into the world, he saith [to his Father]: sacrifices and oblations thou wouldst not; but a body thou hast fitted to me; holocausts for sin did not please thee; then said I, behold, I come; in the head of the book it is written of me, that

GENERAL VIEW OF NAZARETH.

I should do thy will, O God." This was, as it were, the Morning Offering of Christ's life; and we have every reason to suppose that it was daily renewed during His earthly life.

Besides, we know that He went up to Jerusalem to pray, to offer the tribute of divine worship to His heavenly Father in the Temple at the age of twelve, and remained there in His Father's house to pray after His parents had complied with the obligations of the law. And although the Scriptures mention only this one pilgrimage to the Temple, it is highly probable that He undertook that pious journey regularly every year, both before and after His twelfth year. For it is not at all likely that His holy Mother and St. Joseph, whose constant companion He was, would undertake the journey without Him, when He was a child; nor is it to be supposed that, when He grew up to manhood, He would fail to comply with the law which required that every Jew, who had attained to man's estate, if not lawfully excused, would celebrate the Passover in Jerusalem. He came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law.

Moreover, we know that Jesus prayed in circumstances that were less favorable to prayer than those of His retreat in Nazareth. In His public life His labors were interrupted and relieved by prayer. Before entering on His public ministry He spent forty days in prayer and fasting in the desert. It was His custom in Galilee after laboring during the day, to go up on the mountain and spend the night in prayer. The same custom He observed in Jerusalem. There He used to go out to Mount Olivet and pass the watches of the night in prayer. This He did even the night before His passion, foreseeing His agony, and well knowing that He was going to meet His enemies. He prayed before every action of importance—before calling His apostles, before working miracles, before His passion, before breaking the bread, before instituting the Holy Eucharist, He prayed on the Cross, and praying He gave up the ghost.

We have every reason then to conclude that the life of our Lord in Nazareth, where all circumstances were so favorable to union with God, was a life of prayer. We may well suppose that He daily retired into the Grotto of the Incarnation and spent hours in sweet converse with His heavenly Father. But besides the special times devoted to prayer, His daily life was one of continual union with God—a perpetual divine worship of the sublimest character. Oh! that we could enter into the Heart and mind of Jesus while thus communing with His heavenly Father! That we could but even cast one glance at Him! What recollection, what ardor, what intensity, what reverence, what love, what sweetness, what conformity to the divine will, what confidence, what perseverance! One glance, even in spirit, at the praying Saviour should suffice to teach us a life-long lesson how to pray.

The life of our Lord in Nazareth was, in the second place, a life of labor. He was known as the carpenter and the carpenter's Son. Every Jewish boy, no matter what rank or resources he may have possessed, was obliged to learn a useful art or trade. Labor was held in honor, not only as a means of earning a livelihood, but also on account of its wholesome effects on mind and body. Their principle was: if a man work not, neither let him eat. The greatest rabbis of the Synagogue were tradesmen. St. Paul himself was a tent maker, and did not disdain, even after his call to the Apostolate, to exercise his handicraft, in order to preserve his independence.

It was a matter of course, then, that Christ should learn a trade, and the fact that St. Joseph, His foster-father, was a carpenter, naturally suggested that the Son should adopt the same craft. Thus the great architect of the universe—He, who devised the laws of the visible world and arranged all things according to weight and measure, who called forth and sustained all things by the power of His word, who clothed the face of the

earth with vegetation, and peopled it with living creatures, who also built up this frame of ours and breathed into it the breath of life—this almighty Creator, in all lowliness, learned to ply the axe and the saw and the plane.

Nor was the work of the Saviour that of an amateur. It was serious, profitable work, by which He had to earn His bread. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," said the Lord to Adam. This was a penalty and a penance imposed on all men; and Christ did not wish to exempt Himself from it. Therefore He adopted a toilsome trade, which required little intelligence and much physical effort, which fatigued the body and afforded little nutriment to the mind—a trade which tested the strength of His arms, blistered His holy hands, made His limbs ache, and pressed the sweat from His brow.

But it was not merely for His own livelihood that Jesus had to work. It is the common opinion, supported by tradition, that St. Joseph died shortly after our Lord had attained to man's estate, so that the support of His Mother devolved upon Him at an early age. Thus His labor was doubled. He had to work harder and work longer hours; and as naturally happens to the poor laborer, He may have had to seek work and to suffer rebuffs and disappointments, and their inevitable consequence—want.

The kind of work which the Lord did had little that was flattering to human nature. It was of the commonest quality. It was not skilled labor. Yokes and ploughs, and rustic wagons, and chests were of the most primitive kind, and such as most men could manufacture for their own use. Doubtless our Lord could have chosen a more honorable trade than that of the village carpenter of Nazareth. But He preferred this humble craft.

Why? The reason is not far to seek. He knew that labor—especially humble toil—is repugnant to nature. He knew that idleness, which is the root of all evil, is a passion deeply rooted in human nature. He saw the multitudes that would possess themselves of this world's goods without labor. He wished, then, by His example to impress upon all men, that they are condemned to eat their bread in the sweat of their brow. He wished to remove the stigma which vanity, worldliness and luxury had impressed on labor. Who should consider even the lowliest labor a disgrace after our Lord Himself had sanctified it by His toil and sweat?

The hidden life of our Lord was, in the third place, a life of obedience—obedience not only to His heavenly Father, who so ordained that He should live in retirement, that He should wait, and pray, and toil—but obedience also to men, and particularly to His holy Mother, Mary, and to His foster-father, St. Joseph. He went down with them to Nazareth, "and he was subject to them." They commanded Him, and He obeyed their behests.

How wonderful are the ways of God, that He should put His only-begotten Son under obedience to His own creatures! This is the law of God that "every soul be subject to higher powers; for all power is from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation." God wished to make this truth evident to all men; and therefore He put His own eternal Son under the power of authority that He might give us the object-lesson of obedience to all lawful superiors, and particularly to parents; that we might learn to be "obedient to them that are our superiors according to the flesh, not in fear and trembling, as to men, but from the heart, as to God," from whom all authority descends.

And certainly there could be no more impressive lesson of obedience than to behold the Son of God, the Creator and Sovereign Lord of all things, bow in submissive obedience to His creatures. He obeyed not from any necessity, not

from fear or human respect, not to conciliate human favor; but freely, willingly, joyfully, for God's sake, whom He honored in His representatives. Obedience, it is true, is hard to human nature, exacting, as it does, the sacrifice of the will and understanding; but surely it will become easy to any one who recalls that the eternal Wisdom, Goodness and Holiness allowed Himself to be guided by the hands of His creatures, how wise, good and holy soever those creatures may have been. Oh, that parents would bear this in mind and keep the lesson of Nazareth always before their own minds and those of their children! Every Christian family would become a Nazareth, a Paradise on earth.

The Gospel lays a particular stress on the obedience of our Lord. It summarizes His life from His twelfth to His thirtieth year in three words: *Erat subditus illis*, He was obedient unto them; as if the life of the God-Man for eighteen years consisted in nothing else than the practice of this one virtue.

Another lesson of no less importance, which our Lord gives in His retreat in Nazareth, is that of contempt of the world and that of notoriety for which human nature so eagerly craves. He could have gone forth on His mission in His very childhood, and astonished the world by His wisdom and eloquence. With good grace He might have continued His divine ministry after His triumph in the Temple amid the doctors. But He was not pleased to do so. He retired and waited until the hour had come, which was set apart by the Father.

Why did He wait so long? Why did He, who came to teach and save the world, conceal Himself from the world? It was to check the boisterous impatience and love of notoriety so common among men, who are dissatisfied with the humble station in which God has placed them, and are eager to appear before the world, to make a great name and become notorious—to teach us that the world was not to be converted and saved by preaching alone, but especially by retirement from the world and communion with God, by prayer, labor and obedience. To administer this important lesson to us, He waited, and prayed, and toiled for thirty years, while He preached, and that intermittently, only for three years.

A WISH FULFILLED.

By M. Linherr.

THE winter sun shone brightly through the windows of the library of a large double house on a corner of one of Baltimore's fashionable streets. The red hangings of the room blended well with the variegated bindings ranged along the book-shelves. Here and there a precious bronze or a marble bust of some specially beloved author gave the room an atmosphere of intellectual refinement that bespoke at once the culture of the owners.

It was the house of John Deland, a successful merchant, and in his leisure hours a student of rather pronounced ability, as amateur students go. These intellectual habits had been strengthened by the companionship of his wife. She was the daughter of one of the old Catholic families of Maryland. Her mind and heart were equally developed, and in her perfect womanliness, yet intense intellectuality, she resembled rather a Helena Cornaro or a Vittoria Colonna than the advanced woman of the period. She recognized in her husband tastes which were not to be satisfied by mere attention to business and the usual social diversions, however interesting and at times amusing the game of amassing

HE WAS ABSORBED IN THE STORY OF FABIOLA.

a fortune and spending it again might be.

After his busy days absorbed in this world's care, to come to his home and there let his soul expand in the sunshine of the great thoughts of the immortals, kept open the pores of his spiritual susceptibilities, so often clogged by too close an application to obtaining material success. In this home faith, charity, duty and sacrifice, were not paper labels to be applied to worn out diseases of the human soul. They were living ideals requiring willing obedience whenever they put in a claim, whether it was for the financial aid of Mr. Deland or for the tender sympathy of his wife.

Mrs. Deland, on the morning in question, sat embroidering by the window. Now and again she would look up from the pansy growing beneath her fingers, and glance toward the centre of the room. On the edge of a huge arm-chair, his elbows resting on the table before him, sat a boy. He was reading. The long slim fingers of one hand thrust through his brown wavy hair served to hold back the wayward locks and brace the pale high forehead. He was absorbed in the story of *Fabiola*.

Suddenly he pushed the book away, and said with a sigh: "Mother, I'd like to be a martyr, too," and the boy's blue eyes looked inspired like those of a young Raphael seeing the ideal of some future canvas.

"*You* a martyr, Donald!"

"Yes, when you read about the saints doesn't it seem grand to suffer all that they did? There's Pancratius—he was killed by wild animals, and then great St. Sebastian——" After a wondering pause, the boy continued. "They don't use arrows now, mother, do they?"

"No dear, but there are other weapons."

"But, mother, everybody likes us. Catholics aren't persecuted now. We can't be martyrs," and the little childish form seemed to breathe a futile enthusiasm, as though he suddenly realized the awful prosaism of this nineteenth century.

"Donald dear, if you were a martyr what would I do?"

"Oh, you would be a martyr's mother; and that would be great too, for you would have to give me up, and that would be a sacrifice, wouldn't it, mother?" And he went over and leaned on the arm of her chair. Her eyes filled with tears as she held him close, and his blue eyes opened wider and he said:

"Mother dear, you would be just as much a martyr as I, but you would be alive and I'd be dead, that's all the difference; but God would love us both the same, and then you would be sure I was in heaven and soon we would see each other there again. Think, mother, how sweet it would be to die for God. I wish

it was old Rome, and I could die for my faith as the boys then did."

"Donald dear, some people have to *live* for God. There was a poet, a sad exile from his native city, who, in his loneliness, sang of the heavenly City. He told how happiness there was harmony. He sang about the saints, and though like the stars they differed in glory, they were all perfectly happy, because they were in the places God, in His great design, had planned for them, and so heaven was harmonious. Now, dear, here on earth we start on our journey heavenward. We too can only find happiness in doing the things that God has laid out for us to do. If we throw down our work, who will take it up? Besides, God's scheme is perfect, and if we abandon our place we shall not find another open for us. He who made us all knows best, Donald, and we must say, 'Thy will be done.' Sometimes that is harder than to be eaten by wild animals or buried alive, for it is a slower kind of martyrdom."

"Then we too can be martyrs, mother, like Pancratius."

"Yes, dear," and his mother kissed his brow reverently.

She saw the innocence of that young soul, the purity that brought the other world so near to this, that the gateway of death seemed but a golden portal, to be opened by the sesame of happy sacrifice.

That morning a seed had been planted in the fresh soil.

PART II.

Twenty years have passed. There is a little more bustle than usual in the great university city of Heidelberg. Even the students, between their duels, and over their tall mugs of beer, are somewhat excited over the new aspect of medical affairs.

Some five years ago, a young physician from America had come to pursue his studies at the great university. To evident talent he had added unceasing study and research, until it seemed that where he came to learn he would remain to teach. After he had taken the honors of his class, he had stayed to develop and perfect his theory on brain diseases. On this very day, at a meeting of the medical authorities of this university and of Paris, in a terse speech, the young physician had startled them, not with the data of his cases, but with the new but logical conclusions he had drawn from them. At the end of the meeting not a few of the enthusiastic younger men had rushed up to congratulate him on the evident impression he had made. He was accorded a place in the university with every facility to pursue his experiments in the interests of science. He had made a decided sensation, and this is why old Heidelberg was aroused a trifle more than usual.

Meanwhile our young American had mounted the stair of the quaint old house, whose owner keeps apartments for professors or students, and locked himself in his room. There he is, the idol of the hour, alone, sitting with head and arms thrown crestfallen across the table. Is this the victor? His thick wavy hair is tossed about his damp temples, but no laurel wreath is there. The white hands look tragic in their helplessness; but hush, he groans: "My God, my God, is there no escape?" He lifts up his head and his large blue eyes wore a look of unutterable misery. There were a few flecks of blood on his white cuffs. There was a hectic flush on his cheeks. A hacking cough told the tale. It is Donald. Donald, the beloved and only son! Donald, rich! Donald famous! Donald, a consumptive! Fame knocks at his door; he can not rise to receive her. The world listens for the development of his theories; it must wait in vain. His voice is too weak to reach it. Another will come and tread the path he has but indicated.

"I am, indeed, afflicted. Oh, my God. You have blessed me with such

talent and have given me strength to go so far, must I halt and go no further? I am young, must I already put this world aside and let my name lie buried with my unaccomplished deeds? The day is young about me, but my twilight already overshadows the noontide sun. I am of use to my fellow man. May I not live to work for him. Ah, my God, 'tis hard to die," and Donald dropped on his knees by the table and buried his face in his hands. Sobs, uncontrolled, shook the sensitive frame till they died away.

Long did that sad struggle last. The kneeling figure was so silent, that had it not been for its upright position, you would say merciful sleep had fallen upon it, but at last the head was lifted. As his eyes looked out from their shadowy depths now, they turned towards an ivory crucifix that hung on the opposite wall.

"You were young, too, my Lord, and You suffered, and died," he whispered. "I love You, but I was not ready for this." Slowly his thoughts turned to home, to his mother, whose gentle heart would be racked indeed, to his father, so proud of his boy, and then back to his childhood days, his happy youth, his ambitions—yes, he had always longed for glory.

Slowly through the vista of memories, a boy's voice comes: "Mother, I want to be a martyr, too."

A sudden intensity thrills through Donald's frame. He looks again at the crucifix as though expecting the ivory lips to speak. With a gentle insistency the whole scene in the library comes before his mind. He sees himself longing to suffer for the One who died for him. He sees the large-eyed boy impatient to show the world what he would do for God; and now after a score of years what a plan is unrolled before him! A father and a mother to console; instead of hiding in the catacombs he sees himself in his remaining strength visiting the hospitals and ministering to the sick poor, comforting the dying and incurable with his living example of a high-hearted patience and a longing to die and be with God. In place of a heroic refusal to burn incense to the heathen gods, he sees himself in the university chair, insisting that in all scientific research there must be utter harmony between faith and reason. Instead of making catechumens of the pagan boys he is to plant Catholic truth in the town, tending rapidly to infidelity. The few short months of life that remain to him will be spent in the loving service of Him for whom the martyrs gave up their lives. And, as he thinks, Christ, quick to repay, gives him a foretaste of the martyr's happiness, and, in that first sweet glow of consecration with streaming eyes, Donald murmurs: "Thy will be done!"

"MY GOD, MY GOD, IS THERE NO ESCAPE?"

THOUGHTS ON READING.

By Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S.J.

WHAT answer shall we who read books give to this query: "You are the salt of the earth. But if the salt lose its savor with what shall it be salted?"

Books are published incontinently nowadays. The number printed annually almost equals the number of fools in the time of Solomon. Presumably many of them are read and influence their readers for good or evil. For "books are not absolutely dead things," we are told, "but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them." This is conversely true of bad books. They, too, are living things; but the life they contain is diseased, and disease is confessedly more easily caught than health. The slime of the serpent's tail yet smears the tree of knowledge, his hissing may yet be heard in the pleasant rustling of its leaves, while the poison of his fangs is mixed with the odor of its blossoms and the savor of its fruits.

Whether the books read are the best or the worst does not altogether depend on the merit of the book, but on the skill of the advertiser. We are harassed by the monotonous regularity with which, at intervals of about six months, the greatest novel of the age and the greatest scientific or philosophic work of the age present themselves, like literary highwaymen, commanding us to throw up our hands and give them recognition and praise.

In some cases we are told, with apparent seriousness and with no intimation of humor, that no library could be without some new book, when the supply of dust in said library is not sufficient to cover decently the still-born or short-lived children of Minerva which have already succeeded in obtaining a resting place on its shelves. We are told we must read some recent novel, and the reason sometimes given is because everybody is reading it, has read it or will read it—that is, everybody who is anybody. Against an argument of this kind there seems very little defence. We must either read the book or humbly confess that we have reached that age of mature indifference when we are shamelessly content to betake ourselves to the rank of old-fashioned nobodies; that we have lost step with the march of events and are deplorably unconcerned about the consequences.

Even granting, however, that we resort to such a drastic expedient, we have not secured for ourselves immunity from persecution. We must listen to discussion on the book's merits and the author's talent. We cannot take up our daily newspaper to read the latest news about the coming war in Europe without having a gushing analysis of it obtruded on us in some way or other.

Friends, who would never dream of asking us what we dined on, or when we went to confession last, will not hesitate to catechize us closely about the privacies of our intellectual life. We daily run the risk of being asked, even by ladies, whether we have read some latest novel, which we would read only in a moment of Eve-like curiosity and frailty, or during some temporary decline of the intellectual powers, and then carefully conceal the fact from acquaintances. We poor slaves of an intelligent age have a hard lot. The conventionalities of life forbid us to indulge in Titanic rage, when, with owl-like gravity, the novelist's paradoxical solutions of momentous social or religious problems are discussed and almost accepted by the sanest of our

friends; and we must bear, with some approach to courtesy, rhapsodies over characters which are falsely conceived, or would be carefully shunned in real life.

To escape this even Hamlet's advice to Ophelia is valueless; nothing short of the remedy of St. Arsenius' flight to a hermitage in a lonely desert will bring any relief.

Now what shall we do about it? The popularity of the recent greatest book of the age is manufactured so cleverly that the vast majority of readers, whether they are intelligent or not, no matter how strong their conviction, or how clearly they perceive the inflated character of the reputation, might as confidently hope to escape the snares of the modern advertiser as a spring-time dweller in Boston hopes to escape the east wind. We cannot fly to the desert, either literally or metaphorically; nor are we called upon to do so. Our duty as Catholics is to leaven the social and intellectual life of those we live among with the eternal principles of right-thinking and right-living. Besides the advantage of intelligence and education possessed by them, we possess the incomparable advantage of having fixed, staple and certain principles to guide us.

Ruskin says that "the chief of all the curses of this unhappy age is the universal gabble of its fools, and of the flocks that follow them, rendering the quiet voices of the wise men inaudible." Knowing this we shall easily keep ourselves in a judicial frame of mind in presence of the nine days of popularity of some recent piece of scientific or imaginative literature; we shall be able to extract merriment from the folly of the novelists, and yet to bring them severely to task before the tribunal of reason and faith, if, forgetting their proper function of amusing his Majesty, the Public, they put aside their cap and bells and undertake to instruct him with their glib philosophizing.

It requires some independence of public opinion to declare that the latest book of Professor Somebody of the great University of Somewhere on the Ascent of Man would never have been written if the Professor were not so dreadfully serious about it himself, and would never be noticed if the readers would muster for the reading their native sense of humor and refinement.

If *Puck* had been the first to propose Darwin's theory, there is no man, except some crack-brained fellow, who would not admire the witty application of the theory to such fools as mortals be, and its suitableness to that journal's standard of refinement. If it had, furthermore, continued week after week to ransack nature for illustration and to marshall facts to this preconceived theory, the great American people would have roared with almost Olympian laughter, and American humor would have so far eclipsed all other national humors, that the occasional doubts about its superiority would have been drowned in the universal applause of joyous civilized humanity. But if our humorist should persist for years in pushing its theory into every nook and cranny of our physical, intellectual, social and religious life, and with unpardonable, indecorous and everlasting reiteration should obtrude its illustrations, confirmations and evidences on us, from our morning coffee-cups to our evening night-caps, I think we should be justified in feeling bored. Yet worse than this is the penalty we pay for living in a press-ridden age. For our popular scientific literature, our story-tellers, our school-books even, have taken this grotesque joke seriously.

So, too, in purely literary matters an attempt is made to browbeat us into admiration and praise of what decency and religion declare to be offensive. Literature, it is true, is not so coarsely dogmatic and intolerant as science. There never was probably a being so absolutely sure of his every opinion—not even that exemplar of self-assurance, the medieval monk—as the average scientific philosopher of the nineteenth century. For the measure of

liberty granted us by literature we are grateful, but the chorus of praise chanted over some recent novels tells us that we need have some independence of character to dissent from the great wise majority.

One of our humorous writers tells us in one of his stories of the habit that vulgar little boys have of showing with some pride, to a less fortunate companion, a sore toe or a sore foot. Do not many of our modern litterateurs manifest the same curious pride; do they not look on themselves as superior beings if they are possessed of some moral or intellectual sore which their more eupeptic neighbors do not possess; do they not straightway declare said sore a problem, and write a story in which, with minute and elaborate diagnosis, every symptom is exhibited to the public?

Now because this is done in clever, graceful and even artistic English, with some veiled reserve and some regard for the sensibilities of the ubiquitous young woman, as one of these story-tellers phrases it, shall we be deceived? Shall we be blinded by the dazzle of style to the scarcely veiled indecency that gave spice to one of last year's shelved favorites? Does ridicule cast upon one of the most sacred of subjects and the most sacred of books, become more tolerable because the author, after making one of his characters soliloquize amiably and atheistically with all the ingenuity at his disposal, tells us in one curt sentence that these are not his opinions?

The oft quoted saying of Burke that "vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness" is an epigrammatic lie and nothing better. Sewer gas does not lose half its danger by losing all its odor. And if sewer gas should come to us hidden in the aroma of roses, spices and citron groves, it becomes, because of its borrowed attractions, far more dangerous than if it had no odor at all. No cunning or refinement of style can make what is ethically ugly artistically beautiful.

On the other hand, sewer gas, though presented in all its repulsiveness, is disagreeable as a literary atmosphere. One of the books that social tyrrany is forcing on us this year is nothing less than a study in moral pathology, The author seems recently to show a preference for the seven deadly sins. Last year avarice supplied him with a *motif*; this year a grosser sin—though by no means grossly dealt with—forms the groundwork of a tale unenlivened by a single noble character. And, although his superb skill as a writer and analyst, and, as a rule, the rectitude of his moral sense must be conceded, probably not one reader out of ten will grasp the full purport of the story, and the other nine will be injured by it. Treatises on disease are useful for medical practitioners, but the reading of them by the ordinary layman would result in producing an army of hypochondriacs.

Our attitude towards literature of this kind ought to be evident. If it is admired, if its offences against morality and religion, good taste and decency, are palliated, because these offences are committed with literary refinement, it becomes our duty to keep our judgment clear and right in its presence. Examine it in the light of faith and the native instincts of morality implanted in every soul. Distrust and challenge even the judgment of the majority. Remember that the chorus of *claqueurs* is composed of those whose judgment on the elementary principles of morality and good taste is not better than yours. If we Catholics are not the salt of the earth, how will the earth be seasoned? But if the salt lose its savor wherewith shall it be savored?

TALKS ON ETHICS.

By Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.

IF I remember well, in the last talk I promised to say a few words about the topics which our science embraces. I feel satisfied that I sufficiently developed the definition of ethics—so extensively developed it, that I was reminded, in looking it over, of what happened in a Paris restaurant, wherein a saturnine Briton (with an appetite more comprehensive than his French) pointed to an item on the *menu* which he neither guessed at nor understood. The garçon, gesticulating frantically, tried to make him aware that he was asking for almost an impossibility. The Englishman insisted. The waiter, departing in despair, returned after a lapse of about thirty minutes, accompanied by ten or twelve others, all of them carrying dishes, which were placed before the diner. What his finger had indicated so imperiously to the waiter was, "Oysters in every style."

I presented the definition of ethics in "every style." Perhaps I emphasized unwarrantably the advantages of moral philosophy. Perhaps I claimed for it too large a province. Some one might say, "If this science is so useful and so necessary, what is the multitude (to whom this would be caviare) going to do? Is there provision made for that large class of humanity which cannot study moral philosophy: or, are we going to say that because the majority of mankind cannot investigate for themselves, they are justified in flinging off the obligation of right conduct?" Reason will not allow a conclusion of this nature—we have to dismiss it. Let us be ever so proficient in the science of moral philosophy, are we, by that knowledge of ours (no matter how profound), therefore moral? We know this to be inadmissible. The knowing our duty does not compel its performance.

What follows? There must be a means somewhere outside the threshold of moral philosophy which lays down the larger outlines. We find ourselves compelled to this admission, that since man cannot, in spite of the most perfect knowledge of that science, be thoroughly a moral man, he needs help. What part of the man needs help? His highest part, that part by which chiefly he is man—his intellect and his will. Man wants, in order to stand out in the fulness of manhood, light for the mind and strength for the will. Ten thousand volumes of incontrovertible principles connected with moral philosophy will never give him sufficient light for the mind nor present him with the amount of strength necessary for his will to reach righteousness.

Where is man going to procure that strength? Is it within himself? Is it in the man's will? The will must be the storehouse of that vigor, but the man deposits it not therein by himself. There exists the necessity of acquiring elsewhere than in the mere human mind, than in the mere human will, the strength requisite for man to fashion a perfectly moral character. So, at the very door of our science, we are confronted by the conviction of a truth which our philosophy may undertake to prove afterwards—the necessity of religion and its resources. I trust that whatever obscurity may have gathered around the utility and necessity of ethics has been dissipated.

Cicero says that the first thing to be done in all scientific discussion is to define. We have followed his instruction. We have defined, and defined multifariously. After the definition comes the division. There are many divisions of our science, some very elaborate ones, too. The simpler our

method in this particular, the clearer our treatment. I prefer to adhere to the old divisions, of which the advantages will hereinafter be made patent. The old plan divides moral philosophy as Cæsar divided Gaul—into three parts, and these parts are: the general principles of moral philosophy—the application of them to man, individually—the application of them to man, socially. These are the three large lines we are to follow in our considerations. What principle, or what authority are we going to be led by? Burke said, "It is never safe altogether to depart from the old or beaten path."

There is a tradition among those who have written upon this subject, that is very continued. It goes right up beyond Christianity into old paganism—reaches beyond Aristotle, Plato and Socrates. The writers who follow that line in their investigation we call the scholastics. If we wished to put any authors forward in the matter, they would be the scholastics. But as there is no question of revelation, other than we have explained, as we intend to prosecute this matter by reason unaided, not asking light from any divine manifestation whatever—no *ipse dixit* of any one will be held indisputable for its own sake. The only point that we have to maintain is legitimate, logical conclusion from universally conceded facts. I must say, however, that Plato, Aristotle and Socrates have, in a number of cases, reached inferences that no amount of debate has been able to controvert. This premised, let us approach the first part of moral philosophy, that is to say, let us call up for reflection the general principles of morality.

I will ask you to suppose—but it really is not a supposition, for me it is a certainty—I will rather ask you, as every science is obliged to do, to take for granted something. There is no science that does not begin with an admission. Philosophy has never wrought any lawful inference without begging or admitting something, at the very start, impossible, by ordinary methods, to prove. Descartes tried to upset that principle. He said that the beginning of his philosophy would not be a thing one had to admit, but a doubt, on which he was to build his philosophy—with the result that the superstructure tottered! His first principle was, "I doubt: therefore I am." He came to the conclusion he existed from the fact that he doubted, not clearly apprehending that, as he said "I doubt," he had to admit the existence of the doubter. Novelty is pleasing, but it is not always scientific. In mathematics, no matter how far you proceed, you must admit certain things. The point, the straight line, and the result of a point travelling over space. If you know how to make the point travel you will have all your propositions of geometry and trigonometry—but you have to admit the point.

I ask you, therefore, to admit that man was created by God, which supposes two facts: that God is, and that God made man. If you find any one else who created man, produce him. The assumption is very large in favor of his creation by God. Humanity has been in possession of that truth since it began, although there have been those who did their utmost to eradicate that idea from the race. The verdict of mankind is largely in favor of the existence of God, which has been admitted at all times and everywhere—against which powerful, though illogical minds have been in insurrection. But still the idea of that existence dominates the human mind, and no argument has yet been adduced of which the final proposition is, "Therefore, there is no God."

Further, I shall ask you to agree to the fact that man has free will. No American will refuse to make that admission. Independence means free will—"I can do as I please." Under that assertion lies the admission of free will. I shall ask you to admit—perhaps I shall prove

it when the time comes—that man has in him an immortal something, which we call the life-principle, the soul. This admitted, let us advance. Ethics has for its object to direct the free will of man in its operations. In the last analysis of a deliberate action what do I notice? Operations in which more than one agent enter. If the deliberate act of a man is intellectual, two agencies concur, man's mind and man's will. If it be a physical act, like deliberate walking, eating, drinking, man's mind and man's will and one or other of man's physical faculties contribute to the result. If I strike deliberately the table, at which I am writing—(remember, the word "deliberate" comes from the Latin word, "libra," a balance)—I put two acts in the scales and consider which of these actions I shall prefer. I take one of these actions, I deliberately strike the table, I was not compelled to strike the table, but I wished so to do. I knew I was going to strike the table—act of the mind; I did it willingly—act of the will; I did it by the help of some of the motor muscles—physical act.

We have, therefore, in every human act, as we understand it, what? A thing to be done, the doing it, the doing it willingly. Willingly implies knowing the thing to be done, because I cannot will nor desire a thing of which I have no knowledge. What other fact comes before me when I consider man's deliberate action? When I do anything deliberately—when out of two or three possible actions I select one, I make a choice, and I make that choice for a reason. That selection is made in behalf of something—I never deliberately do anything for nothing. I don't mean nothing in the pecuniary sense—but nothing cannot be the object of a deliberate action. The fact that evidences itself in the very action is this: I have an end in view. There is the point I want to reach—an end in view. There is no free action without an end.

How shall I define an end? An end is that for which a thing is done? That for which a thing is done may be last or intermediate. Take the action of appeasing hunger—let us analyze it. I eat bread—for what purpose? For the mere eating? To go through the physical actions which are performed when I eat? Tobacco would serve that purpose just as well, so would shavings, so would sawdust. Evidently there is something more. I have to go through that mastication for a purpose in view. What is that purpose? To appease my hunger. Still there are two ends; I had to eat the bread, one reason for my taking it, I had to eat it to cease being hungry. To eat the bread is an end, but only intermediate, because my action does not intend to stop at eating. Remember, my will is satisfied in this instance only when hunger is appeased. I have adduced this very commonplace example to make clear that there is an intermediate and a last end in every deliberate performance.

I might say all action, physical, moral or intellectual, is motion. That all physical action is motion is beyond doubt. I do not care how complicated the machinery is that is going to produce a result—how delicate, how imperceptible—I do not care how secret the agency of the operative forces may be—these agencies are in motion. Even when the seed is undergoing its changes before it becomes wheat or corn, throughout them all there is motion. What is motion? It is the passing from one point to another. Is it not? Take the revolving wheels of a locomotive. When in motion they are going from one point to another; when at rest they are not. All action is motion; for instance, the action by which I perceive. Does my mind move? It moves from not thinking to thinking—it moves from thinking the first thought to thinking the second thought, and then the result is a syllogistic conclusion. When I say: "What is good is lovable; God is good, therefore God is lovable," my mind travels from a truth very general that whatever

is good is lovable, to the minor truth (not minor in importance) that God is good. It compares two truths with a third truth, and learns that the two things are equal to the third, and necessarily equal to each other.

Why have I said so much about all action being motion? Because I should like to have it understood that the action of the will is motion, and therefore there is in it a tendency of some kind. Tendency signifies a stretching towards, a reaching out for. When there is a tendency you have to admit an end, or the something which is reached out for. We cannot admit an eternal tendency, which would be an end to attain and to not attain at the same time. To attain means to reach. If that something is a something which cannot be attained or reached, then that thing that tends is reaching out for a something that is not. This is metaphysics, but it will help to emphasize what is in my mind just now. No deliberate action is performed without an end in view. That starting out from one point with a reaching out for another, we call tendency. Here in ethics we call it intention. You cannot perform a deliberate act without an intention.

Now, let us examine the definition I gave you of end, and we shall come to another milestone in this course of moral philosophy. The first milestone which it is very necessary to remember—no deliberate agent acts without an end. I remember once a rather bright fellow in the class of philosophy who, when his professor asserted the foregoing, answered that he did not believe it, that he could deliberately act without an end. "Very well," said the professor, "let us see the action that is going to be a deliberate action done without a purpose." "I will have no purpose in view" was the reply, "except to prove that the proposition is wrong." By this very assertion, he convicted himself. His object was to prove that he could act without an end.

Now, the end is that, in behalf of which, we do something. There is no power so cogent or so peculiar as an end. It is the last thing to reach and the first thing that propels. The end is potent. All the sacrifices of the Man-God—all the wringing of the Sacred Heart—were the outcome of the end: Thy Kingdom Come.

Long ago the scholastics put it down as conclusive of end that, though last in execution, it is first in intention; it gives the impulse to the movement. It seems to be behind and before, it seems to push and to pull, it is somewhat of a power-house. If the end is that for which I do something, is it something that is going to benefit me or harm me? I shall go a step further in my statement and say no man acts with the intention of harming himself. He may act with the intention of harming others. Forthwith arises the query, "What about those who commit suicide?" We have to prove first that the individual suicide is a responsible agent. I think that if suicides could be brought before court, an ordinarily clever lawyer would get them off on the plea of temporary insanity. But let us suppose them in full possession of their senses. What does a man fly out of this world for? Because he forgets what Shakespeare says: "Rather bear these ills we have than fly to others that we wot not of." No man will cut the strings of his existence, without fancying that by getting away from his moorings he is going to drift to a pleasanter shore. The man who commits suicide, acts because he feels caged, because he is baffled, because he cannot bear the shame and wants to get away from it, and takes his own route out of the difficulty, always thinking that it is better for him to be dead than alive. No man deliberately acts to harm himself.

Now, what have we come to? The end for which we act is good. You will observe that I am not elaborating this from my own inwardness—there is nothing fictitious about it. I put down the fact that no man deliberately acts with-

out an end; that no man deliberately acts to harm himself; and therefore end and good are the same thing. So that in moral philosophy when I use the word end, I might as well use the word good. How shall I define good? That which is desirable. Now we have thrown open a very big gate. There are three or four cardinal points in moral philosophy, one is this: what we call the theological aspect of ethics, the term, the end. Men have tried hard in these days to annihilate final causes. They belong to a class of philosophers who have written on moral philosophy and other subjects, and who profess to believe that nothing has an end, nothing has a cause, that one thing comes after another—succession, say they, but not causality.

For us one of the cardinal points is that we have to admit an end, we have to admit God and moral obligation, to stretch out to the end the Creator determines. Give me these three hinges, and the door will swing easily.

I know that this talk has been more or less metaphysical, but please bear with me, and we shall soon get where the brushwood is not so thick, and where the travelling is more agreeable. My next chat, perhaps the two next chats, will still hang on the outskirts of metaphysics, but all in my power will be done to make it simple and clear.

MANRESA AND THE SONS OF ST. IGNATIUS.

By Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J.

ON September 27, 1540, Pope Paul III. issued the Bull approving the new Society of Jesus, and immediately after the members of the new order began to spread throughout the dominions of Spain.

Don Francis Borgia, the viceroy of Cataluña, enabled them to open a college in Barcelona in 1545, and from this city they made frequent visits to Manresa, the cradle of the infant Society. The Manresans were deeply attached to St. Ignatius, and a number of its citizens kept up a correspondence with him until his death in 1556.

After that event the whole city became a living monument of his sanctity; the two famous Jesuit Fathers, Juan Planas and Lorenzo Sanjuan, repeatedly exercised the sacred ministry in Manresa, especially during the years 1574 and 1578.

The municipal authorities thought seriously of founding a college of the Society in the city, but the funds were so low that in 1575 they were forced to sell the hospital of Santa Lucia to a certain man named Malet, who changed the place into a tavern. Twelve years later the first public monument was erected in honor of the Saint, though he had not been raised to the altars of the Church at that time, nor had even the process of his beatification been introduced.

Thus, thirty years after his death, was St. Ignatius honored in the streets of Manresa; for the little obelisk which now stands to the left of Santa Lucia, over the bridge that leads across the "Rio de San Ignacio," was originally placed at the entrance of the hospital. Its shaft, about nine feet high, rests on a pedestal about three feet high, and is surmounted by an iron cross. The monument is a gift of Don Juan Cardona, who became Bishop of Vich in 1584, and was translated to the See of Tortosa in 1589. He erected the monument to show his devotion to the Saint and to testify his love for the Society of Jesus. The same saintly prelate is the author of the "Laus S. Ignatii," a precious manuscript now kept in the national library. He also assisted Phillip II. in forming the royal library of the Escurial, and died soon after his translation to Tortosa.

In 1601, Father Lorenzo de Sanjuan preached the lenten course in the Seo, or Cathedral of Manresa, and at his suggestion the town council bought back the old hospital of Santa Lucia. Father Claudius Aquaviva, then General of the Society of Jesus, sent an autograph letter, thanking the citizens of Manresa for the honor paid to the founder of the Society, of which he himself was the fourth General, and for the liberality shown to the members of the order; for the Manresans had offered the former hospital to the Jesuits as a residence. The Generals of the Society have always been anxious to show Manresa their esteem and gratitude. Father Paul Oliva sent a letter of affiliation to the Amigant family who had befriended St. Ignatius during his stay in the city, and had contributed a thousand "escudos" to defray the expenses of his canonization. On December 30, 1689, Father Thyrsus Gonzalez wrote to the whole Society in commendation of Don Francisco de Amigant and his whole family on account of the great services they had rendered the Society and her holy founder.

Towards the end of 1602, the Jesuit Fathers had already taken possession of their new residence, sanctified by the memories of St. Ignatius. The little community consisted in the beginning of two priests and a lay brother, and had not yet the promise of perpetuity. The Superior during this earliest period was Father Diego Thonera. About this time the court began to take interest in promoting the honor of St. Ignatius, so Manresa addressed itself to His Catholic Majesty in a letter dated January 23, 1603. The king was requested to become the founder of a college of the Society of Jesus in Manresa, as he had founded the college of Loyola and of Salamanca. Unfavorable circumstances did not allow him just then to manifest his love and devotion for Ignatius in the manner suggested by the citizens of Manresa. Hence another letter was despatched to the king,

SAN IGNATIO—ENTRANCE.

dated December 6, in which it was suggested that His Majesty might show his royal bounty by the bestowal of certain founded revenues that were then vacant. But other parties, interested in the same resources, prevented His Royal Highness from complying with this second petition of his loyal subjects. Hence the founding of a college near the place of Ignatius' early penance appeared for the present to be indefinitely postponed.

In 1616 God moved the heart of Don Frey Lupercio de Arbizu, knight of the order of St. John, knight-commander of St. John of Malta and incumbent of Caspe in Aragon to think of employing his great resources to promote the honor of Ignatius. On December 22, 1619, he wrote to the Father General of the Society, Father Mutius Vitelleschi, offering him the revenue needed for founding a college in Manresa. "If my resources," he writes, "correspond with my devotion for St. Ignatius and my love for his holy Institute, there should not be an inhabited spot on the face of the earth, in which I would

not found a college, beginning with Manresa . . . " He set aside a yearly income of £1,500, of Catalan currency, for the support of the faculty. The Superior of the residence, Father Thonera, took possession of the new college, which adjoins the former hospital, on April 15 of the year 1622, and this day was ever after regarded as the date of the foundation. On May 24, of the same year, the noble founder himself came to pay a visit to Manresa, and he was received with due distinction. Two days after his arrival he was invited by the town council to carry the principal flag in the Corpus Christi procession, a post that is usually filled by the most honorable citizen or guest of Manresa. The rector of the new college accompanied its founder to Montserrat and, later on, to Barcelona, where he embarked on the galleys of St. John for Malta.

In the following year, 1623, Father Thonera applied to the Father General, Mutius Vitelleschi, for a relic of St. Ignatius. The petition was granted and the Saint's right thumb was sent to Manresa. The Rector took the precious relic to the Bishop of Vich, Don F. Andrés de S. Jerónimo, for the episcopal authentication. Then the chapter of the Seo and the councilmen made arrangements about the solemnity of depositing the relic in its new sanctuary. The town-crier was sent out to order that for the next Sunday, July 30, the streets were to be swept and decorated, and that all the confraternities were to take part in the solemn procession. The relic was deposited in the tabernacle belonging to the confraternity of the Holy Name of Jesus, and after vespers was carried from the Seo on the shoulders of four priests to the Church of Santa Lucia, where it was venerated by the whole city.

Public veneration for the relic increased very much after the year 1680, through the yearly procession on July 31, the feast of the Saint, in which the relic is carried through the streets of Manresa. To appreciate this latter custom better it must be kept in mind that in Spain the various districts of each city and village have their special patron Saint, and once a year there is great rejoicing and feasting in each "bárrio" on the feastday of the special patron. The streets are decorated not only with flowers and branches, but also with hangings and pictures. All the most precious carpets and hangings are hung over the railings of the balconies, so that the streets present an appearance that is not known and is hardly appreciated outside a Spanish community A statue of the patron, placed on a peculiar stand, is carried on the shoulders of devout clients through the streets of the "bárrio" to the sound of music through an innumerable crowd of spectators. The character of the whole celebration depends, of course, to a great extent, on the character of the locality and the popularity of the saint. In Manresa, it may be well to notice, all the "bárrio" feasts fall in the octave of Corpus Christi, so that one hears religious music and sees processions every day of the octave. The St. Ignatius' procession resembles these "bárrio" processions to a certain extent, but differs from them because he is the most popular saint in the "comarca," and his "bárrio" is the whole city of Manresa.

During the suppression of the Society the relic was kept in the Monastery of Santa Clara, but in the year 1818 it was returned to the Fathers of San Ignacio. An inundation flooded the church in the year 1824, but, though the reliquary itself was badly damaged, the case that contains the relic was left intact. In order, however, to avoid future trouble, the Bishop of Vich, Don Pablo de la Cruz Coronera, authenticated the relic anew and granted forty days' indulgence for every *Pater*, *Ave* and *Gloria* said before it.

At the risk of anticipating, I must mention that there is a relic of St. Ignatius in the other Jesuit church of Manresa; it too is a finger, and, according to some

authorities, is a part of the above-mentioned thumb. But, according to other authors, who appear to have better reasons on their side, it is the right index finger of the Saint. If this view be correct, and we can hardly doubt its correctness, we must certainly admire the ways of God's providence in bringing the two fingers that wrote the Spiritual Exercises in Manresa to the Jesuit churches of that city, to be venerated by the numberless faithful that annually visit St. Ignatius' sanctuaries in Cataluña. The reliquary in San Ignacio is of silver, the relic is deposited in a glass cylinder, which, in turn, is surrounded by another glass cylinder.

RELIQUARY CONTAINING FINGER OF ST. IGNATIUS.

After this rather lengthy digression we return to the history of the residence and the college of the Jesuits on the spot sanctified by the charity and humility of St. Ignatius while dwelling in the hospital of Santa Lucia. From time immemorial there had existed a confraternity of Santa Lucia in the church dedicated to the martyr. When the Society of Jesus took possession of the church, the confraternity, with its bell and its altar-piece, was transferred to the Seo, and Father Thonera had a new "retablo" painted, representing St. Ignatius. At the sides of this picture were paintings of St. Francis Xavier and of our Blessed Lady, of SS. Stanislas Kostka and Aloysius Gonzaga. This brings us to about 1625, when the deputies of the Spanish provinces of the Society passed through Manresa on their return from the general congregation, and when visiting the Church of Santa Lucia they gave sufficient alms to have the chapel of the "Rapto" decorated in the manner described in a former article.

The new college grew in popularity, so that in 1653 the city of Manresa entrusted the Fathers of the college with the grammar classes and the class of rhetoric. Five years later, in 1658, the class of philosophy was also entrusted to them. The class of theology was still taught by the Dominican Fathers. This additional labor was paid by the city, with a yearly revenue of £200, and the income from a number of fields and gardens. After this, all seems to have proceeded peacefully and prosperously.

The annals for 1750 mention an event that deserves notice. A new church to be dedicated to St. Ignatius was begun in that year, and, to judge

from its rapid progress, would have been finished in what at that age was a very short time. Then came the frightful catastrophe of 1767; on April 11 the Jesuits of Manresa were taken prisoners, and led captive to Tarragona, whither the other Spanish Jesuits had preceded them. It seems to have been due to a very special decree of God's providence that whereas the royal decree had been published and executed in all the other towns and cities of Spain on the day and at the hour determined by the enemies of the Society, in Manresa, through some mistake or other, the decrees did not arrive till the last day of the celebration held in the "Rapto" in honor of the wonderful ecstasy of St. Ignatius.

The Fathers returned to Manresa in 1816, but the church was not continued till the year 1818, and not completed till 1831. It is especially due to the generosity of Don Antonio Amat that the construction could be dedicated as early as 1820. But the influence of their friends could not protect the Fathers from being again expelled in 1820, though they had resumed the full duties of their classes, and had even opened a novitiate in the city. Brother Ramon Tort managed somehow to remain in the college, where he distinguished himself by his popularity among the little ones. More than 200, it is said, daily came to see him, and received from him religious and secular instruction. In December of the year 1825 the Fathers returned to their home, and college duties were resumed. It would lead us too far to follow the fate of the college in our own times; those who know the religious history of Spain are acquainted with what happened in 1835 and 1868.

At present the college is hardly more than a deserted building, whose broken windows and dilapidated-looking walls speak of thorough abandonment. A few years ago the ruling "alcalde" of Manresa conceived the bright idea that the Jesuits ought not to teach in his city unless they adopted the State programme of studies. The Fathers preferred to transfer their college to Sarriá, a suburb of Barcelona, a far more desirable locality than Manresa, both for health and for the number of pupils. The "alcalde" was a little disappointed, but successfully concealed the mischief he had done. In the ensuing election he was, however, defeated, and last summer his successor published a chapter of blunders out of the public career of his predecessor. One of the items was the dismissal of the Jesuits from the teaching staff of the city.

The new "alcalde" first declared that he is not going to consider the moral side of the question at issue, which all those who are acquainted with him would know without being told. Then he proceeded to calculate the amount of money that the Jesuit college annually brought to Manresa on account of the more than 200 boarders, who were, for the most part, outsiders. If this was not clear gain, it was at least very profitable to the city. Next he showed that the college, as it is taught according to the unfortunate "alcalde's" arrangement, has attracted no externs, in fact has no boarders, and moreover the city must pay its teachers annually the sum of 15,000 pesetas. Surely Manresa pays a high price for its State programme.

The reader must not imagine that the sanctuary of St. Ignatius has been abandoned by his sons because they have been obliged to leave the college. For at the west end of the street "Escodinas" are four buildings consecrated to the Saint: the old hospital of Santa Lucia, the greatest part of which now again serves as the residence of the Fathers attached to the church; the old Church of Santa Lucia, dating from before the eleventh century, and having the chapel of the "Rapto" alongside of it; the Church of San Ignacio, built at right angles to that of Santa Lucia, though adjoining it, finished in the present century; and finally the college building, adjoining both the Church of

San Ignacio and the ancient hospital. It is only the college that has been given up; the other three buildings are still under the care of the Fathers of the Society, because the grim "alcalde" had no jurisdiction over them.

The Church of San Ignacio is built in what may be called the Greco-Roman style; its front is wholly of masonry, and its entrance is adorned with Doric columns, on which rests the statue of St. Ignatius. His eyes are raised to heaven, his left hand holds the book of the Constitutions, his right wields the patriarchal staff which pierces the head of Luther. To the right and the left of the Saint are seated the figures of Faith and Hope, Charity being sufficiently typified by the person of Ignatius. The number of confessions heard in this church is very great; among the devotions regularly practised, those of May and June, of the week before the feast of St. Ignatius, and of the week from Saturday before Passion Sunday to Saturday before Palm Sunday are worthy of special attention. The Apostleship of Prayer and the Sodalities of the women and girls working in the factories have a most salutary influence in the city.

This, then, is a summary of the external history of the places sanctified by St. Ignatius during the first three or four months of his residence in Manresa. The internal history of the holy places, the holy thoughts they have suggested, the sinners they have converted, the good resolutions they have inspired, the acts of love and devotion they have enkindled, the tears they have drawn from the eyes of the most hardened, the temporal relief they have been instrumental in procuring, all this cannot be known fully while we live in this exile of ours, but must be learned on the great day of reckoning when the glory of St. Ignatius will be revealed to its full extent. Meanwhile, we may draw this benefit from all that has been said: an implicit confidence in the intercessory power of the Saint whose glory has been cared for so jealously by God Himself.

THE BLACK FINGER.

By M. T. Waggaman.

CHAPTER III.

STORM-BOUND.

FOR a week the white storm raged pitilessly. Gorges were filled and sharp peaks rounded, rock and chasm masked. He would be a bold traveller indeed who dared venture now over these white wastes, veiled in treacherous drifts, where want and sin and death stalked unchecked, for the great shafts stood black and silent, the roar and belch of forge and furnace were stilled, and hundreds of sullen, desperate men waited in rebellious idleness for their employers to accept their dictates.

The powers of darkness seemed to rule the mountain in grim defiance of the cross that rose from Father Paul's little chapel in the "Notch."

So at least the young priest was thinking this Sunday evening as he sat in the little room, that served both as a study and bed chamber. In fact this miniature presbytery was a part of the chapel's plan, and, small though the apartment was, its groined ceiling of natural wood and Gothic windows, gave it a picturesque dignity. Father Paul had broken the tender ties of a luxurious home at his Master's call, and there were gentle touches, here and there, even in this celibate cell, that told he was not forgotten by the dear ones he had so sternly and bravely left. The Madonna over the stone chimney-place was a master-piece, the ivory crucifix in his oratory had been an artist's life-work, the great rug before the fire—sole bit of luxury in the barely furnished room—was the pelt of a huge

grizzly, shot by a roving brother and valued only for that reckless Nimrod's sake.

All else, the narrow cot, the plain desk, the toilet service, were the simple outfit of a soldier ready to march at the word of command.

"Bedad, this is the murthering weather intirely," said old Tim Connor, as he hobbled into the room with a hod of coal that he tumbled upon the open grate with a thunderous crash that startled Father Paul from his reverie.

"Were you speaking to me, Tim?"

"I was only saying this was the murthering winter, sur, and this the unhowly place for a fine, scholarly gintleman like your riverince to be left in. Not thirty craythurs at the blessed Mass this morning; faix, it wint agin me to rowl out the pulpit for ye to waste your wurrds and your breath on thim, wid Norah Maginnis and Mary Finnegan saying their bades like deaf ijiots through the sermon and Mike Lanahan nodding off to sleep under yer very nose. Faix, if it wasn't for the howly altar before me I'd have fetched him a crack that would have opened both his eyes and his ears."

"And yet my sermon was very short, Tim," said Father Paul. "I don't think I preached ten minutes. And it was simple enough, I am sure, for a Sunday-school to understand."

"Sunday-school is it?" said Tim, digressing to a greater grievance, for before Father Paul's coming, Tim, who had been left as custodian of the little chapel by its founders, had constituted himself catechist as well, and gathering the little ones around him every Sunday had instructed them to the best of his ability. Tim's theology might not have stood the crucial tests of the schools, but his faith and zeal were beyond question, and the cuffs which he had liberally dispensed to dull or refractory pupils made his teachings doubly forcible. On Father Paul's arrival, he had proudly delivered some twenty-four young catechumens to his pastor for more legitimate instruction. But it rankled just a little, so he relieved his feelings by:

"Sunday-school is it, sur? Shure ye might as well close the doors intirely. The young divils fly from the church now as if the spotted fayver was inside. They've turned wild as March hares."

"I fear I am the 'fever' they dread," said Father Paul sadly. "They have been made afraid of me."

"They have, yer riverince," and Tim, who was kneeling before the grate raking down the ashes, gave an oracular nod. "It's lies that is skeering the poor innocents and nothing else. Didn't I catch Pat Noonan the other day, and threaten not to lave a whole bone in him if he wasn't up at church this morning, and the young omadhaun burst from me with the screech of a wildcat and left half the tail of his jacket in me hand. And Norah Kelly, that had the Tin Commandments glib as A B C, barrin' the furrst, which was too long for her, and the Tin Beatitudes as well—"

"Eight Beatitudes, Tim," corrected Father Paul, repressing a smile.

"The Eight Beatitudes, and the Corporal's Works of Mercy, and the Sivin Sins against the Holy Ghost, and all of thim, sur. Shure there was not a sinsibler gurl in the whole Allegheny Ridge than the same Norah Kelly, and now her mother tells me she is tuk all ot a trimble if she hez to so much as pass the church door. Faith, if I got me hand on her I'd make her trimble in airnest."

"Can't you persuade them that I am not—not such an ogre as I look?"

"A nogre," said literal Tim, staring at the handsome, high-bred face revealed by the leaping fire-light. "Shure I'd niver be calling yer riverince sich names as that. I've niver heerd thim say that of ye, sur, at all, at all."

"What do they say then?" said Father Paul. "Out with it, Tim; I won't be offended."

"What do they say, sur? Shure, I wouldn't like to come over the half of

it to ye. It's thim bloody heretics of Welshmen that have brought their divil's lies from across the says. That ye whisk around by night on bats' wings; that ye bile childer down for the holy iles, and that there's a thrap below the confessional that drops the people down into a black dungeon below."

"Poor children," said Father Paul, laughing. "I don't wonder they scamper away from me. We must only have patience, Tim, and teach them better."

"Patience, sur!" exclaimed Tim. "I'm shure ye've had patience. Faix, as I tell thim, whin yer riverince gits outdone and puts the ban on thim in airnest they'll see what they'll see—thin."

"Ah, Tim, Tim," said the young priest, shaking his head, "that is not the way to talk. Tell them I am not here to ban, but to bless."

"To bless!" repeated Tim, "you'll get small chance at that, yer riverince. If ye'd so much as lift yer hand to make the howly sign, they'd think ye were casting some divil's spell. Shure, sur,—and the speaker cast a cautious glance around him and lowered his voice to a whisper: "Ye don't know the half of the divil's wurrk that is going on up in these mountains. I haven't drawn an aisy breath for yer riverince since—since that ould riprobate (the Lord forgive me for calling him such hard names) Dan Rourke—died."

"Why?" asked Father Paul, his eyes fixed thoughtfully on the fire that was beginning to blaze royally under Tim's skilful touch.

"Shure, he was one of the boys, sur, the 'Hushers,' as they call thim, and they're a dark murthering pack of wolves, that's what they are, yer riverince, and there's thim that say Dan was head and master of thim all and could lift the Black Finger on anybody from say to say."

"The 'Black Finger,' what is that?" asked Father Paul.

"Their mark, sir," answered Tim, in a low voice, ivery wan of thim hez it on the left breast, and there's thim that say the Lord be between us and harrm, that the divil himself signs it there."

"Nonsense," said Father Paul lightly, "I hope you have too much good sense, Tim, to believe any such foolish stories. The devil does not need a finger mark to show him the hearts that are his own."

"Mebbe he doesn't, sur," answered Tim uneasily, "but for all that, the same mark brings the black curse wid it. Thim that find it on door-post or door-stone niver see the year through."

"Why! Does the evil one carry them off?" asked Father Paul smiling, "or," and his voice grew grave, "is the Black Finger a threat of wicked lawless men?"

"Shure, I can't say, yer riverince," Tim shook his head impressively, "all I know is they're 'hushed' so they will niver shpake agin. There was Hugh Conley, the mark was on his door-stone one morning. It was neither God nor man that Hugh feared, wid his pistol each side of his belt, and him sich a shot as 'ud take the eyeball out of a wild cat at forty yards, and niver turn a hair of the craythur; poor Hugh that laughed at the mark whin he saw it, and said he'd like to see man or divil that 'ud lay finger on him; wasn't he found six weeks after wid his neck broke at the foot of Bear Cap Cliff? Mick McGraw, shure you must have heard of Mick McGraw, yer riverince."

"No" answered Father Paul, "what of Mick McGraw, Tim."

"Poor Mick, he came of holy God-fearing people in the ould counthry, shure and there wasn't a foiner, straighter, or dacinter lad that iver throd ould Ireland's turf. It was the black unlucky day for him, that he iver thought of coming to Amerikay, to seek his fortune. But he did come, yer riverince, with his poor mother's blessing on his head, and the scafler about his neck, and his bades in his pocket, as dacint a Christian boy as y'ed want to find. But p-whiff," Tim's whiff and head shake conveyed volumes

of significance, "it was not long before the scafler wint one way and the bades the other, and Mick was roystering round wid thim barebacked riprobates at the forge beyant, his head turned wid the free ways and the free speech, and the free divilment around him intirely, until he didn't know what or where he was at all, at all. He had a foine voice, thrained in the Brothers' School in the ould counthry and he could sing a song and give a speech sich as few could make, and what wid the crowd gathering around to hear him talk and sing, and the hurrahing and the spachifying and the drinking, the divil got his claws on poor Mick intirely. He wint from bad to worse, jined the Hushers, and was in a fair way to be head divil among thim, whin, by the Lord's marcy, he was sint to Wheeling on some of their haythin wurrk. It happened to be Lent, yer riverince, and a mission was going on there, and from ould habit Micky somehow drifted into the church wan night.

"It's the Mission Fathers can prache, as ye know, sur, and Micky got a dale more than he came for. That sermon did the wurrk for him, or mebbe it was the ould mother he left praying in Ireland; whativer it was, he came out of the church that night a changed man. He cut with the 'Hushers' intirely; he come back and tuk a place as foreman in the forge, and settled down to a sober respectable Christian life. He knew that he was in danger from the divils he had quit, poor lad, but as he said to me he had led many asthray by his spachifying and his blatherskiting, and he would undo the harrm, if he could, by setting another sort of example now. But he wasn't left to do it long. Not two months after his convarsion, he come to me one night, his face white as the sheeted dead.

"'It's all up wid me, Tim,' he said, 'the mark is on me door-post. I'll go off to Richardsville and make ready to meet me God. I'll niver see another moon.'

"'Whisht, man, whisht,' sez I, 'don't ye talk like that. Can't ye blow all their bloody saycrets to the wind, if ye plaze, and give the murthering divils to the hangman.'

"'No,' he said, shaking his head, sorrowfully, 'I can't, Tim; and it 'ud do no good if I did. All I can thry to do is to git back to the ould counthry saycretly and silently. But I'll niver rache the ould sod alive.'"

"And he didn't, sur. The next day he was found dead in Stryker's Run."

"And does the law take no notice of these murders?" asked Father Paul, indignantly.

"There's no one dares call thim that name, yer riverince," said Tim, in a lower tone.

"Mick might have tumbled into the wather, and Hughy broke his neck off Bear Cap, through his own misstep. But when they do this, afther the Black Finger has been set upon them, it doesn't take a counselor-at-law to tell us what it manes. And, I'm thinking, sur, if Dan Rourke had lived, it 'ud be the same wid him. As it is, yer riverince," Tim blurted out at last, the real core of his trouble, "I'm afeerd fur ye."

CHAPTER IV.

A WAIF FROM THE STORM.

"For me!" said Father Paul quietly. "Ah, I understand, Tim. You mean these poor, misguided wretches think I have learned too much. Ah well! don't worry about me. A priest, like a soldier, must do picket-duty and take consequences. Hark! is that the wind, or do I hear something crying at the church door."

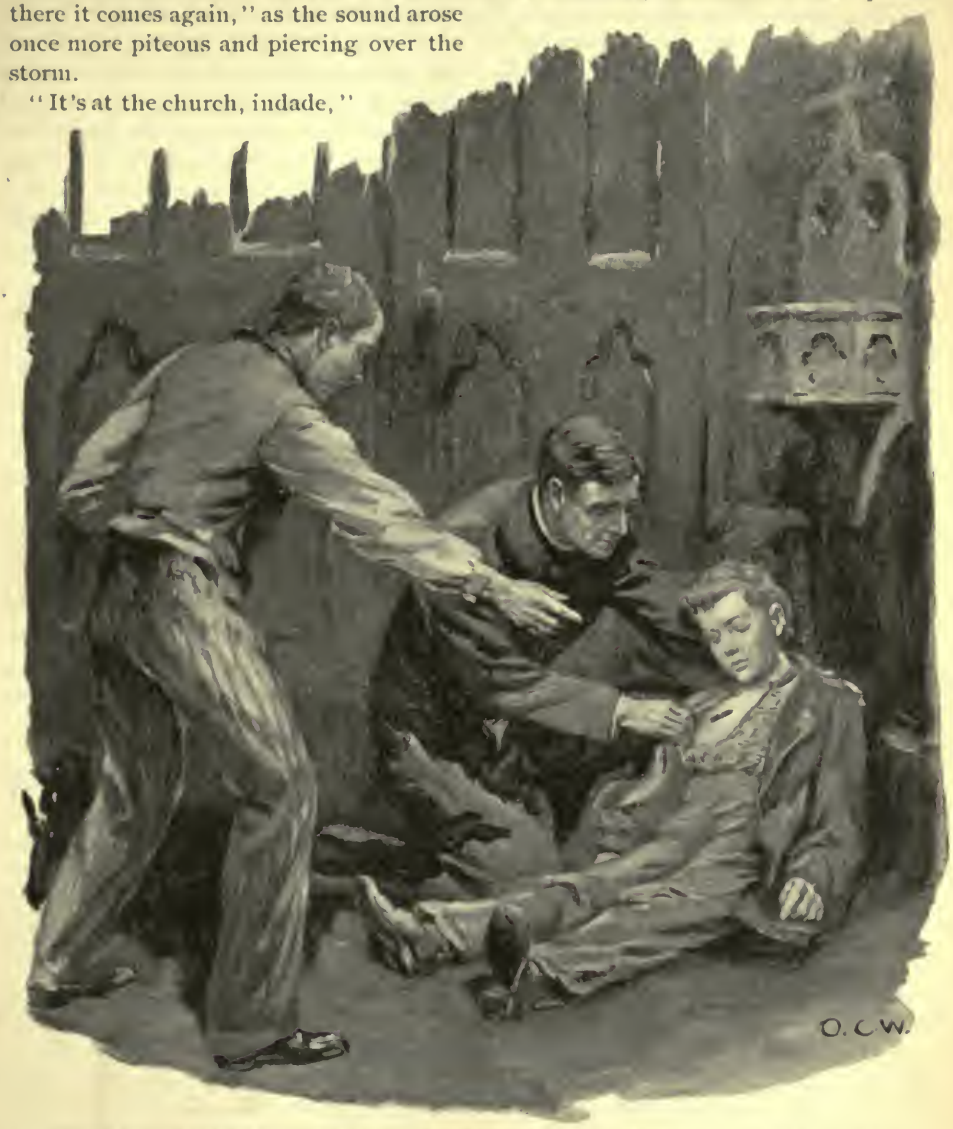
Tim opened the little door leading into the chapel. The wind swept into the narrow entrance with a rush that made the lamp flare; with the gust came a long piercing cry.

"Howly mother," muttered Tim, letting the door shut with a slam. "It's the Banshee, your riverince. The Banshee at the door of the church itself."

"Nonsense," said Father Paul sternly. "Have I not talked enough about these silly superstitions, Tim? That was the cry of some creature in pain. Hark! there it comes again," as the sound arose once more piteous and piercing over the storm.

"It's at the church, indade,"

"Then we must unbar it," said the priest calmly. "come, don't be a foolish coward, Tim, I must see what or who it is suffering without." He passed



ON THE BOY'S BARE BREAST WAS A LONG BLACK MARK LIKE THE PRINT OF AN INKY FINGER.

said Tim, trembling, "och musha it's your funeral or mine, this betokins, I don't know which. Y're niver goin', yer riverince, to let the craythur in," cried Tim in terror, as Father Paul took one of the tapers from his oratory and proceeded to light it. "The chapel is barred and bolted for the night."

into the chapel as he spoke, followed reluctantly by the terrified sexton, and unfastened the heavy door that had been closed earlier than usual on account of the storm. As it swung open, the cry rose again, shrill and piercing, at Father Paul's side. It was the howl of a great wolf-hound that stood

guard over a boy lying senseless at his feet.

With Tim's aid, Father Paul lifted the helpless form into the little chapel, under the red glow of the sanctuary lamp. He bent his ear to the breast, from which the wretched clothes were hanging in tatters, to hear if the boy's heart still beat.

The hound followed and stood by shivering. Strange intruders indeed in this holy place, but the Master who dwelt there holds sweet charity highest reverence, and no spot in His fold is too sacred to shelter the lambs of His flock.

"Wine, quick," said Father Paul to Tim, who was standing staring blankly at the unconscious boy. "A little of the altar wine; you will find it in the closet in my room."

"It's that young divil Eric Dorne," gasped Tim, "And the Lord save us all! Look there, your riverince!"

Father Paul looked, and, despite himself, a momentary thrill of repulsion passed through his frame, for on the boy's bare breast, lit by the trembling ray of the sanctuary lamp, was a long black mark like the print of an inky finger upon the firm white flesh.

"Fling him out," said Tim, excitedly, "fling him out, sur; what 'ud a devil's whelp like that be doing here?"

"Be still," said the priest sternly, "Bring the wine as I bid you at once."

Awed by the imperative tone, Tim shuffled off and returned in a moment with the wine, which Father Paul poured between the livid lips.

Life was at a low ebb in the half-frozen boy, but there was life, and young life still. Eric gasped, gurgled, then swallowed painfully.

Again the dose was repeated, and again nature struggled to respond to the saving effort.

Tim, whose kind heart, stirred by his pastor's example, was warming to the lad, despite the numbing influence of the Black Finger, rubbed the icy feet and hands vigorously.

"Another drop, yer riverince, another, bedad, but he's taking it down like a sucking babe. Oh, bad scran to the young divil, he is coming to beautifully, sur."

For at last Eric's blue eyes had unclosed and he was staring in bewilderment at the shadowy chapel, the priest bending over him, then up where the sanctuary lamp flung its crimson light upon the altar and a form divine seemed to smile down in tender pity upon the poor little waif cast by the storm at his feet.

"It's the place," gasped Eric, huskily. "I give me word and me grip to Dan that I'd come, and we've done it, me and Boar, though it was the hard road in the cold and the dark. We found the way, and now—now what are we to do next?"

"Poor boy," said Father Paul, pityingly. "Let us see if he can stand, Tim; there now lean on us, don't be afraid, we won't let you fall, come;" and gently and slowly the boy was supported into the priest's little room.

"This is next," said Father Paul, turning down the blankets of his own spotless cot. "Tumble in there and go to sleep."

"You can leave us now, Tim," said his young pastor, about half an hour later. "Thank you for your help, my good fellow, but I won't need you any more to-night. The boy is sleeping comfortably and will be all right, or nearly so, in the morning. The poor little chap is both starved and frozen. He has been hiding, I judge, ever since Dan's death."

"An' where's yer riverince to sleep?" asked Tim, casting an ill-pleased glance at the little cot in the corner.

"Oh, on the sofa, on the bear-skin, anywhere," said Father Paul, indifferently. "Most likely I won't sleep at all, as I have some writing to do to-night. Don't worry about me, Tim, but go home to your good wife, who, I am sure, must be anxious about you." And as Tim turned reluctantly away with Father Paul's kindly "good night and

God bless you," echoing in his ear, the young priest threw himself into the arm-chair before the fire and drew out the letter he was to answer to-night; the letter whose contents he had been gravely debating for the past six days.

It bore the stamp of an episcopal residence, and was written with the familiar tenderness of a father to a favorite son.

"My Dear Boy: I have been thinking much of you lately and of the post to which I, perhaps, too hastily assigned you last summer. I felt that, to one who had been so long at books, a little study of nature in the rough would be advantageous.

"Besides, Mrs. Morren, with pardonable preference, begged that you might have charge of the memorial chapel of her son.

"But since her return to the city her account of affairs in the mountains has caused me grave doubts as to the wisdom of my decision. I understand that the whole region about you is in a most lawless condition, that the very few Catholics, who, in the inclement season attend your chapel, could easily seek spiritual ministrations at the town of Richardsville; that, in short, to human eyes your time and talents seem wasted in your present sphere.

"And, strongest reason of all, I have heard that among the ignorant, prejudiced and reckless people about you your personal safety is by no means secure.

"Now my dear Paul, as wisdom and prudence take precedence of fortitude, I don't propose to let a Welsh collier add my brilliant young cleric to the martyrology, so I write to offer you the post of Secretary at the Cathedral. Father James is far from well this autumn; indeed I think his cough will necessitate a winter at the South. As for me, well I am turned of seventy now, and at threescore and ten the Shepherd's crook begins to grow heavy and his voice weak. I think a clarion call, such as you could sound from my pulpit, would wake some of the sleepers in our cushioned pews effectively. But understand me, dear boy, this is not an official summons home. It is your father who writes you frankly, leaving you free to follow the dictates of your own heart, or rather of the Holy Spirit, which I know dwells in you.

"Come back to me and you will be welcomed with outstretched arms; remain at your post if you feel God's call is there, and you will have, as always, my tender and paternal benediction.

"Ever, my beloved son, your friend and Father in Christ,

✠ "John Bernard."

Father Paul read the letter twice over with softening face. The writer was very dear to him; he had been from childhood his director, teacher, father and friend. Between them was one of those rare and exquisite ties that transcend the kinship and friendship of earth, and foreshadow the intercourse of those blessed realms where soul is unveiled to soul. To share this father's broad, noble duties, to live in the light of his benignant smile had been the hope which Father Paul had silently cherished during all his student years.

Besides, the Cathedral City was his home; there clustered all the tender memories and bright associations of his youth; there he would breathe the atmosphere of culture and refinement, which even the ascetic may enjoy; there he would find the cordial sympathy and appreciation which is an elixir, even to those who clamber "up the heights;" there the soul that he felt stirring within him could ring out indeed in clarion call afar.

And here—Father Paul smiled a little grimly, as he mentally drew the comparison pictures, the desolate church, the score of worshippers dozing through his brief sermon, the children flying from his shadow and trembling at his name.

"Surely Tim with his Tin Beatitudes and his 'Corporal's Works of Mercy' did far better than I," said the young priest, rising and beginning to pace the room. "And yet—yet a greater light than Tim can hold seems needed in this gloom—Suppose there had been no priest to answer the call of that poor despairing man, who died on the mountain two weeks ago—That 'Father John' wants me at his side I know, I can read it between the lines. He will not yield enough to thoughts of self, to recall me outright; still no one on earth has such a claim on

my services as that noble old man. I will go, I will close the church to-morrow and——"

A restless movement of the sleeper made him pause beside the cot. Boar, too, dozing before the fire, started up with his long ears pricked. Eric was tossing and muttering feverishly. The half frozen blood had begun to rush tumultuously through the young veins and the boy had flung aside the blanket and lay there, a ragged, bare-breasted, sin-smitten, young barbarian, a fit type of poor humanity, untouched by heaven's light.

"There it is Boar, I can see it now," he whispered, evidently dreaming of his wild journey over the storm-swept height.

"The cross, the cross on the church top. We were to go there, Dan said. I gave him my grip on it.—The boss tried to keep us, but we wouldn't stay—I can't hold out much longer, but we're most there. I wonder if they'll let creatures like you and me in. If they shut the door on us we'll die, die out in the cold and dark."

(*To be continued.*)

CHINESE EXAMINATIONS.

By Rev. William Hornsby, S.J.

EDUCATION among the Chinese and their elaborate system of state examinations are not new subjects to the Western public. The missionaries of the seventeenth century did not fail to report to the learned of Europe the intellectual activity and the high regard for literary culture, which they found in the metropolis and in the swarming marts of Cathay. In the present century the many valuable works on China have not neglected this interesting subject. In the excellent dictionary of Dr. Morrison, first Protestant missionary to China, the examinations were first treated for the English student. Justus Doolittle in his *Social Life of the Chinese* popularized the subject, and presented it clearly and with sufficient accuracy for the general reader, though his unfortunate illustrations represent the frail Chinese student as a Cantonese pirate, and the accomplished master of arts as a doll-faced boy of fourteen. Later the examination system received a more scholarly and more sympathetic treatment at the hands of Dr. Martin, President of the Imperial College of Western Science at Pekin.

For the student of Chinese civilization, the works just referred to left something to be desired, as did also the learned essay of the French savant, Edward Biot, and the notice given to the subject in the monumental work of P. Duhalde, S.J. To supply this want, Rev. Stephen Zi, S.J., of the Jesuit Mission of Nankin, has recently published a concise but exhaustive treatise entitled *Pratique des Examens Litteraires en Chine*. Father Zi, or Sin, as his name is pronounced in the court dialect, is a native of the Shanghai district. He is a descendant of Paul Sin, minister of state under the last dynasty and illustrious convert of Father Matthew Ricci. The little work appears as No. 5 of the *Variétés Sinologiques*, published by the Jesuit Missionaries at their press near Shanghai.

Adapted to the student's taste, as, indeed are all the numbers of the *Variétés*, Father Zi's pages bristle with Chinese quotations and phrases in the original characters. For such as are initiated into the mysteries of Chinese ideography, the result is most satisfactory; for the ordinary reader, the effect is perhaps rather striking than attractive.

It may be regretted that the nature of Father Zi's work confined his remarks so exclusively to the practice of the examinations, as not to permit of a chapter, in his thorough way, upon their history.

In the case of Chinese institutions, their history is, as a rule, of all things the most interesting. The present system of examinations is one of competitive trials for civil office, and it sprang out of the older practice of examining the officers themselves. The latter practice may be traced back in the old books to the Emperor Shun, who was a contemporary, according to current chronology, of Nimrod, "the stout hunter before the Lord." Shun, we are told, examined his officers every three years, and after three such examinations he put down the negligent and promoted the worthy. Though there may be some question as to the date of his reign, there is no reasonable doubt of Shun's historical identity or of the principal facts recorded of him in the old books. The brief text does not tell us upon what subjects Shun examined his officers. The country in Shun's day was in something of a feudal state; his officers were lords, and they were examined most probably as to their methods of government.

At the beginning of the Chow dynasty, the last of the three great families which ruled the Empire before our era, the examinations make their first appearance as a method of selecting officers. The six arts: ceremonies, music, archery, horsemanship, arithmetic and writing formed the subjects of the examinations. Under the head of ceremonies are included the elaborate rules of social and court etiquette, as well as the rites of civil and religious services. The other five arts are not peculiar to the Chinese. Such a range of subjects for examination indicates no low standard of civilization, for an age when the son of Cis had the little phial of oil poured upon his head and was anointed first king of Israel. In the latter half of the Chow dynasty, China's philosopher arose and fixed for ages the standard of ethical and of literary excellence. From that time Confucian ethics began to absorb the attention of students, and the teachings of Confucius and the classics transmitted by him form the basis of the literary examinations to-day.

After the Chow family came that of the Chins. Though they held the imperial sceptre less than threescore years, they left an indelible mark upon the history of the nation and its literature. From the name of this family, through the Arabians, came the name by which the old Cathay of Marco Polo is now known in Western languages. The second of the Chins, a contemporary of Alexander the Great, was the builder of the great wall, the founder of the strongly centralized government still enduring, and the would be destroyer of ancient literature. In the last fanatical undertaking he was fortunately not entirely successful. The bamboo tablets and the silken scrolls to which the precious heritage of antiquity had been consigned, had become too numerous to be all destroyed at the tyrants word, and in some cases the faithful tablets of the brain, written with the cherished words of sage and poet, survived the short lived rule of the destroyer's family.

Under the succeeding dynasty of the Hans, literature resumed its importance in the commonwealth, and competitive examinations for office began to take the shape of a well defined system. During the long and brilliant rule of the conquering house of Tang, the importance of the examinations grew with the vigorous intellectual activity and the ever increasing esteem of literary culture. Under the patronage of the munificent Sungs, about the epoch of the Crusades, the examinations developed into the system which, with but slight modifications, may be seen in operation to-day. The system of the present is the growth of forty centuries. Like a venerable but still vigorous oak, it is at once the pride of the present and a monument of the past. It is a monument as old, and certainly as noble, as the silent stones from which forty centuries contemplated Napoleon's troops in the battle of the Pyramids.

If there is one thing that China is proud of, and perhaps not without reason, it is her aristocracy of letters. Outside of the imperial family, there is but one hereditary title of nobility in the whole Empire. It is the title of the Duke of Cong, the descendant of Cong-foo-tse, whose name was softened by the early missionaries into the Latin form, Confucius. The family with its title of nobility has survived all the changes of dynasty, and for antiquity it may well challenge comparison with any in the world. Its founder was born before Pisistratus had become master of Athens and ere Babylon had fallen before the Mede and the Persian. This exception in favor of hereditary nobility shows a rare regard for intellectual excellence, and being unique it throws into relief the fact that the ministers of state and the governors and the officers of the Empire are not chosen from an hereditary aristocracy, nor from an aristocracy of money, nor yet from among such uncultured demagogues as rise to the surface in some commonwealths, but from among scholars who have proved their intellectual superiority in a long series of literary trials and in repeated competitions with their fellows. That is what is meant by China's aristocracy of letters.

The literary examinations are intended first and foremost to provide a body of men, from among whom the Emperor may choose competent counselors and officers. Nor is the Emperor free in the matter; he must choose his officers from among graduates. This permanent though unwritten law is really of a democratic nature, and throws light upon the limitations of the imperial power. How well the end of selecting competent officers is attained by the examinations as conducted at present, is a subject open to dispute. To dispute it, however, is not the present purpose. A brief sketch of the actual practice of the examinations, as given in detail by Father Zi, will enable the reader to form for himself some opinion with regard to the merits and the defects of the system.

The degrees conferred are three in number, corresponding, we may say, to the Western degrees of bachelor, master or licentiate, and doctor. In Chinese a graduate of the several degrees is called respectively Budding Genius, Promoted Scholar, and Candidate for Office. For each degree there are several trials, and as the number to be graduated at each examination is determined in advance, the standard is not so much an absolute as a relative one. The examinations are thus strictly competitive. Each graduate may consider himself the victor of hundreds and the survivor of many contests.

The trials for the three degrees are held respectively in the departmental cities, the provincial capitals and the imperial capital. In the civil administration the Empire is divided at present into twenty-three provinces, the provinces subdivided into eight or ten departments, and the departments into a convenient number of districts. Thus Shanghai is a district city, depending upon the departmental city of Song-kiang, which is in the province of Kiang-soo, with Nankin as the provincial capital. Some idea of the size of these divisions may be gathered from the fact that the single province of Canton, which is not the largest nor the most thickly populated of the Empire, is about equal in area to the British Isles, while its population is estimated to fall but little short of that of Great Britain.

For the first degree two examinations are held; the first under the presidency of the departmental magistrate, and the second under a special officer known as the provincial examiner. To lessen the crowd of competitors at these examinations, preliminary trials are held in the district towns under the district magistrates. Three or four hundred, on an average, assemble for the preliminary examination in a district, but, as an un-

sparing weeding takes place after each of the four or five trials, not more than eighty or a hundred in each district survive for the examination at the city of the department.

It is a general rule for the examinations that each candidate must be duly registered in advance, and provided with a certificate signed by a witness, who must accompany the candidate during the roll-call at the opening of the doors. There have grown up in the conduct of the examinations a certain number of forms and ceremonies, which tend to enhance the idea of their importance and to raise them out of the sphere of everyday life. The mandarin, in official dress, presides in person ; the doors are locked and officially sealed ; the students assemble at the signal of guns, and the exits take place to the sound of music ; the compositions are written in uniform books, neatly ruled in red and stamped with the president's seal ; the list of the successful is drawn up in a target-like circle, around a graceful red character signifying the centre. After the examination there is a visit of honor to the shrine of Confucius, the list of graduates is published with music and ceremony, and a repast is given by the magistrate to the first ten on the list.

Each trial lasts about twelve hours, and four or five trials are held within eight or ten days. The test in the trials for the first degree is, as a rule, two compositions in prose and one in verse. The subject for the first prose composition is posted up about daylight, for the second about nine or ten o'clock, and last of all the subject for the verses. In some examinations each student is provided with a dictionary of rhymes to facilitate the flow of verses. For the first prose composition two subjects are sometimes assigned, one for those above twenty years of age, and the other for those below twenty. The examination for the first degree s what they call the "boys' trial."

The subjects for the compositions in these examinations are taken from the Four Books and the Five Classics. The Four Books are four works of Confucian ethics, and the Five Classics comprise the history, poetry, rites and cosmogony of antiquity, as collected and transmitted by Confucius, together with a history of the principality of Soo, composed by the sage himself. The first of the Four Books is called the *Great Science*. It is the work of a disciple of Confucius, and it sets forth briefly the philosopher's teaching on government—government of self, of the family, of a principality, and, finally, of the Empire. It is not a logically reasoned treatise, but it contains many a noble precept concerning the pursuit of virtue, the force of example, self-control, regard for others, and many a sentiment worthy alike of the philosopher's reputation abroad and of the reverence in which he is held at home. The *Steady Man* is the title of the second of the Four Books, the composition of the sage's grandson. As the title indicates, it deals with the straight and even path of the "superior man," the philosopher, in the old Greek sense of the word. There is more order in this work than in the first of the Books, but it is open to criticism on the score of obscurity. It must not be forgotten that both of these books, as well as some of the other classics, most probably suffered from the ravages of the tyrant Chin, who aimed at destroying all existing literature. Many of the classics survived, but some in a mutilated condition.

Sentences and Sayings is the third book of the Four. It is called by translators "Confucian Analects." It is by far the most satisfactory of all the works on the philosopher and his teaching, as it is simply a plain record of the sage's principal sayings and doings. "The master said," is the set formula, varied occasionally by a question and "the master answered." The first part gives the philosopher's teaching, in sentences more or less disconnected, and the second part puts the sage before us in his private

and public conduct. Each of his favorite disciples was a Boswell, and there are few characters of antiquity so vividly pictured to posterity as "the master" of the Confucian Analects. We not only have the quintessence of his pure philosophy, but we are told how he sat and how he walked, how he dressed and adorned himself, how he liked his meals and how he lay down to sleep, how he acted at home and at court.

Such details are interesting even to a Christian student of Confucius, and the native commentators are not wrong in remarking that in the conduct of a sage even little things are worthy of record. Their opinion is to be preferred to that of some Western critics, who find these details tedious and in bad taste, and think that Confucius appears less a sage after having been seen at table or composing himself to sleep. As to the philosophy of the Analects, the ideas of the two preceding books occur under different lights, culminating in a statement of the "golden rule," "judge by yourself in your treatment of others." This is the purest and noblest precept to which Confucian, or may we say, pagan philosophy ever attained. The fourth of the Books is the work of Mencius, whose name it bears. Mencius was a professor of Confucian philosophy about a century after his master, and for his clear and elegant exposition of the treasured doctrine, he is universally considered as second to none but the sage.

Confucius professed to be not an originator but simply a transmitter. By collecting and digesting the old writings, he sought to transmit the records and the wholesome truths of antiquity. The result was the Five Classics. China has nothing more precious than her Five Classics, the history, poetry, rites and cosmogony of the venerable nation's infancy, and the only authentic production of the philosopher himself, a history of the principality of Soo, the beloved home of his youth and of the best years of his manhood. From these Five Classics and Four Books the themes for the examination papers are chosen, and as the Books contain nothing but the teachings of Confucius and the classics, the treasures of antiquity as transmitted by Confucius, it is evident what an autocrat the sage has been in the matter of education and morals.

He regretted during life that he was not in a position to propagate and apply his doctrine more widely; little did he think that his teachings, even his casual words, on morality and good government were fixing the standard of the Empire for ages. When wandering an exile from Soo, banished and compelled by forced retirement to pursue his literary work, little did he think that for ages to come not an emperor should sit upon the dragon throne without reverencing his name, that not a magistrate should receive the seal of office without paying homage to his memory, and that not a plea in the interests of justice and good government should be made without invoking his principles and authority.

Confucius is supreme in the examinations for the first degree, and more or less so in those for the two higher degrees. We have here the excellence as well as the defects of the system. The excellence, for, taking the nation as it is, pagan from prince to pauper, they could scarcely do better than require of the future officers a familiarity with the sage's superior morals; the defects, for principles of morality and skill in composition are not all that is to be desired in a good officer.

The candidates who escape the weeder's merciless hand in the district trials, go up to the departmental city at the appointed epoch, to compete with the successful students of the other districts for the coveted title of "Budding Genius." The place of the examinations at Songkiang, which has been mentioned above as the departmental city of Shanghai, is a long rectangular court, furnished on each side with 200 tables sheltered by a light roof from the sun and rain.

There is room for ten at each table, five on a side, so that 4,000 competitors could be accommodated at a time. As a fact, however, not more than half that number assemble at Song-kiang, for the city is not the prosperous and busy mart that it was, when visited by Marco Polo in the thirteenth century and by the Jesuit missionaries in the seventeenth. The city and the surrounding country have not yet recovered from the ravages of a relentless war. Song-kiang was sacked and held by the fanatical Tai-ping rebels, and was recaptured for the imperialists by Gordon in 1863.

The examination tables are numbered with the letters of the "Thousand-letter Classic," a well-known little poem of just a thousand characters, no one of which is repeated. The letters of this little poem are frequently employed as a notation, instead of the more prosaic *one*, *two*, *three*. At the further end of the court is the platform for the presiding mandarin, and near by is his private office and other offices of the examination. When the place was visited during the summer of '94, the tables and benches were found to be perfectly new, and of a structure as solid as it was simple. They consisted of broad heavy boards fastened firmly upon granite uprights. It was said that the "Budding Geniuses" of the last examination had become indignant at the old tables and benches, and had summarily destroyed them. The Chinese of to-day, no less than in the day of Pliny, are remarkable for their gentleness, but Chinese students have enough of human nature in them to put the mandarins to their wits' end, to keep order among 2,000 boys and young men, gathered together for eight or ten days away from home.

The number to be graduated is determined for each district according to its population and importance. The numbers given by Father Zi show that of those who go up for the examinations, not more than twenty or twenty-five per cent. return with the degree. The average age of the graduates seems to be about twenty years, though all ages are represented from the clever boy of fourteen up to the persevering sexagenarian.

There are two circumstances in the practice of the examinations, which, particularly in the eyes of Western observers, tend to lessen the significance of the degrees and to destroy the practical value of the whole system. These two circumstances are, first, that degrees are sometimes obtained by fraud or connivance of venal officers, and secondly, that the first degree, by a peculiar device of the government, is openly put upon the market at no considerable price. To some observers, not free from bias, perhaps, who see nothing in the Chinese but avarice and fraud in private relations, and corruption and venality in the public administration, these abuses render the whole system of examinations nugatory and ridiculous. If the matter be considered in the sympathetic spirit which every nation may reasonably expect of its critics, it may, perhaps, be found that these two abuses do not seriously affect the general utility of the examinations, nor render abortive their special purpose of selecting competent officers for the civil administration.

The sale of the first degree is effected by selling diplomas of the Imperial University, which entitle the purchasers to the insignia and privileges of those who, after years of toil, win their laurels in the dust and heat of the arena. The Imperial University is an old institution primarily intended for the youths of the imperial family. Its scope was afterwards widened, but it has never seen days of remarkable prosperity. A nominal corps of professors is still maintained, but at present the only function of the venerable institution is to provide diplomas for a depreciated market. This practice would seem, indeed, to turn into ridicule the vaunted aristocracy of letters and the flattering boast that the government is administered throughout by scholars of tried superiority.

There are several things to be considered, before forming an opinion upon the gravity of this abuse. In the first place, it is only the first degree which can be thus purchased, and the first degree does not of itself admit its possessor to high emoluments. It is true that some of the highest officers are graduates of only the first degree, but they are men of tried worth and have been promoted only after proving their ability in humbler magistracies. Secondly, the number of graduates who win their degree by honorable competition, is in excess of those who receive a spurious title to the degree by a purchased diploma. Taking the number of districts in the Empire as 1,500, and the average number of graduates at a session in each district as 16, there would be 24,000 graduates for the Empire, or 48,000 every three years, as two examinations are held within that period. The accurate number of diplomas sold is not stated, but it may safely be placed below the number of regular graduates. Moreover a "graduate of the University" is always distinguished from a graduate of the examinations, and not certainly to the discredit of the one who has earned his laurels.

The second abuse is that it is not always possible to prevent fraud on the part of students and venal partiality on the part of examiners. In the examinations for the first degree, less care is taken in these particulars than in the trials for the higher degrees, and the punishment of offenders is less severe. In the higher examinations offences of this nature are visited with capital punishment, and one has not to reside long in China to hear of the dire sentence being passed upon examiners as well as students. The principal precautions taken against this abuse may be briefly enumerated. Upon entering the enclosure, the persons of the students are searched, and their baskets, containing writing materials and a little lunch, are carefully examined. Superintendents keep watch during the examinations, and moreover each student is under the inspection of his neighbors. Where rivalry is so keen and the matter considered of such importance, it is not probable that a number of hard workers would sit passively by and let the fruit of their labors be taken from them by fraud. Owing to the strictly competitive nature of the examinations, when one enters by fraud, a deserving student is thereby excluded. At intervals during the composition of the papers, an officer makes the rounds and stamps each paper immediately after the last character written. The names of the competitors are concealed from the examiner, until after he has classed the papers. In the examination for the second degree, all the papers are copied by official scribes, and the copies submitted to those who are to decide upon their merits.

In spite of all that can be said, the two abuses mentioned still remain practical abuses. The above considerations, however, may make it appear that they are not of such consequence as quite to destroy the value of the examinations. It may still, perhaps, be permitted to the Chinese to speak of their aristocracy of letters.

The examinations for the second degree are held in the provincial capitals, and for the third and last degree only in Pekin. As many as 10,000 assemble at Nankin, for a single session of the examinations for the second degree. At Canton, where the population is rather commercial than literary, seven or eight thousand is not an unusual number. As there is no longer question of a "boys'" trial," there is very little to relieve the serious nature of the examination. The doors of the enclosure are locked and sealed for more than twenty-four hours at a time. Each candidate works alone in a narrow cell; for chair, table and bed, he has a couple of boards, fitting into the walls of the cell like the shelves of a book-case. When the number of competitors is great, as happens at Pekin, each one receives but a single board, and he is obliged to sit on the floor to write, unless upon entering he

provide himself with a little stool or table. There is a strange saying among the people that there is no examination without a death, and the saying is seldom belied by fact. In the spring of 1893 there were several deaths during a single session at Pekin. Some kill themselves in despair, and others seem to die of sheer exhaustion and nervous excitement.

For the second degree, besides the compositions on themes from the old books, there are papers on criticism, history, finance, agriculture and war. It would seem that but little freshness or originality is expected, as the questions proposed are concerned mostly with the remote past. In the line of criticism, for instance, in a paper given at Nankin in 1889, the date of the composition of certain ancient commentaries is required, the authenticity of another old book is to be discussed, and it is asked of a chronological work, written about the beginning of our era, how many thousands of characters it contains. The papers on military affairs discuss the tactics of the Tangs in Corea in the eighth century and the curious guns of Kublai-Khan, rather than the tactics of the French in Cochin-China in the nineteenth century and the effective guns of the Russian Czar.

For the last degree the subjects are assigned by the emperor himself. "Men of letters," says His Majesty, at the end of the paper, "after long years of practice, you begin to address your sovereign. Expose your worthy ideas; admit nothing commonplace, no obscurity. It is I who shall read your papers." For the first time these students of the past are called upon to give their opinion upon practical issues—the emperor proposes to them problems of government. With infant lips they have lisped the records of great rulers and the cadenced phrase of sage and poet; in youth they have conned the lyrics of antiquity, and have had their imaginations quickened by all that is noble and beautiful in their nation's past; with the judgment of maturity they have studied the benign rule of Yao and Shun and the constructive statesmanship of the Duke of Chow, and by patient toil they have made their own the treasured wisdom of 4,000 years. And now, at last, at the bidding of the emperor himself, they begin to express their views, in contest for the highest honors which the state can bestow upon her men of letters. The doctor's degree carries with it an extraordinary prestige, nor is it simply an empty title. It admits its possessor into the civil administration, and prepares the way for rapid preferment to offices of trust and dignity.

After graduation the doctors may compete for admission into the Imperial Academy, called rather poetically, the "Forest of Pencils." This institution is of very old date, and it is designed to provide the emperor with a body of the choicest scholars, whose services he may always command. The academicians in Pekin are employed at whatever the emperor may desire, but admission into the academy does not debar a doctor from offices of administration in the Empire. Under Kang-hi, about the beginning of the last century, the academicians compiled the standard dictionary still in use under that emperor's name. About the same time they edited, in 6,000 volumes, a magnificent collection of selections from all that is best in the literature.

As may appear from the requirements of the examinations, a Chinese graduate's education cannot escape the charge of narrowness. In the literature, history, and philosophy of his own people, he is indeed a marvel of accomplishment. Not a sentence of a sage but he can repeat it, and point out in the laconic phrase an unseen depth of signification; not a verse of poetry but he has it at the tip of his elegant pencil, to turn a pretty compliment or point a wholesome moral; not a hero of action or counsel but he can recount his virtues and develop the

secrets of his success. With astonishing acuteness and erudition he can discuss the authenticity of a commentary or the value of a history, and with an ease begot of long practice, he can round off a discourse, polish up an epigram or indite a letter, in a style as elegant as his characters are graceful. Nor is he a stranger to such culture as may put him in harmony with a calm sunset or a bleak seashore, and make him particular as to the flavor of his wines and the tastes of his friends. But as to science and knowledge of the outside world, the average Chinese doctor in letters is certainly ignorant, nor can it be said that he has taken the first step towards expelling his ignorance by learning to regret it.

From a Western point of view, China's examination system leaves much to be desired. Her future, we may, in charity, leave to Him who rules great nations as He feeds the sparrow, who has made China in some respects the most remarkable nation in the world, and has guided her destinies through more than forty centuries of uninterrupted civilization.

A SECOND CHAPTER ON THE AMERICAN COLLEGE, ROME.

By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.

IN the January number of the MESSENGER "L. S." has given a most interesting and well-written article on "Life in the American College, Rome." His article has suggested and stimulated this one; for it must be useful as well as entertaining to record the events that took place especially in the beginning of an institution so dear to the heart of the Holy Father and especially of American Catholics. "L. S." is generally correct in his statements; but there are a few slips which he will kindly permit me to point out. Thus in speaking of the original thirteen students of the college, whose portraits in a group he gives, he says we shall find among them the likeness of Bishop Northrop. This is a mistake. The likeness is that of Claudian Northrop, the brother of Henry, the Bishop of Charleston, who was not a student in the college until some years after it was opened.

Again, he tells us that Dr. Ubaldi was the bearer of the Cardinal's hat to Archbishop McCloskey. The bearer of the hat was Monsignor Roncetti; Dr. Ubaldi and Count Marefoschi were only his associates and *compagnons de voyage*. Again, although Dr. McGlynn's likeness is in the group, the learned and eloquent doctor was never considered in my time a student of the college. He was a student of the propaganda, and was sent over to the American College on account of his thorough knowledge of the Italian tongue, to help the rector and post him on the ways of the Romans According to "L. S." the doctor was already in holy orders when he was thus commissioned to assist the greenhorns with his superior knowledge and experience.

"L. S." says nothing about the batch of students who, although not at the opening of the college, entered it during the same year, some of them only a few months after the 8th of December, 1859. I cannot remember all of those who may be numbered in this second batch. We who came from the neighborhood of New York used to call the first batch the "original Jacobs," in reminiscence of a well-known Chatham Street Jew and jeweler, who thus advertised to distinguish himself from a rival of the same name. Some of the "original Jacobs," notably my learned friend, Rev. Dr. Parsons, the historian, and my equally learned friend Monsignore Seton, the archæologist and genealogist, used to edify us new-comers with repeated tales of the glories of the opening day and of

the celebrities present on the occasion, notably of General Guyon, the French Major General, and good, noble and courageous Pius IX.

We used to listen to them with open mouths, but we never swallowed all they said. In fact, the old students of the college who read this will remember that we used to call many of their stories "Neapolitans," because one of them told us an incredible story about something that had happened in Naples; a story which even the learned narrator himself did not believe. "A Neapolitan" in American College English in the year 1860 meant "a yarn."

How many students of that year are dead? There was Ambrose O'Neill, of Albany diocese, a long, lank alumnus, with a fine baritone voice. A good singer and a good preacher was he. Then there was our vice-prefect or bidello, Ward of Pittsburg. Both are dead, and I believe in heaven. Then there was Fitzpatrick, of Brooklyn, afterwards a rector and the editor of a Catholic newspaper; and another Brooklyn man, Rev. Dr. Gardiner, the cleverest alumnus of his time, a poet, a philosopher and a saint, with a special devotion to the Sacred Heart. He, too, edited a Catholic newspaper—the *Brooklyn Catholic*. Both died of consumption, many years ago. Wm. Hart, of New Haven, another, is also dead. So is Rev. Wm. Smith, of Fort Edward, N. Y.

Of that second batch, the Rev. James Nilan, my associate woodsawyer—Dr. McCloskey sent the pair of us to saw wood, as a cure for college dyspepsia; Rev. Patrick Hennessy, Rev. Patrick Cody, Rev. Patrick Smith, Rev. Christopher Hughes, are alive and well, and I believe some of them have been kicking. These, with myself, came next to the original thirteen. Others there were, but in the lower classes, and consequently not so conspicuous.

There was one who came a little after us, Rev. Daniel O'Regan, of Cincinnati. Dan, with Father Frank Dutton, who is still alive, were sent to France in their boyhood, by Archbishop Purcell. They studied at first in Nantes, and afterwards in St. Sulpice, Paris, where Dan and myself were classmates. Suddenly and unexpectedly the noble spirited fellow, impelled by a desire to fight for the Pope, left the seminary and joined the Papal Zonaves, among whom he served for a year. Then, at the entreaty of his Archbishop, he gave up his military career, entered the American College, and ranks as its second priest and second doctor in the order of time. He died a short time after he returned to the United States. He was brave and manly, and hardly inferior to Gardiner in talent. *Rapti sunt, ne malitia mutaret intellectum.* They whom God loves die young.

Good Father Merriweather, so he is alive! He was the vice-prefect of the first camerata in 1860, Father Hennessy being the prefect. Do they remember the night of the "Knobs," and the great April fool hoax? Of course they do; but, reader, you know nothing about them, so I'll tell you.

I think it was the second or third night after I got to the college villa at Gensano, near Lake Nenù, in October, 1860, the students being then in vacation, that we of the first camerata, gathered around the community table, began to tell anecdotes. Each tried to outdo the other. At last some one told a story —I think it was Nilan; but if it was not I hope he'll forgive me for saying so —a story that had no point to it. His remarks were and are usually pointed. Dead silence followed. But dry and quaint old Merriweather in the corner, interrupted the silence by remarking: "That story has no knob to it." So from that out, a silly story or a bad syllogism in American College English became "something without a knob to it." "The sermon had no knob to it;" "the argument has no knob to it;" "where's the knob?" Such were well-known and well understood phrases in the college for many years. Dear old

bidello Merriweather, I have not seen you in thirty-three years, but I hope to make you smile when you read this, no matter where you are, and even though you did once complain of a certain student for sharing his bottle of wine with another.

Then there was the celebrated April fool hoax in the year 1861—was it? Or was it 1862?

Rumors had been rife for some time that the Garibaldini were prowling through the Papal States and might invade Rome. I was the librarian and very much interested in the volumes which the Jesuit Fathers had sent over to us from the Roman College, either for safe keeping or as a gift, I cannot say which. That library was the object of my especial care. I remember with what zeal I made out the catalogue of its books, assisted sometimes by a very quiet, unpretentious, gentle, hard-working student, named Michael A. Corrigan. He was the rector's favorite, if he had any. The library was at the end of the corridor on the top story occupied by the first camerata. Near the library lived Fitzpatrick, of Brooklyn, a wag fond of a practical joke; a few doors lower down was the room of the librarian. At the other end dwelt the tall, sturdy, stern prefect, Hennessy, now pastor in Jersey City, and near him dwelt the brave and pugnacious Cody, now pastor in Newark, N. J. Both were the owners of formidable sticks, and knew how to use them if necessary.

Archbishop Hughes was at that time in the house very sick; in fact the rector, Dr. McCloskey, feared the prelate would then die.

It was the eve of April 1 and almost midnight when the librarian was rudely awaked from his slumbers by the voice of Fitzpatrick saying, "Get up, get up quick, there are robbers in the library." I jumped up, donned my cassock, put on my shoes, slip-shod, seized a stick which I had cut the preceding October in the woods near Lake Albano, and told Fitzpatrick to go and wake Cody and Nilan. Nilan was an athlete. They would have made good fighters on a pinch. Then I went to awaken Hennessy and he sent me to awaken the rector. I awoke the rector who thought at first that it was some sad news about the Archbishop, that was being brought to him; and the rector sent me to awake the servant David—David, one of whose chief occupations in the house was to apply leeches to the students when the barbarian doctor ordered them to be bled. I awoke David; and now every fighter in the first camerata was up and arrayed for battle.

I came up stairs from the rector's room and found Cody, the Achilles of the house, ready to enter the library at once and slaughter the robbers whether they were Garibaldini or common burglars. He demanded the keys from me. But I dissuaded him from haste lest the burglars should stab him as he entered the door. In a solid phalanx we then marched. Hennessy however had not yet appeared. He was making extraordinary preparations for the conflict; when in the midst of the hubbub, Fitzpatrick began to laugh, cried out "April fool," ran to his room and locked himself in. The others saw the joke at once, and went hastily to bed. But it was no joke for me, for I had to face both the prefect and the rector and explain matters to them. I did not want to tell them that Fitzpatrick was to blame and I am very sorry to say that they both thought me quite capable of being the culprit myself. However I faced the music, although I feared Hennessy armed with a club, more than I did the rector armed with superior authority.

He was gentle and genial and a thorough American. The joke pleased him so much that he gave us a whole recreation day on the strength of it. And so, dear juniors of the American College, you have the story of the April fool hoax.

But I bore you; so here's an end to it. O'Neill, O'Regan, Ward, Gardiner, Fitzpatrick, Hart, Sheridan, Charlton, Win-

smith, Burns, the chess-player of Philadelphia, Chas. O'Connor of the same city, and who else? All dead and gone. *Requiescant in pace!* They were not among the original thirteen, but they were among the original half-hundred who loved the college and carried off the prizes in 1860, 1861 and 1862. This record has not been surpassed since.

The last slip of "L. S." is in his last sentence. He claims that Bishops McCloskey and Chatard as "of our alumni." Neither of these two bishops ever studied in the American College. Bishop McCloskey is an alumnus of Mount St. Mary's and Bishop Chatard of the Propaganda; and consequently are not alumni of the American College in any proper sense. Both of them were presidents, however, and were beloved by all the students who lived under their manly, but benign administration.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

THE readers of the MESSENGER will probably still remember the assuring words of Leo XIII., on occasion of the beatification of B. Bernardino Realino, of the Society of Jesus, concerning the bright prospects of the approaching beatification of the Venerable Father Claude de la Colombière, whom our Lord chose as the apostle of the devotion to His Sacred Heart. On the feast of the Annunciation of last year, after publishing the decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites regarding the cause of B. Bernardino, the sovereign pontiff remarked: "There remains still Claude de la Colombière, who is extremely dear to us. His cause is already well advanced, and almost secured (*fere in tuto positam*). We recommend it most earnestly to the active solicitude of the Cardinal Prefect of the Rites."

We are in receipt of an important communication from an authentic source, which will doubtless interest the clients of this venerable servant of God, and gladden the hearts of all true friends of the Sacred Heart. It is dated Rome, November 1, 1895, and reads as follows:

"REV. AND DEAR FATHER:—I take great pleasure in transmitting to you an account of the cure of a religious of Lugo (a small town in Romagna, Italy), obtained through the intercession of the Venerable Father de la Colombière. The Rev. Father Armellini (postulator of the causes of beatification and canonization of the servants of God, of the Society of Jesus), communicated to me the Italian text of the statement received from the Convent of the Adorers of the Sacred Heart, which I translate for publication in the MESSENGER. The Rev. Postulator is about to institute a canonical investigation of the fact at Lugo. The conditions for such an investigation are fulfilled, for an entire year has elapsed since the cure took place, which is the term required in such a case."

We here reproduce the statement, with the explicit declaration that it is not our intention to forestall the judgment of the Holy See in regard to the supernatural character of the facts related. It runs as follows:

"Our Lord, always wonderful in His saints, has deigned to glorify His servant, Father Claude de la Colombière, on occasion of a very serious illness, with which a religious of the monastery of the Sacred Heart in Lugo was afflicted in the month of July, 1894. The following is the account of the facts:

"Sister Mary Pia of the Immaculate Conception, known in the world as Anne Modonesi, aged thirty-five years, daughter of Dr. Cajetan Modonesi and Mary Foschini—both of whom are still living—of very delicate constitution, has been for fifteen years a religious in the Monastery

of the Adorers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Lugo. July 9, 1894, she fell seriously ill. For several days she complained of general indisposition and such a violent headache as to render application of any kind utterly impossible. In the afternoon of July 9, she was constrained to take to her bed. As in addition to the headache fever set in, Dr. Frederic Lanzoni, the community physician, was summoned at once. He carefully examined the patient and showed serious anxiety about her condition, but declined to pronounce on the nature of her sickness till next day.

"On the following day he found that his apprehensions were but too well founded. He declared the case to be dangerous, and suggested that Sister Pia's family should be notified of her illness. As her father is a physician of much skill and experience, Dr. Lanzoni expressed his desire to call him in for consultation. Accordingly, Dr. Modonesi came; July 13, he held two consultations with Dr. Lanzoni and both agreed that the disease was a serious case of *tuberculous meningitis*, having its seat in the cerebellum—a disease, the cure of which is very uncertain, and generally incomplete. They prescribed blisters, which were applied to the nape of her neck. In the course of the evening, during the application of this remedy, she suffered a fainting-spell, during which she appeared for some time to be lifeless. On the following day the Viaticum was administered to her; which had to be done with great precautions, so as not to aggravate her condition. As the patient could not bear the least noise, the formula o her religious profession, which the constitutions of the society require to be recited before receiving the Viaticum, had to be suggested to her in an almost inaudible whisper.

"The headache caused a sensation like he blows of a hammer on the crown of her head and the nape of her neck. To this was added a violent aching of the spinal co umn—a feeling as if a nail were being driven into it. This headache deprived the patient also of the use of her eyes. She could not endure the slightest ray of even the faintest light. All this rendered her so sensitive that the slightest noise would bring on the most painful paroxysms. Finally, she was seized by an intermittent fever at certain regular intervals. She could not sleep, and had an absolute loathing for any kind of nourishment. Her suffering, far from abating, went on increasing. On July 17 she was seized with a violent paroxysm. Our apprehensions became more and more serious. On the 18th she again received the Viaticum.

"All the religious were in extreme sadness at the thought of losing a sister that was most dear to them. It is needless to say that, moved by their charity and piety, they offered many prayers and promises and vows to God and His Holy Mother and their patron saints for her recovery. From July 14 prayers to the Sacred Heart were offered in common for her, and more were promised.

"One of the religious felt an impulse to have recourse to the Venerable Father de la Colombière—not herself alone—but that the whole community should direct their request in common to the servant of God. Not venturing to propose this request, as she was a junior sister, she confined herself to praying our Lord that He might send the other sisters the same inspiration. Her prayer was heard in a most remarkable manner, for the sick sister herself was the first to feel the inspiration to request the Superior to have the community offer certain prayers to the Holy Trinity, that God might glorify His faithful servant, the Venerable Father de la Colombière, by granting her cure through his merits. The Mother Superior, to gratify her desire, decided that a private novena of prayers should be offered for that intention, July 19 to 27. That this was a veritable inspiration from God may be seen from what happened the night between July 21 and 22. That night the patient had a dream,

which greatly encouraged her to put her confidence in the intercession of the Venerable Servant of God.

"Let us hear the fact, as told in her own words: 'The night from July 21 to 22,' she says, 'I dreamed I saw a Jesuit enter my cell. I recognized him as the Venerable Father de la Colombière, as he much resembled a picture which I have of that holy religious. Beside myself with joy, I wished to put myself in a kneeling posture in my bed to receive his blessing. But, with a smile, he motioned to me with his hand not to stir. Then approaching my bedside, full of paternal kindness, he raised his right hand, which had rested on his breast, and gave me his blessing. I wanted to say a prayer to him, which I thought would give expression to my desires; but when I tried to recite it, my memory failed me. Despite all my efforts, I could only recall these words: *Iis qui invocant tuum potens auxilium* (To those who invoke thy powerful aid). I think I tried to make the Venerable Servant of God understand the meaning of the prayer by means of gestures.

"'Then he, smiling at my presumption and helplessness, answered: 'All right! All right!' as if he would say: 'I know better than yourself what you wish to say to me.' Then coming nearer he said with gentleness: 'My child, remember that it is only God who can fully satisfy our hearts.' 'O Father,' I answered, 'I know it well now, in my present state of sickness, and I feel sure that the soul has no other consolation but that of having sought God alone, and having acted only for His love.' The servant of God added in a tone, both grave and full of gentleness: 'Let that maxim, then, be thy rule;' and again making the sign of the cross over me, he disappeared.

"'I awoke and felt myself consoled. But I regarded this altogether as a dream, especially as I felt my pains just as on the previous evening.' So far Sister Pia.

"But to this recital of her dream, the night of July 21 to 22, it is necessary to add another circumstance, which has been attested by the infirmarian who watched with her that same night. This religious stayed outside of the patient's cell in order not to disturb her, but prepared to wait upon her at the slighest sign. All of a sudden, she seemed to behold something like a shadow passing before her and enter the cell of the patient. Whereupon she heard Sister Pia utter a cry. Hastening to the door of the cell, she asked her if she wanted anything. The patient, in reply, only uttered some unintelligible words. Seeing that she rested quietly, however, the nurse did not question her any further, but remained in attentive silence.

"Next morning the infirmarian reported this fact to the Mistress of novices. At the same moment Sister Pia was recounting her own experience to the Mother Superior. The religious were all astonished at the coincidence of the facts.

"Meanwhile, as Dr. Cajetan Modonesi could not devote his continual services to his daughter, Signor Antonio Modonesi, her brother, was asked to take charge of her. In accord with Dr. Lanzoni, he continued her treatment with all that devotion and zeal which science, conscientiousness and a brother's love inspired.

"The patient's condition continued to grow worse. The paroxysms, which seized her at regular intervals, became more and more violent. She had one on the 21st and another on the 24th of July. As soon as she recovered from these attacks she asked for the Viaticum, which was administered to her for the third time, July 22, and for the fourth time, July 24. The physicians were powerless in the case, and did very little in the way of medical treatment, as the patient's constitution was extremely delicate. Dr. Lanzoni had given up all hope of her recovery; nor did he change his opinion when a slight improvement set in. Dr. Antonio Modonesi, commu-

nicating the sad news to his parents, re-echoed the opinion of his confrère, and tried to console them, saying that it was better for his sister that God should take her to Himself in heaven; for if she would recover, she would remain blind, or idiotic, or crippled for life.

"The novena was coming to a close, and there was nothing to warrant the hope that the grace sought for would be obtained. Nay, the 27th of July, the last day of the novena was the day on which she suffered most desperately. At half-past four in the morning the patient was taken with the most terrible attack which she suffered during her illness. It lasted till ten o'clock. She was delirious and underwent the most dreadful convulsions, so that it seemed she might breathe her last at any moment. The physician stood by her bedside, observing her difficult breathing, the irregular pulsation and movement of the heart, and the frequent convulsions of her whole person, which caused apprehension of paralysis which might result in immediate death. During this whole time the Father Confessor did not leave her bedside.

"Towards mid-day God was pleased to grant her some relief. She rested a little; but the fever did not abate in aught and her weakness was extreme. Towards evening, after having consulted the physician, arrangements were made to administer to her the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. However, it was resolved to defer it to the next day. We would still hope with confidence for supernatural aid and for the favor which was so ardently prayed for. Some one of the bystanders remarked to the patient: 'To-day is the last day of the novena; the Lord wishes to try your faith by permitting you to grow worse. We read in the lives of the Saints that He is wont to do so. Have confidence.' 'Yes,' said the Father Confessor, 'have confidence'; and turning to the patient, he said, repeating his words at least twice: 'Sister Pia, remember, if your dear Father de la Colombière wishes to grant the favor which you have asked of him, he has still time to do so till midnight; but if at that hour he shall not have granted your request, whatever favors we shall receive in future, we shall not attribute to him, but to others.' Having uttered these words he gave the Sister his blessing and left the cloister.

"After several hours of convulsions, Sister Pia fell asleep. She slept till half-past twelve. On awaking, to her great surprise, she felt no more pain. She attributed this effect to the repose she had enjoyed and awaited with resignation the return of her sufferings. Instead, she was revisited by sleep, which continued for half an hour. Awaking again (wondrous to say!), she found that she was perfectly cured. There was no more headache, no more pangs, no more pain in the spine, no more fever, no more dread of the light, no more loathing of food; she felt herself entirely restored to life. She was so surprised that she could hardly believe her own impressions. Opening her eyes, which had been closed for twenty days, she could distinguish the objects, and soon also the persons, around her. She began to weep for joy and thankfulness. Her soul was filled with gladness and delight. She fervently thanked God and her protector, the venerable Father de la Colombière. She was on the point of getting up and hastening to the Mother Superior's cell to acquaint her of the favor she had obtained. She felt sufficiently strong to do so, but from prudence she restrained herself. She did not even awaken the nurse who had charge of her.

"Shortly after, that is, at half-past one o'clock, the Assistant Mother, eager to know the state of the patient, visited her, and she could no longer conceal the favor which she had received. Assured of the marvellous fact the Assistant Mother thanked God and hastened to inform the Mother Superior.

"On the morning of July 28, the Father Confessor came to the convent at an

early hour. When he learned what had taken place, he advised prudent measures. It was agreed to communicate the fact of the cure to all the community, but they were to say nothing to outsiders.

"At 8 o'clock the doctor arrived and asked her how she felt; and with increasing surprise, he learned that she had no more fever, that her sight was restored, that the headache had ceased. He was told that she could open her eyes and bear the light. He was inclined to be skeptical and submitted her to a series of examinations. Finally, having admitted the full daylight into the cell he convinced himself that, after being for twenty days unable to bear any light, Sister Pia, radiant with joy, almost in a sitting posture on her bed, contemplated freely those persons who stood around her. 'Well done! Well done! Courage!' he exclaimed; and, after leaving the cell, he said: 'Let us profit by this lull.' He left, promising to return before night. On his return in the evening, he found that all was going on well. After his visit he was asked if he thought that there was any hope of her recovery. 'Oh! no,' he answered, 'there is no use making illusions to ourselves; that is the way with these diseases.' 'But how long would this improvement have to last to be regarded as permanent?' 'A fortnight, or a month, before entitling to any hope.' 'But if the disease, which has now disappeared, should not return again?' 'Oh!' said he, that might be pronounced a miracle.' With these words he departed.

"This sudden improvement was not merely 'a lull,' but a veritable and permanent cure, which became even more evident in the case of Sister Pia; for repeatedly she asked for nourishment. She took coffee and milk, gruel, and even a piece of chicken; so well did she feel.

"Sunday, July 29, she was for some hours slightly troubled with indigestion. But this indisposition soon ceased and she was able to take stronger and more abundant nourishment. Also on Monday, the 30th, she was already *well*, and on Tuesday, the 31st, she was *very well*, according to the pronouncement of the doctor. He was asked how this change could have taken place in the patient. His answer was that there are many things which science is unable to explain.

"On Wednesday, August 1, both the physicans called to see her and declared her fully convalescent, so that their daily visits were no longer necessary. In fact, both the doctors, having paid their respects to the sister, went their way, well pleased with her condition, and did not return to see her for ten days.

"Next day, August 2, and again August 5, Sister Pia was able to receive communion fasting. After August 1, she began to quit her bed and to occupy herself with some light work. She wrote a letter to her parents, left her cell first for the corridor, then for the garden. The improvement of her eyes particularly created great wonder and joy.

"The physicians returned August 9, and pronounced Sister Pia restored to perfect health. All that was necessary was to tone up her delicate constitution. Now, full of life and cheerfulness, she performed the same duties, which were confided to her before her illness—perfectly sound in mind and body.

"This is the candid and truthful recital of her cure. May it serve for the greater glory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to whose honor this monastery is dedicated. May the Sacred Heart also deign, by means of this wonderful cure, to glorify him who during his life was the great apostle of devotion toward it—the Venerable Claude de la Colombière, by whose merits this grace was obtained. Yes, it is to this Venerable Father that we must attribute this favor or miracle; for, as we stated before, the community had recourse to him alone."

JESUIT COLLEGE AND CHURCH—CAIRO.

THE CATHOLICS OF THE COPTIC RITE IN EGYPT.

By H. J. S.

CHRISTIANITY was introduced into Egpyt by the holy evangelist St. Mark, who, having established himself in Alexandria, preached the Faith with such fruit that at the time of his martyrdom, A. D. 62, flourishing Christian communities were scattered here and there throughout the great valley of the Nile.

For over two centuries and a half after the triumph of St. Mark, the patriarchal see of Alexandria was wonderfully blessed in its rulers. Athanasius, the valiant champion of orthodoxy against the Arian impiety, was the twentieth in an unbroken succession of canonized saints. Under such leaders the Gospel was preached with so much success in Egypt proper, Libya, the Pentapolis, Nubia and Abyssinia that at the general council of Nice, A. D. 325, it was decreed that the Patriarch of Alexandria should take precedence of the other Oriental patriarchs, and should rank next to the Pope.

But the Church once so great, glorious and productive of saints and apostles was to be crushed to the earth under a burden of affliction. In the year 444, St. Cyril was succeeded in the patriarchal see by Dioscorus, who speedily threw all the weight of his exalted position upon the side of the Monophysite heresy. The false shepherd was deposed by the general council of Chalcedon in 451, but the error which he had propagated so actively did not lose its hold upon many of the clergy and people. His orthodox successor, Proterius, was murdered in the baptistry of the cathedral by the partisans of Dioscorus, who, by their violence, had gained the ascendency in the city.

The Emperor Justinian exerted himself to stamp out the heresy, but his extreme measures served only to embitter and estrange its dupes. It was at this time that those who remained faithful to Catholic unity were derisively styled Melchites or Royalists, as being of the emperor's party; those who remained in heresy called themselves Jacobites, from a fanatical Syrian monk named Jacob, who was an ardent propagator of their errors. To this day the same terminology is in use. A Copt is a native Egyptian Christian. If in communion with the Holy See, he is a Melchite Copt; if a partisan of the Monophysite heresy, he is a Jacobite Copt.

At the time of the Arabian invasion, towards the middle of the seventh century, the imperial governor of middle Egypt, who was a Jacobite, made only the faintest show of resistance and then concluded what seemed to him a very advantageous treaty with the representatives of the caliph Omar. Lower Egypt and Memphis were given up to the invaders. The Jacobites, by paying an annual poll-tax, were to be free to practise their religion; but the Melchites and foreign Catholics, resident in the subjugated territory, were left to the mercy of the victor.

For a time it appeared that the Monophysite traitors had struck a good bargain with the Mohammedans, for they adhered to their tenets unmolested, and obtained possession of many of the Melchite churches. The day of reckoning was nearer than they thought. The supremacy of the crescent having been firmly established, there was inaugurated series of persecutions ranging from petty displays of despotism to the most shocking barbarities. Christians were ordered to wear a cross weighing five pounds, suspended from their necks, to dress in garments of fanciful colors, and to ride only on donkeys with their faces towards the tail, as if unworthy to look at the head of that lowly beast. The odious Mohammedan rite of circumcision was imposed upon them and over the portals of the churches which were left standing, they were forced to inscribe the Mohammedan shibboleth; "There is no god but God; Mohammed is the prophet of God." Another tyrannical decree ordered monks to be branded on the right hand with a mark indicating the monastery to which they belonged. Failure to comply with its provisions was visited with the loss of the hand at the wrist.

Towards the end of the eighth century, there was a lull in the storm of persecution. One of the Egyptian concubines of the mighty Haroun-al-Raschid, the Caliph of Bagdad, having fallen ill of a lingering disease which baffled the skill of the physicians, the ablest practitioners of Alexandria were summoned to attend her. Balazian, the Melchite Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria, who was well-known for his skill in the healing art, undertook to effect her cure. Complete success crowned his efforts and a cessation of the persecution was the precious reward of his labors.

After a long period of repose the bitterest and bloodiest persecution broke out under El-Hakem-bi-amr-allah, towards the end of the tenth century. Churches and monasteries were razed to the ground; men were subjected to the frightful punishment of the bastinado until death relieved their sufferings; women and children were sold into slavery; all their worldly possessions were confiscated. Hundreds of thousands perished by the scimitar, famine and disease, and the wretched survivors were reduced to such extremities that dogs and carrion were their food. Great numbers, both of the Jacobites, whose treason had brought Egypt under the sway of Islam, and of the Melchites, who had until then remained unshaken in their orthodoxy, gave way under the trial and bought the favors of their masters by apostatizing to Mohammedanism. There are in Egypt to-day about 4,000,000 followers of the prophet, of whom fully 3,000,000 are descendants of apos-

BISHOP AMBA AGAPIOS BICHAY.

tate Christians. After five desperate but unsuccessful attempts to destroy the supremacy of the crescent, the wretched Copts, those spirited descendants of the mighty Pharaohs, were at last thoroughly cowed by their reverses and were forced to submit their necks in the sullen despair of slaves to the yoke of Mohammed. In the latter part of the eleventh century, Abdel-Massih, the Jacobite Patriarch of Alexandria, moved his court to Cairo, where his successors have continued to reside up to the present day.

At about the time of the change of residence of the Jacobite patriarch, the Emperors of Constantinople began to exercise an influence anything but good in the choice of the Melchite patriarchs of the same see. Too often their appointees were mere court favorites, who knew nothing about the Church in Egypt, and who cared so little about it that some of them never took the trouble to visit the see to which they had been raised by imperial favor. By the beginning of the thirteenth century they had become so hellenized that the ruling patriarch, Mark II., abandoned the venerable liturgy of St. Mark, which had been the only one in use from time immemorial, and adopted that of Constantinople. Thus the ancient See of Alexandria became Greek in rite, in doctrine and in character; for the patriarchs, following the beck of the Byzantine Emperors, returned no fewer than six times to the unity of the church, and as often relapsed into schism.

In these vagaries of liturgy and doctrine, the Melchite Copts did not follow the example of the patriarch foisted upon them by Constantinople. They clung tenaciously to the old faith and to the old traditions.

The Patriarch John XI. was received into the unity of the Church in 1441, at the general council of Florence, and his successors, up to Matthew III. in 1640, continued in communion with the Holy See. But by little and little a change crept in. "Not doubting the Catholic faith, but fearing prison and chains," as one patriarch expressed himself to a papal envoy, they gradually fell back into the old ways of schism and heresy. They drew with them the greater part of their flock, but not all, for in the darkest hour there were always some Melchites unshaken in their attachment and devotion to the chair of Peter.

Being left without an orthodox bishop in all Egypt, their forlorn condition would have touched a sterner heart than that of the saintly Pope Benedict XIV. During the first year of his pontificate, he chose Amba Athanasius, Coptic Archbishop of Jerusalem, a prelate of unblemished life, whom he appointed bishop of all Catholics of the Coptic rite, "in both Upper and Lower Egypt, and elsewhere." And thus the faithful Melchite Copts have continued under a succession of Melchite bishops to our own day.

In the year 321, 100 Egyptian and Libyan bishops attended the synod called by St. Alexander, Patriarch of Alexandria, to condemn the blasphemies of Arius. In 1869, when the sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX. convoked the general

council of the Vatican, the once glorious Church in Egypt could send but one representative, Amba Agapios Bichay, Bishop of the Melchite Copts. This prelate, distinguished alike for his priestly virtues and for his profound learning, which had won for him a European reputation, departed this life in 1887.

For eight years, the Melchite Copts remained without a bishop of their rite. On April 21, 1895, in the cathedral of Cairo, Mgr. Corbelli, the Delegate Apostolic, consecrated Rev. George Macarius bishop. The new prelate will be known as Cyril Macarius, Bishop of Cæsarea Philippi. While yet a priest, he published two valuable works on the history of the Copts. His learning, zeal and activity give bright promise for the future of the Catholics of the Coptic rite.

The Jacobites number about 140,000; the Melchites reach the modest figure of 12,000. Among the many nations represented on Egyptian soil, it is easy to single out the Copt. His customs and his characteristic features distinguish him from the descendant of the Arabian conqueror, from the Bedouin, or nomadic Arab, from the Turk and the Jew, and, still more, from the Frank, the Greek and the Italian. He is below the medium height, of spare build, with black hair and eyes and prominent lips. In Lower Egypt, his skin is quite fair, but it deepens in hue as one ascends the Nile. During the long ages which separate him from the Pharaohs, the domination of the stranger has not effaced his resemblance to them, as is seen when comparing his features with those of the ancient Pharaonic statues; he is plainly the legitimate offspring of that conquering people. The Copt is intellectually gifted, not without spirit and keenness of perception, eager to learn and fond of hard study. He is active and industrious in the various trades and professions, but his *forte* is that of business manager, financial agent or tax-collector. To an extreme suavity and affability of manner he adds a less amiable trait, which is commonly found in all nations long subjected to despotic rule, namely, disingenuousness.

The Coptic women are not shut up in harems, but present themselves freely before visitors. Convent schools conducted

THE VIRGIN'S TREE AT MATARIEH.

by European nuns are quietly and unostentatiously accomplishing a vast amount of good by imparting to the girls that complete and thoroughly Catholic education which can with difficulty, if at all, be obtained elsewhere.

The name "Copt," according to Bishop Cyril Macarius, is a corruption of the Greek αἴγυπτος, which the Arabs transformed into *elqibt*. Over two centuries ago the Coptic language ceased to be a living tongue, but it remains in the liturgy and in the literature of the country. It is the old demotic Egyptian with a strong admixture of Greek words. The alphabet is a slight modification of the Greek, with the addition of six letters to represent sounds peculiar to the Coptic language.

The tenth and last general persecution, that of Diocletian, who ascended the throne of the Roman Empire in the year 284, was the bloodiest that the universal Church ever underwent. The cruel edicts against the Christians were carried out with the greatest rigor in the East, where St. Peter, Patriarch of Alexandria, was one of the many glorious martyrs. Hence the Copts reckon their years, not from the birth of our divine Lord, as Christians commonly do, but from the accession of Diocletian, which they call the "Era of the Martyrs." The year 1895, therefore, is the year 1611, according to their method of reckoning time. Their year begins on August 29, and, as with the ancient Egyptians, consists of twelve months of thirty days each. The months keep their old Egyptian names. At the end of *Mesra*, the twelfth month, they add five days, which, once in four years, they increase to six.

The Church feasts celebrated with the greatest solemnity are Christmas, Epiphany, the Annunciation, Palm Sunday, Easter, the Ascension and Whitsunday.

Like all Orientals, the Copts are great fasters. Besides Lent there is a fast of twenty-three days for the laity, but of forty-three for the clergy, before Christmas; another of thirteen days for the laity, but beginning with the octave of Whitsunday for the clergy, in preparation for the feast of SS. Peter and Paul; and a third of fifteen days before the Assumption. Many Mohammedans of both sexes keep this last feast in honor of our Blessed Lady. May her powerful intercession obtain for them the grace of conversion!

Egyptian folk-lore is full of tales about the sojourn of the Holy Family in the land to which it fled from the cruelty of Herod. At the little town of Matarieh, about seven miles from Cairo, there is a very old and gnarled wild fig tree, now carefully propped up and protected by a paling, which popular tradition points out as having sheltered the infant Saviour. "The Virgin's Tree," as it is called, is venerated by all, both Christians and Mohammedans.

Egypt is the cradle of the monastic life. In the year 305, the great St. Anthony, who had already spent forty years as a hermit, yielded to the entreaties of other hermits who wished to live under his spiritual direction, and establish the first monastery near the city of Memphis. Within fifty years, St. Pachomius, who wrote the first rule for religious, founded a monastery on an island in the Nile which became the mother-house of many other communities. He also established the first convent for women, of which his sister became abbess. But now, alas! the scene is sadly changed. Desolate and abandoned ruins are all that remain of almost of over 350 religious houses which once dotted the soil of Christian Egypt. Those which exist to-day are, without exception, in the possession of the schismatical Jacobites.

Following a custom which dates from times of persecution, confirmation is administered by the officiating priest immediately after baptism.

The fear of profanation brought in among the Copts the practice of not reserving the Holy Eucharist in the

BISHOP CYRIL MACARIUS IN PONTIFICALS.

tabernacle—a practice which has outlived the dangers which led to its introduction but which is still followed by the Jacobites. Hence, whenever their priests are called upon to administer the last sacraments to the dying, they celebrate Mass, whatever hour of the day or night it may be. The Melchites, on the contrary, reserve the Blessed Sacrament in their churches, where it is visited and adored by the faithful.

Though holding that matrimony is a true sacrament, the schismatical Jacobites too often disregard its indissoluble nature. Ecclesiastical superiors are rather easy in granting absolute divorces even for trivial causes, for they know that the way to the *cadi*, or Turkish

judge, is open and that a civil marriage will speedily follow the civil divorce.

The Seminary at Cairo, under the direction of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, has already accomplished much good for the Melchite Copts and gives every indication of a successful future. The undertaking was begun on a very modest scale in 1879, but the Catholic parents of the city, realizing the advantages of religious teachers for their sons, soon sought and obtained for them the privilege of following the scientific and literary course prescribed for the young seminarians. The number of students increased so rapidly that in 1889 the Fathers erected the present college for the better accommodation of their patrons. The pupils now number 320, of whom only a small fraction are candidates for orders. While following the regular classes of the college, where they commonly lead, they devote particular attention to the study of Coptic, their liturgical language. They form a little community by themselves under a Jesuit superior in a building adjoining the collegiate church. After finishing rhetoric, they go to the Jesuit university at Beyrouth, Syria, for their philosophical and theological studies. Bishop Cyril Macarius made a brilliant course in these two institutions.

The Melchite Coptic priests are but thirty in number, and are, therefore, far too few to attend to the spiritual wants of the faithful of their rite, without thinking of trying to win back those who have for so long been victims of heresy and schism. This latter task does not seem to be so difficult, for a little church and a school are the only things needed to reclaim many well-disposed Jacobites, who are schismatics simply because they know no better. Such, at least, is the verdict of the Jesuit missionaries.

"Labor and materials are so cheap," writes one of them, "that with a hundred dollars I could build a church in a village of two or three thousand schismatics and open the way for their return to Catholic unity. Where we have been able to establish ourselves the number of conversions has been very gratifying."

SANCTUARY IN JESUIT CHURCH.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR FEBRUARY, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE REVIVAL OF THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT.

THE Christian Spirit is the spirit of Christ—that fire, that light and love, which He brought into this world. "I am the light of the world." "I am come to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?" It is the principles, the teachings, the sentiments of Jesus Christ, which dispelled the darkness of paganism, diffused the light of truth and charity, regenerated the world, renewed the face of the world. "Thou shalt send forth Thy spirit, and they shall be created; and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth." This spirit is the reverse of the spirit of the world.

When it pleased the Son of God to come into this world in the flesh He found it wrapt in the darkness of ignorance, error and sin. Man had lost the knowledge of the one true God, had gone after gods of his own fashioning, the personifications of vice, whom he worshipped by the committal of the most revolting crimes. St. Paul, in the first chapter to the Romans, gives us a graphic description of the spirit of this world. "They became vain in their thoughts" he says, "and their foolish hearts were darkened. For professing themselves to be wise they became fools. And they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness and image of corruptible man and of birds, and four-footed beasts, and of creeping things. Wherefore God gave them up to the desires of their hearts, unto uncleanness, to dishonor their own bodies among themselves; . . . and delivered them up to a reprobate sense, to do those things which are not becoming; being filled with all iniquity, malice, fornication, avarice; . . . foolish, dissolute, without affection, without mercy."

This spirit of the world may be summed up in pride, avarice, sensuality and selfishness. St. John says that "the whole world is seated in wickedness," and he describes the world and all that is in it, as "the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life."

It is this world which Jesus Christ came to save by His own spirit. His spirit is diametrically opposed to the spirit of the world, as light to darkness, as heat to cold, as love to hatred. The spirit of the world is avarice, the immoderate desire of the goods of this world; the spirit of Christ is contempt of, and detachment from, wordly riches. The spirit of the world is sensuality, the gratification of the animal lusts; the spirit of Christ is the spirit of the cross, the mortification of the flesh. The spirit of the world is the spirit of pride, self-sufficiency, the immoderate desire of worldly honors; the spirit of Christ is self-abasement, meekness, humility. The

spirit of the world is selfishness, envy, disregard of others; the spirit of Christ is self-denial, self-sacrifice, love.

Our Lord inculcated this spirit, both by His example and His teaching. He, who was sovereign Lord and master of all things, embraced a life of poverty. He chose a poor virgin for His Mother, a poor carpenter for His foster-father. He brought it about in His providence that there should be no room for them in the inn of Bethlehem, so that He was born in the most destitute poverty, in a cave-stable, amid the beasts of the field, was wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. His poverty was the sign by which He was to be known. "This shall be a sign unto you; you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." While "the foxes have their holes and the birds of the air their nests, the son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Why did our Lord go to such extremity of poverty and contempt of earthly riches? To condemn the spirit of the world. To illustrate by His example the doctrine which He came to teach: "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Woe to the rich." "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." Thus He condemned avarice, or what the Apostle calls "the concupiscence of the eyes."

"The desire of money is the root of all evil," says St. Paul. The reason is evident, because money can procure the gratification of all passions. Hence it is that in the wake of riches often follow luxury, intemperance, sensuality, lust—what St. John terms "the concupiscence of the flesh." This spirit also our Lord condemns, by renouncing all those comforts which riches can afford, by seeking the discomforts and hardships incident to a life of poverty and hard labor, by embracing a life of suffering, and a painful and ignominious death. "Having joy set before him, he endured the Cross, despising the shame."

Christ condemns this spirit by His teaching as well as by His example. "If any one will come after me," He says, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." And "If any man come to me and hate not [*i. e.*, esteem not less] father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple." Those who would have the spirit of Christ, then, must be prepared to leave what is nearest and dearest to them, to endure privations, hardships and sufferings, and even death itself, for His sake; much more must they be prepared to forego all sinful pleasures and amusements.

The spirit of the world is the spirit of pride—"the pride of life." Avarice, the root of all evils, leads the way also to pride. It procures wealth, by means foul or fair. The next step is ambition; the immoderate striving after honor, distinction and high places, often by questionable means. Then follow the contempt of our fellow-beings, the neglect of our duties—duties to God and man—religious indifference and final rebellion against the authority of God and His Church. It would be easy to trace this gradation in daily life until it comes to the awful phase in which salvation becomes all but impossible without a most extraordinary grace of God. Yet this is not the fault of riches, which are good in themselves, but of the rich man, who is immoderately attached to his riches, and uses them for self-indulgence and self-glorification.

Our Lord, in like manner, condemned the spirit of pride. "Being in the form of God . . . he emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man. He humbled himself, becoming obedient unto death, even unto the death of the Cross." He could have come in glory and majesty, but He preferred to come in lowliness, in order to

show us the emptiness of all earthly glory. He humbled Himself in obedience—obedience to His heavenly Father, obedience to His parents, obedience to all lawful authority, whether spiritual or temporal—in order to condemn the spirit of disobedience, pride and rebellion, which reigned in the world.

The first shall be last, and the last shall be first; he who would be first must be the servant of all; he that humbleth himself shall be exalted, and he that exalteth himself shall be humbled: this is the teaching of Christ by word and example. Pride goes before the fall; humility is the way to true greatness. "For which cause [that is, because He humbled Himself, says St. Paul] God also hath exalted him, and hath given him a name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth and under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father."

Our divine Lord, moreover, condemned the selfishness of the world. The world seeks its own advantage, its own glory, reckless of the weal or woe of others. Jesus Christ came, lived, toiled, suffered, died, for others. "For us and for our salvation he came down from heaven." He gave Himself as a ransom for us; He redeemed us by the shedding of His blood; drained His Sacred Heart of the last drop of its precious blood for us. He is the Good Shepherd, who gave His life for His flock. And so He wishes us to sacrifice our ease and comfort, and our material resources for our fellows. According to this standard He will judge us on the last day: "I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in; naked, and you covered me; sick, and you visited me; in prison, and you came to me. . . . Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to me."

This is the spirit which Jesus Christ brought into the world—contempt of earthly riches and pleasures, self-denial, self-sacrifice. This is the spirit with which He inspired His Apostles and disciples, when He invited them to come and follow Him; "and having left their nets," that is, all they possessed, they followed Him. This is the spirit in which He trained them, when He sent them out with the injunction: "Take nothing for your journey, neither staff, nor scrip, nor bread, nor money; neither have two coats." This was the spirit which animated the first Christians, when they brought all their earthly resources and placed them at the feet of the Apostles; when their charity compelled the admiration even of their enemies, who could not help exclaiming: "Behold, how they love one another!" They showed forth the spirit of Christ, and, therefore, they were called Christians, that is, followers of Christ. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another."

It was this same spirit of Christ that animated the Apostles when they went forth on their glorious mission, bearing the glad tidings of the Gospel before kings and princes and the elders of Israel; and when they were rebuked and chastised by the mighty of this world, they went away rejoicing, "because they were deemed worthy to suffer reproach for Christ's sake." It was this spirit that strengthened them as they bore this sacred message to the utmost boundaries of the earth, and finally sealed their testimony with their blood. It was this spirit that gathered the nations into the bosom of the Church; that broke the idols, the images of false gods; that changed the temples of the pagan deities into the houses of the living God. It was this spirit that spread the light of culture and Christian civilization over the world. It is to this spirit that we owe whatever progress we can boast of in this nineteenth century.

It was the spirit of Christ that strengthened the martyrs, that gave them courage

to brave the excruciating tortures—to go forth exulting to meet the sword, the gibbet, the rack, the fire, the wild beasts of the arena. Christ had gone before them on the way of the cross. They followed Him rejoicing. He who values his life more than Christ is not worthy of Him; that was their maxim and their watchword. To add their mite to the testimony of Christ by laying down their lives for Him; that was their glory. Oh, the power of the spirit of Christ that can infuse into weak men, women, and even children, such astounding heroism!

This heroic spirit of Christianity supported the faithful during three centuries of persecution. It was the lamp that illumined the catacombs; the light that went forth to enlighten the barbarians; the fire that burned in the monastic institutions of the middle ages, and shed its civilizing glow over town and country. It was this spirit that drew hundreds of thousands in every age of the Church to follow Christ in voluntary and perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience. It was this spirit that guided the great founders of religious orders—SS. Benedict, Dominic, Francis, Ignatius, and others—and the hosts that followed their wise guidance on the way to Christian perfection.

Whatever there has been of true goodness, greatness, love, light and sanctity in the world since the days when Christ walked visibly upon earth, is the outcome of this saving spirit. This spirit triumphed over the horrors of paganism; it tamed and humanized savage nations; it coerced avarice, sensuality, pride and self-love; it opened the hearts and hands of men for the relief of their suffering fellow-beings; it found a remedy, a refuge and a home for every suffering member of the human family; it taught kings to govern and subjects to obey; parliaments to legislate, judges to dispense justice, and free nations rightly to use their freedom; it diffused the knowledge of sciences and letters; inspired the poet, the painter, the sculptor and the architect; it has transformed the views and ideas of men; it has pervaded all human institutions.

It is well to recall this truth often to our own minds and to impress it upon those who would divest all human institutions and life itself of the spirit of Christ, whether under the specious name of unsectarianism or the more unvarnished title of naturalism. The unregenerate world is always the same—the three-fold lust—covetousness, sensuality and pride. For 4,000 years it had free scope. The result was ignorance, corruption and barbarism. Christ came and preached detachment, self-denial and self-abasement. There was light, sanctity and civilization. The abandoning of the spirit of Christ is a return to barbarism; the spirit of Christ alone is true progress. In the spirit of Christianity alone is to be found the solution of all the great social and religious problems which to-day agitate the human mind.

This spirit, we are happy to say, is embodied in a special manner in the Apostleship of Prayer. Its motto is "Thy Kingdom Come." Its purpose is the advancement of God's reign among men, the diffusion of the spirit of Jesus Christ, the promotion of the interests of the Sacred Heart. "Let this mind be in you, which is also in Christ Jesus." Our Associates will, therefore, join with special favor in this General Intention, which expresses the very essence of the League of the Sacred Heart, well knowing that this spirit of Christ alone can save the world from impending evils.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular for the revival of the Christian Spirit.

THE·READER·

A FEW weeks ago a gentleman called upon the writer, who was rather surprised to find on meeting him that the visitor was a minister. He had sent in his name, but there was no reverend prefix. Nor had he anything distinctive in his apparel to mark his office. He came to inquire the character of some one who had applied to him for work. The applicant was a Catholic! He was a Unitarian minister!

* * *

After the business on hand was finished, naturally the subject nearest to us both came up for discussion. He had been brought up a Presbyterian, but when the time came for understanding the reasons why, he had found Calvinism wanting. "Why should I accept another's opinions, or the accumulated opinions of any number of people? My opinion is as good as theirs." This, I admitted, was perfectly true, and consequently you are, I suppose, a rationalist? "Practically so," was the reply. There are, I said, logically, only two positions for one dissatisfied with Protestantism, yours and mine. The two Newmans are examples. Two brothers, men of high intelligence, educated under the same influences, one became a Catholic, the other a free-thinker. One must accept either the authority of God as contained in His infallible Church, or else accept one's own self-sufficient authority. "True," he said, "but at present I do not see my way to accepting the authority of the Catholic Church, though I have great respect for the Church and her workings." I suppose you came to your present conclusions, I went on, by studying the German rationalistic writings, and their destructive method of criticising the Scriptures. Such was the case.

* * *

But what, may I ask, do you preach? "Philanthropy," was the reply. That's very good as far as it goes, but it does not satisfy the soul, does it? "Not exactly." But should not religion do this? "It would seem so." What is your ministerial work besides the Sunday services? "I am studying sociology practically among the poor and working classes." But your sect has no poor, and no working classes as commonly meant by the expression. "We are not exclusive in working among our own people. The case about which I came to see you is an evidence of it;" as indeed it was. But what do you teach those who come to you? "To be clean and to improve their physical and social condition. We are interested in the university extension among the lower classes."

How are you doing this? "We have just erected and opened a large building where we have all the facilities for this—gymnasium, library, reading-rooms and classes of all kinds." Would you mind telling me how many Catholics frequent this place? "Not at all. I should say that *ninety-five per cent.* are Catholic." Do you realize what you are doing to these unfortunate people? You are teaching the necessity of cleaning the outside of the cup and of the platter, but what of the purity of heart? "Oh, we don't interfere with their religion." Can't you see that this non-interference is impossible? You can't help influencing them against their religion. You

are, perhaps unintentionally, cajoling them out of their faith. You are making them sordid. You are trying to improve their bodies at the expense of their souls. You are providing them means of improvement and enjoyment which are slowly, it may be, but surely undermining their faith. "It may be so, but that is not my intention." And I believe that he honestly meant what he said. But think of the horrible propaganda! Ninety-five per cent. of Catholics frequenting this institution avowedly and openly opposed to the divinity of Christ.

* * *

That same week I received the annual report of The Boys' Club of 125 St. Mark's Place, in New York City. It is called non-sectarian. It states that: "It grows in popularity and membership. During the nineteenth season the attendance was the largest in the history of the club. The actual attendance during the past season has been 57,671, as against 50,923 for the season previous, and at some of the entertainments we have had 1,100 boys. You can go in any evening and see 300 or 400 boys being instructed, reading or playing. If we had more room, we could provide for many more, and many more would come." Then an account is given of the attractions. They provide books, periodicals, newspapers, games, reading classes, singing and drill classes, and monthly entertainments. And *everything is free*. In the middle of July they have an outing. "About 1,500 members of the club had a happy day on the water and in the country."

How many of these boys are Catholic? They claim an average of "277 boys present each night last season," and "over 50,000 attendances during the season." Is it not highly probable that we might find here another instance of ninety-five per cent?

* * *

Who support these clubs, for this is only one of many in the city? Philanthropic, well-meaning people who may not understand the spiritual loss to souls in which they are co-operating. But they give not merely money but their personal interest to these works. Young men, leaders in society, are willing to devote evenings to the amusement of these poor boys. I asked one of them if he realized what he was doing. "Oh, we don't interfere with their religion, we teach them to love their fellowmen. The golden rule of charity."

Poor boys! they are convinced more through the heart than the head. The religion that provides them instruction in a pleasant form and amusement, has a very strong attraction, and so the propaganda goes on. First they become indifferent as boys, and then grow up positively un-Catholic as men.

* * *

Nor is the work of proselytizing only among boys. There is a system of clubs for working girls all over the city. They too are supposedly non-sectarian, as if such a thing were possible, when the very essential mark of Protestantism, no matter by what sectarian name it goes, must be a protest against some doctrine of the Catholic Church.

I shall give one instance of a club that came under my notice. It is under the patronage of prominent Episcopalian ladies of very pronounced anti-Catholic views. They take turns in spending an evening at the club, which is in by no means a fashionable part of the city. We must admire the devotedness of these indefatigable people; one, a leader in society, has never in years missed her appointed evening. No matter what invitation comes, it is invariably refused if it is for her club night. This really means a great deal.

But to return to the particular club in question. I asked my informant how many members there were. "About 250." How many of these are Protestants? "Only a *dozen or so*." Why do these fine ladies take the trouble to teach and amuse you? "Oh, they are so good and kind. They are really interested in

us." Is there any religious feature? "Oh, no; at least not exactly." Are there no prayers? "Not in the city, but only in the country house." So there is a country house; well, what do they have there? "Morning and evening prayers and Bible reading." How about Sunday? "Oh, we are quite free on Sunday. To be sure, the Catholic Church is *seven miles* away and the road is dusty, and the only way to go is by paying fifty cents in the stage. But there is a beautiful little Episcopal Church right at the gate, and we are cordially invited there and are treated very kindly and made to feel quite at home." And do Catholics go to this Protestant Church? "Well—some go. There can't be much harm in it. Everything is so nice, such beautiful singing, and the service is something like our own, and the minister is a good preacher, and doesn't say anything against Catholics, and we don't like to refuse such kind people; it would look bigoted." This is a sample of non-sectarian country homes! How many Catholics avail themselves of their advantages? Their bodies are recruited and their souls poisoned.

* * *

But the anti-Catholic crusade is not against boys and girls only. There is a "Little Mothers' Aid Association." What is its object? As officially stated, it is "to amuse, instruct and *Americanize*." The last speaks for itself. It is worded by those who commonly answer, if asked: "Are you a Catholic?" "Oh, no, I am an American." This is the clue to the meaning of Americanize. It means simply to de-Catholicize. They are at least frank in stating the object. And who are these who are to be Americanized? Why, they are children born here on our American soil. What audacity to try to make American a synonym for Protestant, while at the very time they are violating the essence of Americanism, which is inviolable freedom of conscience! So these good, philanthropic ladies would help the "Little Mothers" by relieving them of the care of their children during the day, in order that the mothers may work and that the children may be inoculated with the so-called, but falsely so, American virus. And how many children have been undergoing this "Americanizing" treatment during last year? They claim 1,531! Thus are our young children, the favorites of Christ, beguiled out of the true fold.

* * *

Let us now give another example of Americanizing. It is the Italian mission carried on at the Church of San Salvatore, in Mulberry Street, New York. "This institution," says the *Churchman*, "now stands for all that is *decent* and *American* among this immigrated people, who are beginning to take a very active part in American government and civilization."

No wonder, for "Rev. Mr. Pace conducts each week, a school for instruction in voting, and in the duties of citizenship. The congregation numbers 150 communicants and about 1,200 attendants, who are more or less regular. Other features of the mission are a thriving Sunday-school, a Ladies' Aid Association, a Benevolent Society, industrial school, day school for the study of English branches, and a boys' club, known as 'The Sons of Italy.'"

The use of the vernacular in the services is said to be very attractive. By the way, the vernacular is *Italian*, not American. . . . "Our *American Church* is just what they need." Of course he means the Protestant Episcopal Church. "They are a liturgic people, and we offer them our church liturgy. They love church festivals, and the ways of historic Christendom, and these we give them. Altogether, *we* are adapted in a pre eminent degree to make these people good American citizens as well as good Christians."

The crowning feature, however, is the Guild of Santa Filomena. Of Santa Filomena's connection with the Protestant

Episcopal Church we were not before aware. We had an idea that she was a Roman Saint. What is her Guild? It is "an industrial school, principally in sewing, for the older girls who are at work all day." But the little ones are not neglected. Their industrial school is "so largely attended that there have not been teachers enough, and a number of would-be scholars were turned away last year. The children range all the way from the baby of three to the girl of twelve."

"Probably the most interesting department of the mission is Mr. George W. Peck's society, known as the 'Sons of Italy,' about 100 strong. They meet every Monday night in the basement of the Church for recreation and enjoyment. Incidentally, they receive instruction in English, *hold short services*, and drill with guns and other arms." The Rev. Mr. Pace says it is not easy work to make converts among Italians, "taught from the earliest childhood to blindly believe in a worship which is well-nigh idolatrous. They feel safe in committing whatever sin they please, being sure that it will be remitted them at the confessional.

"There are some, however, more intelligent than others, who know that they have a higher duty to perform than merely bowing to an image, and of these the congregation at San Salvatore is largely composed." Certainly they are not taught there to bow to the image of the Crucified, for probably there is none, but how about Santa Filomena? Nor need they confess their sins there, for there is no priest with power to absolve. But then, the Rev. Mr. Pace's way is far simpler than the way divinely instituted by Christ. For, as this worthy minister says, "one has only to recall sinners from the way of perdition, set before them the example of the One altogether holy, and bid them repent and be saved."

The mission Christ gave to the apostles was to *evangelize*. The nineteenth century American Churchman (whatever that may mean, since there is no definite standard of orthodoxy among Protestant Episcopalians), prefers to substitute for it *Americanize;* "*We*," says Rev. Wm. Pace, "are adapted in a pre-eminent degree to make people good American citizens, as well as good Christians."

* * *

But, enough of these well organized and richly supported associations for the perversion of the faith of Catholics. There is no form of human misery that does not afford them an opportunity for throwing out their nets to catch the miserable. The "soupers" among us far exceed those of former days in Ireland. The propagandists are ever on the alert, ready with an offer of help in the hope of securing a proselyte. If they would only be open and above board about it, we should be more on our guard. But the sheeps' clothing of non-sectarianism is always worn in public.

Some people express wonder at the leakage from the Church; we should rather wonder how so many remain true. The only way for us is to know and admit the facts, examine the methods, and start at once to counteract them. I have only mentioned a few of the organizations. Others are well known, as the wide-spread Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association, the missions for tramps and loose characters of both sexes, the port societies for seamen, the Children's Aid Association and newsboys' lodging houses and homes, day-nurseries and hospitals of all kinds. Everywhere the object is the same, to de-Catholicize and to Americanize.

It is our duty to give a warning note. For those who are dearest to the Sacred Heart of Jesus are the little ones, the poor, the sick, the ignorant and the sinner, both the innocent lambs and the stray sheep, for all belong to the one fold of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, to bring back the lost on His shoulders rejoicing, and who cried woe to those who scandalize one of His little ones.

Some Facts about the Church of England.—As these facts are given by a defender of Anglicanism in an Anglican organ, *The Guardian*, they come with great force. It says: "Church reformers are apt to forget that the appointments to all the highest offices in the Church (*i. e.*, of England) are in the hands of the laity. A layman nominates the bishops, the deans, many of the canons, and a large proportion of the incumbents, under the name of the Crown. These appointments may be criticised by any one, but they can only be controlled, and that indirectly, by a parliament from the most powerful house of which all clergy are excluded.

"The same parliament has, with the Crown, the sole power of making laws for the Church. The clergy cannot alter one letter of the Prayer Book, or introduce a single ceremony, without the previous permission of a lay sovereign and the subsequent ratification of a lay parliament. In the case of a dispute as to the meaning of the Church's formularies, whether doctrinal or practical, the decision is entrusted to judges, in the first instance, solely lay, and in no case exclusively, or even preponderatingly, clerical. In every direction lay influence is thus seen to be almost paramount in the general system and machinery of the Church."

It seems strange how intelligent people who make and accept this statement, which, after all, is perfectly true, can close their eyes to the fact that such a church, with not only a lay person, but a lay woman, for its head, has not the marks of divinity about it. The English so-called reformers threw off the sweet yoke of Christ, represented on earth by His vicar, to put their necks in the galling yoke of a self-constituted ruler in things spiritual—the King or Queen of England, as the case might be, aided and abetted by Parliament.

A Prime Minister's View of Disestablishment.—"I suppose we all remember what the State once did with these endowments—how it took them at the time of the Reformation from the old Church, and handed them to the Reformed Church. The State took this property and assigned; and this, in my phraseology, was an act of national option which may be repeated at any moment. If, therefore, I am correct in my reading of these endowments, and if my statement as to the Reformation is correct, it is not wise for the defenders of the establishment to rest too much upon the right of property; because if the indefeasible right of ancient property rested in any way in these endowments, it rested, not with the Reformed, but with the Roman Catholic Church." Thus spoke Lord Roseberry, Prime Minister of England, in a speech concerning disestablishment and the right of the State to deal with the ancient endowments now held by the Church of England. What Parliament had done once, it could do again.

Patriarch of Constantinople Opposed to Reunion.—The Encyclical of Leo XIII., on the Reunion of Christendom has been answered by the schismatic Greek Patriarch of Constantinople in a declaration of war. He claims that the orthodox Eastern Church is the Church of the Seven Oecumenical Councils, and of the first nine centuries of Christendom, and therefore, the one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ, the pillar and foundation of truth. He then enumerates the differences between Constantinople and Rome as insuperable obstacles to reunion. Perhaps, however, the real ground of his resistance is, as he admits, that such a step would deprive himself of his position of "Head of the Eastern Churches." Now Patriarch Anthimus is by no means Head of the Eastern Churches as he would imply by the assumed title, for many of the said churches have taken to themselves the title of *autocephalous*, or, having their own special head, in other words that they are independent. We mention such Greek churches as those of Russia,

Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania and Montenegro, which do not recognize any authority over them in Patriarch Anthimus. One wonders at the audacity of his claim. Besides everybody knows that Constantinople and its Patriarchal See did not begin to exist until the *fourth century*, about 300 years too late to support the pretention of Anthimus. Moreover, were the Orthodox Eastern Church what Anthimus claims, she should have given some proof of the divine mission which Christ gave the Apostles to preach the Gospel to every creature. Whereas, from the time of the schism from Rome, she has never been a missionary church, but has been satisfied to hold her own adherents. If she ever did attempt to spread her faith it was not out of Christian zeal but out of political proselytism.

A Catholic Ambassador from Turkey.—A great loss has been sustained in diplomatic circles by the death of Rustem Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador to the Court of St. James. He was not a Turk by race or religion. His family was of Italian origin and Mariani by name. When quite young he entered the service of the Ottoman government as an interpreter. He rose rapidly to high positions in the diplomatic service. In 1870 he was intrusted with an important mission to Rome during the Vatican Council in regard to the Christian communities in Turkey. He was afterwards ambassador at St. Petersburg; then after three years he became Governor-General of the Lebanon, which office he filled most judiciously for ten years. In 1885 he came to England as Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary. He was then in his seventy-fifth year, but was very energetic. He spoke Turkish, French, Italian and English. He was highly esteemed by all who had dealings with him. His loss will be much felt in diplomatic circles, especially in London, where he ranked on account of his long services as the Dean of the foreign representatives. His funeral was largely attended. Cardinal Vaughan gave the absolution at the end of the requiem Mass. Rustem Pasha had always been a devout Catholic. If the Sultan had men of his stamp as councillors there would be a widely different policy in the Turkish provinces, and no need of the interference of the European powers.

A Swedish Convert.—Sweden has given one of her most gifted authors to the Church in Mme. Helena Nyblom. Her husband is a university professor and one of the eighteen members of the Swedish Academy. It was he who translated the works of Shakespeare and Moore into Scandinavian. This conversion has excited a great deal of criticism among her country people.

She wrote to a friend: "It only strikes one after having been received into the Church that it is perfectly incomprehensible how men who think, and, at the same time wish to be Christians, can find a harbor anywhere else than in the Church of Christ." We trust that her influence, owing to her fame as an authoress and her social position, may be powerful in dispelling prejudice and in leading people to examine the credentials of the Church.

The Baptism of La Savoyarde.—The inhabitants of Savoy have testified their love of the Sacred Heart by presenting to the National Basilica at Montmartre, Paris, a huge bell. The baptism of *La Savoyarde* was performed by Cardinal Richard, assisted by an archbishop and four bishops. There was a very large gathering of priests, some 600 in number, and about 12,000 people were present. The celebrated Dominican, Father Monsabré, gave a short but eloquent discourse. A feature of the ceremony was the rendering of a musical composition written for the occasion and describing the duties of the bell: 1. *Laudo Deum verum*, I praise the true God; 2. *Populum voco*, I call the people; 3. *Congrego clerum*, I assemble the clergy; 4. *Defunctos ploro*, I bewail the dead; 5. *Fugo fulmina*, I dispel thunderstorms; 6. *Festa decoro*, I honor feasts

Jesuit Maps of China.—During the late Chinese-Japanese war, the great German geographers of to-day passed an enthusiastic verdict on the maps of the Chinese Empire made in the 17th century by the Jesuit Fathers for the Chinese government. These modern geographical authorities declare that the knowledge we possess to-day of the geography of China is substantially that which is supplied by the Jesuit maps, which are admirable; and that scarcely any progress has been made since the days of the Jesuit missionaries in the knowledge of China. We may add that the French Fathers are now continuing this work in China; and that the French army which lately conquered Madagascar used the maps and surveys made there by the Fathers.

APOSTOLIC·WORKS·

WORK AMONG CATHOLIC DEAF MUTES.—

The following account is taken from a report read at the General Convention of the Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society:

"In the United States, it is estimated, there are about 45,000 deaf mutes, of whom, probably, one-half are Catholics. While efforts have been made to improve the instruction of Catholic deaf mutes, at the same time, many have not had the opportunity to avail themselves of it, hence, their spiritual condition, from a Catholic standpoint, is not what it should be.

"It was a Benedictine Monk, Pedro Ponce de Leon, who conceived the idea of imparting instruction to deaf mutes by means of the Manual Alphabet, and the first to educate them in the general principles of grammar was the Abbe dé L'Epée, in Paris, in the eighteenth century. This holy man adopted an ingenious sign language devised by himself, and his example was followed, in more recent years, by Monsignor de Hærne, in whose memory a monument was erected recently at Courtrai in Belgium. In our own country, as an evidence of the interest that has been awakened for deaf mutes, we have the efforts in their behalf of Archbishop Corrigan, and of Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati. In New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and perhaps other cities, institutions have been opened for their instruction. In Canada, also, grand institutions at Montreal are devoted to this work under the care of religious orders. It is fitting to recall the zealous work of Rev. Alfred Belanger, of the Order of St. Viator. He labored for several years in the cause in New York until growing ailments obliged him to withdraw.

"Since his withdrawal one of the Jesuit Fathers connected with the College of St. Francis Xavier has ministered to the spiritual wants of the deaf mutes. Every Sunday afternoon there is an instruction followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Xavier Deaf Mute Union was formed about five years ago for the purpose of bringing together these children of silence. The young men meet every Thursday evening in the College for literary work. The young women hold two meetings a week in the rooms of the Notre Dame Club at 71 Seventh Avenue."

The poor deaf mutes, often unable to make themselves understood even by the members of their own family, look forward with pleasure to these reunions, to participate in which they come from Brooklyn, Jersey City, and points even more distant. Unfortunately, the spiritual director can only give to them the few brief moments remaining after his many and exhausting duties in the college are fulfilled. Thus, the great work of visiting these helpless charges in their homes, inquiring into their associations, bringing them to instructions and to the sacraments, is not and cannot be properly done. As a rule, the great majority are very poor, for, handicapped as they are, many of the avenues of employment are closed to them, thereby entailing the necessity of frequent assistance and relief.

Father Stadelman, S.J., makes the following statement and suggestions:

Number of deaf and dumb in the United States, from 40,000 to 50,000.

It is safe to say that one-third or even one-half of these are, or ought to be Catholics.

Public schools for the deaf in the United States	62
Pupils in those schools	8,857
Denominational schools (Catholic and Protestant)	15
Pupils in those schools	375
Catholic schools in the United States	9
Children in those schools	650

Number of deaf mutes in New York and Brooklyn, from 2,000 to 2,500.

Number of Catholic deaf mutes in New York about	700
Number of Catholic deaf mutes in Brooklyn about	400
Total	1,100

Lost to the Church—out of these—at least one-half.

To what, especially, is to be attributed this loss of faith?

To lack of religious instruction in the case of children.

To lack of religious instruction in the case of adults.

To indifferences and immorality of parents

Number of Catholic children in two New York non-sectarian institutions (without any religious instruction for often more than ten years) . . . 150

Percentage of deaf mutes in New York and Brooklyn, with Irish Catholic names, about three-fourths.

I.

Arguments in favor of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul taking up the work.

"We should add the care of the deaf, dumb and blind to the special works of the Society."

1. Of all the afflicted members of the human family
   (*a*) None are more afflicted than the deaf and dumb.
   (*b*) None are more neglected than the deaf and dumb especially spiritually.
2. Their lives are easily cheered and brightened by the least mark of sympathy.
3. Their general helplessness in case of sickness.
   " " destitution.
   " " loss of employment.
4. If poor and destitute, they are the poorest among the poor, unable, as they are, to make known their wants.
5. If sick and unable to work, they are beyond doubt, the most deserving of assistance.
6. If without employment and anxious to work (most of them have trades) their difficulty in procuring a situation cannot but enlist the sympathy of those whose object it is "to point out to others sources of employment, and assist them to obtain it."

II.

ANSWER TO OBJECTIONS.

1. Difficulty of communication with the deaf and dumb:
   (*a*) Most of the deaf and dumb can read and write.
   (*b*) Many among them can read the lips of the speaker and articulate.
2. Too many already to assist:
   (*a*) In most parishes, there are not more perhaps than half a dozen deaf mutes or even less.

III.

SUGGESTIONS AND PLANS.

Calculated to insure improvement of the spiritual conditions, especially of the deaf mutes

1. In cities where a priest is interested in, and in charge of the deaf and dumb: besides the usual good officers of the members of the Conferences.
   (*a*) Appointment of *one* member at least in each Conference to interest himself, in a special manner, in the deaf and dumb;
   (*b*) It is of the highest importance that the deaf mutes' advocate take, at the earliest opportunity, and with the co-operation of the other visiting members of the Conference, a census of the deaf and dumb living in the district of each Conference, stating:
      1. Number of adults (name and address)
         Whether Catholic or not.
         Practical Catholic or not.
      2. Number of Catholic children (age and sex):
         Whether of school age or not (to secure them for the Catholic deaf and dumb schools).

N. B. (1) Loss of faith, especially due to years spent by Catholic children in non-sectarian institutions (generally boarding schools).

2. Foregoing information easily procured from friends or neighbors of the deaf.
   (*c*) Report to be sent to the deaf-mutes' advocate, or to the President of the Conference of that church, where priest is in charge of the deaf and dumb.
   (*d*) In case where a deaf-mute needs special consolation, instruction, preparation for the Sacraments, etc., information is to be sent to the priests in charge, or to the associate members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, chosen from among the most intelligent deaf mutes, and appointed by the priest in charge.
3. In cities where no priest is in charge of the deaf and dumb:
   (*a*) *See III—a.*
   (*b*) Report to be sent to the President of the Particular Council, and by him to the Bishop of the diocese, if judged prudent. (*See III-b.*)
   (*c*) Efforts made to secure services of a priest, to interest himself in a special manner in the spiritual welfare of the deaf and dumb
   (*d*) In case of failure—to secure from them, with the approval of the pastor, of the district, the use of some school-room or basement of church or parlor in private house, where they may meet, on Sunday afternoons, at least.

N. B. (1) Complete isolation; mingling with Protestants and bad Catholics the greatest danger of their faith.

2. Two or three of the most intelligent among them would gladly volunteer to interpret at the meeting, a written instruction, or short printed sermon pointed out to them, or point of Catholic doctrine.
3. Such a weekly meeting would draw the Catholics together, and preserve them from losing their faith.
4. The presence of a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society at such meetings would be a source of great encouragement and perseverance.
5. Confessions of the deaf and dumb are generally made in writing, hence any priest can hear their confession, provided there is light in the confessional, and the priest has a pencil to write their penance.

We have taken this rather full account from the first number of the *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly*, published by the Superior Council of New York, at 2 Lafayette Place. At the same time we recommend our readers interested in the works of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul to subscribe for this very interesting magazine of eighty-four pages. The subscription is only fifty cents a year.

This is a fitting place to record a mark of favor from Leo XIII.

The recent celebrations in Rome in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the spoliation of the Holy See called forth protestations of loyalty to the Holy Father, and expressions of sympathy from all parts of the world. Among them was an address from the Xavier Deaf Mute Union of this city. To it was added a spiritual bouquet in the shape of a list of the prayers and good works offered for the welfare of the Church. The address was illuminated on satin. The presentation to the Pope was made by the Rev. S. M. Brandi, S.J., one of the editors of the *Civiltà Cattolica* of Rome.

Leo XIII. was greatly pleased with this token of affection, and bade his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, express his appreciation. The following letter was accordingly addressed to the Rev. J. M. Stadelman, S.J., the Spiritual Director of the Union:

"ROME, Nov. 8, 1895.

"REVEREND FATHER: With truly paternal affection the Holy Father received

your letter, expressing the sentiments and wishes of the members of the Xavier Deaf Mute Union. His Holiness was exceedingly consoled by the fervent desires of these his children for the restoration of peace and liberty to the Church. His consolation was greatly increased by the hope that the prayers which they have offered, and the good works they have performed, will move God to show His mercy to us in our present needs.

"He, therefore, most lovingly bestows his apostolic blessing on you, the Director, on all the members of the Xavier Deaf Mute Union, as well as on all those who are laboring in this noble cause.

"With sincere expression of my own esteem, I am, devotedly yours in Christ.

M. Card. RAMPOLLA."

INDUSTRIOUS HOMELESS BOYS.—

This deserving class of boys is being cared for in Philadelphia by the Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbon, C.S.Sp., in that excellent institution, St. Joseph's House, of which he is the founder. The good work is steadily growing and the only barrier to its extension is the want of funds. Its claims are thus stated:

I. No share is given it from any collection or any orphans' fund of the diocese. Charity from individuals alone sustains it.

II. Its work is *to prevent crime* by saving our poor boys from the streets and evil company.

III. We must provide for these poor boys, or else they come to be inmates of the State Reformatories, a burden and a disgrace to society.

It gets no State aid, although it is certainly a valuable ally to the State in forming good citizens and patriots.

The very interesting annual for 1896, called the *Messenger of St. Joseph* for the Homeless Boys of Philadelphia, is before us. It contains excellent reading matter, but what awakes our admiration are the three half-tone groups of these boys. Nowhere could you find a finer-looking body of lads; many of them really handsome, all manly and happy looking fellows.

A yearly subscription of twenty-five cents constitutes membership. It may be sent to Rev. D. J. Fitzgibbon, C.S.Sp., P. O. Box 1214, or to 727 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SURSUM CORDA.—

Under this title comes to us the 3d Annual Report of the Confraternity of St. Gabriel, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia. It is an attractive little magazine, containing interesting articles and pleading for the work of which it is the organ.

The object of the Confraternity is the spiritual aid and consolation of the sick and of converts who suffer from the isolation which their change of faith imposes upon them. This object is to be attained by the free distribution of good reading matter and by correspondence carried on by associate members with their assigned members at least once a month or oftener. It is certainly a great consolation for lonely people in unsympathetic surroundings to feel that they have frends who take an interest in them, and by counsel and argument help them to bear the cross which the gift of the true faith usually lays upon the convert.

No pecuniary aid is given to any members from the funds of the organization; for the work of the Confraternity is a purely spiritual one. Consequently there are no dues except for honorary members, who pay $1 annually, to help defray the necessary expense of printing the *Annual Record* and the forwarding of the reading matter. The dissemination of good Catholic magazines and books among convert members of Protestant families is a powerful apostolate. The Confraternity has been in existence less than five years, but during that period there have been over 400 members of the different classes. We heartily recommend it to our readers, especially to those who wield a facile pen, and to those who would like to help the good work by contributions of papers, monthlies or books. Communications should be addressed to Mrs. Isabel Whitely, secretary, 3803 Spruce Street, Philadelphia.

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

CHINA.—The Rev. Father Neveux, missionary in Southeast Tcheli, writes to Mgr. Bulté, Vicar Apostolic of that district, the following interesting letter on the marvellous results produced by the Apostleship of Prayer in the missions intrusted to his charge:

"Since the last account which I rendered of the district confided to my care, we have received some signal favors from the Sacred Heart, which I regard it my duty to point out to Your Lordship. Since the beginning of the war I had recourse to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, beseeching it to guard my Christians against the evil reports spread by the malice of the pagans, which were calculated to bring apostasies in their wake. This was a salutary inspiration, for of the 1,100 Christians of whom I have charge, not one fell away, and the behavior of my 500 catechumens surpasses all my anticipations. Only two yielded to fear for some time, but even while the war was raging they returned again to the fold, the one bringing with him his whole family, which till then was entirely pagan, the other establishing in his village a promising Christian community.

"Two localities in particular have been the object of a special protection of the Sacred Heart—Ngai-tchou and Leu-tchoang. For some years I could not without great affliction betake myself to Ngai-tchou. This village, once so full of hope, was to me the source of the keenest apprehensions. The heads of several families had betrothed or sold their daughters to pagans—a horrid crime, which God rarely leaves unpunished, even in this life, visiting the guilty parties with afflictions, or permitting a great weakening of their faith, and sometimes even their total apostasy from Christianity.

"Unable to lead back the culprit to better ways, I explained my fears to the Rev. Father Marquet, and asked him to labor personally for their conversion. He took the case in hand, and betook himself to that unfortunate community, gave a Mission there, punished the guilty ones, and returned, rejoicing that he had not only restored the order, which had been disturbed by the wiles of Satan, but had also established among those Christians the Apostleship of Prayer. You may imagine my surprise. But what is impossible to obtain through the protection of the Sacred Heart?

"This happened at the end of January, 1893. Now in the month of November, in the following year, the community was entirely changed. Apostates had returned to the practice of their religion; pagans, who were members of partly Christian families, and till then resisted divine grace, were won over by their Christian relatives; several families of catechumens were drawn by their good example. The villagers flocked to the church for night prayers, and, without any mercy, they kept the poor catechist explaining the Christian doctrine till midnight, so that I was obliged to give him an assistant. . . .

"Let us now come to Leu-tchoang. It is a fervent community, but discord among the Christians themselves gave great cause for alarm. The conduct of one in particular gave rise to suspicions, and it required all the missionary's authority to preserve the peace of the community. Things came to such a pass that the Christians absented themselves from the church services at which he was expected to be present. Where was the remedy to be sought?

"The good results of the Apostleship of Prayer at Ngai-tchou suggested the idea of establishing the League also at Leu-tchoang, and of consecrating the entire community to the Sacred Heart. A large picture of the Sacred Heart was exposed in the church; a smaller one was given to each family; an explanation of the nature of the Apostleship and of the devotion to the Sacred Heart was given to all. The good results did not delay. A few days after, almost all knew the Morning Offering by heart. The month of June redoubled their fervor. Despite their poverty, they contributed money to buy flowers, and to keep a lamp burning before the picture of the Sacred Heart. Some who seemed to have forgotten the

way to the church, no longer feared to brave the inclemency of the season, to walk through the down-pouring of the rains on flooded roads to the daily reunions for prayer and instruction." . . .

HISTRIA.—The following letter from Father Gattin, S.J., Central Director for Croatia, to the Director General at Toulouse, is full of interest and edification:

"On my return from Parenzo, where I had established the League, I visited Friest. It was no small source of consolation to me to find so much self-devotion, such a spirit of sacrifice and active charity among the Promoters of the Apostleship in this town. The following facts may serve as an illustration of this self-devotion.

"By means of alms collected by them the Promoters were enabled to assist 285 sick persons with food. In their visits to the houses they frequently met with persons who had been estranged from God for a long time, and have succeeded in bringing them back to the practice of their religion. A certain Promoter, for instance, managed to bring back to his duties a man who had absented himself from the Sacraments for forty years. Another assisted in his last moments a young man of twenty-eight, who had given up the practice of his religion after his First Communion. A third, on her errands of charity, met a poor woman suffering from extreme want. She was surrounded by seven small children, of whom two were unbaptized. The zealous Promoter, having first provided bodily relief for the indigent family, secured the baptism of the little ones.

"In this year alone the members of the League have effected the revalidation of 47 marriages, have prepared for First Communion in public instructions 500 children, and have privately instructed in their homes 51 persons for the same holy Sacrament.

"Some years ago they established a circulating library, to counteract the evil influence of the bad press. Every year some 2,600 volumes have been put in circulation.

"One fact more. A certain lady had absented herself from the Sacraments for thirty years. Afflicted by an incurable disease, she resolved in a fit of melancholy, to put an end to her life by opening an artery, and put her evil design into execution. One of the Promoters immediately heard of it, and at once ran to her aid. She spoke to her of the mercy of the Sacred Heart, awakened in her heart contrition and hope of pardon, and thus prevented her from dying impenitent.

"The month of the Sacred Heart was celebrated this year with much solemnity and fervor in the church of the Capuchin Fathers, which is the Local Centre of the Apostleship of Prayer. Every day there was a Solemn High Mass; and every evening sermon and benediction. At the close of the month there was general Communion and a solemn procession, in which the statue of the Sacred Heart was borne.

"Over 200 persons make the Communion of Reparation on the First Friday; and 1,125 Decade Leaflets are distributed monthly. A number of Promoters have made with their own hands and distributed 2,250 scapulars of the Sacred Heart.

"In conclusion, I must not omit to tell you that in the same Church of the Sons of St. Francis, by the zeal of the Promoters, a magnificent altar will soon be erected to the Sacred Heart at the cost of several thousand florins."

FRANCE.—At Paray-le-Monial, a solemn *triduum*, was held in preparation for the feast of Blessed Margaret Mary. The sermons were preached by the eloquent Prelate, Mgr. Jourdan de la Passardiere, Bishop of Rosséa. His Lordship in his brilliant discourses made a masterly application of the theory of the passions of St. Thomas of Aquinas to the character of Blessed Margaret Mary. In her heart also were agitated those same human passions—joy and sorrow, hate and love—but all these different emotions were directed towards the possession of God, her supreme and only good. On these same principles, on which is based the magnificent treatise of St. Thomas *on the virtues*, he analyzed the virtues of the Sacred Heart, and proposed it as the grand model of our hearts. The Rev. P. Zelle, in his *Échos de Paray*, remarks that these brilliant and learned discourses would serve as an excellent introduction to a work on the Theology of the Sacred Heart. They were attended by a very large and distinguished audience. Among other eminent personages, who graced the occasion by their presence, was Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, who has been recently raised to the dignity of the Cardinalate.

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

A Word of Acknowledgment.

We take this occasion to express our sincere thanks to the Rev. Local Directors, to the Promoters, Associates and readers of the MESSENGER for the kindly manner in which they received the January number of the MESSENGER and for the warm words of encouragement which we daily receive. It is a source of gratification to us to know that we are meeting with the approval of our patrons, and we shall labor to deserve their continued approbation. Very many have expressed their appreciation by securing new subscribers and thus they help us to continue the good work. We also return our thanks to the Catholic press of the country for the welcome reception it gave to the MESSENGER in its new and enlarged form.

The General Intention.

The General Intention for this month, "The Renewal of the Christian Spirit," will appeal in a special manner to Promoters and Associates. It expresses the gist of the Apostleship of Prayer. The Christian Spirit is the spirit of Christ; the interests, the wishes, the aspirations and sentiments of the Sacred Heart. "Have this mind in you, which is also in Christ Jesus," the Apostle exhorts us. The purpose of the Apostleship is to carry out this behest of the Apostle, to make us of one mind and one heart with our divine Lord. Our aim is to propagate this spirit, to bring all men into touch with the Sacred Heart, that they may imbibe the sentiments, and appropriate the virtues of the Master. "Learn of me," He says, "because I am meek and humble of heart." And as we should learn meekness and humility from Him, so we should learn all the other virtues of His Sacred Heart. Love of prayer and converse with God, detachment from the things of earth and appreciation of what is spiritual and heavenly, contempt of self and gentleness and forbearance towards our neighbors, self-denial and love of the cross. This is the spirit which Christ taught by word and example—the spirit which regenerated the world, and which is now sure to renew the face of the earth. This is the realization of our motto: "Thy Kingdom Come." It is the reign of Christ in our hearts. While we justly rejoice, then, that this spirit of Christianity breathes its sweet and invigorating breath upon us in the League of the Sacred Heart, let us labor and pray that it may be diffused over the entire world, and may dispel the cold atmosphere of unbelief, indifference and sin, and bring all under the sweet and saving influence of the Sacred Heart. In order to bring about this renewal we must begin at home—that is, with ourselves. Then we shall work and pray with more success for others.

Promoters' Meetings

The secret of success of the League in any Centre lies in the regularity with which the Promoters' Meetings are held and attended. With commendable zeal and much self-sacrifice the Reverend Directors, as a rule, use all their efforts to make these meetings an interesting and effective feature of League work. But if Promoters fail to show their appreciation by regular and punctual attendance all their efforts are fruitless. It is impossible that the Promoters do their work zealously and intelligently unless they regularly attend these meetings. Their zeal needs to be stimulated; they need enlightenment on many practical points in the discharge of their duty and in dealing with the Associates under their charge; they need the encouragement and good example of their fellow-Promoters. The regularity with which they attend the Promoters' Meetings is an index of their zeal and faithfulness in the discharge of all their other duties. Ten to one, those who neglect to attend these meetings will also neglect to see the members of their Bands monthly, to distribute the *Decade Leaflets*, to collect intentions and the items for the Treasury of Good Works, and to give the necessary instructions to their Associates. Promoters should bear in mind that they have undertaken a very important work, a true apostolate for the Sacred Heart, for which they will have to give an account. They should remember the

words of the Holy Ghost: "Accursed be he who doth the work of the Lord carelessly." Nor should they lose sight of the great privilege which the Church offers them for their faithful services—the indulgences attached to the Diploma and Cross. They should often summon all these motives to their aid to incite themselves to fervor in the discharge of their duty, and particularly to the regular and prompt attendance at the Promoters' Meetings.

Use of Decade Leaflets.

We take occasion to direct the attention of Promoters to the *Decade Leaflets* and their use. First, we would ask them to read carefully every month the communications printed on the cover and on the first page, which are directed to themselves in particular, and vary from month to month. Here they find a summary of what every Promoter should *know* and *do*, with some special hints for each month or season, of which it is well to refresh the memory every month. We also venture, even at the risk of being very commonplace, to draw their attention to the blank for Promoters' Report on page two, and the Treasury of Good Works, and Intention Blank on the back cover, and to ask them to examine themselves to what extent they have used them hitherto, and whether there is any room for improvement in their use. So much for the Promoters themselves. Now with regard to the *Rosary Leaflets*, Promoters should instruct their Associates to keep them, if possible, in sight, so that they may be a constant reminder to them of the Morning Offering, the General and Special Intentions, the Mystery, and the other practices of the League which they have assumed. Those who make a proper use of these *Leaflets* will find in them much useful information, and many valuable, practical hints for a fervent Christian life.

The Virtue of the Month. Hidden Life.

The month of February is dedicated in a special manner to the consideration of the Hidden Life of our Lord. The life of our Lord in His retreat in Nazareth was a simple and unostentatious one. He prayed and toiled in retirement and obscurity. Yet His prayer and labor were apostolic. This is the ideal life of the Associate of the Apostleship of Prayer, who daily offers his humble prayers, works, and sufferings, to the Father in union with the intentions of the Sacred Heart. Our Lord was no less a Saviour when He worked and prayed in Nazareth than when He taught on the Mountain of the Beatitudes. The League Associate is no less an Apostle when he prays and labors and suffers for the interests of the Sacred Heart than if he were preaching in some distant mission among the heathens. Let us try to copy the Hidden Life, as it is eloquently delineated before us in this month's MESSENGER, in the article entitled "The Retreat in Nazareth," to which we would direct the special attention of Promoters and Associates.

Feast of the Month.

The Feast of the Purification, which is the leading feast of this month, suggests to Promoters and Associates strong incentives to renewed fervor in the fulfilment of their apostolate. It presents to us our Blessed Mother Mary scrupulously fulfilling to the last jot and tittle that law, from which she could have justly exempted herself. She freely offers her Son, who is her only treasure, to His heavenly Father as a holocaust, well knowing that He is to become a victim for the sins of the world. He is the glorious light for the revelation of the nations; but, at the same time, the butt of contradiction, and at His sufferings the sword will rankle in her own soul. She submits to all this and becomes, as it were, the priestess by whom the Saving Victim is offered in atonement for our sins. Thus she becomes our mother and our mediatrix with God. Obedience and self-sacrifice are the lesson of this glorious feast. The opening article in this month's *Pilgrim* will present some excellent thoughts on this subject.

BOOK·NOTICES·

NOTÆ ADDITITIÆ AD P. GURY.—Quas Alumnis Suis tradebat Joannes Maria Corre, Societatis Missionum ad Exteros, Missionarius Apostolicus Japaniæ Meridionalis, Theologiæ Professor in Seminario Nangasakiensi. Hongkong: Typis Societatis Missionum ad Exteros. 1893. Pages 624.

We greet with special pleasure this learned and valuable contribution to the literature of Moral Theology as coming from the Foreign Mission of Japan, the work of a missionary known to our readers from his letters printed and published in the *Pilgrim*. Despite the most comprehensive study of moral theology, the priest in the Foreign Missions will often be confronted with cases of the most perplexing nature, without the aid of books or advisers to solve them. The *Notæ* before us is a ready reference book for such emergencies. It is skilfully compiled from decrees and rescripts of the Sacred Congregations and the most approved authors on Moral Theology and Canon law. It is an excellent supplement to the ordinary text-books on Moral Theology and will prove very serviceable not only to the missionary in pagan nations, but to all pastors of souls. Paganism and pagan superstitions, and the intricate cases resulting from them, are, alas! not confined to barbarous nations in our days, but are to be found almost everywhere; and the priest must be prepared to act in such cases as they present themselves. The present work will offer him very valuable assistance. Mgr. Corre deserves the thanks not only of his fellow-workers in the missions, but of the entire Catholic priesthood for this excellent work, which ought to have a place in every priest's library.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. Compiled by Rev. James H. O'Donnell, with an introduction by Rev. John A. Mulcahy, V.G. of the Diocese of Hartford. New York: The Rosary Publication Company. 1895. 12mo. Pages 168.

This is an excellent hand-book for teachers and the more advanced pupils of our Sunday-schools, and for all laypersons, who wish to become acquainted with the New Testament. It contains in a small space a large amount of useful and accurate information on points which every one should know regarding the Scripture. It is divided into five parts: Sacred Scripture in general, the Scriptures of the New Testament and the Gospels in particular, the Epistles, biographical sketches of the sacred writers and of the various persons who figure in the New Testament, miscellaneous points of special interest. It closes with a chronological order of the events in the life of our Lord, with references to the Gospel narratives.

Space does not permit us to give an adequate idea of the wealth of valuable matter compressed into this little volume. Suffice it, as an illustration, to say that in the first part, in less than twenty pages, we find a solution of the principal questions regarding the meaning, the inspiration, the canon, the authenticity of the Scriptures, the rule of faith, the reading of the Bible, and the ancient manuscripts of the Bible. The author has adopted the catechetical form, which greatly adds to the popularity of the work and makes it better suited for self-instruction. A map of Palestine and of Jerusalem would have added to the value and usefulness of the book. As it is, it deserves the highest commendation for the purpose for which it was written.

A MODERN GALAHAD. By A. M. Grange. London: Catholic Truth Society. 1895. Pages 246. Price 1s. 6d.

This is a story of more than common merit. It gives a deep insight into the state of mind of many Anglicans of the present day. There is much noble purpose and religious earnestness side by side with hollow and superficial formalism and sentimentalism. There are doubt and dissatisfaction side by side with strong prejudice and self-sufficiency. There is, with all this, a strong Romeward tendency—partly conscious and partly unconscious. The ways that lead to Rome are manifold, and, at times, in-

scrutable, being the ways of the workings of divine grace. "The spirit breatheth where he listeth; but thou knowest not whence he cometh, or whither he goeth." This is the lesson conveyed in *A Modern Galahad*. The characters are varied and well defined; the incidents interesting, sometimes even startling. There are no dull reflections, sermonizing or dialoguing; the facts carry their own moral. The style is graceful, and the make-up in the very best taste. It is a timely story, now that the question of reunion is a burning one.

A LADY AND HER LETTERS (Second Edition). MAKING FRIENDS AND KEEPING THEM. By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Pilot Publishing Company. 1895. Price 50 cents per volume.

These two beautiful little volumes are the first of a series aptly entitled the "Family Sitting-Room Series." It is only a few months since we had the pleasure of noticing the first edition of *A Lady and Her Letters*. Our commendation of it was unqualified. The best proof of its merit, however, is that a new edition has been so soon called for. A few additions and some slight changes have been made in this edition.

Its companion volume—*Making Friends and Keeping Them*—if anything, is superior in merit to the first. Its theme is more comprehensive. The relations which it treats are more far-reaching and delicate. The treatment requires a more extensive knowledge of human nature and of the ways of the world, and a power of discernment and gift of discretion which are given to few. Miss Conway has brought all these accomplishments to her delicate task in a very high degree. She is a woman of broad culture, keen power of observation, wide experience and warm sympathies. Her profession as a journalist and the prominent position which she has always held in society have brought her in contact with more people than is generally the lot of women. Few are more intimately acquainted with the strength and weakness of woman than Miss Conway; and, consequently, few are better qualified than she to speak with authority to her own sex. She does so with a candor and sweetness and power which cannot fail at the same time to win, to convince and to influence the reader towards that gentleness, forbearance, constancy and self-sacrifice which form the characteristic of a true Christian lady. No one can read Miss Conway's books without becoming wiser and better, and thus making a long stride towards reaping the true purpose of life—our own true happiness and the happiness of our fellow-beings. May they bear that bliss and brightness which are the expression of genuine Christian charity into many a "family sitting-room."

BALLADS OF BLUE WATER and other Poems. By James Jeffrey Roche. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895. 12mo. Pages 68. Price $1.25.

This is decidedly one of the daintiest books of the season. It contains twenty-four poems, true gems, mostly sea ballads. In the dedication to his "Canoe Wanda," Mr. Roche clearly disclaims being a seaman. However that may be, perhaps on that account, he has managed to appropriate all the sea's poetry. Certain it is that he sings "of storm and battle on the blue," as if he had spent all his days and nights on its heaving bosom. There is every reason why these poems should live in literature—the memorable themes, the exquisite thoughts, the charming imagery, the choice diction. Future ages will say of their author:

"The star you seem to see, love,
With eyes more bright and clear,
All dark and dead may be, love,
This many a hundred year.

"But though its fires may never
Send forth another ray,
That beam through space forever
Shall wing its shining way."

AN HOUR WITH A SINCERE PROTESTANT. By Rev. J. P. M. S. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company. 1895. 16mo. Pages 48. Price 10 cents.

As Chaplain of the Penitentiary and Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island for some years, as well as in his previous charges, the Rev. Father Schleuter, S.J., the author of this booklet, has had much experience in the instruction of converts. In the present tract he embodies the practical course of instructions which he is wont, in most cases, to pursue. He begins with the divinity of Christ, passes from thence to the Church, and finally to the various dogmas of the faith, gradually developing the principal truths of our religion, and removing difficulties and prejudices as he goes. His statements and expositions are concise, clear and accurate. His little book will prove very valuable for self-instruction of converts as well as a practical guide for their instructors. An excellent list of books is suggested by Father Schleuter at the end of his treatise.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 60,660.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes., v, 18.)

LAKEWOOD, O., NOVEMBER 25.—A young man was brought into the hospital with his skull broken and the brains oozing out, but still conscious. He had been baptized a Catholic and had made his First Communion. He had become almost an infidel, and flatly refused to see a priest when told that he was in danger of death. Twice he refused. A Badge was put on him, with his consent, and he was begged to make an act of contrition, but he then called for the priest, who came and administered the last Sacraments, which he received in excellent disposition. He soon after lost consciousness and died.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., NOVEMBER 25.—I joined the League just to please a friend, not that I had the least idea of returning to the Sacraments. I had thought if I had time I would confess before my death; if not, I would lose my soul; but from the moment that I received the Badge from the hands of the priest I was overcome by the thought of the sad condition of my soul; and that night, not being able to sleep, I arose from my bed and recited the beads, promising God that I would make the first mission that would open in the city. Two weeks later a mission was announced in my parish church.

I had fully intended to make my confession at the close on Saturday, but when the time came I persuaded myself to put it off, which I did. Finally the Fathers announced that they would hear confessions on the following Monday and Tuesday. I took this as a warning from God, and went to the Church with a humble and contrite heart, but after examining my conscience I turned and found my pocket-book had been taken while I was in the church. Provoked by this trial I left the church, abandoning the idea of going to confession. I met a member of the League and told her of my loss. She said the devil took my pocket-book to keep me from going to confession. I at once took the next car to the church, where I made my peace with God after a lapse of five years. I am now using my influence as a wife and mother to restore my family to the grace of God. I make this public acknowledgment to the Sacred Heart.

SOMERVILLE, N. J., NOVEMBER 27.—Thanks are returned for a great favor. A young man was laid off from work indefinitely, and feared he might be discharged. He recommended his intention to the prayers of the League, and within a week he was reinstated.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., NOVEMBER 29.—A young married woman was suddenly seized with a most unusual and dangerous internal hemorrhage. The physician gave no hope at all of her life. She accordingly received the last Sacraments. Her physician then performed an operation as a last resort, but without any hope of success. As she came to, out of the ether, a relic of the true Cross was placed

in her hand. A novena was started to the Sacred Heart and our Lady of Perpetual Help. She has recovered entirely and regained her strength. The doctor declares that in his thirty years of practice he has never known a recovery in such a case, and the nurse, a woman of great experience, had no hope of her patient's recovery.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, NOVEMBER 29.—Thanks are returned for a wonderful cure, through a relic of Blessed Margaret Mary. I was troubled with an ulcerated sore throat, which was rapidly growing worse, until I had the relic applied and promised a Mass for the holy souls. In two hours my throat was well, and has not since troubled me.

HOBOKEN, N. J., DECEMBER 1.—A Promoter returns thanks for the restoration of an insane man to his senses, after being ten weeks in an asylum and considered incurable. Publication was promised and many prayers offered. The week following the cure was effected.

MEMPHIS, TENN., DECEMBER 1.—A mother publishes her thanks for the recovery of her little girl, three years old, so ill with meningitis that the attending physician had no hope of bringing her through, as the symptoms were of the worst kind. Prayers were offered, and two Masses for the holy souls and publication were promised.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, DECEMBER 2.—Thanks are offered for the cure of an eye. All hope had been given up of saving it, and it was to be taken out. Prayers were offered to the Sacred Heart, through our Lady and St. Joseph. It got better immediately, and is now entirely well.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 4.—A favor to a Jewess is recorded. She was seized, while at work, with such intense pain that she could neither sit nor stand. She asked a Catholic companion what she should do. After some hesitation, the latter gave her a medal of St. Benedict. She applied it to the part affected, and in five minutes she returned, saying that she was cured as soon as the medal touched her. She said she would not part with it for a fortune. There has been no recurrence of pain in six weeks.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10.—The wonderful recovery of a boy is acknowledged. Doctors said that he would not survive three days an operation, that had been necessary to perform. He therefore received the last Sacraments. A Badge was put on him, and publication was promised. He is now well and publishes his thanks.

LONG ISLAND, DECEMBER 15.—Two cures are recorded. They were obtained through a novena to St. Joseph and the application of the Promoter's Cross to the part affected.

The first case was that of a little girl, suffering from a sore eye, whose mother had spent much time and money for nine months on doctors. At the suggestion of a Promoter, they began the novena. The mother, a very careless Catholic for eleven years, was induced to approach the Sacraments. The cure was granted, and the little girl's eye is now well and strong, and the mother has become very fervent.

The other case is a cure of a man so afflicted with rheumatism that he could not move hand or foot. The same Promoter suggested a novena to St. Joseph and the application of her Cross. On the eighth day he said to her: "Thank God, I haven't a pain or ache. I recommend St. Joseph as the best doctor I ever knew."

SPRINGFIELD, KY., DECEMBER 16.—Thanks are returned for the conversion of a young woman. She had been baptized a Catholic, but lost her mother when she was five years old. Her father, a Protestant, kept her under his influence, and she followed his religion, at least in practice. She has now chosen for herself, and has made her First Communion.

Another favor is recorded—that of a most providential preservation of a house which was on fire.

Various.—Besides the above mentioned favors, thanks are also returned for numerous spiritual favors, such as conversions, reformation of life, and peace and harmony in families; for temporal favors such as alleviation in suffering, cure of diseases, employment obtained, lawsuits averted, success in business, success in examinations, preservation from fire and from contagious disease, sale and lease of property. Thanks are also given for many favors obtained through the use of the League Badge and of the Promoter's Cross. Many of these favors were obtained through the intercession of special patrons, such as our Lady of Prompt Succor, St. Joseph, St. Anthony and others.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from November 20 to December 20, 1895.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Diploma.
Alton	Quincy, Ill.	St. Francis Solanus' College	Nov. 30
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md	St. Benedict's Church	Nov. 13
"	Leonardtown, Md	St. Aloysius' "	Nov. 21
"	Emmittsburg, Md.	St. Joseph's Academy	Dec. 6
Boise City	Hailey, Idaho	St. Charles' Church	Dec. 8
Buffalo	Warsaw, N. Y	St. Michael's "	Nov. 30
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O	Notre Dame Convent	Dec. 20
"	Dayton, O	St. Eizabeth Hospital	Dec. 10
Davenport	Farmington, Ia	St. Boniface's. Church	Dec. 8
Dubuque	Elma, Ia	St. Patrick's "	Nov. 27
Duluth	Grand Rapids, Minn	St. Joseph's "	Nov. 21
"	Aitkin, Minn	St. James' "	Dec. 8
Fort Wayne	Arcola, Ind	St. Patrick's "	Nov. 26
Green Bay	Florence, Wis	Immaculate Conception "	Nov. 21
Hartford	Hartford, Conn	Our Lady of Sorrows. "	Dec. 15
"	Rockville, Conn	St. Bernard's. "	Dec. 6
Kansas City, Mo	Independence, Mo	St. Mary's "	Dec. 8
" "	Joplin, Mo	Convent of Mercy	Dec. 20
" "	Seneca, Mo	St. Mary's Church	Dec. 20
La Crosse	Mauston, Wis	St. Patrick's "	Dec. 8
"	Rice Lake, Wis.	St. Joseph's "	Nov. 30
Milwaukee	Waunakee, Wis	St. John's "	Dec. 6
"	Westport, Wis.	St. Mary's of the Lake. "	Dec. 6
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	St. Mary's. "	Nov. 30
Monterey Los Angeles	Pasadena, Cal.	St. Andrew's "	Nov. 21
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Vincent Ferrer's "	Dec 12
Peoria	Kewanee, Ill.	Visitation B. V. M "	Dec. 6
Philadelphia	Reading, Pa	St. Joseph's. "	Nov. 30
St. Cloud	Little Falls, Minn	Immaculate Conception Convent	Dec. 16
St. Joseph	Chillicothe, Mo	St. Joseph's. Church	Nov. 26
St. Louis	Poplar Bluff, Mo	Sacred Heart. "	Dec. 6
St. Paul	Morton, Minn.	St. John's "	Nov. 23
" "	S. St. Paul, Minn.	St. Augustine's. "	Nov. 30
San Antonio	San Antonio, Tex.	St. Patrick's "	Nov. 24
San Francisco	S. San Francisco, Cal.	All Hallows' "	Nov. 30
Springfield	Monson, Mass.	St. Patrick's "	Dec. 1
Syracuse	Cazenovia, N.Y.	St. James'. "	Nov. 26
Vincennes	Poseyville, Ind	St. Francis Xavier's "	Dec. 20
Wheeling	Kingsville, W. Va.	St. Vincent's "	Nov. 30

Aggregations, 39; churches, 33; convents, 3; college, 1; academy, 1; institution, 1.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Angelus	328,284	11.	Masses heard	219,949
2.	Beads	369,435	12.	Mortifications	214,343
3.	Stations of the Cross	92,667	13.	Works of Mercy	98,303
4.	Holy Communions	78,390	14.	Works of Zeal	74,034
5.	Spiritual Communions	282,654	15.	Prayers	2,192,374
6.	Examens of Conscience	161,564	16.	Charitable Conversation	40,285
7.	Hours of Labor	1,329,142	17.	Sufferings or Afflictions	61,235
8.	Hours of Silence	350,143	18.	Self-conquest	67,949
9.	Pious Reading	182,976	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	305,637
10.	Masses Celebrated	10,172	20.	Various Good Works	208,500

Special Thanksgivings, 1,071; Total, 6,669,107.

Owing to want of space we are obliged to hold the list of Promoters' Receptions until next month.

LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from November 25, 1895, to December 20, 1895, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Birmingham, 29.
Mobile, 25, 27.
Tuscaloosa, 27.

ARIZONA.

Phœnix, 7.

ARKANSAS.

Helena, 25.
Pine Bluff, 25, 26.
Texarkana, 26.

CALIFORNIA.

Berkeley, 26.
Eureka, 19.
Los Angeles, 21, 25.
Los Gatos, 25.
Menlo Park, 28.
Petaluma, 19.
Santa Clara, 24.
San Francisco, 18, 19, 14, 21, 25, 2, 7, 13.
San José, 25.
San Mateo, 19.
Santa Rosa, 19.

COLORADO.

Denver, 21, 26, 9, 14.
Georgetown, 24.
Los Animas, 29.
Pueblo, 25, 28, 6.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 26.
Bridgeport, 25, 29.
Derby, 28.
East Hampton, 29.
Greenwich. 15.
Hartford, 28, 30, 3.
Manchester, 14.
Meriden, 25, 28, 10.
Middletown, 25.
New London, 26, 28.
Newton, 14.
Ridgefield, 4.
South Norwalk, 30.
Thompsonville, 4.
Waterbury, 28, 29, 30.
Winsted, 29.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 29, 13.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 10, 11.

FLORIDA.

Armstrong, 3.
Jacksonville, 7.
Key West, 27, 30.
Orlando, 27.
Palatka, 14.
Titusville, 22.
Tampa, 25.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta, 26.
Bainbridge, 26.
Macon, 10.
Savannah, 29, 9.
Washington, 25.

IDAHO.

Wallace, 21. GO.

ILLINOIS.

Alton, 22.
Aurora, 25.
Beardstown, 27.
Cairo, 25.
Charlestown, 25.
Chatsworth, 21.
Chicago, 26, 27, 28, 29, 4, 7, 9.
Collinsville, 6.
Decatur, 10.
Edwardsville, 28.
Effingham, 9.
Freeport, 12.
Joliet, 23, 30.
Lemont, 26.
Lincoln, 29, 7, 18.
Litchfield, 26.
Mendota, 23.
Moline, 26.
Ottawa, 28.
Pana, 26.
Pawnee, 27.
Peoria, 26, 27, 29.
Quincy, 25
Springfield, 22, 26.
Streator, 12.
Taylorville, 3, 16.
Wenona, 25, 18.
West Liberty, 13.
Wyoming, 25.

INDIANA.

Brazil, 3.
Connersville, 25.
Delphi, 9.
Fort Wayne, 17.
Greencastle, 28.
Hammond, 28.
Indianapolis, 27, 28, 30, 2.
Lafayette, 7, 9.
Madison, 22
Notre Dame, 26, 27.
Olean, 26.
Peru, 27.
Seymour, 7.
Shelbyville, 28.
Terre Haute, 21, 24.
Valparaiso, 26, 27.
Washington, 28.

IOWA.

Bancroft, 27
Coon Rapids, 26.
Council Bluffs, 21, 29.
Davenport, 13.
Des Moines, 21, 25.
Dubuque, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30.
Independence, 26.
Iowa City, 27.
Keonkuk, 21.
Le Mars, 25.
Lyons, 27.
Marshalltown, 30.
Mount Pleasant, 27.
Sheldon, 24.
Vinton, 26.
Webster City, 27.
Wesley, 11.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 10.
Atchison, 28, 29.
Leavenworth, 23.
Mount Olivet, 11.
Olathe, 25.

KANSAS (con'd.)

Parsons, 28, 29.
Topeka, 27.
Wichita, 14.

KENTUCKY.

Auburn, 25.
Bowling Green, 12.
Covington, 30.
Earlington, 4.
Lebanon, 25, 18.
Lexington, 28.
Louisville, 26, 28, 29, 2, 9.
Newport, 29.
Paducah. 9.
Saint Mary, 2.
Springfield, 28, 18.

LOUISIANA.

Fairmount, 23.
Grand Coteau, 27, 28.
Mansura, 29, 17.
New Orleans, 26, 28, 5, 9, 10, 13.
Shreveport, 20.

MAINE.

Deering, 27.
Oldtown, 26.
Portland, 27, 29.

MARYLAND.

Ammendale, 29, 30.
Baltimore, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 16, 19.
Barclay, 26.
Bryantown, 27.
Chapel Point, 29.
Cumberland, 29.
Ellicott City, 13.
Emmitsburg, 26.
Fishing Point, 25.
Frederick, 26, 28.
Glyndon, 29.
Ilchester, 29.
Libertytown, 16.
Morganza, 30.
Mount Hope, 30.
Mount Savage, 27.
Mount Washington, 28.
Oxen Hill, 19
Pomfret, 6
Sykesville, 28.
Urbana, 27.
Woodstock, 30, 6.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington, 11.
Amherst, 29, GO.
Beverly, 1.
Boston, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30. GO.
Canton, 30.
Des, 2, 4, 5, 7, 10, 13, 15.
Everett, 9.
Fitchburg, 3.
Holyoke, 27.
Hyannis, 26,
Lawrence, 5, 18.
Lee, 14.
Malden, 29.
Newburyport, 18.
North Adams. 30.
North Brookfield, 29, 16, 19.
North Chelmsford, 30.
Pittsfield, 29.

MASS. (con'd).

Salem, 24.
Southbridge, 7.
Springfield, 28.
Westfield, 29.
Worcester, 25, 7.

MICHIGAN.

Battle Creek, 3, 10.
Beacon, 26.
Champion, 11.
Detroit, 23, 9.
Escanaba, 22.
Grand Rapids, 9.
Grosse Pointe, 21.
Hancock, 26.
Manistique, 28, 29.
Newport, 29.
Petoskey, 27, 29, 16.
Saginaw, 26,
Wyandotte, 17.

MINNESOTA.

Avoca, 29.
Canton 3.
Collegeville, 29.
Duluth, 22, 27, 28.
Hastings, 15.
Minneapolis, 26, 27, 28, 4, 16, 18.
Morris, 29.
Pine Island, 13.
Redwing, 14.
St. Paul, 25, 29, 4.
Simpson, 23.
Stewartville, 25.
West Duluth, 2.
White Bear Lake, 30.
Winona, 26.

MISSISSIPPI.

Bay St. Louis, 28.
Chatawa, 27.
Hopkinton, 11.
Jackson, 17.
Michigan, 16.
Tucker, 28.
Vicksburg, 10.
Yazoo City, 8.

MISSOURI.

Arcadia, 27.
Cape Girardeau, 10.
Clyde, 17.
Glencoe, 30.
Joplin, 14.
Kansas City, 25, 26.
Moberly, 26, 27.
Nazareth, 2.
Norborne, 21.
Normandy, 25, 27.
Saint Charles, 30 14.
Saint Joseph, 26, 28, 5.
St Louis, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 6, 7, 11, 16, 17, 18.
St. Paul, 26.
Sedalia, 2.
Springfield, 1.
St. Genevieve, 23.

MONTANA.

Fort Benton, 24.
Great Falls, 8.
Helena, 19.
Jocho, 26, GO.
Logan, 15.
Miles City, 22.

NEBRASKA.

Alliance, 26.
Omaha, 23, 25, 28, 29, 10.
Prague, 4.
Rulo, 26.
Spalding, 20.

NEVADA.

Reno, 26.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Falls, 7.
Manchester, 26, 29, 17, 18.
Salmon Falls, 26.

NEW JERSEY.

Atlantic City, 29.
Bordentown, 29.
Camden, 12.
Elizabeth, 29.
Englewood, 27.
Hoboken, 29, 30, 16.
Jersey City, 28, 29.
Lakewood, 9.
Morristown, 29.
Mount Holly, 25, 29.
Newark, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29. 12, 13.
New Egypt, 25.
Orange, 25.
Paterson, 29, 30.
Phillipsburg, 12.
Rutherford, 27.
Somerville, 28.
Trenton, 30.
West Hoboken, 29.

NEW MEXICO.

Albuquerque, 26.
East Las Vegas, 23.
Las Cruces, 26.
San Miguel, 10.
Santa Fé, 24, 28.
Socorro, 20.

NEW YORK.

Albany, 25, 29.
Amawalk, 30.
Amsterdam, 28.
Andover, 28.
Averill Park, 27.
Babylon, 12.
Bennington, 6.
Binghamton, 25, 26, 30.
Broadalbin, 28.
Brooklyn, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, GO., 1, 3, 4, 6, 9 10, 12.
Buffalo, 22, 26, 27, 30, 3, 11, 13.
Chester, 7.
Cohoes, 30, 17.
Corning, 24.
Dunkirk, 26.
East Arcade, 29.
Ellenville, 5.
Far Rockaway, 18.
Flushing, 29, 4.
Galway, 9.
Hastings, 30.
Haverstraw, 29.
High Bridge, 26.
Horseheads, 16.
Hudson, 3.
Huntingdon, 26.
Ilion, 28.
Ithaca, 29.
Jamestown, 27.
Java Center, 11.
Johnstown, 3.
Kelseville, 25.
Kingston, 25, 28, 30, 31.
Little Falls, 29.
Long Branch, 26.
Long Island City, 27, 30.
Millbrook, 30, 4.
Mount Vernon, 29.
Nanuet, 27.
New Brighton 28.
Newburgh, 26, 30.
New Rochelle, 6.

NEW YORK (con'd).

New York, 23, 24, 27, 29, GO. 30, 1, 3, 5, 6, 10, 13, 14, 16, 19.
Niagara Falls, 29.
Niagara University, 23.
Nyack, 29.
Ogdensburg, 29.
Oswego, 11, 14.
Patchogue, 30.
Peekskill, 23, 29.
Philmont, 26.
Plattsburg, 27.
Port Henry, 29.
Port Richmond, 4.
Poughkeepsie, 5.
Rochester, 25, 29.
Rosebank, 29.
Saugerties, 6.
Stapleton, 3, 17.
Syracuse, 27, 1.
Ticonderoga, 27.
Troy, 27, 29.
Utica, 28, GO.
Verplanck, 27.
Waddington, 22, 29.
Wappinger's Falls, 29.
Watertown, 30, 11.
Waverly, 4.
West Troy, 28.
Whitehall, 26.
White Plains, 6, 19.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Belmont, 16.
Charlotte, 25.
Kittrell, 27.
Raleigh, 27, 28, 29.
Wilmington, 26.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Bismarck, 4.
Elbowoods, 27.
Fargo, 25.
Jamestown, 11.
Wheatland, 23.

OHIO.

Akron, 27,
Bellefontaine, 28.
Canton, 24, 29.
Carthage, 18.
Cincinnati, 22, 26, 27, 29,8.
Circleville, 23.
Cleveland, 27, 28, 29, 30, 16 GO.
Columbus, 22, 10.
Dayton, 23, 25, 28.
Dennison, 26.
Edgerton, 5.
Elyria, 27.
Fredericktown, 27.
Fremont, 5.
Greenville, 16.
Hauoverton,
Kipton, 4.
Lancaster, 28.
Lima, 4.
Louisville, 25.
McCleary, 3.
Mount St. Joseph, 13.
Mount Vernon, 27.
Nelsonville, 7.
Newark, 27, 28.
Newport, 14
New Straitsville, 29.
Painesville, 29.
Port Clinton, 26.
Reading, 5.
Shawnee, 25.
Springfield, 28.
Summitville, 5.
Toledo, 27, 28 5.
Tiffin, 29, 16.
Urbana, 5.
Wyoming, 11.
Youngstown, 29 3.
Zanesville, 27.

OKLAHOMA TER.

Pawhuska, 2.

OREGON.

Gervais, 4.
Mount Angel, 21.
Portland, 30.
Saint Paul, 25.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Allentown, 27, 3.
Altoona, 28 5.
Athens, 29.
Beatty, 28,
Beaver Falls, 17.
Bedford, 26, 6.
Bellefonte, 23, 27.
Bristol, 28.
Butler, 23, 10.
Carbondale, 13.
Carnegie, 26.
Carrollton, 25.
Centralia, 19.
Clarion, 18.
Coylestown, 29.
Doylestown, 27.
Dravosburg, 26.
Dudley, 4.
Dunmore, 6.
Erie, 26.
Gallitzin, 28, 2, 3.
Grafton, 27, 14.
Harrisburg, 29, 5.
Hanley, 3.
Hazleton, 25.
Hermau, 28.
Hollidaysburg, 30.
Houtzdale, 16.
Jenkintown, 5.
Johnstown, 29.
Latrobe, 29.
Lebanon, 27.
Littletown, 2, 18.
Loretto, 28.
McKeesport, 26.
Maud, 28.
Mayfield, 30.
Morris, 27.
Newcastle, 2.
New Derby, 26.
New England, 21.
Norristown, 29.
Olyphant, 28, 17.
Overbrook, 29.
Philadelphia, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 2, 4, 5, 9, 10, 11, 18, 19.
Pittsburg, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 9, 16.
Port Carbon, 3.
Pottsville, 27, 28.
Reading, 26, 30.
Rochester, 27.
Scranton, 25, 26, 30, 5, 17, 19.
Saint Clair, 28.
Saint Joe Station, 28.
Saint Mary's, 22.
Shamokin, 29.
Sharpsburg, 19.
Towanda, 17.
Tyrone, 13.
Vowinckel, 25.
Wick, 25.
Wilkesbarre, 26, 19.
Willcock, 28.

RHODE ISLAND.

Bristol, 12.
Newport, 30
Providence, 28, 10, 16.
Rumford, 25.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston, 11.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Aberdeen, 5.
Beresford, 10.
Redfield, 21.
Rosebud, 21.
Sioux Falls, 30.
Yankton, 26.

TENNESSEE.

Evansville, 21.
Jackson, 25.
Memphis, 25, 26, 29.
Nashville, 21, 29, 9.

TEXAS.

Austin, 22.
Corsicana, 25.
Cuero, 7.
Denison, 20.
Galveston, 23, 27.
Houston, 22, 23.
San Antonio, 30, 2.
Sherman, 16.
Victoria, 22,

UTAH.

Eureka, 22.
Ogden, 13.
Parson, 27.
Salt Lake City, 25, 27, 15.

VERMONT.

Burlington, 28, 7.

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria, 16.
Cape Charles, 21.
Newport News, 28.
Norfolk, 25, 26, 28, 29, 19.
Portsmouth, 27.
Purcellville, 19.
Richmond, 27, 10.
Roanoke, 5.
Staunton, 28.
West End, 2.

WASHINGTON.

Everett, 29.
North Yakima, 29.
Seattle, 13.
Spokane, 27, 28, 29.
Tekoa 2.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Harper's Ferry, 26, 19.
Parkersburg, 30.
Shepherdstown, 25.
Wheeling, 25, 15, 16.

WISCONSIN.

Bayfield, 28.
Bay Settlement 25.
Chippewa Falls, 26.
Columbus, 26.
Dundee, 28.
Fond du Lac, 18.
Fort Howard, 28.
Fox Lake, 21.
Green Bay, 21.
Jacksonport, 10.
Janesville 7.
Kaukauna, 7.
Madison, 30.
Merrill 2.
Milwaukee, 28, 29, 6, 7.
Northport, 29.
Oshkosh 27.
Prairie du Chien, 28, 2.
Portage, 25.
Shullsburg, 23.
Washburn, 4.
Watertown, 29.
Wauwatosa, 12.

WYOMING.

Evanston, 21.

CANADA.

Toronto, 29.

FOREIGN.

Eruakulam, India, 12.
Mexico, 18.

On account of the change in the time of issue of the MESSENGER the letters with intentions should reach us on the 20th of each month, at the latest, in order to be included in the monthly list.

ST. JOSEPH.
(Guido Reni.)

THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

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A GREAT ARCHBISHOP.

By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.

THE old Cunarder "Scotia" was swinging at anchor in the bay of Queenstown on a hot summer's day in 1862. There were no white caps on the waves, but there was a heavy swell, due to a recent gale outside. The staunch ship rolled heavily and disturbed the passengers, who had embarked at Liverpool on a smooth sea, and were now waiting for the last contingent to come aboard, before sailing for New York. A small band of American priests and laymen standing by the bulwark, watched the Irish coast, and especially the town that lay before them, with its slate-roofed houses, narrow streets and numerous churches. The eyes of the watchers scanned the docks, looking out for the tug which they knew bore John Hughes, the first archbishop of the metropolis of the New World. He was then one of the most conspicuous public characters, and his name was in every newspaper and in every mouth.

As he was recognized among the passengers on the tug, there was a great clapping of hands and some cheering on the steamer. He was received with honor by the officers, and with great cordiality by the passengers, most of whom were Americans from the Northern States. He was on his way home to report to President Lincoln and Secretary of State Seward, the result of his mission to France and England, on behalf of the United States, still struggling in the throes of a civil war, that had threatened the ruin of free institutions in the great American Republic. From the moment that he got aboard, until we landed in New York, early in the middle of August, he was the central figure on the ship.

Of course, like every one else in those days, I had heard and read of him, for a long time. His name was revered in every Catholic house. In every Irish Catholic home, no matter how humble, his portrait hung on the wall not far from the likenesses of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, the Pope and St. Patrick. I had heard of his battles for the faith in Philadelphia, before he came to New York, and had listened to his controversies with Breckinridge read aloud, before I could read myself, by humble admirers, who revered him as the leader and champion of their faith and country,

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ranking him with John of Tuam, the great Irish Archbishop and Daniel O'Connell the Emancipator. When he came to Rome I saw him only at a distance. He was then broken down in health—it was feared that he would not leave the Eternal City alive. But he was now much improved in physical condition and looked as if he had a new lease of life.

We set sail, or rather we put on steam, on a Sunday afternoon while the chimes of the church bells followed us over the heaving water. Outward and westward we plunged toward home. Every day on the ocean seemed to increase his strength. After a few days sailing it began to blow half a gale and a rain storm set in. The ship tossed; the upper decks were wet and it became disagreeable to remain on them. But he loved the ocean, a sea voyage and a storm, and seldom went below except at night. Others who would have preferred to remain between decks in the bad weather, shamed by his courage and stimulated by his example, often risked a ducking and stayed on deck with him. His favorite spot was to the lee of the smokestack, where he used to stand for hours looking out at the angry waves or conversing with a select few grouped around him.

Near him on a cloudy evening I have seen his fellow passengers Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia; Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Father McNeirny, his secretary, and a number of prominent laymen listening to his observations on the condition of Europe and his prophecies regarding the future of his own beloved, adopted country. He was the oracle of the group. Some distance away from them sat alone, wrapped up in a waterproof overcoat, his future successor, Bishop McCloskey, of Albany He was sick. He disliked the sea. His pale, gentle, thin, suffering face and the tired look in his deep blue sympathetic eyes, showed that sea voyages did not agree with him. The two men were as different in their physical as they were in their mental characteristics.

Bishop McCloskey inspired love at first sight, but Archbishop Hughes inspired love only after some acquaintance which usually began in fear. Toward evening Archbishop Purcell used to take me down to the stern of the vessel to do some spiritual reading with him. No one feared the "Angel of Cincinnati," and so I used to read for him without a tremor in the voice; until I saw Archbishop Hughes stalking along the deck coming down towards us, when I always began to shake and used to finish my work as soon as possible. Public opinion had already made him a popular idol, not to be treated with familiarity, but to be approached only with reverence and awe.

Faith, zeal, courage, patriotism and independence were his greatest virtues. His faith was Irish, and when we say that, we express the strongest kind of faith. He was a typical Irish Catholic, from that part of Ireland in which the Catholics had suffered most, and in which they had to fight hardest for their religion. He was from the North where the Orangemen abounded; and where a Catholic was exposed to blows on account of his creed, from his cradle to his grave. The law persecuted him, the governing classes hated him. A Catholic was born under the bann and his corpse even was banned. The mob, brutal and fierce, added its persecution to that of the alien government. John Hughes was brought up under the oppression of the cruel penal laws which debarred him from the rights of property, of education and of liberty. When one of his sisters died a priest was not allowed to enter the Irish cemetery to bless the grave. This was a specimen of the laws enacted to degrade Catholics.

But under such persecution Irish faith grew stronger. The anvil defied the hammer. The blow welded the steel and the ring of defiance was loud, clear and resonant all over the Island of Saints.

The strong faith of John Hughes is manifested in his whole life; in his early struggles to get an education: in his

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

persistence to become a priest; in his hard study, his sturdy pugnacity; his determination never to let any one assail his religion without answering him. No matter who assailed, whether Breckinridge, or Murray, or Brooks; whether the doctrine assailed was an article of the Creed or the policy of the Church in education or in European politics, John Hughes always threw off his coat and stripped for the fray. He loved his religion too well to let any one assail it with impunity.

His zeal was shown in his tireless work. Not only did he discharge all the routine duties of his office, hastening from one part of this State to another, at all seasons of the year, and at a time

when the means of communication between towns and villages was not so easy as it is now, but he used his pen and voice to champion the cause of the Church of which he was the prelate. He was always at work. If not administering confirmation or dedicating a church, he was devising ways and means to promote the cause of Christian charity, or he was burning the midnight oil in composing the eloquent sermon or in refuting the charges of the latest assailant of the Catholic Church. There is not a great work in the diocese of New York which does not owe its inception to him. He began the Cathedral, the orphan asylums, the protectory and a seminary ; he introduced the Jesuits, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Sisters of Charity and the Christian Brothers into his diocese. Their works received their first impetus from his zeal.

His courage was heroic. He feared no man. Would be assassins threatened him. He despised their threats. If the Know-nothings had dared to touch Church property in New York, he would have armed and led the Catholics in defence of their rights.

"Are you afraid," said Mayor Morris to him in 1844, when "the Native Americans," the "A. P. A." of those days, threatened to mob Catholics, "that some of your churches will be burned?"

"No, sir," replied the Archbishop very emphatically ; "but I am afraid that some of yours will be burned. We can protect our own. I come to warn you for your own good."

When Monsignore Bedini, on leaving the country for Rome, secretly left New York, for fear of being mobbed, the Archbishop greatly regretted what he considered an act of cowardice, and wrote, saying that if he had been home, they would have gone to the steamer in an open barouche. He despised a coward and knew no fear. It has been told me on excellent authority, that on one occasion he went, armed with a club, to the sanctum of an editor, and threatened him with a drubbing if he did not stop his abuse of him. The editor believed the Archbishop to be a man of his word, and always afterward treated him with comparative respect. The man of courage, the Irishman, shone through his cassock in all his controversies.

PULPIT IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

He faced the aristocratic Breckinridge in Philadelphia, and made him bluer than his own Presbyterianism. The conceited, bragging and eventually blackguard minister was beaten by the cold, biting contempt and stubborn courage of the Catholic priest. Murray, the apostate "Kirwan," of Elizabeth, N. J., also met his match in the author of *Kirwan Unmasked*. The letters of the Archbishop, written under this title, are probably the best of his literary productions. In them he shows himself to be a master of irony. He uses a rapier, and puts holes in every point of his adversary. His courage rose with the occasion. The more enemies he had the more he seemed to

enjoy the contest. I doubt if there can be found in the history of this century a more gallant, a more courageous or a more able defence of Catholic principles than he made in 1840, before the Board of Aldermen in New York, in the controversy on the school question.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

Against him were two prominent lawyers, three of the ablest Methodist preachers, with the most prominent Presbyterian and the most prominent Dutch Reformed clergyman in the city. It was seven against one. Did he flinch? Did he hesitate? Not an inch. "What could he do against three?" says the apologist for the wavering Horatius in Corneille's immortal lines. "*Qu'il mourut!*" is the sublime answer. John Hughes defeated his seven antagonists, refuted all their false charges and false arguments against the Church in a masterly speech of three hours and a half duration. Although he had no time for preparing his oration, and had to answer his adversaries' objections on the spur of the moment, his victory was complete. But unfortunately no such agreement had been made, as Levy tells us, existed between the Curiatii and the Horatii "*ibi imperium fore, unde victoria fuerit.*" The victory of the Archbishop has remained a barren one to this day, for politics are often more potent than logic or truth.

His patriotism is known and recognized even by the enemies of his Church. His love of America was second only to his love for the Church. In all his public utterances on civil questions, he never fails to praise American institutions and American liberty. He showed the sincerity of his conviction by his acts. He took the deepest interest in the welfare of our country and in the preservation of the Union. As ambassador to Europe, he influenced the mind of the French Emperor, enlightened the mind of the English people, and of the officials of the Pontifical Court in Rome on the true nature of our civil contest. His Irish origin gave him a special hold on the people of Ireland and he used his influence among them at home and abroad to intensify their devotion to the cause of the North, and thus to weaken the political influence of England which favored the South. The whole United States owe him a monument, which should

stand near to that of Seward and of Lincoln in the city of New York.

Original, forcible, courageous, he was a man of great independence of character. No clique or cabal could control him. He was the sole ruler of his diocese. Mere policy or human respect, could not sway him when he had made up his mind to a certain line of action. Hence, in politics he stood with the minority rather than with the majority of his own people. The political party and the political candidates accepted by them were most frequently rejected by him. He voted for Henry Clay for President, and tells us that he did so "because my congregation were opposed to me, and some of them had almost threatened me on account of my good opinion of him, as a man much calumniated, but of whom, as a statesman and orator, his country might well be proud." Later in life his political views were the same as those of Lincoln and Seward. On this account he was unpopular with some of his own people whose prejudices were stronger than their reason.

Sometimes men loom into greatness after a long training in a small locality where they have had leisure for study and where tradition and the machinery of success have been favorable to them. Bishop Hughes was great without any of these advantages to help him in his work. He had to create everything, popular opinion as well as to build up and organize a church and fight for it after it was built.

Few of the great bishops of recent years were like him. We think of three who remind us of him, but they had advantages over him in their environment. John of Tuam had behind him the whole of Catholic Ireland. When the brilliant Dupanloup of Orleans pleaded his own case in an imperial court in which the judges were hostile to him, and in which even Prince Napoleon sat opposed to him, the Bishop knew that all Catholic France was watching and applauding him. When Napoleon III. sent his officers to arrest Bishop Pie of Poitiers for issuing a courageous pastoral letter without permission of the civil authorities, the Bishop dressed himself in full pontificals and then told the officers of the law he was ready to go with them to prison. When the population of Poitiers heard of what was being done, they all turned out to support their beloved prelate, and the imperial order of arrest was at once cancelled. This act of Monsignore Pie is very much like what Bishop Hughes would have done under similar circumstances. He did, however, much more courageous acts than these and neither John of Tuam, nor Dupanloup nor Pie could carry with him the popular enthusiasm like Hughes, whose fame grows with the years, and who appears the greater the longer he is dead.

THE MISSION OF MANGALORE.

By Rev. S. F. Zanetti, S.J.

THE principal branches of the St. Joseph's Asylum—such as the two orphanages, the sick house, the St. Elizabeth's home—have already been sketched in distinct articles. We shall now add a few details about the rest of it, especially about the convert families that live within its precincts.

Starting, as has been said, with a mere handful of forlorn paupers, the asylum has now fairly grown into a veritable village. Once a desert wilderness and the haunt of venomous reptiles and ravenous jackals, the whole site has so far changed its face that old-timers can no longer recognize it. Thorns and brushwood have given place to fruit-trees and vegetation, and numerous

ST. ELIZABETH'S HOME FOR WIDOWS AND MAGDALENS.

newly-laid paths, traversing its length and breadth, make it accessible from all sides. The whole property covers an area of about forty acres. Two sides of it run along the public road; the cloister wall of the Carmelite convent bounds it on the third, and the fourth adjoins private gardens, owned by Catholics.

Almost in the centre of this isolated spot, far removed from the stir and bustle of the town, stands the new seminary building, commanding an extensive view of the picturesque country around. On its right come in succession the male orphanage and its workshops, the hospital with its chapel, the female orphanage and the St. Elizabeth's home. And scattered over the premises twenty-five neat little cottages rear their grassy tops from amidst clusters of trees. Of course they are all built with an eye to utility, none at all to comfort or beauty. The Delegate Apostolic, Mgr. Agliardi, was so amused at their originality that His Grace insisted on entering into and inspecting one of them. In fact, they are so constructed that some of them afford room for two or even three families. This, however, should not astonish the reader. For living among the lower classes here is so plain and cheap that one pretty large room serves a small family for all domestic purposes. Two stones laid in a corner make up the kitchen, and the same floor serves us for oratory, refectory and dormitory. In this way these twenty-five huts accommodate at present about forty families, consisting of forty men, sixty women, thirty-six boys and thirty-four girls. In the beginning, when they could hardly manage to make both ends meet, they were all lodged *gratis*. But now those that can afford it hold their little homesteads on lease, and employ their leisure hours in cultivating the ground attached to them.

Besides this property, the asylum owns a few more huts on another piece of ground close by, acquired from the Government a few years ago "for charity purposes." It was formerly called after a pagan goddess; now it is the Holy Cross Hill. While, on the one hand, it attests to the good-will of the local authorities towards our asylum, it illus-

trates, on the other, the queer religious policy of the British Government in this land of the heathen. Almost in the centre of this once Government property there stands a mound of earth with a withered tree thereon, sacred to the gods. And although it has now passed into Christian hands, this object of heathen worship has to be left untouched. For so the lease deed expressly provides, lest the feelings of the heathen should be wounded. A large wooden cross, however, erected at the very foot of this mound, must have long frightened the deity off the premises.

We have thus about forty-five convert families at present living in the asylum. Most of these come from paganism, a few from the native Protestants. The followers of Mahomet are too deeply immersed in the mire of immorality and fanaticism, to appreciate Christianity. Still a privileged few have been favored with the boon of the true faith, who perhaps would never have come by it, had not Providence laid a heavy hand upon them and made escape as it were impossible. One instance, however, there was of a genuine conversion of an elderly matron who embraced Christianity purely for its sake. But unfortunately for her, soon after her baptism, she was called away by her Mahommedan relations.

From the native Protestants we could easily get many more converts than we care for, had we money enough to lavish on them. Generally speaking they are in truth what they are nicknamed here, "*belly Christians.*" One often meets in the streets on a Sunday evening groups of them taking the evening air, cane in hand and cigar in the mouth, with hair combed to perfection and cap worn sideways, trotting about like peacocks, and ready at a moment's notice to spout upon you mouthfuls of Scripture texts, if you only give them a hearing. One of these parties once met a convert of ours, an old co-religionist of his, and invited him to an ale-house for a drink. Happily the latter declined and "was refuted" with St. Paul's advice to Timothy.

And it is this smattering of the Bible that turns their heads so much and makes them believe themselves competent to run the gauntlet with any divine. But as to true Christian spirit, it is a sad nonentity. We are drawing upon our fourteen years' experience of those who had once abjured Protestantism at our hands, but have since "returned to the vomit." Inured to a life of ease and comfort, they do not know what self-sacrifice is. As long as fortune smiles upon them, they are at peace with their religion; but let the hand of God be somewhat shortened, let poverty begin to pinch them, let them but sip the cup of humiliation, and the mask is soon off and the inner man shows himself in his true colors. They fret and grumble, they threaten to decamp, and early some morning, they are actually missing and are next heard of in their old quarters, the Basel mission, worming themselves into the good graces of their former benefactors with some make-believe stories against the Papists.

A few, however, have persevered and promise to fare well. I will adduce an example or two, which are also interesting as throwing light on the system of proselytism usually followed by our Lutheran neighbors.

Many years ago, a discontented Catholic husband apostatised with the hope of a divorce. The divorce was soon effected and a second union concluded. He was put to weaving and in a short time acquired such proficiency in the trade that he rose to be one of the heads of the establishment. Nothing now seemed to him to be wanting. He had a wife and children, house and property, he enjoyed the patronage of his superiors and commanded the respect of his fellow-converts. He had reached the zenith of his ambition. But worldly prosperity, without the curb of religion, engenders vice. He fell in love with the bottle, the looms were not cared for, the factory

began to suffer, and naturally enough, his services were at last dispensed with and he was left to his own resources. What lust and ambition had hitherto blinded him to, now flashed upon his mind, thus sobered by tribulation. He began to repent of his past folly and would fain return to the bosom of that mother whom he had so shamefully disowned, if he could but take the initiative. But, by a happy coincidence, our seminarians began about this very time to interest themselves in his behalf, led thereto by a young son of his who was attending an elementary school where they were catechising. The son introduced them to the father, and in the course of the many visits, which, in spite of protestations and threats on the part of the Lutherans, they paid him at his house, they gave the whole family the necessary instruction.

A serious difficulty stood in the way of his conversion. His wife, though willing to embrace Catholicism, would by no means consent to her separation from the husband, a condition which could not be dispensed with, as the first wife was still living. But what man could not persuade her to, divine grace soon brought about, after earnest prayers and penance offered to the Sacred Heart for that intention. Her consent was thus obtained, and even the day for the abjuration was appointed. But the Protestants would not part with their prey without a final assault, and this time it was the minister's wife that took the field. Availing herself one afternoon of the absence of the rest of the family from the house—they had all been attending the funeral of one of our Fathers—she suddenly called on the woman and almost took her by assault.

The pathetic discourse she delivered on this occasion, although it does not speak well for the sect, produced the intended effect. I quote here its substance for common edification, as it was related to us afterwards by the woman herself, and

RECLAIMED APOSTATE AND HIS SONS.

remains noted in our diary *ad perpetuam rei memoriam*. "Oh dear C——, how can you think of abandoning a religion *in which you have been brought up?* Remember what state you were in when you were rescued from paganism. How, from an helpless orphan, you became our darling child. How much care and trouble did we not bestow upon you? And now you are going to abandon us! (here tears of compassion interrupted her for a moment). And now see whither you are going. You are now pregnant. Troubles will come upon you, and do you hope that the Romans (so they graciously call us), will come to your help? Where are they now? See how you are left alone. You will soon be brought to bed, and be sure none will approach you. Behold the beginning of all your troubles and misfortunes. The priests have already separated you from your husband. He will no more feed you, nor even think of you. You will be poor. You will have to work hard for your bread. Do you wish to be starved? Oh, be not so foolish. Let your husband go, if he will, but don't you go. We will take care of you."

With such *religious* motives as these did this "sister" wring from her victim the promise not only to remain steadfast in the sect "*in which she had been brought up*," but also to exert all her influence over her husband to dissuade him from his purpose of returning to the faith *from which he had apostatised*. The husband, however, stood firm, as also did his eldest boy. The other children, all very young, of course sided with the mother.

As soon, however, as the news reached us, we too resolved to take the devil by assault, and our arms were, as usual, prayer and penance. Many a good work was offered that day in behalf of that wavering soul, and early next morning the Director was at the altar, doing violence to our Lord, offering in honor of His Sacred Heart the sacrifice of His own body and blood. Thus armed, he called on the family, and there was strikingly fulfilled the tenth promise of the Sacred Heart, "I will give to priests the gift of moving the most hardened hearts." Indeed, no sooner had he broached the subject than the woman confessed her weakness, bewailed her unfaithfulness to God, and asked for a speedy abjuration. To prevent future mischief, the family soon moved into the asylum, and made their abjuration on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, 1881. A few years later the first wife died, and their second marriage was blessed. The woman is since dead, as also the eldest boy. The father and his three sons continue to enjoy the boon that had cost so much to secure.

The second example deserves mention on account of the rare fortitude which the convert displayed in the trial which his secession from the Protestants brought upon him. For, when, through contact with some Catholics, he became acquainted with the true religion and made known his intention of embracing it, and when, in spite of all attempts on the part of the Protestants to hold him back, he actually sought and obtained admission into our asylum, they brought to light some contract or other (there was no written document) on which they alleged money had been advanced to him, and prosecuted him for breach of contract. The pagan magistrate, relying on the evidence of a single man, found him guilty, and gave him the choice between working at the Protestant factory until the debt was paid or expiating the crime in the jail by three weeks' hard labor. It was a dangerous choice, and we feared for his constancy. But grace prevailed and he chose the jail. He says "God has not abandoned him since." His two children have now joined him. His eldest boy, who would not follow him as a Protestant consented to become a Catholic. And his eldest daughter, who was in the Protestant orphanage, had to be recovered through recourse to law. Both of them have now settled in life.

HOUSE FOR THE FEMALE LEPERS.

But the great majority of our converts come from paganism, and though almost all castes are represented among them, they are for the most part from the poorer classes. *Pauperes evangelizantur.* Till now we have had no organized system of conversion. We received them as they came and each year the number has been increasing. The great channel is the sick house, but not the only one. Sometimes it is the Promoter of the Apostleship of Prayer or some other Samaritan that brings over some helpless soul. Sometimes it is the pagans themselves that hand over to us some sick relation that proves a burden to their own family. At other times, our own converts occasionally visiting their homes return with some member of their family or caste.

Thus one of our very first acquisitions, made through a Promoter, was a woman and a child whose story is not a bad sample of the rest. Both of them were so badly clad and so poorly fed, that one might have taken them for savages just rescued from the jungles. Two other children of hers who had been *pawned* with a pagan for a few rupees were afterwards redeemed. What was worse for us the woman was deaf, and her instruction had to be carried on by signs. But her defective hearing was amply made up for by her voluble tongue which, if once on the move, there was no telling when it would stop. After a long time and a deal of patience, they were all instructed and baptized, and the respectable family of the Promoter who had brought them, stood as sponsors. This amiable woman has since married a widower and the worthy couple get on as well as they can, in spite of occasional squabbles in which the poor husband usually gets worsted.

Of pagans bringing about conversions the best example is furnished by a pagan husband who was long living with his converted family, but has now left them. Although himself refusing baptism, or rather postponing it to his death-bed, he has been instrumental in leading many to the light of faith. He belongs to one of the lowest castes, or rather outcasts, called the *Pariahs*, but as a headman, he possesses much influence over the rest, both for good and evil. He seems to

hold communication with the spirits below, but is convinced that they are powerless before Jesus. At any rate, he once insisted that a woman who was thought to be possessed, should be forced to pronounce the name of Jesus, as that, he said, was the only means of casting away the fiend. Indeed, considering St. Augustine's "*Animam salvasti, tuam predestinasti*," we think we may almost hope for his death-bed conversion, although, it must be confessed, the life which he now leads does not warrant such a conclusion.

One more instance is in point here. It was again a pagan husband sending for the priest to baptize his dying wife. The priest went immediately, and, to his surprise, found the man earnestly preparing her for the Sacrament! She was, of course, perfectly willing, but, owing to extreme weakness, could not readily catch what the priest taught. But the husband insisted on her understanding each word, and would himself repeat it to her several times over until he was satisfied that she had caught the meaning. She was thus fully instructed and baptized, and died the next day and had a solemn funeral. His own story, as told by himself, will be given in his own words: "From my very childhood, I have believed in Christ as God, and am convinced that without Him there is no salvation. My wife has been long ill and I tried all remedies in vain. At last I made a vow to burn a candle in honor of Christ, and she immediately got better. This made me believe more firmly that Christ is very powerful and that is why I desired that my wife should die in His religion. I have been working at the Basel Mission Tile Works these thirty years and they often urged me to join their religion. But, knowing that it is a false one, I have always refused. I knew your religion, even before they set foot in Mangalore. And now I, too, want to be a Christian, as also my children."

HOSPITAL NURSES AND COOKS.

Of converts, who themselves took the initiative, we have had some consoling examples. They illustrate the benign Providence of God in behalf of such pagans as would gladly embrace Christianity if they but knew it. Thus many years ago a veteran sepoy of a native regiment sought admission of his own accord, with the sole object "of having his sins pardoned and going to heaven." He would not go to the Protestants, he said, for "he had learnt from many sources that Catholicism was the only true religion." Nor was there any reason to doubt of his sincerity. He did not seek for a livelihood, for he had his monthly pension, and as for old age, his wife and children were anxious to nurse him. Indeed he had left them just because they had refused to become Christians. In fact, his constant refusal to all their subsequent invitations, and his steady piety in all trials and sufferings, fully confirmed us in our belief that he was one of those privileged souls whose naturally good lives God rewards in the end with the gift of the true faith.

Such instances are more frequent now as the asylum becomes more known. Let me insert one of the more striking ones. Last year a pagan women *sent for* the priest, and her first words to him were: "Please Father, I am a sinner, but I want to go to heaven. Do make me a Christian." This, however, seemed too

good to be true, and the priest showed some hesitation, but was quite reassured by the woman's promptly putting in: "Oh Father, if I were not in earnest, do you think that I, myself, would send for you?" She then asked to be taken over to the asylum, although she was not helpless, and her sisters were nursing her well. While here, it was most consoling to see her almost the whole day, absorbed in the crucifix and a picture of the Mother of God. One of her last requests was that her little property should all go for Masses "that she might go to heaven sooner," for, she added, "I know my sisters will never think of *that*."

CONVERT AND FAMILY.

The last instance of the kind we shall give, will be that of a young man whom we look upon as a "*child of prayer*," as Providence led him into the asylum just when a religious person was earnestly beseeching of our Lady to send "a *young* man, especially *devoted to her* and *serviceable* to the asylum," all which conditions have been fulfilled in him. He comes from Malabar, of rich parents, who, surprising as it may look, do not seem to have put any obstacles in the way of their son's choosing a religion for himself. He first went to Cannanore "in search of truth," and falling in with the Protestants, joined them. But he did not find there "that content of heart he was seeking for." He often visited our own church there, and could not help noticing the contrast between the two creeds. One difference in particular struck him much, "the filial love and veneration of the Catholics and the meaningless antipathy of the Protestants towards the Blessed Virgin, whom, on his part, he felt drawn to love, after what he had learnt, from their own Bible, of her close connection with our Lord." Meanwhile the work of weaving told upon his health, and he went home for a change, with fine testimonials of character from his superiors. Soon after his recovery, when he was thinking of returning to Cannanore, his parents sent him on a commercial errand as far as Mangalore, where curiosity "to see" took him through the town, and among other things, he visited our asylum and "was struck with what he saw." He felt that he would find here what he was in search of, and made up his mind to go home, to settle accounts with his family and return to the asylum for good. Nor did he fail in his purpose. It was a painful sight to see him arrive here one afternoon with his trunk on his back, all wayworn and bruised in his feet—for he had made the whole journey on foot—and so completely exhausted as to be obliged to keep his bed for several days. He has since put away Protestant fashion and Protestant ideas and is adapting himself in our orphanage to a poor and simple Christian living.

Of converts exercising their zeal in behalf of their own kinsmen, we could adduce several examples, but we will content ourselves with a couple of such as are more striking. The first is that of a Malayalee convert, a young man of solid piety and irreproachable morals, an

altar boy and sodalist. After observing for a long time all that was done here for the conversion of pagans, he used sometimes to remark, with much concern, that no serious attempts of the kind were being made in his own country where he felt sure there would be many Christians if they only knew what Christianity was. At any rate, he was anxious to rescue his own brothers from the bonds of Satan, and that even at the risk of his own disgrace and the serious displeasure of his kinsfolk. For this purpose he laid by his little savings, month by month, and when at length he thought he had enough to cover the expenses of his journey, he asked the director's leave to go. It was, however, not without some misgiving that the permission was granted, as it was naturally feared that his attempt to save others might prove his own ruin. But happily the event falsified our apprehensions. After much trouble and fatigue, and in the face of biting taunts and railleries of relations and castemen, he finally succeeded, almost against his father's will, in bringing away one of his younger brothers, a fat little chap, as good and intelligent as himself. He was baptized not long ago, and a short dialogue between him and a priest on the day of his baptism will show his true character. "What happened to you this morning, my boy?" "I have become the child of God." "But how so? I see no change in you." "The change is from within." "Indeed! and what is it?" "The grace of God has come into my soul." "I see, and how long will it continue there?" "As long as I commit no sin." "But will you commit sin?" The boy was taken aback and didn't know what to say. But after a while, he answered with simplicity, "I have resolved, with the grace of God, never to commit sin."

The second example will be furnished by our blacksmith and his wife, who both vied with each other in attracting the latter's relations. This girl was one

WORKSHOPS AND WORKMEN.

of five children left us seven years ago by their mother, who died in our hospital a happy death. The father, who had put away his first wife, was living with others somewhere in the country. But as soon as his whereabouts were known, this courageous daughter set out on an errand of zeal and was received by her father with tokens of affection far beyond what she had hoped for. Taking advantage of this paternal fondness, she so far succeeded in working upon his feelings that, although his household was then busily engaged in harvesting, she persuaded him and other relations to accompany her home, if not for good, at least to enjoy for a few days the company of his children. There was in those days a small round of homely feasts, now a son, now a daughter, entertaining their aged father. In a word, he was so entirely taken with this Christian outburst of filial piety of children whom he had once abandoned, that he has promised to return to them for good, after settling his domestic affairs.

A second tour was made by the husband to another knot of his wife's relations, and he brought over several, among whom was a girl who owes to him her deliverance from an evil course to which she had just taken. His return to the asylum was to him a triumphal entry. To show his wife's step-brother to advantage, he had dressed him up in his own suit, and as he neared home, he ordered the cartman down, and, unmindful of the shame that attaches to a cart-driver in this country, he himself got into his place and drove his trophy-laden cart into the asylum.

But the great channel of conversions is the sick-house. But as we have already spoken of it in a former article, we shall here restrict ourselves to some striking manifestations of the divine Providence in favor of these abandoned pagans, whose sole merit for heaven sometimes lies in the fact that they are abhorred of men.

And to do this we need only dwell on one single period of its history, the crisis through which it passed two years ago when cholera raged within its walls. Our great fear was that this dread foe might frighten some of our catechumens and even our neophytes off our premises, and might even retard, to some extent, the work of future conversion, as superstition ascribes such visitations to the agency of the devil. But, happily, we were mistaken. Not only did none run away, but all those that were yet unbaptized earnestly sought for baptism, that the grim messenger might not find them unprepared, and the consoling result was that in spite of the frightful overwork their instruction entailed on our catechists, as many as thirty were in a few days regenerated in the waters of baptism. Nor did the other converts give less consolation and edification. Far from cowering before the mortal enemy, our nurses, both old and young, boldly girt themselves to the task of serving the victims, and persevered in it with a fortitude that merited for them a public recognition of their services, with little presents from the Vicar-General, and what was better for them, they came off from the ordeal unscathed in body and fortified in soul.

Looking back upon those days of trial we cannot but admire the mysterious workings of divine Providence "that knows so well how to draw good out of evil." And first as to the occasion that brought the epidemic into the asylum, it was our compassion for a forlorn pagan family of the town, where, on our first visit to them, we found two corpses on the ground and two other victims fast sinking, without a soul to succor the living or to bury the dead. There was therefore no other alternative but to convey them into the asylum. The dead were consigned to the cemetery, and the living lodged in an out-of-the-way hut. Of the dead, it afterwards turned out, one was a convert, who had been enticed away from our hospital by her daughter, and the other had been baptized condition-

ally by a priest at the last moment. The erring mother died without the Sacraments and the treacherous daughter died here well fortified with the rites of the Church.

But in spite of every precaution, the infection made its way into our hospital. The first victim was a Protestant convert who had not yet made her abjuration. She took ill at night and feeling her end draw near, she asked for the priest. But somehow none of her companions would believe that it was cholera. The next morning, however, the awful reality was brought home to them, and the Director was soon at her bedside. He received her profession of faith and abjuration, baptized her under condition, gave her conditional absolution, and an hour later she was dead.

Warned by such an example a pagan woman in sound health, earnestly asked for baptism. Her wishes were soon complied with, and the very next day, her newly regenerated soul winged its flight to heaven. About this very time, wonderful as it may seem, a pagan mother sought admission into the asylum along with her grown-up daughter whom she dragged in almost against her will. The mother asked and received baptism and was soon carried off. The wayward daughter of course now wanted to go away, but was persuaded to stay at least *till the next morning*. But the next morning found her battling with the mortal foe ; such were the means used by God to draw her unto Himself. She now asked and received baptism and before sunset she was no more.

Indeed, so consoling and edifying were the deaths, we then witnessed, and so salutary were the effects, both physical and moral, that this great reformer produced in the whole asylum, that they assuaged to a great extent the untold trouble and hardships that we were subjected to in ministering to their spiritual and temporal wants, even at the risk of our lives. The only loss that caused us some regret was the death of a good old convert, in whom the asylum lost a treasure. He was a discharged policeman, and his old experiences well qualified him for the excellent work he did in the asylum. For, besides faithfully collecting the monthly subscriptions and running all errands, however arduous, he acted as a sort of a "*purveyor* of souls" to our hospital, ferreting out, as he did, all kinds of sick people from every nook and corner of the town. In fact, a great majority of the sick that have passed through our hospital, as we hope, into paradise, owed their bliss to his instrumentality, and we doubt not but that he himself is now enjoying his well earned happiness in company with those whom he had helped to save.

We have thus given the reader a fair idea of the various ways in which converts are made. We now proceed to describe what we do for them in point of religion and civilization. And first of all as to their maintenance, a question which must go hand in hand with that of conversion of the poor classes, the more so in this country where the convert *ipso facto* forfeits all sympathy and support of relations and castemen. The sick and the orphans are all fed by us. But with regard to the rest, the only help that, under existing circumstances, the mission can give is a small weekly pittance to children born of pagan parents. As for the rest, they have all "to earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brow." Generally speaking they find sufficient work in the asylum itself, either in the work-shops or on the various repairs and other little jobs, as planting, farming, etc., that have constantly to be carried on here the whole year around, the only difficulty being that we have to pay them. But if this fails, we get them employed in one of the several coffee and tile factories that Mangalore now owns.

The work-question is one of vital importance for the well-being of our converts and we have always to see that they have no cause for complaint on this score. For as they have nothing

else to live upon but what the day's toil may bring them, unless they are supplied with work nearer home, they are obliged to stray abroad in search of it, thus losing the benefit of so many means of keeping good which the asylum provides. Above all, they have constantly to be guarded against an evil which I may fitly call the "*Ghaut-mania.*" These Ghauts are a range of hills on our Western coast where extensive coffee plantations are carried on and laborers are in constant demand. But they are so completely destitute of all spiritual ministrations and abound so plentifully in temptations to sin, that they form a veritable hot bed of vice and corruption. Still a few sparkling coins advanced, and the prospect of earning many more, entice away hundreds of laborers from all quarters regardless of evils of soul and body. And although it frequently happens that they catch the fever that haunts those jungles, and in consequence have often to spend on themselves all that they had earned, still return they will, at the first opportunity available. Such is the strength of this mania.

Nor do our converts always prove themselves superior to these allurements. It is sad to think how even a six-months' sojourn in these jungles has sometimes plucked out by the roots what it had cost us so much to plant. As some sort of a preventive against this growing evil, we have recently adopted a measure which promises, among other advantages, to secure also this one, of preventing this periodical exodus, so far, at least, as our permanent workmen are concerned. It is the establishment of a sick fund, to which those who like con-

CONVERT PUJARI OR PAGAN PRIEST.

tribute each month a certain percentage on their wages as a provision for times of want or illness. And among its rules it counts this penal clause, by which "Whoever leaves the asylum without the Director's approval and consent entails a forfeiture of all his savings." Let us hope that at least the love of Mammon will bring about what better considerations fail to effect in some of these sorry Christians. Let me add here, that to back us up, as it were, in our efforts in this direction, divine Providence has been dealing rather hardly with some of

these refractories, particularly with one who in two visits has been bereft of wife and children, one after another.

In fact our great point has always been to have our converts as near us as possible, and to this we ascribe whatever success we have attained in moulding these people of such unsettled habits to a life of peaceful industry and steady piety. Thus it is that the asylum now forms a sort of a small reduction, nearly 400 souls strong, governed by its own laws and peacefully managing its own concerns. It is a remarkable fact, that although among a people of such different castes and habits, bound together by no other tie save that of religion, quarrels and misdeeds are not wanting; still it is a thing till now unheard of, that recourse was had to any other but the asylum authorities for redress. All complaints, serious and trifling, are disposed of by the Director.

The ordinary punishment, and, as a rule, the most efficacious one, is a fine. But severer remedies, especially those that cause shame, are also resorted to. The extreme penalty of the law, mostly reserved for repeated apostasies, is the cross or the crown of thorns. Happily it is now a long time since this was called into requisition; but when it was used, it did produce a good effect. Some eight years ago, about half a dozen apostates underwent the ordeal in one day. It was an awful sight. Laden with the cross and crowned with thorns, they submissively put themselves on their knees, outside the church, the whole time that a discourse was addressed to them, and at the end of it they moved into the church, still on their knees, kissed the crucifix in protestation of their sincerity, and made their profession of faith. This exemplary punishment proved very efficacious. For not only did the delinquents persevere ever after, but the number of apostates, for whom, alas, the Lutheran camp affords a ready home, has gradually been decreasing.

A curious case that happened lately may amuse the reader. The father of a family entertained one evening the friends of his newly married son, and the occasion was so solemn for him, that he killed his best hen—though the day happened to be a Friday. When, however, they sat down to supper and the highly spiced dish was served up, the more conscientious guests objected, but the host persuaded them that the law of abstinence was not binding after nightfall! Somehow the consciences were lulled and all did justice to the old man's hospitality. The next day, however, the news got abroad and the whole supper party was brought up for a public trial, at which some of the elders acted as jurymen. They all pleaded guilty, but threw the whole blame on the poor old man, who stood there dumbfounded, without a word to say in his own defence, but cursing, no doubt, in his heart these ungrateful villains that had so heartily devoured his hen and were now bearing witness against their host. Although the case deserved more pity than punishment, still some slight penalty was inflicted. But the shock that this public trial caused him was so great that it took him nearly a fortnight to get over it. For he roamed about all the time, but since his return is all right again.

But let us pass on to the spiritual concerns of the asylum. To better understand our position in this respect, we must initiate the reader into the religious status of these people when they first fall into our hands. And this we shall briefly state, not from second-hand information, but from our own personal experience of the lower classes, with whom we are directly concerned, and from the testimony of one of our first converts, who was the *pujari* (caste-priest) of a special caste, and as such, the acknowledged medium of communication between this and the lower world.

The sum total of their creed amounts to this: "Live in peace with the gods and with the devils," the first, that they may be propitious to them, the second

that they may not harm them. The practices which the first duty involves are the daily worship of the god of Benares residing in the domestic plant called *tulasi* (ocynum sanctum), and occasional attendance at the principal festivals in their respective places of worship. The veneration of the cow and the cobra-de-capello is more negative than positive, so far as individuals are concerned. They will not harm the cow, much less feed on it, and those that care for it garland it once a year on the day sacred to the vaccine race. As to the lucky serpent, he owes to their superstition some longevity of life, though to the ruin of man, and obtains a solemn funeral if he has fallen a victim to unhallowed hands. For then they buy up the carcass, if they can get it, and cremate it with honors in reparation for the injury sustained.

But the infernal fiend has a tighter hold on this credulous race than the gods. They stand in continual dread of his powers at mischief-making and try to win his good graces by dedicating to him sacred groves or domestic animals. And this is practised especially when disease or misfortune comes upon them, in which case the *pujari* is consulted as to the good pleasure of the demon and suitable offerings made. These are their principal tenets and obligations. But of superstitious practices there is no end, although in most cases they are meaningless and are performed merely *pro forma*. One instance, of which the writer himself was the unwitting occasion, will show how silly they are. During one of his visits to these pagan villages, he, as usual, offered a biscuit to a *pariah* boy who, of course, did justice to it, as was but natural. But an old hag ran out of the hut with a handful of rice and had it cast to the fowls *by him*, thus pretending to transfer to the feathered creation whatever evil influence might be attached to Huntley and Palmer's manufacture.

Their code of morals, if it exist, is a dead letter. The marriage tie is as loose as it can be. To put away one wife and to take another is as much a matter of course to them as to change linen. The filthiest expressions are almost by-words in their mouth, and even innocent children lisp them in moments of excitement, though they know not what they mean. And as for lying, cheating, stealing and fighting, the only check is the British "Indian Penal Code." Drinking, too, prevails to a large extent, excepting among one caste—the *billawars*, who are professional brewers. This teetotalism, however, is due, not to any influence of religion, but to the dictates of domestic economy, as otherwise fondness for the bottle would end in total bankruptcy.

Such is the average condition of the pagan that falls to our lot to rear up to Christianity. Of the true God and of the life to come they know but little. And Christianity itself they view in no better light than that of a strange caste, to join which is to be contaminated forever.

From all this one may easily gather what rubbish we have to root out before sowing the seed of the true faith in these briery souls. Not unfrequently do we come across living examples of ignorance personified. Thus, after a long and diligent explanation of the wickedness of sin and of the motives of repentance, a venerable old man is asked whether he would commit sin again.

"No," he wisely answers.

"But why?"

"Because, who has strength to commit sin at this age?"

Even the fire of hell once found favor with another old man, for "that," he said, "would burn out the itch I am suffering from." This very fellow imagined that the devil was after him for having left his worship, and would often ask for a morsel of *beef* as the *only* means of getting rid of the enemy. He would at other times burst forth into a torrent of abuses of the filthiest kind, and when rebuked for it, he would fret and ask, "If not the devil, whom else shall I abuse?"

And if such be the ignorance we have to cope with in sound people, whom by dint of patience and perseverance we can eventually disabuse of their silly notions, what must be said of those that are brought to us almost at death's door, when it becomes as unsafe to delay baptism, as it would be rash to give it. At times there is no other help for it but to stay up with them till any hour of the night, anxiously watching for calm intervals to instil the most necessary truths almost till the very end. Happily the success with which heaven generally crowns our efforts in this way, is ample compensation for the trouble taken, although in some few cases we have to content ourselves with only a conditional baptism. But the mercies of God are innumerable and let us confidently consign such cases to His benign providence.

(*To be continued.*)

STAR OF HOPE.

"And behold the star which they had seen in the East, went before them until it came and stood over where the child was."
—*Matt. ii, 9.*

I.

AH, Lord, the way to Thee
No more I know;
And deeper grows the gloom
As on I go.
No more Thy wonted star
Above me gleams,
And all the unknown way
So weary seems.

II.

Until Thou give again
Thy light instead;
Until Thy peace allay
My fear and dread;
Until Thou turn again
To right the wrong;
Until Thy face appear
O God, how long?

III.

Fear not, O heart of mine;
The shining star,
That hither led thee up
From land afar,
Again in God's own time
Thy guide shall be,
To where His blessed smile
Awaits for thee.

—*St. Mary's of the Woods.*

TALKS ON ETHICS.

By Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.

"Good or evil in moral matters means agreement with or divergence from reason"
—*St. Thomas.*

WHATEVER we said in our last two talks (or in our first two—call them as you please) amounted to very little more than an amplification of a definition. We learned that ethics was a science, a practical science, differing from other sciences which have in view the same matter, deducing its principles from the light of reason; that a person thoroughly conversant with moral philosophy would know the road to follow in order to reach righteousness, but that knowledge of itself would not sufficiently equip him for overcoming the difficulties in his way. The honest, the good, the righteous, is a goal which is reached only by effort. Mentality does not furnish the strength for that effort. The light on a locomotive will show the engineer for a certain distance the state of the track over which he travels, but the headlight is not the steam. Moreover, though this is an important and necessary branch of philosophy, there are millions who perfect themselves in the moral order without any scientific knowledge of moral principles. The outcome of which remarks—of which statement of facts is, that man needs for his moral expansion something more.

Of the many divisions of ethics, we follow that which we consider the simplest. It is a division that follows the rule of division. A division must be clear, not dividing too much nor dividing too little. My countryman's division of the world sinned by excess. He said the universe was divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Ireland. We can see that such a division is peccant.

Our division covers all the ground over which we intend to travel. First, the general principles of morality, then those general principles in their application to the individual man, and lastly, the same general principles in application to the social man.

We may define man right here as a rational, social animal. Since ethics is the science that undertakes to direct man in his moral actions, it must consider man in all the conditions in which his moral activity energizes. These conditions are: his individual condition, because he has duties towards himself; and his relative condition, because he has duties towards others.

Incurring the risk of repetition, I will say that we are to use, during these talks of ours (without making any distinction whatever unless obliged by the special topic under discussion), we will use without making any distinction whatever the terms "ethics," "morality," "moral science," "natural right," "natural law."

They say that in no language have we two terms conveying exactly the same meaning. Just as there are no two leaves alike, no two peas alike (though we use the expression, "they are as alike as two peas"), just as there are no two eyes alike—so there are no two words alike. But in that multiplicity of expression we have allowed ourselves in reference to moral philosophy, though there is a variety of signification, now that I put you on your guard, I may interchange these words: natural law, natural right, ethics, moral philosophy, moral science—when I use these with no special emphasis, I mean the subject matter of our talks.

Resuming still further, about to touch upon that science which has for its object to throw from reason a light upon man's free will so that he may use it cautiously, it was natural (and therefore logical) for us to take up the moral act, by which we mean the free act.

We spoke of man's free will. We asked that it should be admitted from the start that man has a free will. It is easy, I think, from mere experience, without metaphysics at all, to certify to the great fact of man's free will. Everything is based upon the admission of this fact. Either a man is "free-willed" or he is determined. We have to admit free will, or fatalism. If man is not in possession of freedom of will, he is a mere machine; if a mere machine, it is impossible for him to help doing what he is doing. If this be so, there is no responsibility for us and we have a right to rebel against the existence of law, especially against the penal code. A man should be punished only when he is responsible. All society, all law, all order, is built upon this fact. So discussion, for the present at least, may be deemed useless.

We find that man, when he acts deliberately, has an end in view. We considered the potency of that end—we considered the end as a thing that starts a man in action and keeps him in motion. When a man has lost view of the end, he stops, he advances no further. While that end is before him he stretches out towards it. This is the explanation of all voluntary activity.

There are ends and ends, but we perceive that one idea runs through every concept of end. I see a sculptor at work, and say to him: "What are you making?" "A statue." "Why are you making a statue?" "I am competing for a prize." "Why do you wish the prize?" "I am desirous of fame."

In this dialogue we have suggested the different kinds of ends. "I am making a statue:" intermediate end. "For fame:" final end of his action.

So we have the intermediate and the ultimate end. An end is always a cause, strange though it may seem, and it is always the most important of all causes. If our artist had not in view the winning of fame, he would not make that statue.

Hence the potency of the end. The end is really a cause. In our trite illustration it causes the individual to make the statue.

The end, or that which causes us to act, or that in behalf of which a thing is done, is something good, and we are justified in stating that for our purpose, end and good are convertible terms, that is to say, we can use them interchangeably. Good we defined to be something desirable. Health is good—is it not a desirable thing? Underlying the idea of desirability we perceive suitability. I find something that befits—I have a good—I have something suitable to me. When I say something suits me, I mean something that fills up a want. I would call good something that perfects me or makes me more perfect than I am. Take a man not in the perfection of health. Is there not a deficiency in his make-up? Something lacking? Is there not a void to be filled? What will make him more perfect than he is? In the present case, health.

Here I discover the end is something good, something desirable, something that befits; is a perfection of some kind or other.

Once more let me state, these are facts —not fancies. In crossing the stream of moral philosophy our footing must be solid. So far, I think, it is solid. We are not trusting to the "unsteady footing of a spear." I think we are building our bridge securely.

How is man made up? Of a nature, which is triple: sensitive, intellectual, moral. His sensitive nature desires something, and the good it asks for is "sensible." His intellectual nature craves something, which we call intellectual good. Man's moral nature—his will—needs something, and we call it moral good.

Now these are all facts. Let us compare them. Have all these goods the same importance in dignity, in worth, in intrinsic value? How are man's different natures inter-related? Is his animal nature above or below his intellectual nature? or his intellectual above or below his material or animal nature? or is his moral nature above or below both?

Remember, the moral nature of man is that nature which is the fountain of all his moral activity—all his responsible acts. Which nature, then, is the highest? Evidently his moral nature. The only acts which are really man's are the acts of his will, his moral acts.

Now, since good is something that perfects man, the good which completes the best part of man is the highest good. There must be gradation—one good must rank lowest, another higher, and another highest. If there be anything like choosing between good and good, which good should we prefer—the lower or the higher? The most perfect man would prefer the most perfect good, an inferior man an inferior good, a degraded man the lowest good.

When such a thing as a conflict between good and good takes place, the will must be guided by the dictates of reason, and select a higher good in preference to a lower.

We have a good which is righteous, another which is useful, and another which is pleasurable. Does what I have said bar man from all pleasure? No. Only from that pleasure which is unwarranted by reason.

Can pleasure be the end of man's action? Can man intend pleasure as an end of action? Do not be disturbed by my use of the word "can." I use it in its moral application. When I ask the question: "Can a man steal?" I know that physically he is able to do so, but the query is, "as a moral agent, can he?" Answer: "No." Pleasure is a delectation or a delight that arises from participating in a thing.

Let me illustrate this by the act of drinking. I am thirsty, and I quaff some choice wine. What happens? My thirst is quenched. (At least so they say. Some seem to doubt it; some fancy water does the work better. There are as many opinions regarding this as there are men and women.)

The end of my drinking should be to quench my thirst, but I find that while quenching my thirst my palate is tickled. You behold there a pleasure of taste distinct from the end of drinking.

Can I make pleasure an end? No; it is the result of reaching an end, its accompaniment, so to speak; it is simultaneous with my possessing that which I started out to obtain.

But, you say, pleasure is useful, because the Lord made it. When there is question of assuaging thirst, it is as hard for some people to take a glass of water as a dose of medicine. The Lord might have arranged things that way. I don't know whether people would be so foolish as to die of thirst while water was within reach.

There is a difference between end and pleasure. A man has to keep himself elevated by the idea that he does not eat and drink for the mere pleasure he finds in eating and drinking. Some eat to live, some live to eat. Pleasure cannot be an end, though we may be incited by pleasure to do a thing.

What pleasure can we indulge in? We can indulge in all the pleasures that come from a righteous end. This is the rule. If I am allowed the end, then the pleasure that is connected with that end I am free to indulge in. We must admit that since pleasure is only a means, it has a *sui generis* position. Pleasure occupies a secondary place in effects. Pleasure cannot rationally be an end of an individual. What do I drink for? To quench my thirst. But I find pleasure in it. Very well; that pleasure is connected with a legitimate end. Suppose the act is not legitimate? The pleasure has nothing to do with me

then; my reason will allow me to indulge only in that pleasure which necessarily follows a legitimate end.

I have tried to make clear that which has bothered and puzzled philosophers and theologians since the beginning of time, that the position which pleasure occupies in all the operations of life is a secondary one.

Patient (and, therefore, kind) listener, the dose of metaphysics administered to-day has certainly been a very large one—perhaps too large for you, and certainly enough for me. I will close with a reference to and a quotation from St. Thomas. Pre-eminent among professors of ethics stands this great Doctor of the Church; dying the 7th of March, 1274, in the forty-ninth year of his age, he left behind him a monument built by his own hands and in so short a time that its achievement seems inexplicable, unless we take Providence as a large factor in the affairs of man. His great work, because it is the summary of nearly all his mental labor in the field of theology and philosophy, is called the *Summa Theologica*. In it St. Thomas held before him a double purpose. His grand end was to justify the Catholic faith. In the justification thereof he followed a double path, a positive and a negative one, that is to say, he demonstrated on the one hand Catholic truth in itself, and on the other hand the error of every opinion adverse to the teachings of the Church.

As a consequence his work is divided into two parts; the first comprehends truths which are not above the reach of reason, the second truths which are outside the grasp of human intelligence or, as he calls them, "truths exceeding reason — truths impenetrable — mysteries." The first part is divided in its turn into three sections, the first of which treats of the truths relative to God Himself—His existence—His attributes (Bk. 1); the second of creation—the creature, particularly of man (Bk. 2); the third of the creature returning to God—of ethics—of the end of man—of divine Providence—law—grace—divine and human will (Bk. 3).

The treatises which constitute the second part (Bk. 4) are the following: 1, The Trinity; 2, The Incarnation (and original sin); 3, The Sacraments; 4, The Resurrection of the Body; 5, The Destiny of the Soul after Separation from the Body; 6, Purgatory; 7, The Last Judgment; 8, the State of the World after Judgment.

All this is preceded by an introduction which examines whether it be necessary to admit on faith those truths which unaided reason can comprehend; whether it be justifiable to ask of man to admit on divine faith truths that he cannot understand; whether such a faith should not be stigmatized as trifling; whether rational truths can contradict revealed truths; and lastly, what value we may attribute to the demonstration of which God is the object.

I am not going to insist here upon the excellence of this work of St. Thomas—the whole world has recognized it since the beginning.

I wish now to quote from the admirable pages of Father Joseph Rickaby, S.J., in which all of the ethics of St. Thomas is rendered into very clear and pleasing English, a passage which bears upon the matter we have been considering. While it serves to enforce some of the points we have tried to make to-day, it is also an illustration of the method the great Doctor of the Church uses in the exposition of the principles of which he is convinced himself and of which he has so eloquently convinced so many of the children of the generations of men that have come and gone since the thirteenth century.

"Question xxxiv. Of Good and Evil in Pleasures.

"Article I.—Is all pleasure evil?

"R. Some have laid it down that all pleasures are evil. The reason of their saying so seems to have been their giving their attention exclusively to sensi-

ble and bodily pleasures, which are more manifest; for, in other respects, also the old philosphers did not distinguish things of intellect from things of sense. These bodily pleasures they thought should all be written down bad, that so men, prone as they are to immoderate pleasures, might withdraw themselves from pleasures and arrive at the proper mean of virtue. But this judgment was mistaken. For since none can live without some sensible and bodily pleasure, if they who teach that all pleasures are bad are caught in the act of taking some pleasures, men will be more inclined to pleasures by the examples of their works, letting go the doctrine of their words.

We must say, then, that some pleasures are good and some are evil. For pleasure is a repose of the appetitive faculty in some loved good and is consequent upon some activity. Hence there are two ways of looking at it. One way is to see what the good is in which man reposes with pleasure. Good or evil in moral matters means agreement with or divergence from reason. There is a morally good pleasure in either the higher or lower appetite reposing in what is in agreement with reason. There is also an evil pleasure, when the repose is taken in what diverges from reason. Another way is to look at the activities that yield the pleasure, whereof some are evil and some good. Now there is a closer connection between activities and pleasures, which go along with them, than between activities and desires, which precede them in time. Hence since the desires of good activities are good, and of evil activities evil, much more are the pleasures of good activities good, and those of evil activities evil."

A TEST OF FAITH.

By F. Maitland.

THE country of John Knox is not fruitful in conversions, for the devil fights hard for his stronghold.

Some reader of the MESSENGER, however, may remember the "once upon a time" when he sat under "sour minister in sad Geneva gown" and bands. Memory will recall the barn-like building, its white-washed walls, the narrow pews, the painted pulpit with high-sounding board, the precentor's miniature edition beneath, the solemn beadle's bench, the table with the spindly legs, where—"diet of worship" over, and congregation "scaled" (dispersed)—pastor and elders counted out their pence, and in front of which the unhappy sinners doomed to "thole (suffer) the session," stood. The "session" consists of ministers and elders, and, in cases of flagrant delinquency, the culprit appears to be reprimanded before readmission to "church privileges."

There may be, perhaps, more of pomp and vanity nowadays, but this is how it was before the organ, and the hymn-book, and the Roman collar days when Bella Mitchell married Robert Stewart.

It was not without warning that, some twelve years before, Bella's father had taken the upper Culter-Mains farm, twenty good miles from Mass or Priest, but Culter-Mains was cheap as farms then went and had capabilities, as Mitchell, shrewd, as all Ayrshire men are in what concerns this earth, had seen.

"Oh, the weans 'll get on fine," he had said, scratching his head uneasily, when the priest tackled him.

"And how do you intend them to learn even the elements of their religion?" The priest's voice was stern.

"Their step-mither 'll no' fash wi' them, if that's what ye're feared o'," the culprit answered sullenly, shuffling from one foot to another as he spoke.

Few of Father Daly's parishioners had seen him angry, but there is a just wrath.

"I repeat, how do you expect these unhappy children even to learn the rudiments of their faith?"

"Fairms are no' sae easy pickit up," answered Mitchell doggedly, taking good care not to meet the Father's eye.

"Remember this," said Father Daly, standing up, "*God will hold you responsible for these children's souls.*"

Mitchell did not answer, he was turning his bonnet over and over in his hands, and presently, finding the priest did not speak again, with an awkward "gude day" slouched out of the room.

"His reverence's feared ye'll mebbe fash the bairns," he said to his wife that evening as they sat together by the fire. His conscience was not comfortable, and he looked furtively at her from under his thick red eyebrows.

"Me fash the puir mitherless bairns?" Mrs. Mitchell, a plain sensible-looking woman, a decade, perhaps, older than her husband, spoke with some indignation; pity for David Mitchell's uncared for children had been, if he had only known it, her chief inducement in giving up single blessedness.

"Me fash the puir bairns!" she repeated, and, unnoticed, lifted the little frock she was darning to her lips.

"He's feared ye'll be for carrying them wi' ye t' the kirk whan we're settled at the Mains," Mitchell explained, rather shamefacedly.

"Oh, that's it, is't?" Marget was relieved; she was what her Lowland neighbors called a "wise-like woman," and it was several moments before she spoke again, and then it was in almost Father Daly's words, "What 'll they learn up yon'er, puir things?"

"Aye, that's it," Mitchell, who had taken his pipe out of his mouth and was staring into the fire, seemingly had no more to say.

Mrs. Mitchell drew the lamp closer as she caught up the threads where the darn was "cross," her face was grave.

If she had been asked her opinion of the priest, she would have answered, as would most of the other folks in the village in like case, that there was "no ill in him," which was their condescending way of confessing that, in very truth, they respected him, but—"He wudna ha'e them grow up heather a' thegither?" she asked suddenly, letting her work drop on her knees as she spoke.

"Aye, that's the question."

Mitchell glanced quickly at her, this time with some anxiety. They had been married by the minister; there had been no promising, one way or another, as to the children's bringing up, but Marget was a just woman. Mitchell wiped his brow as he looked at her again.

"Dawvid's wife wud mebbe tak' them noo an' again for a spell," Mrs. Mitchell went on, presently.

"Dod! but ye ha'e hit the nail on its heed this time." Mitchell brought down his hand on his knee with such a thud that his clay-pipe shivered into a hundred pieces.

Send the children to his brother—Father Daly's right hand, now and again for a "spell," it was the very thing!

"It's you ha'e the heed on yer shouthers," he cried, admiringly, and bent across the table to give her a pat on the cheek.

His only regret was that he had not thought of the plan himself, and "mentioned" it to his reverence, but his answer would be ready for David, who would be having his say too, he knew.

Mentally he rehearsed the tone of innocent surprise, in which he would say, "Culter-Mains far frae chaipel? Aye, is't," with a shake of the head, "but the mistress an' me were allowin' ye'd tak' the bit craters vacation times." In his satisfaction at thus settling his difficulties, Mitchell rubbed his hands. Careless as he was, it was a relief to find that his children's step-mother had no intention of tampering with their faith.

Well, it certainly was not John Mitchell's fault; he would have told you himself, that his brother met with his bad accident the autumn after the flitting to Culter-Mains, nor that his wife, who was a Wigtonshire woman, should have chosen to give up Peggie's lea and go back to live with her own people near Glenluce.

Nor was it his fault, he would have had you believe, that there was "aye sic a press o' wark at Eastertide," nor that his accounts—he dealt nowadays in cattle, as well as farmed—took up so much of his spare time, Sundays included, that "there wasna a moment t' spare t' hearken the bairns their catechiz as, naturally, he would have liked to have done," and as indeed, in a farewell interview with Father Daly, he had promised to do.

Mrs. Mitchell, who had made her promise too, was more conscientious, as conscientious as a woman who claimed descent on the mother's side from the great Reformer himself, and one of whose people had been among the first to subscribe the great solemn League and Covenant well could be. She would not teach the hated Popish doctrines herself, but she did give the children every Sunday morning their "Christian Doctrines" and prayer-books—sent by the priest—out of the cupboard where they lay wrapped in brown paper all the week, before setting out in the gig for kirk herself, "charging" them straightly not to play themselves, but be good bairns and learn a bit.

The boys in a hurry to be off to their bird-nesting or whatever the interest or amusement of the season might be, would stuff their catechisms into their pockets and look at them no more. The girls, better disciplined, learned the task they set themselves, three questions and answers neither more nor less, long or short, repeated them to each other, and to do them justice, without mistake, read a line or two from the prayer-book, where it opened generally, and Sunday duties were done.

The Mitchells were smart children, the smartest at the school, the old dominie told their step-mother, approvingly, sometimes. On "examination days"—I need not say it was before school-board times—they carried home, among them, a wealth of books to Culter-Mains.

They were quick, too, to see that about Culter and its neighborhood at all events, Catholics were not held in much repute. Their history-books, and even their prizes, had a good deal to tell them about the ignorance and superstition of Papists, and of the glories of so-called reformation days; the very geography had its foot-note apropos of "priest-ridden" Italy and Spain.

"God will hold you responsible for the souls of these children," the words came back to their father when Bella, the eldest of the girls, "getting on" for sixteen and, in her own opinion, all but grown-up, announced her intention of going for the future with her step-mother to the kirk. She was the one of his children most like the dead Irish mother, and had always been Mitchell's favorite, he "fair spoiled her," the kindly step-mother sometimes remonstrated.

"The kirk! let me see ye!" Her father had never spoken to her in such tones before, and it raised all Bella's opposition and pride, and, in stubbornness, she was his own child.

"Yer nane sae keen for the chaipel, yersel'," she retorted, with sulky disrespect.

"Weel, ye'll no' fin' me ganging till the kirk," Mitchell blazed back.

"Weel, I'm ganging onyway," said Bella, as, with head in air, she turned away.

"Min' what yer after," Mitchell caught her by the arm, "Min' what yer after, ye —" he swallowed the uncomplimentary word, "or — as sure's I'm here, I'll sen' ye till yer auntie at Kilcock!" An awful threat, for their mother's sister was Superior of a convent there.

For once Bella quailed, and Mitchell seized his advantage. "Let me hear o' ye

"LET ME HEAR O' YE GANGING TILL THE KIRK."

ganging till the kirk an' neist day yer aff t' Kilcock," he reiterated, as Bella sullenly turned away.

Gang t' the kirk! Nora's daughter ganging till the kirk! Mitchell had enough of the Catholic left about him to be thoroughly uncomfortable. He stirred himself up sufficiently—it was on a Sunday the altercation had taken place—to leave his accounts, first (he was not much of a scholar), carefully sticking a pin into the paper to mark where he had left off, and hunt up an old Ursuline manual that had been his wife's and take it to her.

Bella was sitting sulkily on a big stone in the yard—"the black dog still on her shouthers," her father said to himself—and she did not look up when he laid it on her lap. Her sullenness angered him, and instead of giving her the kindly word he had meant, he left her with a reiterated "let me catch ye ganging till the kirk an' I'll—" he let her imagine the threat, but Bella understood he was in earnest and that, for once in her life, she must obey.

II.

Bella's schooling was at an end, and at sixteen she was tall and well-grown. Her step-mother, as a matter of course, dismissed the "houselass"; the Scotch are thrifty people, and it "wasna for young folk to sit wi' their han's i' their laps," as she told her husband, and the girl, to do her justice, took heartily to her work.

Between her father and herself a certain reserve had sprung up; Mitchell had "kept his eye on her," as, at the time of their quarrel, he had threatened to do, and this she was quick to feel and resent. More than once, too, he had again spoken of sending her to her auntie at Kilcock, or of boarding her, for a time, with an old friend of her mother's, the wife of a shop-keeper in Dumfries.

He would take her down at Easter, he told himself, and who knew? take the opportunity—he was getting an old man—to make his own peace with God, perhaps; but Easter that spring fell at lambing-time, the weather was coarse, and with a new herd, and one he did not know much about, it was impossible. So he consoled himself with the thought of getting away at Christmas, when he wouldn't be so "throng," and Bella and he, for certain, would go then, but Christmas-tide found Mrs. Mitchell in bed, and Bella naturally could not be spared, and it was not worth his while going by himself when three or four months would bring Easter 'round again.

Easter did come 'round again, and as quickly as Mitchell—a man of sixty—anticipated, but it found Bella—a wife.

The girl had made, for her station, a good match. Robert Stewart, of Cairncailzie, was, what is called in these parts, a "Bonnet Laird," a small proprietor,

farming his own land, as his "forbears," for many a generation, had done.

Well-to-do and his own master, there had been nothing to delay the marriage, and it had taken place within six weeks of the engagement. Bella would be a lady, or next door to one, the gossips told each other, enviously, "have twa house-lasses an' never need t' file her han's."

It was as well maybe they had not got to Dumfries, Mitchell tried to persuade himself when congratulated on his daughter's luck. Stewart, whose grand-uncle was a minister, might have thought twice before he proposed to a chapel wife. He had promised the girl's mother on her death-bed to be sure and see the bairns were kept to the faith. Well, was it his fault that Culter-Mains, the only farm at that time to be had, was so far from chapel? and hadn't they learned their catechiz? Marget had seen to that, *Marget!* he fidgeted uneasily, but—what a down-sitting for the lass! Why, gin a' folk said was true, Miss Katie, the laird's youngest daughter herself, would not have said "no" to Robert Stewart!

"Ye'll be for carryin' Bella t' the kirk, wi' ye?" he asked his future son-in-law, with assumed jocularity, one day, and the young fellow had answered in his sober way, that that was for his bride herself to decide. Then they might have gone to Dumfries, after all. Mitchell almost groaned.

"Ye'll ha'e t' let Stewart ken whether ye'r for chaipel or kirk," the girl's step-mother counselled her one day. "Speak oot while ye ha'e the chance," she reminded her again on the wedding-eve, "it'll, mebbe, no' be sae easy changin' after-hin."

"Rob'll be for lettin' me please mysel'," had been the half-sulky, half-proud reply, and the older and wiser woman could only shake her head.

"What ha'e ye sattled wi' Stewart about Bella an' the kirk?" Mrs. Mitchell asked her husband that same night.

"Sattled? Let them sattle it atwixt them," Mitchell answered, irritably, flinging the heavy boot he had just taken off across the floor.

"Gin Bella's for the kirk she'll gang, ye ken that as well as me," he went on presently, as a sop to his conscience, perhaps.

"Aye," his wife said meditatively, "Ye ken as weel as me," he went on angrily, "that it's an ill-luikin' thing a man ganging here, an' the wife wi' the bairns at her tail there."

"Aye," Mrs. Mitchell said again, then with a twinkle in her eye, "Weel, I mun say this for ye, ye ha'e na troubled the chaipel muckle wanting me." Mitchell's face reddened at the shaft, for he had never darkened chapel door since he came to the Mains. "But ye ha'e na gied me a sicht o' ye yet at the kirk!"

"Dang the kirk," Mitchell cried as his second shoe followed the first across the room.

"You will be responsible for these children's souls," it was twelve years since Father Daly had said the words. Did a gran'match balance the loss of the one Faith? Siller and twa-house-lasses—the loss of a soul? Mitchell knew very well they did not. Well, it was too late for Bella now, but Phemie and Mary and Rob and wee Jock should go to Dumfries, certain sure, come vacation time, and stay for the month with their mother's friend, who would be glad enough of their board. All night Mitchell tossed restlessly by his sleeping wife's side.

Bella had, however, said a word to her lover on her own account as they parted for the last time at the garden gate. "It's the Bible kirk-folk gae by?"

"By God's word," was the succinct reply.

"Ye'll be for wantin' me till the kirk wi' ye?" Bella turned her head away.

"Could ganging till the *Hoos o' the Lord* hurt ye, Bella?" the young fellow said tenderly.

A lump came to Bella's throat. She

was no fool, and thought after thought followed each other through her head as she stood with Robert's arm round her.

Her Father, the only Catholic she knew, was no better—she was in her own way too loyal to him to acknowledge that, in some respects, he was *worse* than those about him; then all the gentry-folk, and Robert, she told herself proudly, *almost* belonged to them, were Protestant, Presbyterian or Episcopalian, and *they* knew more, saw more than commoner folk, and who heard of one of them turning Catholic?

Then there were the school books—the histories, the geographies; would the dominie dare teach them if what they said of Pope and Priest and graven images and Inquisitors, and much more were not true? Bella drew a long breath.

"Bella," her lover whispered, mistaking the cause of the sigh; "Bella, I promise you, ye shall do as you please," he bent to kiss her brow, "but it'll be hard on me sitting at worship without my *wife* by my side."

Bella put out her hand, "Whaur ye gang, Rob, I'll gang," she said.

III.

In those days honeymooning was almost unknown among people of Stewart's class, and Robert took his young wife in the village post-chaise straight home to Cairncailzie.

His uncle, a D.D., married them, but Mr. Cunninghame, the parish minister, too, had been there, and he and his wife had been pressing in their invitations to the bride to come to the manse whenever she felt inclined.

Mitchell alone had been surly and stood off, but as Mr. Cunninghame confided later to his wife, it was ridiculous of a man to pose as a Catholic, who never took the trouble to practise his faith, and who let his children grow up heathens, and Mrs. Cunninghame might take his word for it, the poor things could be little less.

There had been a good deal of speculation as to whether Bella would come to the kirk or not, but the Sunday after the marriage, Stewart was purposely late, perhaps, and there was only one or two loiterers at the gate when he drove up his wife, gay in her bridal finery, in his gig.

The Cairncailzie pew, square and important looking, faced the pulpit, and Bella, looking neither to right nor left, followed her husband shyly up the aisle. He found her the "places," and she did as he did, standing at the prayers and sitting down when the drawled-out psalm-singing began, drawing a little closer when the text was given out and the sermon began. Robert looked at her from time to time as if anxious to see how the service impressed her, but Bella kept her head bent and her veil was down, and with all his efforts he could not see her face.

Church "scaled," there was a good deal of hand-shaking and congratulation and even good-humored bantering from some of the older farmers at the gate, and Mrs. Mitchell was waiting for them to carry them off to "take their Sabbath bite" at the Mains.

Mitchell, when they arrived, was at his usual Sunday occupation—his accounts. Bella's dress, her return with her step-mother, told their own tale; his greeting was curt—a nod apiece and a grunt, and he went on with his adding up as if neither daughter nor son-in-law had been there.

The tears came to Bella's eyes, and Robert spoke out indignantly, "Gin we're no' welcome, we'll be aff."

"An' who said ye were na' welcome?" Mitchell asked sharply, looking up for a moment from his figures.

Stewart bit his lip; but he was not going to quarrel with his father-in-law the first time they met, and Bella, who was now sobbing, loosened her arm from his and slipped away with Phemie, the sister next to herself in age.

A pile of odds and ends, forgotten in

the packing, had been collected and were lying in the room that had been hers, conspicuous among them the Ursuline Manual her father had given her. As Bella, still sobbing, stood fingering it, Phemie spoke: "Bella, ye ha'e been till the kirk!" There was admiration at her sister's daring in the girl's voice.

"Aye," Bella said, but there was little triumph in her tone.

"Faither's aye haverin' aboot ha'en Mary an' me aff wi' him till Dumfries."

Bella shook her head as much as to say the girl need not be afraid, it would be "haverin'" nothing more to the end.

"He'd a letter yestreen frae auntie at Kilcock; Bella," lowering her voice, "Auntie's never misdootin' we're a' Catholics!"

"Weel, what else are we?" Bella said peevishly.

"Bella! an' you that's been t' the kirk!" Bella did not answer; of Mitchell's children she was the only one who remembered a chapel, dimly enough it is true, kneeling folk, lights, a bell, Father Daly, yes, she remembered Father Daly best of all. What would Father Daly say if he knew she had been to the kirk!

"Bella!" Phemie cried impatiently.

Bella came to herself with a jump. "Aye, I ha'e been t' the kirk," she said bitterly, "there's nae pleasin' Rob an' my faither baith."

* * * * * *

"What's that ye'v gotten?" Stewart asked as they walked home after tea.

Bella handed him the book she was carrying, "my mither's prayer-book."

"I'll get ye something better than that," Stewart said contemptuously, when he had turned over a leaf or two and put the volume in his pocket.

"Ye'll gie 't t' me whaun we get hame?" Bella asked anxiously. She was already beginning to learn she had found her master in Stewart.

"I'll gie ye something better than that," Robert repeated, and Bella had to swallow her disappointment as she might.

Monday was market-day and Stewart brought home the smartest Bible the county bookseller's shop could supply. "Ther's *God's word* for ye," he said with some complacency as he tossed the parcel into her lap.

Bella, in spite of her prize-taking had never been a reader, and indeed at Culter-Mains, beyond a volume or two of sermons of her step-mother's, there had been little to read; in her new home, in the best parlor, there was quite a little library, but of books to the girl of scarcely greater interest; *Johnson's Dictionary*, *Jamieson's* in two enormous volumes, *Plutarch's Lives*, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, *Pope's Works*, *The Pilgrim's Progress* with weird wood-cuts, *Paradise Lost*, *The Fall of Man*, *Scotch Worthies*, a *County Gazeteer* or two, a long row of *Edinburgh Almanacs*, and on the top shelf a corresponding line of paper-bound *Agricultural Reports*; and Bella shrugged her slim shoulders as she looked at them.

The house-lasses, lasses in name alone, for Mysie was middle-aged and Aggie, her niece, "getting on," had shown their young mistress from the first that they did not mean to be "meddled wi'." The house was in order, the napery, to use the good old word for house-linen, new, and so well did Mysie look after her master's interests that there was not even a pair of his socks to mend. If she ventured to the garden, scissors or basket in hand, the surly old man who cared for it warned her he was "responsible" and would "let his master hear o't if aucht was touched," and when she complained to Rob of his incivility, he regarded the matter as a good joke, "oh Jock gangs his ain gait," he said with a chuckle of enjoyment.

Then Robert, who was not above working—and working hard—with his men, as often as not just snatched a bite at mid-day, a glass of milk and "mouthfu'" of oat-cake, or came in for his supper so tired out, that he only answered the girl, eager for a chat, in monosyl-

lables, dozing afterwards in his arm-chair, till bed-time—ten o'clock—came.

All things considered, it was scarcely to be wondered at, that Bella, used to companionship and active life, "wearied," as her step-mother sympathizingly said, and that, as time went on, it became more and more her habit, early dinner done, to slip across the fields to the Mains, "*home*," and with a borrowed apron of Phemies, to "save" her gown, give step-mother and sister alike "a hand."

Mitchell, if he happened to be in on these occasions, which was rare, only noticed his daughter with a nod, and the girl's heart burned within her at what she thought his injustice and inconsistency.

If he had wanted them Catholics, he should have brought them up Catholics! What was a "bit catechiz" and learned at the step-mother's instigation, not his! and if he set up for being so keen for the faith nowadays, what hindered him being off to chapel at Dumfries? Father and daughter "gloomed" at each other to use the local word.

At the time of which I write yearly communion was the rule in the country parishes, and Bella had been seven months a wife before the April morning came when the minister, after giving out that on that fortnight "the Sacrament would be dispensed," invited the catechumens to meet him for instruction at the manse.

Bella felt, rather than saw, that at this point many eyes turned to the Cairncailzie pew, and at the gate Mrs. Cunninghame was waiting for her. "Mrs. Stewart was going forward, of course?" she said, in her pleasant-voiced dictatorial way, and Stewart drawing her arm through his own as he spoke, answered for her in the affirmative.

Bella had been ailing, was "useless," as she expressed it herself, though she seldom missed her daily visit to the Mains, and she felt a little ill-used when the morning after "the Lord's-Supper was given out," Robert advised her to stay at home and have a look at the shorter catechism, and so be ready for any "questions" the minister, when she went to the manse, might put.

The thin drab-colored pamphlet looked uninviting enough, "Justification, Adoption and Sanctification," with their corresponding answers, duller still. Robert could never mean her to get these into her head, she would go on to "the Sacraments."

"What is the Lord's Supper?"

The Lord's Supper is a Sacrament wherein by giving and receiving bread and wine, according to Christ's appointment, His death is shown forth, and the worthy receivers are not, after a corporal and carnal manner, but by faith, made partakers of His body and blood, with all His benefits, to their spiritual nourishment and growth in grace." "Bread and wine." *Bread and wine.* What did the little "Christian Doctrine" say?

"What is the Holy Eucharist?"

"It is the *true body and blood of Christ under the appearance* of bread and wine." Bella remembered question and answer well enough.

What a bother these conflicting faiths were! Well, Protestants went by the *Bible*, *God's word*, folks couldn't be far wrong who went by *that*, she would get Rob's present and look for herself.

From St. Matthew to St. Mark, from St. Mark to St. Luke, from St. Luke to St. John, from St. John to St. Paul, round and round the circle Bella went; a little feverish spot came to her cheek, the dinner Mysie brought was left untouched.

Protestants went by the Bible and nothing else. Well, the Bible—little did Mysie, as she looked approvingly at her young mistress, as she cleared away, guess what was passing through her head—the Bible, the *Protestant* Bible said: "The bread that I will give is *my flesh which I will give for the life of the world.*" The Jews therefore strove among themselves, saying: "How can this man

give us his *flesh* to eat?" Then Jesus said to them, "*Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the son of man, and drink his blood ye have no life in you.*" "*This is my body, this is my blood.*" "My *flesh* is *meat* indeed, and my *blood* is *drink* indeed."

The Protestants went by their Bible, and the Protestant Bible told her *that!* Then she remembered her mother's book; there were reasons for adhering to the Catholic religion at the end, but Rob had locked it up on their wedding night in his desk, she had seen him turn the key. Instinctively Bella looked across the room at the writing table where the big brass-bound desk stood; by some unaccustomed carelessness it was standing open; the blood rushed to her face.

Well, it was her own book. She was no baby, she would not do it on the sly, she would tell Rob she had taken it when he came home. A moment's more hesitation and it was in her hand.

Bella's recollections of her mother were summed up in a long, white-draped figure on the bed, "in a face that wasna mither's." She remembered crying out, when some one had bid her kiss her, and she touched the cold cheeks. She had died when Jock was born, as, maybe, she herself would die when her time came. It was the first time Bella had thought of death in connection with the hope that had brought such joy.

The manual was "thumbed" in parts, notably at "Instruction for Communion and the Mass." It was full, too, of little pictures and leaflets. The frontispiece was an angel presenting a young child to an Ursuline nun. Had her mother been as small when she went to the convent at Cork? She and her sister had been left orphans at an early age, Bella knew. She turned over the pages with new interest; why, from page 192 to page 260, was nothing but instructions on communion; *First* Communion, Prayers Before Communion, Meditation Before Communion, a method of hearing Mass before Communion, and so on, but it was the "proofs" at the end she wanted, and she turned to the "Reasons."

"That's right, Bella." It was Rob's voice, pleased to find her surrounded with her books. Then his eye fell on the manual, and his mouth tightened in a way Bella knew meant displeasure.

"That should ha'e been in the fire lang syne," he said, picking it up and walking towards the hearth, where—it was a cold April—a peat fire blazed.

"Rob!" Bella cried, "Rob!" but before she could reach him, the book was in the flames.

"It's my mither's buik. Ye sha'na, ye sha'na." Bella tried to push him aside.

"Kent ye ever a sensible man keep 'pushon' (poison) aboot the hoos?" Rob asked, coolly holding her back.

"Yer a coward!" The girl's temper had mastered her.

"Bella, ye forget yerself," Robert said, with cold severity. There was little left to save of the book now, and, turning, he left the room.

Alone, Bella threw herself on the hearth-rug, unwell, wearied out by the unaccustomed application of the day, she could not stop her sobs. "Her buik, her *mither's* buik. How could Rob be so cruel?" One little leaflet alone had escaped, and was lying inside the fender. As she heard Rob's returning step, she caught it up and hid it in her bosom.

"Bella, you must be sensible." Perhaps a little ashamed of what he had done, her husband lifted her up and put her on the sofa, then he brought her tea, insisted on her drinking it, and, tea over, marched her off to bed.

IV.

Next day Bella was ailing, not well enough even for the short walk to the manse "for instruction" Rob had planned; by mid-day Mysie had summoned him from the field, and the gig was sent off for step-mother and doctor. By evening the girl was lying between

life and death, and in the long days of anxiety that came, "Communion Sabbath" passed unnoticed, even by Rob.

For many a day Bella lay too weak even to think, but with the early days of convalescence the old trouble was to come back, the old problem to worry her brain. Stewart was pleased to see her Bible so often in her hands. She was quiet, and he had hopes that her quietness—"What had become of Bella's spirit?" Phemie asked—might be the result of "conviction of sin" and that she was going to settle down into the sober, serious woman an elder's wife should be—and Rob had been sounded by Mr. Cunninghame as to his acceptance of that post. When she was a little stronger and permission had been given to *talk*, the minister should come, and later they would pay his uncle a promised visit at his manse, and Bella should "go forward" then, as his Communion Sabbath fell in June.

But Bella had a treasure in the pages of her purple Morocco Bible Rob knew little about—the leaflet picked up from the hearth—a Novena to the Sacred Heart printed on coarse paper, the Emblem roughly lithographed above.

Bella, in spite of her prize-taking, was little of a scholar, as we have seen; "novena" had no meaning for her, unless, indeed, it were the name of that particular prayer.

"O sacred and adorable Heart of Jesus! Furnace of eternal charity, ocean of infinite mercy, consolation of the afflicted, refuge of sinners, hope of the whole world—I adore Thee and unite my heart, my affections, my supplications, to the perpetual homage Thou Thyself renderest to the Divinity on our Altars."

"*On our Altars.*" It would be difficult to say how often Bella read and re-read her "novena," or how, day by day, the prayer sank, soaked into her soul.

She had had her disappointment, and if what the big doctor—brought from the town to help his country colleague with his skill—said was true, no bairn, even in days to come, would ever brighten the Cairncailzie hearth, but *thank God!* she had been stopped "going forward" as she might have done. Her step-mother had told her, incidentally one day, that Mrs. Cunninghame had asked Phemie and Mary to tea at the manse, to feast on the remains of the bread.[1] The girl shivered.

"The Bread which I will give is my flesh which I will give for the life of the world." Protestants went by their Bible, their *own Bible*, and that was what it told them. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, unless ye eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink his blood ye have no life in you." How could Rob, how could her step-mother, if they really believed God's word, go to such a rite? When she was stronger she would tell Rob she must go to Dumfries; he would be angry. Bella had learned to dread Rob's displeasure, but maybe he wouldn't be so hard on her now, he had been tender to her in her illness. Her father and Phemie would go with her maybe; when they thought she was dying her father had come, everything had been dim and misty, but she had recognized him; they must go to Dumfries, or better still, to Father Daly, he was an old friend.

"Relying with a humble steadfast faith on the sacred words of truth itself that, whatever we ask the Father in the name of Jesus should be granted, I humbly implore in that adorable name, in virtue of that promise, and through the abundant mercies of the *Sacred Heart* of Jesus the particular favors I petition for in this Novena."

"Particular favor." Perhaps Bella did not formulate it, save in thought, but if she and her father, and Phemie, and Mary, and Lillie, and Jock were only good Catholics, and Rob, her husband, Bella sighed.

The first of June came, and even the bleak moorland at Cairncailzie whispered

[1] A fact. In many places the bread is a crisp cake made of butter, flour and sugar, round in shape.

of summer, and Rob, before going off to his afternoon work, had carried Bella to the great arm-chair Mysie had put for her by the front door. It was the last day of her novena, little as Bella knew it, but all morning she had been repeating the words over and over to herself, she had read the prayer so often she could say it now.

To-morrow she would speak to Rob; to-day she would write to Father Daly, tell him her difficulties, and ask him to send her a prayer-book.

"Oh, infinitely compassionate Heart of Jesus," she was repeating it again, when the gate, that opened on the rough road leading past Cairneailzie on to the gravelled half-moon that lay before the house-door, clicked—*Father Daly!*

For a moment the girl could neither speak nor move. She could hear he was apologizing for disturbing her; he was afraid she was ill, but he was trying to find his way from Brigstone Spa, where he was staying for a day or two for the waters, to upper Culter-Mains where an old friend, John Mitchell, lived. He had taken the wrong turn he feared, would she, of her charity, direct him?

"Ye dinna ken me, Faither?" Bella bent forward in her chair.

"Not, surely not little Bella Mitchell?" Bella greatly resembled her dead mother as we have said.

"Aye, Bella Mitchell—Stewart," Bella said. Then, "Oh, Faither I was wantin' ye," she cried.

Father Daly was "a won'erfu' man" the members of his flock often said, "a won'erfu' man for getting his ain way," but who is strong save he who fights in the strength of the Lord. Who can work as he who works for God alone! "I shall see your husband myself," the priest said, when, his long interview over, he gave Bella his blessing under Mysie's scandalized eyes. But it was as well for Bella, perhaps, that, when other arguments failed, the priest had her health to appeal to. He left Stewart at last, not outraged, but "Bella could please herself, he was a man of his word, he had told her so before they married."

Yes, Bella could please herself, as a humble client of the Heart of Him who "*pleased not Himself.*" Robert let her go her own gait, as he did the old gardener, with scarcely veiled contempt. It might have been a mere acquaintance who shared his home, slept by his side, ate at his board. The clour (hard), uncompromising spirit of his covenanting ancestors had taken possession of him, and for a woman of Bella's affectionate, impulsive nature, there could scarcely have been a heavier cross, and yet to outsiders the couple was a model one. If Rob ignored her, he gave her no unkind word, and he never stinted her in the "gear" (money). That is the lowland Scotch wife's idea of happiness.

It was Father Daly who told me this story, so roughly put down, of the mercy of the Sacred Heart, of Bella's ignorant—if we may use the word—novena.

Every quarter sees Mitchell and his children at Dumfries. They are good, practical Catholics nowadays. The Father could tell you if he pleased.

Bella's faith—she is an old looking woman for her years—never fails. *Some day* Rob and she will go up to the House of the Lord together, and kneel before His altar side by side, and He will come to them—*the Word made flesh*—in the wonderful Sacrament of His love. I think Bella's novena has never ended.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST—CORREGGIO.

ST. JOHN'S ELOQUENCE.

By Rev. T. E. Sherman, S.J.

THE art nearest to nature, the art we learn first, is the art of speaking. Though all men are bound to cultivate it few attain excellence, because few worship an art so commonplace, and art must be wooed and worshipped to be won. St. John is conspicuous among writers for his eloquence, because he obeys always the canons of the highest art. To convince and persuade being the aim of eloquence, the orator has these ends always in view, and pleasing speech is but a means to this end. Speech is pleasing if it conveys truth to the mind, waking lofty feelings in the heart, filling fancy with bright images and spreading a pleasant glow over the features of him who speaks, as well as of him who listens. "I had the pleasure of meeting your brother. What a charming man he is—I found him the soul of kindness and I do hope that we are going to be good friends." Such words in a sister's ear are honey, but they lack convincing power simply because conviction is not their aim.

St. John aims always to carry conviction, not merely to please and to charm. Besides much that is called eloquence is intended to excite heated feelings, to produce some passing effect. The divine writer desires to rouse no heat, and the effect he aims to accomplish is lifelong. Therefore his eloquence is not that of the torrent, but the brook; not the ocean in storm, but the lake stirred by the breeze. There is the same mass, the same color, the movement differs—the movement is that of grace knocking at the door of conscience, not of human persuasion kindling a passing glow of enthusiasm. "If thou knewest the gift

of God and who it is that saith to thee, 'give me to drink'; thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." The fires of divine love are as well compared to cooling waters as to glowing flames.

Here we have to remark that eloquence does not consist in abundance of language, wealth of illustration, depth of learning. Eloquence, like all fine art, acts on us by suggestion. Eloquent is the speaker whose touch is magnetic, swift, soft, captivating, clear, commanding—eloquent is he who says more by a look, a smile, a movement of the hand, than by periods involved and studied.

"They have no wine," said our Lady to her Son. These four words convinced and persuaded God Himself to modify from eternity the plan of the opening scene of the world's redemption. "They have no wine." Woman never asks directly for what she wants, or for what others desire to obtain through her. She never goes straight at the mark. Her arm was not made for straight throwing but for rounded movement. "They have no wine." Behold the confusion beginning to reign. See the bridegroom's deep blush. Watch the steward's deferential but constrained attitude. Notice that our Lady is the first to perceive it. How well He understands all that she does not say; "What is that to us; my hour is not yet come." What else passed, what smiles, looks of entreaty, what remembrance of past promise, what reminder that if His hour had not come, she was still His Mother. What force in the mother's urgent glance. What filial reverence in the submissive smile of God. What volumes of controversy, room for heretical ravings, wide spaces for sound sanctity wrapped in the golden silence of St. John's speech.

Fancy our Lady telling him the story. His attitude to her precisely that which her Son once held. What proud humility in the maiden mother's consciousness of queening it over the universe and its Maker. A proud humility in which there is no shadow of imperfection. What graceful yielding of creature to Creator in her turning to the servants and saying: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do it." All commands from Him as well as all favors flow through her, and the quiet stream of St. John's eloquence becomes a deep pool, transparent, inviting, reflecting mossy banks and azure sky, a pool wherein the weary soul bathes and is cleansed from stain of despondency and the mortification of failure. In the spiritual life whatever happens at the feast, there is no such thing as a failing supply at the banquet while her watchful eye is on the board and the servants are attentive to her behests. How nature and grace combine in the steward's prompt recourse to the bridegroom; the bridegroom's quick admission of proffered help and admission, which is implied and veiled; how swift the resumption of festal joy; how ready she was to chase the cloud from the sky, how womanly, how tender, how graceful. "Hail full of grace," cries the reader, and Mary wins a world by her eloquence. Divine St. John! favor of favors to know this from thee, and to know that thou wert present to see, to feel, to thrill and to prolong the sweet tradition of most delicate Christian courtesy.

A wedding scene contains more condensed emotion than any other scene in human life. The awful nature of the sacrifice, the vastness of it, the uncertainty hanging round the married pair, the possibilities of weal or woe, the birth then and there of a family, its links of gold and steel, its meetings and partings, its revelations of good and kind feeling, all lend it a solemnity ill concealed by its festive dressing. But a lady will see and permit to be seen only the bright and joyous side of all this. She will thrust the good into prominence and hide all the evil. In our day weddings are surrounded with omens of ill owing to the corruption and dissoluteness of men, the fickleness and lightmindedness of women. The priest who ties the knot

THE WEDDING SUPPER AT CANA—PAUL VERONESE.

trembles like an aspen leaf and hides behind the doctrine that bride and groom themselves are ministers of the sacrament, and he but the solemn witness. No wonder then we need our Lady's cloak, no wonder her presence must be invoked to bend the heavens nearer to the earth, no wonder at her bidding her Son stretches the arm of omnipotence first and foremost over the hearth, lighting its first fire with sparks of holy love and blessing the huge vases that stand by the door till they blush into fountains of joy that may not be exhausted, while Mary remains seated at the banquet and Jesus is still at her side.

The glowing eloquence of this simple passage rebukes the recreant Christian, whosoever he be, that dishonors his Lord and Saviour by lessening the least privilege of her who is at once our Comrade's best inspiration and our own. The Mother of God is our mother, the sky above her mantle, its clouds of white the lace our Lady chooses to wear, lakes are mirrors that remind us of her serene face, and flowers the poetry scattered by angel hands upon her pathway. Woman gave us our being, our God, our religion; woman is our joy, our pride, our solace, our encouragement. When we are false to her or drag her from her shrine, then only does Eden close and the flaming sword sink into our corrupted hearts. John, the virgin, teaches the chivalrous admiration born of unbounded confidence; Mary excited the admiration, inspired the confidence and the eloquent description of the scene in which this confidence was born prepares the soul for that other, the closing scene of the drama, wherein they were wedded in woe as now in joy; where the pain of parting capped the climax of ecstatic sorrow, as the joy of the supernal cup had capped the climax of unitive joy in the consummation of the wedding feast. Soaring eagle, bright spirit of sunny flight, above all clouds and mists serene, graceful, swift, commanding; when Cicero and Demosthenes are forgotten, when Webster and Patrick Henry are fragmentary relics of antiquated lore, your sunny simplicity in heralding Mary's matchless magnificence will place you first among the world's orators.

THE FORTY DAYS IN THE WILDERNESS.

By Rev. James Conway, S.J.

THERE is something very attractive, something truly idyllic, in the hidden life of our Lord at Nazareth. Outwardly it is a homely and eventless life; but it conceals under its very simplicity all those charms that can delight the imagination, fill the mind with admiration and the heart with love and devotion to the amiable person of the God-man.

The scenes that follow in the life of our Lord are of a sterner nature. The leave-taking from His Holy Mother was a most affecting one for both of them. No son ever loved a mother, no mother ever loved a son so tenderly. And in proportion to the love which united them was the sorrow caused by their parting. Tears were shed, no doubt, at that leave-taking. The sword of grief rankled in the Mother's heart; and He who lovingly thought of and provided for His Mother in His agony on the Cross, He who wept over the grief of Martha and Mary of Bethany, did not remain tearless at this sorrow of His dear Mother.

But His time was come; and He would give a heroic example to those who were destined to leave father and mother and whatever else they have in this world, and to follow Him. Therefore He bravely went forth on His journey to the Jordan—to that place which was hallowed by the prayers and penance and preaching of the prophets, and where now resounded the stern voice of John, the second Elias, crying in the wilderness: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight his paths; do penance, for the kingdom of God is at hand."

He arrives at Jordan's bank, stations Himself amid the penitent hearers of the Baptist, and asks for baptism. St. John stayed Him, saying: "I ought to be baptized by thee; and comest thou to me?" Jesus insisted: "Suffer it now, for it behooves us to fulfil all justice." And He descended into the water and was baptized. Thus He humbled Himself, and forthwith He received the reward of His humility; for the heavens were opened and the Spirit of God descended upon Him in the form of a dove, and a voice was heard from heaven, saying: "Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased."

With the waters of baptism fresh upon Him, with this visible pledge of the Spirit, with this new manifestation on the part of His heavenly Father, according to our human views, we should be led to suppose that He was sufficiently equipped for His great mission, and that He would begin His public ministry then and there.

But God's ways are not men's ways. Instead of urging Him on to preach to the multitudes, the Spirit led Him a very different way. "Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost, returned from the Jordan and immediately was led by the Spirit into the desert, and He was in the desert forty days and forty nights; and was tempted by Satan." It is to this mysterious episode of our Lord's life that we would here particularly invite the attention of the reader. It will be a timely consideration for the holy season on which we have entered.

The scene of St. John's preaching and baptizing was Bethany beyond, that is, on the east side of the Jordan, at a ford of the river—a place to which there was easy access, and where many people congregated on their way to and from Jericho. After Jesus was baptized He crossed the river into Judea, passed the city of Jericho and went into the desert which lay between that city and Jerusalem. This was to be His abode for forty days.

THE TEMPTATION—CORNICELIUS.

This wilderness which covers a great part of Judea was known by the name of Jesimon, which means devastation, which fitly characterizes its weird and desolate appearance. The wilderness of Judea is thus described by the famous modern writer and explorer, George Adam Smith:

"The cultivated land to the east of Hebron sinks quickly to rolling hills and waterless vales covered by broom and grass, across which it took us all forenoon to ride. The wells are very few, and almost all cisterns of rain water, jealously guarded through the summer by their Arab owners. For an hour or two we rode up and down the steep ridges, each barer than the preceding, and then descended rocky slopes to a wide plain, where we left behind the last broom, grass and thistle. The last flock of goats we had passed two hours before.

"Short bushes, thorns and succulent creepers were all that relieved the brown and yellow barrenness of the sand, the crumbling limestone and scattered shingles. The strata were contorted; ridges ran in all directions; distant hills to north and south, looked like gigantic dust-heaps; those near we could see to be torn as if by water-spouts. . . . . Often the ground sounded hollow; sometimes rock and sand slipped in large quantity from the tread of the horses; sometimes the living rock was bare and jagged, especially in the frequent gullies. . . .

"So we rode for hours till the sea [the Dead Sea] burst upon us in all its length, and this chaos, which we had traversed, tumbled and broke down 1,200 feet of limestone, flint and marl—crags, corries and precipices—to the broad beach of the water. Such is Jesimon, the wilderness of Judea."

This was the abode with which Christ exchanged the fair scenes and cherished home of Nazareth. Add to this the inclemency of the season, the latter part of December and the whole of January, which months are piercing cold in those high mountains. To increase its horrors this wilderness was infested with wild beasts. The stillness of the solitude was broken by the fierce roaring of the lion, the ghastly howling of the hyena and wailing of the jackal. Therefore the

Scripture makes mention of this circumstance: "He was with the beasts."

In the northern part of the wilderness, between Jerusalem and Jericho, in the wildest portion of this solitude, rises one of those rugged mountains about 2,350 feet above the level of the Dead Sea. It is now called Quarantania, from the forty days' sojourn of our Lord. Its sides are full of caverns, which have ever since been the favorite abodes of Christian hermits. Tradition points to the highest cave on the east side of the mountain as that which was inhabited by our Lord during His forty days' solitude. To this desolate place He was led by the Spirit. Here He fasted and prayed and was tempted by Satan.

Who the "Spirit" was is manifest from the context. It was that same Spirit that descended upon Him in the form of a dove at His baptism. Therefore, the Gospel says that "being full of the Holy Ghost he returned from the Jordan and immediately was led by the spirit into the desert." Strange, that now, after His thirty years' retirement, crowned by this unparalleled act of self-abasement, after His divine mission had been sealed by the prophetic testimony of the Baptist and the miraculous voice of His heavenly Father, that He should again be led into solitude. Yet this is the way that the Spirit leads Him, not that He has any need of further preparation for His apostolic mission.

Why, then, did the Holy Ghost lead Him into the desert, to fast, to pray and to be tempted? He wished to show *us* the true way to a fruitful apostolic life, that we might not rashly thrust ourselves "where angels fear to tread." So the same Spirit led Moses and Elias and St John the Baptist, in the Old Testament; and so He led all the great apostolic men of the New Testament—first to solitude and union with God, that is, to self-sanctification—and then to the conversion and sanctification of others. Besides, He wished to show that prayer and fasting and solitude—the sanctification of the individual—are more acceptable to God, under certain circumstances at least, than the most fruitful apostolic works.

In the works of God, in the movements of the Holy Ghost, there is no immoderate haste; there is nothing sudden, violent, boisterous or sensational. The Lord is not in the whirlwind, not in the earthquake, not in the fire, but in the whispering of a gentle air (III. Kings, xix). The true apostolic life has a law of development. The germ must first be planted and watered, and take deep root in our own hearts; then the tree, in its own good time, may send forth its branches and gather in the birds of the air. Hence it is that the Church requires such long and laborious preparation of those who are called to labor in the Lord's vineyard.

Our Lord tarries not, but goes forth at once, as the Evangelist tells us, whither the Spirit leads Him. He goes with great spiritual joy; for He was "full of the Holy Ghost," whose fruit is a relish of the sweet converse with God. The Evangelists use different words to express this action of the Spirit, one surpassing the other in force. While St. Matthew says that He was "led," St. Mark uses the stronger expression, that he was "cast forth," and St. Luke, that He "was driven" into the desert by the Spirit, to signify the great intensity with which our Lord was drawn to this solitary life.

Now, what manner of life did Christ lead in the desert? It was, first of all, though the Gospel says nothing of it directly, a life of prayer and union with God. This is the object of solitude, to withdraw from the noise and turmoil of the world, in order to keep up closer communion with God. It was for this purpose that during His public ministry He used to retire to the mountains of Tabor in Galilee, and Olivet at Jerusalem — to spend the nights in prayer. Therefore He also recommends to us solitude for prayer and exhorts us, when we pray, not to imitate the hypocrites, who love to pray in the synagogues and street-

corners, but to enter into our chambers and shut the door, and pray in secret.

In the prayer of our Lord in the desert we have all the good qualities of an efficacious prayer. During those days He prayed with that same reverence, humility, recollection and intensity which He showed the night before His passion in the Garden of Olives—that same filial confidence and resignation to the will of the Father, that same, yea, even greater perseverance, for He continued His prayer for full forty days. And His prayer was, doubtless, also an apostolic prayer, comprising all men and all the interests of His world-embracing Heart. Every one of us and all our spiritual and temporal interests were even then, as now, the object of His loving thoughtfulness.

Secondly, the life of our Lord in the wilderness was a life of penance. He had no sin of His own to atone for; but He had taken upon Himself our sins. For these He had undertaken to do penance. "He hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows; the chastisement of our peace was upon him." Besides, He wished to teach by His example that we are to deny ourselves and to follow Him on the way of self-mortification. Therefore He inflicted upon Himself this rigorous penance.

All circumstances combined to make the abode of our Lord gruesome and uncomfortable—the dreariness and desolation of the place, which was the very image of death; the grim and ghastly howls of the wild beasts; the inclemency of the climate and the season. This abode might well be compared with that of the dead as described by Job, "a land that is dark, and covered with the mist of death; a land of misery and darkness, where the shadow of death, and no order, but everlasting horror dwelleth."

Life in this place of desolation would be most uncomfortable in any case. But Christ added to its discomforts by a continued fast. "He did eat nothing in those days. And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights, he was afterwards hungry." From these words it is sufficiently manifest that our Lord kept what is called a natural fast, that is, entirely abstained from food, and not merely what is known to us as an ecclesiastical fast, which admits of sufficient nourishment for the support of life and health. Such a protracted fast, together with the exposure and many other hardships of His life in the wilderness, would doubtless more than suffice to cause His death, had His life not been sustained by a miracle.

This miracle He worked, however, it would seem, not to diminish the pangs of hunger, but simply to prolong life; for, as the Scripture expressly states, "He was hungry." He wished to feel the effects of hunger to satisfy for the sins of intemperance, and to teach us that the sensation of hunger alone is not sufficient to excuse us from the obligation of fasting, nay, that the discomforts of hunger are an essential element of true fasting. It is only when it involves this inconvenience that abstinence becomes a penance.

Thus our Lord, by His example, even before the time of His sufferings had come, approved and sanctified those works of penance and austerity that were practised by the saints of God in the Old Testament. It was this example of the Master that in all ages attracted hundreds of thousands of noble souls into solitude to spend their lives in prayer, watching, fasting, and other austerities. These penitential practices are not what our "separated brethren," and some of our "liberalized" united brethren, would be pleased to call fanaticism. They are the manifestation of the spirit of Christ. They are the workings of that Spirit who drove Him into the wilderness. Where the Spirit of Christ reigns many will be found to follow this divine voice that invites to penance. Wherever, on the other hand, the spirit of penance is in abeyance or contempt, we may safely conclude that the Spirit of Christ does not reign, and

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST—MURILLO.

that the voice of the Holy Ghost is stifled by worldly thoughts and sentiments. The true Christian, if he has not the courage to follow the voice of this Spirit, must at least think and speak with admiration and reverence of those who do hear and follow it.

The most remarkable feature of this solitary life of our Lord, however, is the temptation by Satan. In permitting the temptation, Christ wished to teach us that no one, be he ever so holy, should regard himself exempt from the assaults of the evil one; that no place is so soli-

tary as to be concealed from the watchful eye of the enemy; that, as the Apostle tells us, "our wrestling is not with flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the highest places." If Christ Himself did not escape the machinations of the tempter, how can we expect to be spared? "If in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?"

Fallen man bears the germs of temptation within him. In him the flesh lusts against the Spirit, and the Spirit itself rebels against its Creator and sovereign Law-giver. "I see another law in my members," says the Apostle, "fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin, that is in my members." Hence arises within us the struggle between good and evil. In this consists our "wrestling with flesh and blood."

This struggle did not exist in our Lord, as in Him there was the most perfect harmony between the lower appetite and the higher spiritual will. In Him, therefore, there could be no question of temptation from within, such as we experience, but only by suggestion from without, that is, from the evil spirit. Neither was there any possibility of His being deceived by such evil suggestions, as He clearly saw and understood the thoughts and intents of the tempter. Yet the temptation was real, not merely fictitious, and doubtless added, in some degree, to His bodily and mental sufferings.

The course of the temptation is narrated in the following words in the Gospels: "And when he had fasted forty days and forty nights he was hungry. And the tempter coming said to him: If thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread. But he answered and said: It is written: Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."

"Again the devil took him up to a very high mountain, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time; and he said to him: To thee I will give all these, all the power and glory of them, if falling down, thou wilt adore me; for to me they are delivered, and to whom I will, I give them. If thou, therefore, wilt adore before me all shall be thine. Then Jesus, answering, said to him: Begone, Satan, it is written: Thou shalt adore the Lord thy God, and him alone shalt thou serve.

"Then the devil took him up into Jerusalem, the Holy City, and set him on the pinnacle of the Temple, and said to him: If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence; for it is written that he hath given his angels charge of thee, that they may keep thee, and that in their hands they shall bear thee up lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. And Jesus, answering, said to him: It is written again, that thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

This is the simple narrative of the Gospel as given by St. Matthew and St. Luke. St. Matthew inverts the order of the second and third temptation. We adopted the order of St. Luke as the more probable, because he generally follows the order of time, while St. Matthew, as a rule, freely departs from it, grouping the acts and teachings of our Lord more in logical than in chronological succession. Besides, as we shall see, there is a gradation in St. Luke's order of the temptations that commends itself as very probable.

In tempting our Lord the evil spirit had a two-fold purpose in view. The one was to lead Him into evil; the other to discover whether He was the true Son of God or not. To what extent God permitted Satan to know the supernatural manifestations connected with the conception, birth and hidden life of our Lord, we know not. It seems certain, however, that it was in God's design that the mystery of the Incarnation and the divinity of Christ, should remain at

least doubtful to the evil one until after His death and descent into hell, in order that His triumph and Satan's confusion might be all the more complete. Satan, however, from various external circumstances, connected with the person of our divine Lord, had gained a strong suspicion that He was the Son of God. This doubt he would have solved by a miracle. Therefore, he says: "*If thou be the Son of God*, command that these stones become bread; . . . cast thyself down hence."

The second object of Satan is to lead our Lord into sin—into tempting God by asking for, or attempting to work, miracles that were unnecessary and unreasonable—into avarice, ambition and vainglory. The temptation is like a two-edged sword, which will cut either way. Whether Christ works the miracle or not the wily tempter would gain his point. If God works the miracles in his favor He is the Son of God; if not, it will be evident that He is not the Son of God, and besides He will be guilty of an enormous sin. So the cunning enemy reasoned in his malicious craftiness.

Satan in his astuteness always adapts his assaults to the circumstances of his victim. He seeks out his weak point and, having found it, directs his weapons against it. Christ after His forty days' fast was hungry. The tempter at once takes advantage of this weakness. "That the Son of God, the Almighty, who created all things, should suffer hunger! Bid these stones become bread." The first suggestion, then, is one of sensuality, the same temptation with which the serpent approached our first parents. Unlike our common mother Eve, who began to reason with the tempter, Christ gave no heed to the insidious query whether He was the Son of God; but with great tranquillity, majesty and self-possession said: "Man liveth not from bread alone."

Sensuality is the bait by which the evil one catches the average sinner. He soon found that, even amid the pangs of hunger, it had no attraction for our Lord. He must try some subtler motive to entice Him. The most powerful, and that which is effective in most cases, is avarice, and its handmaid, ambition. These he will next bring to bear on his prey. This device, he thinks, will surely prevail.

Satan, therefore, leads Him up to the top of the mountain, from which there was a wide extended view over Jericho and the beautiful valley of the Jordan, and Perea, and the lands adjacent to the Dead Sea. This in itself was a magnificent panorama. But Satan conjured up before our Lord all the kingdoms of the earth besides, with all their power, glory and magnificence, saying: "All this is mine; all this I will give thee if thou fall down and adore me." Such was the price which Satan set upon Him; and so high was the tempter's opinion of His loyalty to God, that he was convinced that nothing short of the entire world could purchase His allegiance. But he trusted that this great prize would win Him. Vain hope! The Lord's resolute answer was: "Begone, Satan!"

There still remains one other motive, which is more powerful with some natures than all sensual gratification and all the riches, pleasures and honors of this world. This motive is pride. It was pride that brought the angels to the fall. "I will ascend above the height of the clouds," said Lucifer, "and I will be like to the Most High." It was this motive, it would seem, that prevailed with our first parents themselves: "Ye shall be like gods, knowing good and evil."

This motive of vainglory, of spiritual pride, the tempter now endeavors to exploit on Christ. The evil spirit hurried Him bodily, it would seem, from the wilderness into the Holy City, and placed Him on a pinnacle of the Temple—probably the roof of Solomon's Porch, from which afterwards St. James, the Lord's kinsman, preached to the people, and was cast down into the Court of the Temple by the infuriated Jews. Here

our Lord was doubtless confronted with a large number of Jewish worshippers, so that the time for working a stupendous miracle to prove His divine mission seemed very opportune. What a grand spectacle it would have been to behold the Son of God borne down in all His glory and majesty by the hands of His angels from that dizzy height! The hosannas of the multitudes would rend the skies. Who would venture then to disbelieve Him if He announced Himself as the Messiah?

This is a temptation that He surely cannot resist, thought Satan, and blandly addressing Him, he says: "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down from hence." But Jesus, who knew his evil intent, answered calmly: "It is written: Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." The time for working miracles had not yet come. Miracles are not to be wrought at the suggestion of the enemy of God and man. Neither are the miracles of Christ to be idle prodigies, worked for display, but manifestations of love for the relief of the poor, the suffering and the miserable. To work such a miracle would be to tempt God, as a staircase led to that eminence of the Temple. Hence His answer: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

At these words the enemy was foiled and "departed from him for a time." He had tried all his resources of deceit and cunning on our Lord, but in vain. He sounded the entire scale of the human passions—from the lowest tone of sensuality to the subtlest note of spiritual pride; but he found no responsive chord in the Heart of the Saviour. Therefore he surrended and retreated, not for good, however, but only "for a time"; for the devil never yields unconditionally, but always lies in wait for his prey.

Christ, the second Adam, triumphed over the tempter, by whom the first Adam was vanquished. What a grand spectacle for God and His angels! For a time, it seems, at His own behest the heavenly hosts had departed from Him, and looked on, as it were, in the distance. Now they return again to His aid. "And behold, angels came and ministered to him." Invisibly He is borne back in triumph by them into the desert, and there they wait upon Him. The forty days' fast is over; the inhospitable wilderness is transformed into an earthly paradise. Nature herself relaxes her rigor; the wild beasts mitigate that fierceness which they assumed after the victory of the serpent over our first parents. A delicious repast is served to our Lord by the hands of ministering angels amid canticles of praise and thanksgiving. This is a scene on which the saints of God are wont to dwell in loving contemplation.

But now we must take leave of our triumphant Saviour, bearing with us the lesson—that as long as we are struggling here below we must prepare our souls for temptation; but, on the other hand, that God is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength, but will make with temptation issue, that we may be able to bear it.

THE BLACK FINGER.

By M. T. Waggaman.

CHAPTER V.

DAN'S LEGACY.

TWO days later, Father Paul's answer reached his bishop. It ran:

"MY DEAR FATHER: Your letter was received and touched me deeply; shall I add, for my soul has no secrets from you, it tempted me inexpressibly. You know what life at the Cathedral would be to me; but, dear Father, I have thought and prayed, and decided that there is work for me here. True, the field looks utterly unpromising at present—so unpromising that it recalls to me a little incident of my student days with which you were associated. Do you remember our delightful pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré, seven years ago, and that quaint little cabin on the Canadian hill-side where we stopped for a glass of milk? 'What can you raise in such a place as this, my good friend?' you asked of our host, whose ground was a mere rocky scramble to the brawling little stream. 'Hopes,' answered the sturdy-smocked *habitant*, in proud display of his English. 'Hopes,' we repeated, naturally astonished at such novel agriculture.

"'Oui, oui, hopes,' repeated our host, pointing to the rows of little hop-vines struggling amid the rocks—'Hopes will grow even here.'

"So, dear Father, with your permission, I will stay and struggle, though it is only with a crop of *hopes that grow even here*.

"Gratefully and affectionately, your son, "PAUL ——."

* * * * * *

For nearly twenty hours after his coming to the little chapel at the Notch, Eric tossed in uneasy slumber. Twice Father Paul roused him to drink the warm milk that was held to his lips, but after a few sips he dropped off again into the sleep that nature seemed to demand even more than nourishment.

The short wintry day was drawing near its close, when Father Paul, who was reciting his breviary office before the little altar, was startled by a sudden turmoil in his adjoining room.

"Ye murthering young thafe," came in shrill, female accents. "I've a moind to break ivery bone in yer shkin, ye haythenish divil ye."

"Loose me, loose me, you old red-headed wildcat you; loose me, or I'll set me dog on you. Boar, Boar——"

Father Paul's breviary dropped from his hand, and he sprang to the rescue, and not a moment too soon. For there, in the vengeful grip of red-haired Kathie Connor, stood Eric, half-clad, as he had sprung from the cot, his breast heaving and his blue eyes blazing with fear and rage.

"At her, Boar; at her, boy," he called to the dog, which had started up with an angry growl.

"No, no," said the priest. "Eric! no. Kathie, loose the boy; what has he done?"

"Done! yer riverince, done!" cried Kathie, whose temper was the terror of Tim's life, though there was "no harrm in the craythur," as he assured his cronies, "none at all."

"Luk at that table, sur, and ye won't ax what he has done. As foine a dinner as I've iver cooked fer yer riverince, and luk at it now. I turned me back for a minute, to bring up yer coffee hot, and that young thafe of the wurrld laped from the bed and began to cram hisself, like the baste he is."

Father Paul looked, and, to Kathie's speechless indignation, burst into a ringing laugh. There was his dainty, browned fowl torn in two, the mark of a clutching hand in the mashed potatoes, the snowy cloth bespattered with gravy, and the drum-stick, which Eric still grasped, pointing literally to the criminal caught in the act.

"Poor boy," said Father Paul, "he was starving." "Put this around you, Eric," as he flung his big cloak about the boy's quivering form, and sit down there and eat all you want.

"Do you mean—it?" gasped Eric, staring at the speaker, "and, and, can I give a bit to Boar?"

"Fling him a bone if you wish, but Boar was well fed this morning. It's your turn now, so go to work."

And Eric went to work like the famished creature he was, tearing the meat with teeth and fingers, thrusting the bread in huge morsels into his mouth, gulping the milk in great draughts.

Father Paul's appetite was effectually banished, and he could only sip his coffee and gaze on his guest pitifully, while Kathie in high dudgeon flounced out of the room.

At last, Eric, having demolished all that was before him, drew a long satisfied sigh.

"It's all—lies the boys was telling me about you," he said with a nod.

"What did they tell?" asked Father Paul, without a shiver at the ugly word.

"That you had a trap underground, where you'd drop me down, and cut off my head, and boil me in oil to grease sick folks, if I dared to cross your doorstone. But, sure I knew better, for I'd been here wonst before. But it was hard work." The boy's voice grew low at the remembrance. "The cold struck into me heart and the light went out of me eyes. And then I didn't know nothing till I found meself lying there in the warm red light at His feet."

"At whose feet?" asked Father Paul, startled at the boy's words. "Him, inside there," said Eric, nodding to the chapel. "Where the red light burns. With the white cloak about Him and the long, pretty hair."

"Oh," said Father Paul, suddenly comprehending: "That is only a statue, Eric, a statue of our Lord."

Eric only stared dumbly.

"Did you never hear of Him?"

"Never," the boy answered.

"Never of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ?"

"Sure yes, I've heard that," said Eric, his face brightening, "The boys say that often when they're tearing mad and fighting drunk. And Dan licked me wonst because I said it, too. Murder, but he laid the welts on hard, I thought he'd kill me entirely."

"Poor boy!" said Father Paul, softly, and "poor Dan! Ah well, Eric, there will be no lickings here. You are to be my boy now, and we shall be the best of friends, I am sure."

"Kathie," he said to the still indignant housekeeper, who re-entered to remove the plates. "Isn't there a trunk of clothes at your house that Mrs. Morren left last summer?"

"There is, yer riverince," answered Kathie curtly. "Master Jack said they was to go to the boys that served the altar."

"Well, as Eric is to learn to serve the altar soon he may have his pick," said the priest.

"Is it that—that baste ye are going to let in the holy sanctuary, sur?" asked Kathie in breathless horror.

"No, Kathie, it is this boy whom we must save body and soul for our Master, who dwells there. Come, you had a little boy of your own once."

"I did, sur," answered Kathie pressing her lips tight together.

"Suppose instead of being a happy little saint in God's loving care he had lived to be fatherless, motherless, cold, hungry and — "

But there was no need to say more. Kathie had dropped into the nearest chair with a true Celtic wail.

"Don't, yer riverince, don't," she wailed, burying her face in her hands and rocking to and fro. "Ochone! me little Tim, me little Tim! Mebbe if I hed him I'd not be the sinful, bad hearted craythur I am. Tin years hez he bin dead this very month, ochone! me baby boy, tin years hez he bin — "

"In heaven," interposed Father Paul gently, "Oh, Kathie! think what ten years of heaven must be, ten years with God! How wise your little boy must be now, how holy, how beautiful. And if he could speak to you I am sure he would say as his divine Master: 'What you do for this poor homeless child on earth you do for me.'"

"Shure he would, he would," sobbed Kathie. "He had the tindher heart of the Connor's, me little Tim. I'll do what ye say, yer riverince," said Tim's good woman, rising and wiping her eyes, "I'll get the clothes; there's a nate suit of corduroys, a bit the worse fer Master Jack's tumble in the creek last summer, that 'ull just be the cut for this craythur here. And I'll bring him a pail of wather and some soap, to wash himself and make a dacint Christian-looking lad of him if I can."

So Kathie was conquered, and when Father Paul late that evening, after a ride of three miles to see a rheumatic parishioner, entered his room, he found his protégé transformed. The riotous tangle of locks was clipped into short golden ringlets, the fair skin showed its native purity, and Master Jack's corduroy suit displayed to full advantage the young barbarian's sturdy, well-knit frame. Eric sat bolt upright before the fire, looking very stiff and uncomfortable in his unaccustomed gear, while Boar regarded him with a gaze of curious sympathy.

"Good!" said Father Paul cheerily, "Kathie has made you a fine looking fellow. Stand up and let me take a look at you." Eric stood, twisting his neck about like a colt in its first harness.

"There's a deal of buttons on them," he said with evident satisfaction.

"And pockets, too," added Eric's guardian. "How many pockets?"

"Six," answered the boy with a broad smile.

"There's something to put in one of them," said Father Paul, tossing his protégé a bright new quarter. "Now stretch out on the bearskin, and let us have a talk."

"She said, the woman beyant, that I was to sit up straight in the chair and be decent," said Eric doubtfully.

"Nonsense," was the laughing answer, "stretch out on my rug and be comfortable. You are to be my boy now, you know."

"Yes," answered Eric flinging himself down on the rug and supporting his upturned face on his hands.

"You must feel that I am your friend, Eric, that I mean to be good to you, good as Dan was," added Father Paul, hesitating a little about the comparison.

"You couldn't be that," answered Eric, huskily, "Dan gripped the wildcat that was at my throat, he sucked the poison from my foot when the snake bit it, he stole off 'Squire Grey's cow to milk for me when I had the fever. You couldn't be as good to me as Dan."

"Well, perhaps not," assented Father Paul, feeling Dan's "goodness" would be somewhat out of his line. "Dan was a true friend to you, I am sure, and I hope God will be merciful to his soul for it."

"His soul! What's that?" asked Eric, starting.

Father Paul hesitated. Thoroughly equipped as he was for wrestling with all the problems that vex the schools, this simple question for a moment staggered him.

He looked at the lad lying at his feet, his fair young face flushed by the firelight, his form sturdy in thew and sinew, his every motion lithesome and agile as some wild creature of the wood, and he felt that here was the young human brute in all its perfection, as unconscious of the divine spark within him as the unkindled coal is of light and flame. Then gravely and slowly, as if he were choosing each word, the priest answered:

"The soul, my boy, is what went from Dan's poor body that night you and I knelt beside him on the mountain.

You know how the light left his eyes, and the voice left his lips, how he could neither see nor hear nor speak to you."

"Sure, I know—he died," said Eric, with a choked sob, "didn't I see the boys put him in the cold, hard ground, with the knife in his hand and the black sign on—on—murder, what is it I am saying? I mean—I mean—I know the worms are eating poor Dan now."

"No, no, not Dan, my dear boy, only the poor body that Dan wore, just as you wear these clothes. You can throw them off, fling them where you please, and be Eric, still."

"I can?" answered the boy, his uplifted eyes fixed steadily on Father Paul's face.

"That is what Dan has done. The soul, that part of Dan that saw you, that spoke to you, that loved you, has put off its clothes of flesh and blood, and gone to God, who made it; who made you and me and every creature, and to whom we must go back when we, as men call it, *die*."

"And—and what does God want with us?" asked the boy.

"What does He want with us?" repeated the priest in a low, thrilling voice. "Ah! what, indeed, Eric? He wants us, Eric, because He loves us; because He is our Father and we are His children; because He has a home that we cannot see—brighter, more beautiful than any home on this earth. He calls us there, to be happy with Him. Dan's last word to me was to make you God's child. Will you try to be what Dan asked with his last breath?"

"I will," answered Eric, with a hoarse sob, as he buried his face in his hands, "I'll try."

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW LIFE.

So Eric's new life began.

Kathie, who, since Father Paul's talk with her about little Tim, had displayed a peppery interest in the "young divil," would have cared for him at her own home, but Eric's guardian would not thus shirk any of his responsibilities. "His boy" slept in a little closet adjoining his own room, ate at his table, and was his daily thought and charge.

It had at first been his intention to send the lad to some good school, remote from all the evil influences and associations of the past. But closer acquaintance with Eric changed this resolve.

The priest found that Dan's legacy was a bit of dynamite that few institutions would care to accept.

He had no idea of rule or restraint. Right and wrong were unknown distinctions to him. He would steal without hesitation and lie without remorse. Yet there was neither malice nor cowardice in his nature.

His thefts and cunning were the simple instincts of a monkey or a squirrel.

But what school, conducted on civilized methods, would not have outlawed him as a liar and a thief?

"Besides," thought Father Paul, "neither locks nor laws would keep him against his own wild will. No, I must tame my young mountain bear cub myself—no cage will hold him yet."

The taming promised to be a tedious work. For reasons best known to himself, Eric showed no disposition to leave his present shelter, he hovered around the few cottages in Stryker's Notch in a state of restless mischief that brought down anathemas both on himself and his priestly protector. Eggs would vanish, milk pans be found empty, batches of pie or cake disappear from neighboring households. Eric would swoop down upon all things eatable like a hungry hawk.

All Father Paul's efforts to awaken conscience seemed in vain. Stretched on the bearskin at his feet, Eric listened to his teachings, his starry blue eyes fixed in apparent attention and every one of the six pockets of his corduroys crammed with booty.

"Don't you have enough to eat, Eric?" the priest asked after some such discovery.

"Plenty," was the unabashed reply.

"Then why did you take Mrs. Brenan's eggs to-day?"

"I didn't," Eric answered. "It was that dog of Tim's. I found him sucking eggs back of the barn yesterday."

"Eric," repeated Father Paul gravely, "Look up into my face; you are telling me a lie."

Eric's white teeth showed in a broad smile.

"Have I not taught you how wrong, how wicked it is to lie?"

"Sure, I—I forget," replied Eric, rubbing up his golden locks.

"No one will believe you, no one will trust to what you say; even men despise a liar, and God has told us that lying lips are hateful to Him. And He hears and He sees all that you do."

"But He don't tell," replied Eric triumphantly. And then Father Paul would try for half an hour to impress his wayward charge with some sense of the duty owed to this divine unseen Being, and Eric would listen in wondering silence—and crib again at break of day. Still there was a glimmer in the boy's darkness that showed the priest that the —"Vital spark of heavenly flame" was kindling almost imperceptibly under his patient efforts.

From the first the little chapel sanctuary had an inexplicable attraction for Eric, and Father Paul practising hymns and chants at the organ, in the wintry gloaming, would be startled at the sight of his reckless charge, seated before the altar rail, with Boar's head upon his knees, his blue eyes fixed in fascination upon the white-robed form, that seemed hovering over him in the darkness.

Figures and letters were unknown signs to Eric, dogmas and doctrines were incomprehensible; the thunders of Sinai would not have impressed the Ten Commandments on his restless brain.

But as Father Paul went on to the sweet story of Bethlehem, of Nazareth and Galilee, the boy's interest awoke. He fixed his eyes on the speaker's face and listened with breathless interest as Father Paul told him of that divine Lord who came on earth a little child, who was born in a stable, had to fly from the wrath of the wicked King, walked the hills of Judea with rude fishermen, who healed the sick and raised the dead, and who at last died upon the Cross in cruel sufferings to redeem mankind. "It is He who still dwells on our altars, Eric, He who has brought you here to be His child."

"And—and—how will He do it?" asked Eric, doubtfully.

"By washing away all the stains of sin, the mark of the evil one from your soul; I will pour water upon you in His name."

"No, no," the boy started up with a strong shudder, "you can't, you daren't, it can't be washed away, the boys said so. No! no! no!"

"Why Eric, my boy, what is the matter?" asked the priest kindly, placing his hand on the lad's arm, "you are trembling; what has frightened you?"

"It's nothing," answered the boy, clinching hands and teeth to master himself.

"But I can't have the water poured, I daren't; murder, murder, no!"

And all Father Paul's persuasion was vain. Eric shrank from the holy rite with a wild terror, the priest could neither understand nor dispel. He felt he must wait or the boy would fly from him back to his old haunts and be lost indeed. Meantime Eric's benefactor was struggling almost hopelessly against the evil powers dominant around him. It was a winter long remembered.

Despite the deadly cold and the sore need of their suffering wives and starving babes, the colliers and furnace hands stroll in sullen, rebellious idleness around forge and mine pit.

Evil tongues were not wanting to fan the passions smouldering in rugged breasts; drink, the demon that always

ERIC STOLE THERE IN THE GLOAMING AND SAT WITH HIS BLUE EYES UPRAISED TO THE ALTAR, AND BOAR'S HEAD UPON HIS KNEE.

dogs despair, stole in by forbidden ways to kindle those passions into fiercer fire.

Father Paul felt these ice-bound snow-clad heights were volcanoes that at any moment might burst into flame. Yet he did not flinch from his post, though he could see his own little flock was often swelled on Sundays by black-browed strangers, who bent no knee before the tabernacle, but came to listen, whether idly or evilly, he knew not, to his fearless denunciation of the sin that stalked triumphant over these bleak frozen wastes, kindling with foul breath the fires of hell.

For of law there was virtually none; the nominal authorities were at too great a distance to protect the weak or control the strong; the nearest railroad was twelve or thirteen miles from the "Notch." True there was a branch road running to forge and mine-pit, but, since the works had shut down, it had been disused, the empty coal and iron cars stood heaped high with snow drifts.

Father Paul was indeed, as he had told Tim, on "picket duty." Isolated from all human help, he stood at his post, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, and waking echoes that muttered sullenly and ominously in the gloom.

And still the red light burned undimmed in the little sanctuary, and Eric, young unbaptized heathen that he was, stole there in the gloaming and sat with his blue eyes upraised to the altar and Boar's head upon his knee.

CHAPTER VII.

A WAYWARD CHARGE.

Father Paul often wondered what Eric thought or felt in these vigils before the altar, but he left the boy unquestioned. Perhaps in that divine presence the young soul was waking, as the buried seed shoots through the prisoning earth-clod to the springtime sun; perhaps God was working some sweet miracle of grace which mortal eyes could not see. But Father Paul's spiritual views were not shared by his neighbors, from one end of the ridge to the other. That "young divil," Eric Dorne, was the scapegoat of every boyish sin.

"I'll have the law on that boy, sir, if there's any law to be had," puffed fat old Farmer Norris, when, after long hesitation, he sacrificed his stern Presbyterian principles so far as to cross the threshold of a Popish church to complain of Father Paul's protégé. "He steals eggs and chickens from my poultry-yard every week. Fishes for my hens, sir, actually fishes with a string, baited with corn, flung over my fence. If this is what you call Christian training——"

"My dear sir," interrupted Father Paul, laughing, "you surely don't suppose I am training the boy for a poultry thief. I will pay for the chickens and——"

"I don't want your pay, sir," said the old Covenanter, stiffly, "Jesse Norris can afford to lose a few hens and not bother any one about them, but I protest against nurturing such a young robber in a Christian meeting-house. If you are a minister of the Lord you should look to it that he is admonished and—and chastised."

"My good friend," said the priest, gently, "I am doing the best I can. Six weeks ago this poor boy fell at my door, a half-frozen, senseless little outcast, who only knew the name of God as an oath or curse. As yet he does not understand the Christian law, the difference between right and wrong."

"Then he should be taught, sir, with a horse-whip," said the old farmer, grimly, "And if I catch him 'round my poultry-yard, I'll teach him in a way he won't forget," and the sturdy old Covenanter stalked off, more firmly impressed than ever with the truth of his early teachings, that "Popery" was the red-robed mother of every vice.

"Eric," called Father Paul, as his visitor turned away. He felt that the old farmer was to a certain extent right,

the boy should be punished. He had been too gentle with him, perhaps, too patient with his ignorance; he must try sterner methods now.

"Eric! Do you know where Eric is, Kathie?" he asked, stepping into Mrs. Connor's snug little kitchen across the road.

"Eric, is it, yer riverince? He's off, the divil knows where, and half me morning's churning wid him. He come in fer a drink of the buttermilk, shure and its good for growing craythurs like him, and I always have a mug for the lad. Bad scran to him, I no sooner turned my back than the young thafe whipped off with the foinest pat of butter on my shelf."

"Where has he gone?" asked Father Paul sternly.

"Off beyant on the hills," said Kathie, nodding to the great mountain peaks, rising above the Notch, "he's there ivery day now and I'm thinking it's for no good, shure," continued Kathie noting the anxious look on her young pastor's face, "I wouldn't bother me head about him, yer riverince, naither God nor man can do anything wid a gossoon like Eric Dorne."

"I'm thinking its thrue what the men say of him beyant," concluded Kathie with a nod of dark significance.

"What do they say?" asked Father Paul, prepared for further complaints of his wilful ward.

"Shure, I don't like to be coming o'er such tales to yer riverince," says Kathie hesitating.

"But I wish to hear all that you can tell me about the boy," said the priest decidedly. "He has been robbing Farmer Nicholl's hen roost, I know. What else has he done?"

"It's not what he has been doing, sur, though he does enough," answered Kathie, "but the min, thim black heretics of Wilshmen, is afeart to lay hands on the boy for they say he isn't woman-born, but a kelpie that wild Dan Rourke brought over the say. The story is—shure, I oughtn't to be telling such foolishness to a howly man like yer riverince."

"Go on," said Father Paul, who was learning patience with the ignorance and superstition around him. "So Eric is a kelpie then. What is a kelpie?"

"A sort of a divil, sur, that lives on the mountains in the ould counthry, and under the rocks and sometimes on the say. There's no great harm in the craythur, only a dale of mischief and worry, and if ye can hold 'em by the right kind of spell, they'll wurrk fer ye, help ye betther than mortal man. But it's ould Nick himself that binds thim out to ye. I've heard my mother tell of a cobbler that hed one of thim fer a journeyman. There was niver sich brogans as he turned out, yer riverince, ye could dance in thim the night through, at wake or wedding, but if ye so much as crossed the church dure they'd pinch yer toes until ye'd scrache out. And me mother told me this, that the kelpies were thim of the fallen angels, that the blessed St. Michael didn't dhrive into hell outright but let scamper away into the Irish bogs as they tumbled down."

"Kathie, Kathie," said Father Paul laughing, "I thought you were too sensible a woman to believe such fairy tales. Poor little Eric is only an untaught, neglected boy. Man fell as well as the angels, Kathie, the only kelpies are the children of fallen man, and we must teach them, guide them, save them as best we can."

"Yer riverince knows best," said Kathie respectfully, "but fer all that, Eric won't let ye pour the blessed wather on him."

"Only yisterdy Tim was talking to him and telling how the divil had him, body and sowl, and if he had his way he'd tie him hand and foot, and pour the wather on him whether or no. The boy started up with a scrache and lipped from the room like a deer."

"His dread of baptism is strange," assented Father Paul, thoughtfully.

"But I must speak to Tim about threatening him. I cannot baptize a boy of his age against his will. Ah! we must all learn patience, Kathie, patience, patience! Think how patient God is with this wicked, wayward, weary world."

And the young priest walked back to his little room, where, in truth, he found patience was his greatest need, for the hopeless inaction to which he seemed condemned was far more wearisome than the most arduous labors could be. But guided by grace or impulse, he sometimes doubted which, he had made his choice, and for the present, at least, must abide by it.

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness," and again, as often of late, the words of the great Forerunner seemed to echo in the young priest's ear like a clarion call of cheer.

Ah! this was a wilderness, indeed, more barren, more death-like than the Judean desert, where the tempter whispered the mocking prayer that the stones should be made bread. Father Paul looked about him at the great white peaks rising tier above tier, nature's mighty battlements, defiant, impregnable in their unyielding strength, and he felt it was almost as vain to strive against the powers of evil arrayed against him, as to cleave single-handed a pathway over those frozen heights to the sunlit vales beyond.

For black, sullen and silent, in the white wastes, rose shaft and forge and furnace, that told in their fireless desolation of want and cold and hunger in scores of homes; of wailing children and weeping women and maddened men.

"Mike McGarrahan, yer riverince," announced Tim from the little presbytery door, and there was a curt repression in tone and look that showed Tim strongly disapproved of the visitor. "He says he has business wid ye."

"McGarrahan, ah yes," said Father Paul, turning from his window to face the newcomer, a burly, thick-set man with a bullet head, covered with bristling, grizzly hair, a projecting mouth, set with wolfish teeth, and little eyes that blinked like a ferret's beneath heavy overhanging brows.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTE ON THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

THE following communication will be welcomed by all our readers who have taken such interest in the articles on the American College, Rome.

To the Rev. Editor Messenger of the Sacred Heart:

REV. FATHER: The Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann communicated to me the facts as set forth in subjoined letter. Would you be kind enough to insert it in your next issue, and oblige

Yours very truly in Christ,

G. F. HOUCK, Ch.

TO THE EDITOR: In the February number of the MESSENGER the Rev. Doctor Brann writes, correcting some inaccuracies of "I. S." concerning the early days of the American College, in Rome. As his object is evidently to furnish facts, I would state that after "the original thirteen," who went to the College on December 8, 1859, the next students to arrive were the Philadelphians, five in number, viz.: James P. Morony, Charles O'Connor, John Byrne, Ignatius F. Horstmann (the present Bishop of Cleveland) and Charles McDermott. All of them are dead, excepting Bishop Horstmann. They came to the College the first week in April, 1860. The second arrivals were from Pittsburg—Messrs. Ward and McGonigle. Then came the New Yorkers—Messrs. Wm. Smith, James Nilan, Roach, Gardner and Fitzpatrick. G. F. H.

CHIAVARI ON THE EASTERN RIVIERA.

THE MADONNA OF LAMPEDUSA.

By Rev. J. Moore, S.J.

This is indeed the Blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
Alike the bandit with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince; the scholar and the peasant;
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present.

—*Longfellow.*

ITALY is justly called the Land of Mary. Her image with the divine Infant in her arms and oftentimes a lamp or two burning before it, is to be seen in almost every street, at frequent intervals by the rugged mountain road, and over the portal of many a house. As the wayfarer passes he makes his reverence, or, perhaps, kneels a moment to say an *Ave Maria*, or strew at her feet a handful of flowers gathered by the way. Most of those wayside shrines now show marks of age and neglect, but one is not unfrequently gladdened by the sight of a new one, or of one recently restored and furnished with a plate of glass or a grated iron door to protect it from the ravages of time and weather or possible profanation.

The paintings are for the most part on slate or plaster, instead of wood or canvas, but the more pretentious ones are generally adorned with a statue or an artistic relief in stucco or marble. In those places overrun by tourists, in the neighborhood of the popular summer or winter resorts, you are pretty sure to notice a verse from the New Testament, generally to the effect that Jesus is the one Mediator, scrawled on the shrine probably by some self-appointed missionary full of zeal to withdraw the people "from the errors of the Church of Rome to embrace those of the Church of England," as a noted character once put it.

In the churches the same devotion of the Italians to the Blessed Virgin is manifested in the decorations of her altar, which you observe hung around with numbers of silver hearts, or ex-votos of some other shape or make. In the case of a miraculous picture or statue, which are very numerous throughout the country, you will notice a gold or silver crown set with precious stones, gold bracelets, pearl necklaces, and other jewelry rich and rare enough to delight the heart of the grandest lady in the land. The festival or anniversary of the coronation of one of those miraculous images is a red-letter day in the history of its shrine, and one that is always celebrated with great pomp and splendor.

Visitors to the Riviera in the winter time generally make the many shrines that crown the mountain tops or hide themselves away in some shady valley, the object of a pilgrimage or an excursion, according as they are moved by a spirit of devotion or amusement, or a judicious or injudicious combination of both. The greater number of those shrines may now be reached by well-kept and well-graded carriage roads, built and maintained at great cost by the military authorities of France and Italy, since the strained relations that exist between those two countries have developed a system of morbidly jealous frontier defence. Where the primitive bridle-paths are as yet the only highway, sure-footed donkeys serve as an alternative for a comfortable carriage.

Those who spend the winter along the French Riviera from Cannes to Mentone, are principally attracted by the isles of Lerins and the sanctuary of Laghetto, the latter now conveniently reached by the new *crémaillère* railway from Monte Carlo to La Turbia; while those who prefer the Italian side from the palm groves of Bordighera to the sun-wrapt San Remo, resort to that of the Madonna of Lampedusa, perched on the mountain crest overlooking the ancient town of Taggia and the valley of the Argentina. Readers of Ruffini's *Doctor Antonio* who have made the trip to Lampedusa already in company of the Doctor, the old English baronet, Sir John Davenne, and his daughter Lucy, will not, most probably, object to renew the visit; and to them, as well as to those to whom it is as yet unvisited, the MESSENGER bears an invitation to go in pilgrimage to this shrine of our Lady.

From San Remo, a quarter of an hour by train, or a delightful drive down the Corniche road, takes us to the station of Arma di Taggia, where we turn up into the valley of the Argentina, a mountain torrent of great width flowing over a rocky bed. A drive of about a mile along a road shaded by olive and chestnut trees brings us to Taggia itself, a romantically situated town with brown walls and easements, tourelles and machicolations, which were both useful and ornamental up to the early part of the present century, when the attacks of the corsairs were finally put a stop to. Within the walls we find the town built in the style common among the walled towns on this part of the Riviera, with arches springing from one house to the other across the narrow streets, thus bracing the buildings, as they are of considerable height, against damage in the case of earthquakes. If this contrivance is useful it is often at times ornamental, or, rather, picturesque, affording many a subject to the artist; and you will rarely fail to find a number of English and Germans with sketching block or palette and easel patiently at work, or taking snapshots at the natives with their kodaks.

Over the doorways of many of the older houses one is pleased to decipher an IHS in Gothic or Old English char-

ARCHED STREET IN TAGGIA.

acters engraved in the stone lintel. This pious practice probably dates back four centuries to the time when St. Bernardine of Sienna and St. Vincent Ferrer preached devotion to the Holy Name along the Riviera. Over some of the modern houses you notice the legend, *Oculos ad nos converte* under the Madonna, in allusion to the marvellous wooden statue of our Lady in the beautiful parish church which has attracted great attention and excited great devotion since March 11, 1855, when it began to move its eyes. This fact was so notorious and well authenticated that the image was solemnly crowned by permission of Pope Pius IX. on June 1, 1856. The prodigy has been repeated at various times since, the last on record having taken place two or three years ago. A melancholy interest attaches itself to the statue from the fact that in the same church there is a monument erected to the memory of Salvatore Revelli, the artist who carved it, and who was afterwards poisoned by some jealous rivals of his art.

SANCTUARY OF LAMPEDUSA

There are several other fine churches in the town, and some large monasteries which, after being widowed of their holy and peaceful occupants by successive anti-Christian revolutions, are now being condemned to share the common fate of religious houses all throughout United Italy of being converted into barracks.

It is said that the sea once came up as far as Taggia and that it was here that Francis I., King of France, embarked for Spain as prisoner of war after being worsted in the sanguinary battle of Pavia by Charles V., February 24, 1525.

To reach the Sanctuary we must first ascend to Castellaro, on the brow of the mountain opposite, for which we have to cross the shingled Argentina by a long and narrow stone bridge, part of which shows signs of great age, while the rest having been repeatedly broken down by the furious mountain torrent, or riven by oft-recurring earthquakes, has been repaired at various times. It takes about half an hour to climb the steep mountain side by a zigzag bridle-path paved with rough stones, here and there laid out in a series of shallow steps, well worn by ages of constant traffic. We pass several olive oil mills worked by water-power, and come upon various groups of laundresses industriously washing clothes at the fountains and water-courses. The terraces on either side of our way have been skilfully constructed, with immense labor, of dry masonry to support the earth around olive trees of great size.

The trees are flourishing and healthy, and seem to be the chief resource of the people, but judging from the appearance of things, the Nice proverb which says, *Qui ne possède que des*

olives est toujours pauvre, seems to be justified. Anything like a remunerative crop of olives is looked for only every second year, and even that is very precarious, as the tree is very sensitive to climatic changes. Although it is a very valuable tree for its fruit as well as for its wood, yet its cultivation, to be profitable, needs peculiarly favorable circumstances and an extraordinary amount of care and attention. If it is not given regularly, as the people express it, *à boire et à manger*, it becomes as unsatisfactory and as useless as any other person or thing that is stinted and starved in either spiritual or physical life.

Castellaro is one of those curious hill-villages, common in those parts, with streets rugged and narrow, so that wheeled vehicles are unknown there. Its people have a peculiarly untidy and poverty-stricken appearance. But poor and miserable as the place appears, you find not merely one, but several beautiful churches and confraternity chapels. Here in the parish church, when the great earthquake occurred on Ash Wednesday morning in 1887, some forty poor people, with the ashes fresh on their heads, were crushed to death by the fall of the vaulted roof. As there is little else about the village to invite a halt we turn to the left and follow the fine road leading to the Sanctuary, distant about a mile to the north. Its grade is almost level, and a number of pillars, each supporting a devotional picture painted on slate, mark the way at regular intervals. When we finally turn the last bend in the road and come in full view of the Sanctuary, two large holm-oaks offer an opportune resting-place beneath their inviting shade. The way from this on is paved after a pattern with colored stones brought from the seashore and the stream below, for the most part carried up on the backs of the poor peasants, who devoutly offered this tribute of their labor to their blessed Madonna. Sir John dubbed this "a Christian road" in comparison with that which he had climbed from Taggia to Castellaro, but he doubtlessly failed to realize how worthy it was of the title in another respect.

The history of the Sanctuary is narrated on the façade in two inscriptions, one in Latin and the other in Italian, which are repeated inside as well. They tell of one Andrew Anfossi, surnamed "The Brave" (*il gagliardo*), a native of Castellaro, who was a kind of Paul Jones, or Ralph the Rover, who used to take delight in trying conclusions with the Turkish corsairs. After scouring the seas for many a day, at last his usual good fortune deserted him and he was

CHURCH OF ST. AMBROSE—GENOA.

ARMA DI TAGGIA.

captured and held for years in cruel slavery. His captors well knew his worth as a seasoned mariner and consequently placed him on board one of their vessels, which cast anchor one evening at Lampedusa, a little island about twenty miles in circuit, off the coast of Tunis, when he seized the opportunity he had been awaiting for many a long year to make his escape and conceal himself in the woods. The Saracens, having searched for him in vain, weighed anchor and sailed away. Anfossi, seeing that the coast was clear, judged it best to try to escape at all hazards from the island. Being a man of expedients he soon put together what wood he could gather to form a tolerably seaworthy raft, which work being finished, he was at a loss to find a sail for it.

While in search of one, he came upon a little chapel where he beheld a picture of the Madonna, the sight of which filled him with hope and confidence. "Heaven helps those who help themselves," they say, so he reached up and helped himself to the picture, devoutly commending himself the while to the protection of our Lady, and protesting that he would carry her, if she would favor him, to Costaventosa, his possession near Castellaro, where she would be held in greater honor than in that desolate isle. The Blessed Virgin lent herself to the design and entered with spirit into the part assigned to her, for when her picture was held aloft in the stout arms of Anfossi, the Star of the Sea guided him and his craft to his native shore as swiftly and safely as if he were aboard a Cunard or a White Star ocean flyer.

When he touched shore at Arma he met with a reception which had more cold formality than ardent enthusiasm about it. His clothes being in tatters and his countenance sunburnt and worn by the hardships of years of servitude, *il gagliardo* was a sorry picture of his former self. The Madonna which he carried, and which had been his salvation, now got him into trouble with the police-

man, and soon gave him occasion to recount the story of his miraculous delivery to the resident magistrate, who gave an incredulous shrug to his shoulders, and muttering a *chi lo sa!* and a *si non è vero è ben trovato*, ordered him into close custody till proofs of his innocence should be forthcoming. Soon, however, his townsfolk of Castellaro came to his rescue and conducted him with joy to his home. The Madonna was assigned a temporary shrine in the piazza of the village, pending the construction of a splendid chapel, but what was the consternation next morning to find that it had vanished during the night! Diligent search was made till it was finally found at Costaventosa, where the Sanctuary now stands. It was brought back to the piazza, but only to take flight again to its chosen abode on Anfossi's property. After repeated hegiras, every effort to reconcile it to town life, even the placing of sentinels to keep it within bounds having proved fruitless, the people of Castellaro came to the conclusion that it was better to let the Madonna have her way and build her a temple at Costaventosa.

These events took place about three centuries since, but the Sanctuary did not assume its present proportions till fifty years ago, when it was restored and embellished mainly through the munificence of Queen Maria Teresa and her royal husband, Charles Alfred, the latter presenting at the same time two valuable silver lamps to implore the blessing of peace upon his Italian dominions. It was in the same year that the "Christian road" was built, and that Pope Gregory XVI. granted permission for the solemn coronation of the Madonna, which took place mid high festivals lasting from the 7th till the 14th of September, 1845. The festivities were graced by the presence of five Prelates, one of whom was Mgr. Arnaldi, of Castellaro, whose relatives continue to this day the chief patrons and protectors of the shrine.

The miraculous Madonna is over the high altar, and, like most of its kind in northern Italy, is usually concealed by a silk curtain, which is drawn aside during Mass or for the devotion or curiosity of pilgrims and visitors. Some candles are first lighted, and then the curtain is rolled back mid the tinkling of a number of little bells, revealing a striking picture of the Madonna and Child, accompanied by St. Catharine of Alexandria, represented, as usual, with her wheel. It measures but thirty by twenty-four inches, which surprised Miss Lucy on the occasion of her historical visit, and elicited the remark: "How can those people believe that such a small picture could have served as a sail?" To which the Doctor replied: "Your observation, my dear Miss Davenne, savors dreadfully of the heretic. Had the picture been of a proper size, where then, pray, would have been the miracle?"

After satisfying the devotion of the people, the old sacristan draws over the curtain again and extinguishes the candles, on the lookout meanwhile to pick a conversation with some one near, generally on his pet theme, that the Madonna appears every day more and more beautiful—a standing miracle in his eyes. All around the altar, as well as the two chap-

LIGURIAN PEASANTS.

els on either side of the nave, are numerous ex-votos, consisting, for the most part, of silver hearts, models of ships, and hundreds of framed pictures, redolent of piety, it is true, but hopelessly devoid of artistic merit. They record most pathetically many moving accidents by flood and field, where it is claimed the timely help and protection of the Madonna of Lampedusa, represented placidly seated among the clouds, was experienced. The Madonna seems to have a predilection for seafarers, or, rather, seafarers for her, judging from the fact that nine-tenths of those ex-votos are records of favors granted in behalf of those of the same calling as Andrew Anfossi.

GENERAL VIEW OF SAN REMO.

If we ascend the terrace that runs round the Sanctuary, we reach a coign of vantage, from which an enchanting view greets the eye in every direction. To the north a long vista of deep gorges, dark and gloomy, are shut in on the distance by a gigantic range of snowy Alps; to the south stretches out the blue expanse of the Mediterranean, with Corsica's mountain tops fringing the distant horizon; to the east and the west, rising one above the other, are chains of hills, gray with olives, gently undulating and declining towards the sea, while the valley of the Argentina spreads out below with its groves of oranges and lemons, and its gardens cut up by watercourses, spreading fertility right and left. On a slight elevation opposite sits Taggia, with its mediæval look, likened by Ruffini to "an ill-satisfied guest at a splendid banquet." On a knoll to the left of it rises mid a group of cypresses the campanile of the beautiful old church and convent that once belonged to the Dominicans, and farther on still, perched on a spur near the sea, the sun's rays glint and glisten on the gilt statue of the Sacred Heart surmounting the campanile of the Sanctuary of New Bussana, while on another spur, not far to the right of it, the white walls of the Sanctuary of the Madonna della Guardia stand out in relief against the blue sky.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR MARCH, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY FAMILY.

LAST month we heard the call of the Head of the Church and united with him in prayer for "The Revival of the Christian Spirit." In other words we prayed for the reign of Christ among the nations of the earth. This month our Holy Father, Leo XIII., asks us to pray with him for an object which aims at laying the foundation deep and solid of "The Revival of the Christian Spirit." The family is the social unit, and if the true Christian spirit pervades the essential elements of society at large, the reign of Christ among the nations of the earth will be infallibly secured. We are asked to obtain by our prayers a spread of devotion to the Holy Family; a devotion, practical and effective, which will bring about in each household the realization of that Christian spirit which radiates from the hearth at Nazareth.

The family is made up of three elements: the father, the mother, and the child. It is on the particular condition of each of these elements and on their mutual relations that its perfection and the advantages it procures for society depend.

This society, the family, has its origin in the marriage contract, and on the vicissitudes to which this contract has been subjected in the history of the world, the stability and well-being of the family has depended. To form an idea of the family before the coming of Christ we have but to go back to the best epoch of Roman civilization and see how the marriage tie was regarded. The most common form of marriage was that by *co-emption* in which the husband actually bought his wife, who, legally speaking, became his slave. It matters little that the sale was rather symbolical than real, for it was none the less positive and the husband acquired a complete right of ownership over his wife though he paid but an *as*, one of the smallest of the Roman coins. He could abandon or repudiate her at will. This was the condition of things among the free-men of Rome. Among the slaves there was no marriage. Their union was not recognized.

Such a condition of affairs could not give any security for the propagation and maintenance of families, and society became so alarmed at its own threatened dissolution that a whole system of laws known as the *Pappian* laws were enacted to encourage marriage.

The dissolution of the family in those days was hastened by the frequency of, and the ease in securing, divorce.

It is easy to imagine the fate of the child under such conditions. When Rome was at the height of her civiliza-

tion, the child immediately after its birth was laid on the ground at its father's feet. If the latter took it up he thereby recognized it and consented to preserve its life; if not, it was abandoned. The child as well as the wife was the slave of the head of the family, who was in no wise accountable to the law for the use he made of them. He could have them imprisoned, sold as slaves and even condemned to death at will. In these conditions the women and children were as slaves, the free property of a master, and he, whether husband or father, could use or abuse them as he would the furniture of his house. All this resulted from vices and abuses introduced into pagan marriage.

Here then it was that Christ began the restoration in the Christian family by placing marriage under the three-fold security of sanctity, unity and indissolubility. Our Lord raised the marriage contract to the dignity and sanctity of a sacrament. "Husbands, love your wives, as Christ also loved the Church. He who loveth his wife loveth himself. For no man ever hated his own flesh; but nourisheth it and cherisheth it, as also Christ doth the Church; because we are members of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh. This is a great sacrament: but I speak in Christ and in the Church" (Eph. v, 25).

Not only is the man elevated by the grace of the sacrament, but the woman shares it in an equal measure. The man remains the head of the woman as Christ is the head of the Church, but the wife possesses in marriage rights equal to those of her husband. She is to her husband what the Church is to Christ. Behold the type of love and respect between husband and wife in the Christian family.

To the sanctity was added the unity of Christian marriage. A man should have but one wife, "Have ye not read that He who made man from the beginning made them male and female? For this cause, shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be in one flesh; therefore, now they are not two, but one flesh" (Matt. xix, 4). They shall be *two*, and not more, in one flesh.

But the third safeguard which Christ placed around the family was the *indissolubility* of the marriage bond. "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." This doctrine our Lord again emphasized, saying: "Every one that putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery; and he that marrieth her that is put away from her husband, committeth adultery" (Luke xvi, 18). This was the same doctrine which St. Paul preached to the Corinthians, "let the wife not depart from her husband; and if she depart, let her remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband."

In our own day it is the disregard of this indissolubility of marriage that destroys so many families and wrecks the lives of so many innocent children who are thus deprived of the care and guidance of those to whom God entrusted them. One of the greatest social evils in our midst is divorce and the ease with which, and the frivolous pretexts on which, it is obtained argues a moral degeneracy which is sapping the very foundations of society. It is sadder still to behold so-called Christians trying to justify this license even by the word of God. They will read to you from St. Matthew: "Whosoever shall put away his wife except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery," and thus they will argue if a man put away his wife on account of fornication and marries another, he is not guilty of adultery. They forget that this passage contains two parts: one pointing out what a husband may do when his wife is unfaithful, and the other stating what he may not do even in the case of a legitimate separation.

The exception, "except it be for fornication," applies only to the first part to which it naturally refers, as if Christ had said, whosoever putteth away his wife except in case of fornication, committeth adultery: and he who having put away his wife for any cause whatever, even that of fornication, and marrieth another is also guilty of adultery. The meaning then is: a man may put away his wife on account of adultery, but he is forbidden to marry another after he has put her away. This is the same doctrine given by St. Paul: "The wife is bound by the law of marriage while her husband lives; if she marry another man during her husband's life, she shall be held as an adultress."

The sanctity and unity of marriage prevails over sensuality while its indissolubility is a barrier to the inconstancy and caprice of the passions. Thus is the integrity of the Christian family safeguarded; woman ceases to be the sport of man's caprice, and the children are no longer exposed by divorce to be snatched from the care and education of the authors of their being. Under the influence then of Christianity the family ought to present a magnificent spectacle. But alas! the evil tendency of the times has sown tares side by side with the good seed sown by Christ. Christ placed the father in authority in the Christian family, but ceasing to walk in the ways of Christianity, the father deprives himself of the wise and moderate authority guaranteed to him by the sacred principles of the Gospel.

In Joseph as father of the family and protector of the Incarnate Word was vested the authority which he humbly and watchfully exercised as holding the place of God. The father of the family then looking to Joseph, will learn how to exercise his office as a sacred trust, how to fulfil his duty which is little less than a divine one. For as God made man to His image and likeness, He decreed that His eternal fatherhood should have His image in humanity; that men should participate in the privilege of His paternal dignity; that they should enjoy a fatherhood and be blessed with offspring. On the father then depends the welfare, temporal and eternal, of the little ones whom God has given him. But he must assume this office and fulfil it in a spirit of faith. He must understand that the eternal interests of the child must be of more concern to him than the temporal.

While he labors for the temporal support of the family he will keep before his mind Joseph, laboring in the workshop at Nazareth, and learn to be cheerful in the midst of his labors. The struggle for existence is undoubtedly hard, and at times the future looks gloomy. The prospect is disheartening. Then in a spirit of faith, he should look again to Joseph and learn confidence in the providence of God. He will hear the Angel's summons, "arise, and take the child and his mother, and fly into Egypt;" and he will behold the prompt and cheerful obedience of Joseph. The foster-father of Jesus foresees the difficulty of providing for his family in the desert, and the trials he must face in heathen and foreign lands. But he relies on God's providence and does not hesitate. So the father in the Christian family must have confidence in God when difficulties beset his path in his efforts to provide for the temporal interests of his household. This is a duty imposed on him by almighty God, who will not fail to give assistance in its discharge.

But amid these labors he must not forget the higher interests of those committed to his charge. He will learn from Joseph who brought the Child and His Mother to the Temple for the purification, who led them thither for the solemn feasts, as we find it is recorded in the sacred text, that his care must be to lead them to the house of God and teach them that the service of God must be preferred to every other service.

The mother of the family will learn from Mary, the Mother of God, that she shares equally with the father the duties and responsibilities of home life. That

on her depend in great measure not only the well-being of her children but the happiness and success of her husband. Her children should see her at prayer, giving alms to the poor, as far as her means will permit, reading good books—object lessons which the children never forget. As Mary was the helpmate of Joseph in the little house at Nazareth so must the Christian mother be the helpmate of her husband. This must be especially the case in hard and trying circumstances. When the husband returns home weary after a day of hard toil he must find there welcome, food and rest. We can picture without difficulty the welcome Mary gives to Joseph as he returns from the workshop—how everything is prepared that can give him rest and refreshment after his toil. Learn then, Christian mothers, after the example of Mary, to make your homes such for your husbands. Learn, after your model at Nazareth, to become such women as the one described by the wise man.

"She hath put out her hand to strong things, and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle. She hath opened her hand to the needy, and stretched out her hands to the poor. Strength and beauty are her clothing, and she shall laugh in the latter day. She hath opened her mouth to wisdom, and the law of clemency is on her tongue. She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle. Her children rose up, and called her blessed; her husband, and he praised her; and his heart trusted in her. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain: the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

As a plant confided to good soil and watered from a pure stream has its sap nourished, its growth quickened, and brings forth flowers and fruit in proper time, so the child under the guidance of parents, who model their lives on Joseph and Mary, will quickly learn the lessons taught by the child Jesus; he will grow in grace and wisdom as he grows in age. His looks and thoughts should be directed to his little Brother at Nazareth, and he should be taught the lesson "He was subject to them." The child that learns after the model of the Child in the Holy Family that subjection to parental authority is a divine command, and that it is God's wish that he should love and honor his parents, will be moulded into the true Christian. Parents in exercising that authority with kindness and love should not be blind to the faults of their children. Some parents, so far from seeking to discover the faults of their children, will not consent even to recognize them when pointed out; they are clear-sighted in regard to their amiable qualities; parental tenderness draws a veil over their eyes; they see what good there is in their children, they even discover good that does not exist, but to their faults they are blind. This is to fail in the discharge of their duty and to deprive their children of the exercise of that obedience which they should learn from their model at Nazareth.

To secure the results expected by our Holy Father in recommending this intention we can suggest no better means to the Associates of the League than to become apostles of the consecration of families to the Holy Family at Nazareth. This work was solemnly recommended by the Sovereign Pontiff to the whole Catholic world on June 14, 1892. It should take place in every Christian family, and it will bring to it the practice of prayer in common, and of those virtues which are the true adornment of the Christian home.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular for devotion to the Holy Family.

THE·READER·

THE German Protestant historian Boehmer, more than thirty years ago, after life-long study and research of the profoundest and most far-reaching character, declared that the history of the Reformation must be thoroughly re-written. "This I see the more clearly," he says, "the more I come to know about the original writings of the reformers, whom modern writers represent to us as surrounded by a mysterious halo. What is required before all else, is to ascertain beyond doubt the facts of the Reformation."

Boehmer was not permitted to bring about this "consummation so devoutly to be wished." This work devolved on his illustrious pupil, the late Mgr. Johannes Janssen, who with unparalleled success in his work, entitled the "History of the German People," has dispelled the *nimbus* which had been purposely thrown around the Reformation and the Reformers by Protestant historians. It was not granted to the distinguished historian to see his gigantic work brought to a close; but his mantle fell on one who is equally qualified to complete this remarkable history—Ludwig Pastor, the well-known author of the *History of the Popes*. Our readers will be pleased to hear that Janssen's great work will soon be accessible in the English language.

* * *

What Boehmer said of the history of the Reformation in Germany is most emphatically true also the history of the Reformation in England. The misrepresentations of Hume, Hallam, Macaulay and Froude, still haunt the minds of English readers all over the globe. The history of the English people needs to be rewritten no less, perhaps still more, than that of the Germans. Much has been done already by Catholic writers by way of preparation for such a work; but the Janssen of England has not yet arisen, or at least shown himself. Father Morris and Father Stevenson, S.J., have done a great deal; Father Gasquet, O.S.B., and Father Bridgett C.SS.R., and others whom we could mention, are doing marvellous work. But the man who is to write the history of the English people from the days of Wycliffe to our own time, has not yet appeared on the literary arena. May his advent be hastened!

* * *

A most remarkable production bearing on this subject is that just published by a Mr. Bain, Protestant, and professor of a Protestant College in the presidency of Bombay, East India, entitled *The English Monarchy and its Revolutions*. This man Bain deals fearlessly with kings, queens, princes and historians. With reference to Froude's phantastic history of Henry VIII., he says: "Is it not a monstrous absurdity to select this grotesque and inhuman evil being, this devilish libertine, who made use of women as the mere instruments of sensual gratification, never scrupling to murder them, still warm, as it were, from his embraces; this sickening spider-like incarnation of cruelty and lust as the subject of elaborate panegyric—to put faith in his 'Scruples of Conscience' about his canonical sins of commission? Will the 'historian' actually reduce all morality to a farce by asking us to admire and venerate this foul amalgam of all that

is ungentlemanly, unfeeling, impure and hypocritical?"

Mr. Bain's contrast of Mary, Queen of Scots, with Queen Elizabeth, is most interesting. "Mary represented a great idea: legitimacy, Catholicism, the old religion, the principle of supreme authority in Church and State. Never was a great cause more worthily represented in human form. She was, indeed, a perfect type of womanly beauty, piety, wit, culture, breeding, cheerful resignation—virtue in a state of unparalleled difficulties and infinite suffering, ending in martyrdom—gold tried in the hottest fire, and never found wanting. Elizabeth, on her side, represents no principle—she is the supreme and accurate representation of Machiavellian success. *Nothing succeeds like success* might be written on her tomb. A bold, heartless, unfeminine coquette; capricious, vain, jealous and exacting; false, mean-souled; cruel to a perfectly sickening degree, a bastard, the tool of a party; without a spark of womanly feeling, generosity or magnanimity; the vices of a woman without her virtues; head without heart; cunning and tact without a touch of that sympathy which makes the whole world kin—she is the very emblem of politics in the narrow, diplomatic sense of the word, the genius of statecraft. The contrast is perfect. Each had her appropriate reward: to Elizabeth, success; to Mary, the scaffold; but there is a tribunal, before which both must appear, and this judgment will be reversed."

Thus writes a Protestant in good standing, a historian of acknowledged authority, not from an apologetic, but from a purely historic standpoint, as the result of original and impartial research. If a Catholic were to pen those lines the cry of "fanaticism" would make the welkin ring, while the tender-souled within the fold would lift their hands in horror at such "bigotry" toward the "separated brethren." What would Americans say, for instance, of the following characterization of Puritanism as coming from a Catholic? "An ignorant, uneducated, self-conceited obstinacy, to force all things into harmony with a cut and dried Biblical, pedantic righteousness, regardless of all limiting conditions." It is not a Catholic, be it borne in mind, who writes these words, but a Protestant historian.

* * *

The interest in the "Reunion of Christendom" still keeps its hold on the attention of the world. We treated the subject at some length in these pages last July, and we then came to the following conclusion: "Reunion will come, but without the sacrifice of truth, principle, or the discipline of the Church in any essential point. It will come, not at once, but by degrees. It will come, not by the accession of large bodies, but of individuals. It will come, not by controversy and diplomacy, but by prayer and the inward light of the Holy Spirit. It will come, not with the blare of trumpets, but in the quiet and unobtrusive manner which is peculiar to the working of the Spirit, who "breatheth where he listeth."

A few months later we were not a little pleased to see this opinion confirmed almost to the letter, by one who is in a position to know the mind of the Holy Father on this subject, and to feel the pulse of the English-speaking world, as perhaps no other man living. We refer to the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. His Eminence says in his famous address before the Catholic Conference at Bristol, September 9, 1895: "So far from despairing of the eventual conversion of England to the Apostolic See, I look forward to it in God's good time, and as a result of His love and mercy. I do not expect it to come about at once, or by an act of corporate reunion; but I expect it to be the result of the method which God has hitherto steadily followed with signal blessings to souls and to the Church, namely, that of direct action by the Holy Ghost upon individuals, calling them severally and

separately, often without any merit on their part, by an act of inscrutable predestination."

* * *

Since then much has been written on the subject on both sides. Lord Halifax and his followers continue to misunderstand and misrepresent things. They find a wide difference between the attitude of Leo XIII. and that of his predecessor, Pius IX., in regard to Anglicanism. While the latter even condemned a common league of prayer for reunion, consisting of Catholics and Protestants, and expressly declined to acknowledge Anglicanism as a branch of the one Catholic Church, they imagine that they discover in the good will of Leo XIII. certain indications that he is prepared to acknowledge the establishment as "The Sister Church."

They, furthermore, imagine that the Holy See should treat with them on equal terms, not as a father meets a wayward child, who had criminally abandoned the paternal roof, but as an elder sister might seek reconciliation with a younger one, whom by somewhat harsh treatment she had estranged from her father's house. By some strange infatuation they presume, moreover, that if the validity of Anglican orders could once be established to the satisfaction of Catholic theologians, the main barrier which stands in the way of reunion would thereby be removed. In this case, there would be nothing easier, they think, than to modify the discipline of the Church so as to suit the convenience of the Anglican clergy. These notions were shared, to some extent, by some of the Catholic laity.

Cardinal Vaughan's address, quoted above, went far to dissipate these prejudices. He showed clearly that there was no other way to union except by unqualified submission to the Holy See, and, as the great majority were not disposed thus to submit, that corporate reunion was visionary. The prejudices were met more in detail by the Rev. Luke Rivington in his *Anglican Fallacies*, and Sydney Smith, S.J., in his *Reasons for Rejecting Anglican Orders*. Luke Rivington shows clearly that in the attitude of Leo XIII. there is no contradiction with the policy of his venerable predecessor; on the contrary, that there is perfect harmony; that the Roman Church at all times exercised a primacy of jurisdiction over all the churches, and, consequently, that there could be no question of "sisterhood" between herself and Anglicanism; that the Roman Church in her treatment of Anglicanism regarded it as simply schismatic, and had not changed her views on the matter; that Anglicanism could not, therefore, expect to be treated on equal terms.

Father Smith completely dissipates the last prejudice by proving to evidence both from the form of consecration of the Anglican ordinal and from the doubtful validity of Barlow's consecration—who acted as chief consecrator in the consecration of Archbishop Parker, by whom the Anglican succession has been transmitted—that Anglican orders are at most doubtfully valid, and could therefore never be acknowledged by Rome. In fact, they never have been acknowledged *even as doubtfully valid*; for every Anglican clergyman who has been promoted to the priesthood in the Catholic Church, has been ordained unconditionally as if no consecrated hand had ever been imposed upon him.

As far as corporate reunion goes, therefore, the movement is just where it started, and is likely to remain there. The good will of Leo XIII., however, the prayers of the faithful all over the world, the open and friendly discussion of the subject on both sides, and the earnest yearning for unity in the hearts of English-speaking Protestants are doubtless bringing the multitudes nearer to the Catholic Church and leading back many of the strayed sheep individually into the true fold.

* * *

Meanwhile, Lord Halifax and his party go on to agitate the question of corporate

union, as they understand it; but it is union without a principle of unity. To Lord Halifax the primacy of the Roman Pontiff is one only of honor, not of jurisdiction (*auctoritas*, as he calls it, not *potestas*), such a primacy as, for instance, the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of all Ireland, may be said to hold over the other Archbishops and Bishops of that country. This authority, to his mind, is a directive influence arising from sanctity or learning or the dignity of his see, but not the right of ruling, such as a bishop has over his subjects. Such supremacy he is prepared to yield to the Pope. The supreme power of jurisdiction (*potestas*) over the universal Church, according to His Lordship, is vested only in the Bishops taken collectively.

This is decidedly a liberal concession on the part of an influential body in the Anglican establishment; and we can only hail it with gratification. Yet it is wide of the mark; it is no more than Gallicanism in an Anglican dress. It is opposed to all scriptural and historical evidence and in direct contradiction to the teaching of the Vatican council, which defines the authority of the Roman Pontiff, as follows:

"If any one assert that the Roman Pontiff has only the office of inspection or direction, but not full and supreme power of jurisdiction over the whole Church, not only in things that regard faith and morals, but also in such as regard the discipline and government of the Church throughout the whole world; or that he has only the better portion, but not the full plenitude of this supreme power; or that his power is not ordinary and immediate, or over all churches, singly and collectively, and over one and all of the pastors and the faithful; let him be anathema."

By contrasting this definition of the Church with the doctrine of Lord Halifax we can easily perceive how far he and his party are still removed from corporate union, as understood by the Church and as taught by Christ. Taken as a phase of an onward movement of Anglicanism the position of Lord Halifax is very encouraging; but taken as a basis of a final settlement, it is as utterly impracticable as if it denied one half of the articles of the Apostles' Creed.

* * *

The School Question continues to be a burning one in England. While the annual cost of education in the Government Board Schools in the last fiscal year has been nearly $22, the Denominational Schools, which were doing exactly the same work, received an apportionment of only a fraction over $7 *per capita*: yet those who patronized the Denominational Schools were paying their full share of the taxes. The injustice is patent. Hence, Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, in a recent public speech, openly condemned the law as "unjust." It is setting a premium on the so-called non-sectarian education, and imposing a penalty on those who wish to have their children educated according to the dictates of their conscience.

The *London Tablet* gives the whole case in a nutshell. To those who patronize the Board Schools the State says: "Because you give up dogmatic religion you shall have your schools built wholly at the public expense; the cost of their administration, and the secular instruction, and the sort of religion that pleases you, shall all be given to you gratuitously." To the advocates of Denominational Schools, who are also bound by law to have their children educated, the State says: "Because you prize a definite religious instruction you must be fined; you must build your own schools out of your own moneys; you must pay wholly for their administration, and partly even for the secular instruction given to your children."

INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS

The Pope and the Index.—An absurd calumny has been making the rounds of the secular press, that a work composed by Leo XIII., while Bishop of Perugia, was to be found on the Index of proscribed and condemned books. Of course every sensible Catholic knew that the statement must be false, but the assertion was so positive and was so widespread.

The book in question was an exposition of an extraordinary form of devotion to the blood of the Blessed Virgin. The author was the Rev. Carlo Paoletti, Canon of Perugia. It was written by him after he had been an inmate of an asylum for mental diseases, and had been declared irresponsible by the civil authorities. Later he was apparently cured and began a life of extreme asceticism. At this time he wrote this book.

It was printed without the knowledge or consent of ecclesiastical authority. As soon as Cardinal Pecci had cognizance of it, he used every endeavor to stop the sale of the publication, and when Rome placed the book upon the Index, he obtained all the remaining copies from the printer, who is still living, and can testify to the fact. Canon Paoletti, as the Index states, at once submitted: *auctor laudabiliter se subjecit.*

It is difficult to understand how a printed book bearing the name of Carlo Paoletti in full letters, and without an *imprimatur* can have been attributed to Cardinal Pecci, now Pope Leo XIII. Such is substantially the statement contained in a public letter to the press, written from the Vatican by Mgr. Merry del Val, Private Chamberlain to His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. This is but a sample of how lies are industriously propagated by the enemies of the Church. Unfortunately the lies are read but not their exposure and refutation.

A Confessor of the Faith.—A distinguished confessor of the faith has passed away in Cardinal Melchers. He was born at Münster in Germany in 1813. He first studied law, but abandoned the bar for the altar. After various minor ecclesiastical preferments, in 1857 he was made Bishop of Osnabruck. In 1866 he was promoted to the Archbishopric of Cologne. During the Culturkampf he was imprisoned for the Faith. He was taken from the palace to the Klingelpütz prison by a guard of soldiers and police. It is related that 10,000 Catholics accompanied him, singing hymns and reciting the rosary. He was put into a common room in the company of thirty convicts of all kinds. His name was inscribed in the prison register as "Paul Melchers, straw-plaiter," as the making of straw-bottomed chairs was the task assigned him. He made use of his opportunity to instruct, console and convert his fellow prisoners, who treated him with the greatest respect and consideration. This is an instance of nineteenth century progress in the German Empire. However, the present Emperor is making amends by allowing the remains of this great archbishop to be buried in his Cathedral of Cologne. In 1874 he was exiled, but ruled his archdiocese during ten years, though residing in Holland. In 1885, at the request of the Pope, and for the peace of the Church, he resigned his office but received the distinction of the Cardinalate. The rest of his life he spent in Italy. At Rome he lived in the German College, with Cardinals Mazzella and Steinhuber, both of the Society of Jesus. The venerable old man asked and received permission to enter the Society, though this does not seem to be commonly known. In it he died full of years and good works.

A Former Bishop of Savannah.—Some weeks ago there passed away in Rome one who had been much censured, but it seems wrongly, for some measures of the Holy See in regard to Ireland. Mgr. Persico was a Neapolitan by birth. He became a Capuchin and, when twenty-three years of age, went as a missionary to India. Eight years later he was appointed Titular Bishop of Gratianapolis.

Afterwards he was sent as a Papal Envoy to Canada and then to Malabar. He was successful in treating the Syro-Chaldean schism and the Indo-Portuguese troubles. In 1870 he was appointed Bishop of Savannah, Georgia. Four years later he was made Coadjutor Archbishop of Sara, succeeding to the See in 1879. In 1887 he became Titular Archbishop of Damiata and Envoy Extraordinary in Ireland. Here it was that he was much censured, but the censure was undeserved and it was a heavy cross for him to bear as he had great sympathy with the Irish people. He next held the post of Secretary to Propaganda for Foreign Affairs, and Vicar of the Vatican Basilica. Next he was named Secretary of the Congregation of Propaganda. In 1893 he was created Cardinal. He was gentle, modest, zealous and edifying.

A Catholic Ambassador from China.—The new minister plenipotentiary from China at Paris, His Excellency, Tchingta-jin, is an excellent Catholic. He belongs to a family that was converted by the Jesuits two centuries ago. This is the first case of a Christian holding this important position. May we not see in this choice of the government at Pekin an omen of a more favorable disposition toward Catholics?

A Literary Convert.—An example of the depriving a child of its birth-right to the true faith is seen in the late Mr. George Augustus Sala. The family was Catholic, but the father of the dead litterateur was not practical in his religious duties. Worldly wisdom prompted him to sacrifice his son's spiritual welfare in the hope that he would succeed better in the world as a Protestant. So the future "Prince of Journalists" grew up outside the pale of the Church. He himself often expressed his regret that such was the case. Some months ago he proved the sincerity of this feeling by sending for Cardinal Vaughan, and asking to be instructed. When thoroughly prepared he was received on November 3 into the Church. He bore his last illness, which was extremely painful, with patience and fortitude, and died in sentiments of great piety, consoled by the sacraments of Holy Church.

The Coptic Patriarch.—The Holy Father has lately given the Coptic Church a fresh proof of his solicitude by granting their request for the restoration of the Patriarchate of Alexandria. He has erected the suffragan sees of Minieh and Luksor. The limits of the Patriarchate are those of the dominions of the Khedive of Egypt. Mgr. Macario will be the Patriarch.

Insidious Distinctions in Subsidies.—At the time of the French Revolution the Church property was all confiscated by the State. By the Concordat between Napoleon I. and the Holy See, the clergy were to receive salaries from the State as a sort of compensation for the great robbery committed. The salary, then, is not a charitable alms, but a debt being paid in very small part. Of course none but the Catholics have any claim whatever on these funds. Yet strange to say the Protestant minister and the Jewish rabbi are not only recognized as entitled to their share, but that share is greater than that of the Catholic priest. The following figures corroborate the statement. The Catholic priests receive annually sums varying from 1,800, 1,500, 1,200 to 900 francs, according to the importance of the parish, but the average amount is 1,014 francs. The Jewish rabbis gets 2,015 francs a year, more than twice as much as the priests. The Protestant ministers, although better treated than the curés, are not so well paid as the rabbis, for their yearly salary is 1,900 francs. But this is not all. A yearly subsidy of 85,000 francs is given to the faculty of Protestant theology and 26,000 francs to maintain the Protestant seminaries. The Jewish seminaries also receive 26,000 francs a year whilst the Catholics get not a cent for either their seminaries or their theological faculties. Yet in France there are only 100,000 Jews and 700,000 Protestants to 36,000,000 Catholics. The wonder is that the Church can submit so patiently to such gross injustice.

However, when we consider other countries once Catholic we find even greater injustice. Take, for instance, England, Scotland and Ireland, in which all the Church property has been entirely alienated from the Church to which it was given or bequeathed by the pious faithful. Think of all the Catholic universities endowed in the interests of the Church, and now used against her, their revenues diverted from the intention of the benefactors to support the bitter adversaries of the old faith.

APOSTOLIC WORKS

CATHOLIC SOCIAL UNION.—

One of the great needs of the age is for the Church to keep her hold on the rising generation. How is she to continue her influence over them after they have left school and gone out, perhaps at an early age, to earn their livelihood? Nets of all kinds are spread to entrap them. What shall the Church do to save them from the traps usually so alluringly baited?

Cardinal Vaughan, realizing the urgent need in his London flock, organized two years ago a body called the Catholic Social Union. Its object is expressed in the three following articles: "(1) To bridge over the chasm separating the East-end (of London) from the West-end; to unite one part of the Catholic population with the other on a basis of friendly interest and good will; (2) to save a number of young Catholics from becoming lost to their religion and Christianity; (3) to safeguard society in the future by strengthening the hold of the Church upon the rising generation."

How well the scheme has succeeded will be seen by the fact that within two years over 500 ladies and gentlemen have associated themselves with the practical nature of the work. Under the direction of this Union fifteen clubs are in operation, ten in the East-end of London and five in the West-end. The number of young people on the clubs' registers is over 3,000. The class to which these clubs are especially intended are young men and women between the ages of thirteen and twenty. Moreover, there are four settlements where ladies of position and culture have taken up their residence permanently to assist in the management of these clubs, and to visit the sick and the afflicted in the neighborhood and thus supplement the work of the religious sisterhoods.

The Catholic Social Union is made up of two classes of men and women of position, culture, wealth and leisure. Some contribute pecuniarily to the support of the clubs, while some, besides this, give their personal aid to instruct, interest and amuse the Catholic youths of the humbler class of both sexes in the great metropolis.

The second annual gathering of the Union was held in St. James' Hall. The Cardinal Archbishop presided; with him on the platform were the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Russell of Killowen, and many other notable persons both lay and clerical. Addresses were made by Lord Russell, the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., and Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

Of course the great secret of the success of the Union lies in the fact that it is under the patronage of Cardinal Vaughan, and that it is not a parochial but a diocesan work. Where efforts are divided, and left to be made by individual priests, the work is apt to lag, or simmer out, or its success will depend upon the amount of interest taken by the individual in charge of any particular club. Whereas in a common organization, there can be a continual flow of energy drawn from the common fund. Would that such a Union could be formed in all our American cities; without it how can the Church keep her hold on her youth? United efforts are made everywhere by anti-Catholics to secure our young people, and were they not successful they would hardly make the great expenditures necessary to carry on their proselytizing associations.

A Catholic lady, visiting one of these settlements in New York, found a well-known literary woman and writer discussing one of the poets with a class composed chiefly of Jewesses. On asking what was the effect produced by this work, the exponent of the poet replied that the effect was to *humanize*, but that she must confess that it was apparently more potent in influencing the teacher than the taught.

However, as we have pointed out in another place, the influence is always anti-Catholic, for the people engaged in them are no lovers of the Church.

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

FRANCE.—On December 2, was celebrated at Paray-le-Monial, the twenty-fifth anniversay of the presentation, by the Visitandine Nuns of Paray, of the banner of the Sacred Heart, to General Charette and his brave Zouaves of Ligny. Though it was not the will of the Sacred Heart that this banner should lead France to victory, yet it has inspired her sons with patriotic valor and Christian heroism in the hour of disaster. Let us hope that it will now lead the true sons of France to victory over their more envenomed spiritual adversaries! Their wrestling now "is not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of this darkness, against the spirits of wickedness in the high places" (Eph. vi, 12). In the Sacred Heart they put their trust; for our Lord promised that those who honor His Heart, "will be victorious over *all* their enemies."

Among the Cardinals recently created by Leo XIII. were two French Prelates who may well bear the title of *Cardinals of the Sacred Heart*. Cardinal Boyer, Archbishop of Bourges, is a native of Paray-le-Monial, the cradle of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, is a blood-relation of the family of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. Both these princes of the Church are ardent promoters of the devotion to the Sacred Heart and of the work of the Apostleship of Prayer, and have a special veneration for Blessed Margaret Mary and the Venerable Father Claude de la Colombière. We hope that both will live to celebrate the canonization and beatification respectively of these two servants of God.

December 9, 1895, the huge bell, presented by Savoy to the votive Church of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre, Paris, and known as *la Savoyarde*, was baptized under the name and dedicated in honor of Blessed Margaret Mary. Like the first Margaret Mary, the voice of this magnificent monument of genius, art, science, patriotism and piety will proclaim to France and to the world the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus from this great eminence. An immense concourse of people assisted at the simple ceremony. The entire hill—the church, the public places, the streets and alleys, the porches, verandas, windows—every available space was crowded.

The first sounds of the blessed bronze awakened all the fury of hell, as was to be expected. The lodges of the Masonic Brotherhood have sworn vengeance against the votive Church of Montmartre and the *Savoyarde*, and the Sacred Heart. They threaten to renew the orgies of the revolution on the high altar of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart. The municipal authorities of Paris are prepared to go half-way with them. The Brotherhood of the Three Points feel unsafe in the face of the promises of the Sacred Heart. "Build me a temple," said our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, and "I shall reign in spite of my enemies.!" The temple is built and the *Savoyarde*, the new Margaret Mary, as it is now called, rings out over the modern Babylon "Thy Kingdom Come!" No wonder that its voice should arouse the fury of Satan and his worshippers.

ROME.—On occasion of the festivities of the Italian Government at Rome, September 20, 1895, the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer at Rome presented an address to the Holy Father expressing their allegiance to him. His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, in a letter addressed to the Rev. Father Vitale, Central Director for Italy, expresses the Pope's cordial and thankful recognition. "I have the pleasure to announce to you," writes His Eminence, "that the address which the members of the Apostleship of Prayer in Italy, on occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the sacrilegious seizure of Rome has been duly received by our Holy Father. The generous and loyal sentiments contained in it gave much pleasure to His Holiness, and he asks me to thank your pious association, and cordially imparts to you the apostolic blessing which you crave."

A similar address was presented also

by the League in Naples. The Neapolitans presented him also a beautiful, illuminated album containing a summary of prayers and good works offered for him by the Apostleship. The spiritual bouquet contained 500 Masses, 45,000 Communions and over 3,000,000 other prayers and good works, besides a small purse of gold. The acknowledgment of the Holy Father, through his Secretary of State, was one of marked cordiality.

BRITISH HONDURAS.—The Right Rev. Salvator de Pietro, Vicar-Apostolic of British Honduras, issued a pastoral last June, urging the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in the Vicariate intrusted to his charge. He insists particularly on the consecration of the children, from the age of five to fifteen, to the Sacred Heart. His Lordship makes an eloquent reference to the tender love which our Lord Jesus Christ has shown to the little ones, and points out, how the Church, following the wishes of the Sacred Heart, devotes herself with special care and signal success to the education of the young in her schools and other institutions. He dwells upon the pernicious effects of modern secular education and proposes as an antidote the dedication of the children to the Sacred Heart. He closes his magnificent pastoral with the following programme which he prescribed for all the principal churches in the vicariate.

1. On June 23, at 3 o'clock P. M., the consecration of all the Catholic children, from the very infants in their mother's arms to those of the age of fifteen, was to take place.

2. This solemnity was preceded by a *triduum* expressly preached for the children.

3. Every boy and girl over seven years of age went to confession on the eve, and those who were sufficiently instructed or had already made their First Communion, received Holy Communion at the 8 o'clock Mass on that day.

4. After the late Mass on the same day the sacrament of confirmation was administered in the Cathedral to all those who, having been sufficiently instructed, had received confirmation tickets.

5. On Sunday, June 23, all the children assembled at the church, each bearing a bunch of flowers and the form of consecration. The service opened with the recital of the rosary and a short discourse pronounced by one of the small boys, after which the children formed in procession before the church and, bearing the statue of the Sacred Heart, marched to the church where the consecration was to take place. The Blessed Sacrament was then exposed and the act of consecration was read by one of the children, the others repeating it aloud after him, word for word. The ceremony closed with the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and a hymn to the Sacred Heart.

6. A list of the consecrated children was entered in an album and forwarded to Paray-le-Monial, to be kept in the Chapel of the Apparition.

The parents were cordially invited to take part in the celebration. The feast of the Sacred Heart was a day never to be forgotten in British Honduras.

ALBANIA.—In Albania, which is under Turkish domination, as elsewhere, the devotion to the Sacred Heart is working wonders. In many cases, where all other means have proved ineffectual, this devotion has triumphed.

"You must know," writes the Rev. Father Pasi, superior of the Albanian Mission, "that here, both in town and country, immense good has been done; and all this good is to be attributed to the devotion to the Sacred Heart, through the instrumentality of the Albanian *Messenger* and the Apostleship of Prayer. So far in every parish where we have given a mission we have established the Apostleship, and I am firmly convinced that the devotion to the Sacred Heart will work the conversion of Albania."

"All the missions given here for the last six years," writes Father Gattin, S.J., to the Director General of the Apostleship of Prayer, "have been as many triumphs for the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and perhaps to no other spot on earth has it been granted to see realized in such a remarkable manner the promise: 'I will give to priests the power of moving the most hardened hearts.'"

The same zealous missionary and League worker gives some interesting instances which we reserve for a future issue.

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Month of St. Joseph.

The month of March is dedicated to St. Joseph. This glorious patriarch, foster-father of Jesus Christ, stands out among the saints of God as the patron of the universal Church. Such he is by the very position which God gave him as the head of the Holy Family, the guardian and protector of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child. But such he has also been positively proclaimed by the Church through Pius IX., of happy memory. He is the model of the heads of families, and particularly of the working-man. He is the model, patron and protector of youth, especially of those who are exposed to dangers, as many of our young people are in these days. He is the patron particularly of a happy death, since he had the enviable privilege himself of dying in the arms of Jesus, and in the inspiring presence of Mary. We can, therefore, only repeat to all the words which the Church applies to him: "Go to Joseph, and whatever he will tell you do ye." If we go to him with confidence he will surely bring us near to the Sacred Heart, the fountain of all graces.

General Intention.

It was doubtless the month of St. Joseph that suggested the General Intention for March, "The Devotion to the Holy Family." It is the wish of the Holy Father that parents should model their own lives and those of their children according to the exemplar of the little home of Nazareth. Here the father, the mother, the child; the growing youth and maiden; adult manhood and womanhood, will find a model of peace, good will, contentment and happiness; of purity, love of prayer and retirement; of humility, industry and obedience; of mutual charity and zeal in the service of God. These are the domestic virtues that form the foundation of Christian society. On the purity, integrity and holiness of the family depends the happiness, not only of individuals, but of communities, states, and of the world at large. While we pray for this important intention, then, we must labor to carry this devotion to the Holy Family, which is sure to bring domestic peace in its wake, into all those homes that come within the sphere of our influence.

Novena of Grace.

In this month falls also the "Novena of Grace" in honor of St. Francis Xavier. For the origin and practice of this Novena we refer the reader to *League Devotions*, p. 115. Our Promoters and Associates particularly should be eager to celebrate this Novena, as St. Francis Xavier is the chief patron of the Apostleship of Prayer. It was on his feast that this great monument, that was destined to arouse the whole Catholic world, was started fifty years ago. It is customary, however, to celebrate this Novena in March, beginning on the 4th and ending on the 12th, the anniversary of the canonization of SS. Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier. The virtue of this Novena has been attested by numberless graces obtained through the intercession of St. Francis. In many churches in our cities it will be publicly celebrated. In any case, Promoters and Associates will not neglect this season of grace. They will find the customary form of prayers for the Novena in *League Devotions*.

Season of Lent.

Our present issue will reach its readers just at the opening of the Lenten season. This is a time of prayer, penance, retirement from the distractions of the world. However innocent our pastimes may have been during the winter season, it is befitting that we should now surrender them, at least, to some extent, during the holy season, and not imitate worldlings who continue their amusements only under a different name. "Lenten Germans" and what is sometimes called "Sacred Concerts," and the like, are only all the more profane from the abuse of a sacred name. It is a time to do penance, and this is a kind of penance we all can do. It is a time to visit the churches, to hear the Word of God, to read pious books, to meditate on the sufferings of our Lord. It is the time when the family should gather around the paternal hearth and invoke God's

grace in common. Our Promoters can do much by word and example to encourage the worthy celebration of Lent.

League Supplies. We find it necessary to call the attention of the Associates and Promoters of the League to the fact that the regular League supplies, such as the *Decade Leaflets*, must be secured through the Local Centre to which they belong. The whole efficiency of the League organization would be impaired if we undertook to issue these supplies to individual Promoters or Associates. The *Decade Leaflets* are sent to Local Directors or to authorized Secretaries who order in their name. If we attempted to violate this rule the Associate would be deprived of much of the benefit derived from the more immediate guidance of the Local Director.

How to Join the League. The MESSENGER frequently falls into the hands of many who are not members of the League. From it they learn the great spiritual advantages of membership and seek admission. The proper way to join is to apply to some Promoter of your acquaintance, or if you know none, to the priest in charge of the League established in your parish or neighborhood. We receive many requests for admission from persons living in parishes where the League exists. All we can do is to refer them back to the Local Director. Much time is thus lost. Associates can do a good work in making known to their friends who do not belong to the League the way in which they may become members. Many often hesitate to join the League because they do not know how to go about it. Introduce them to some Promoter or tell them who the nearest Director is; you will thus guide them in a good cause.

Monthly Intentions. We have often called attention to the regular way in which intentions should be sent in to us. If they are to be summed up with the intentions which are presented every month to the Associates of the League to be prayed for, then the regular routine should be followed and the proper blank used. Most Centres have adopted some way by which the intentions of Associates may be collected. Some have the box in which they may be placed at any time during the month. The Director or Secretary takes them from this box and sums them up under the different headings to which they belong. Then they are entered on the *white* intention blank and sent to us. In any case your Promoter receives each month on the back of the *Decade Leaflets* a *pink* intention blank. On this the intentions of the Band may be marked and at the Promoter's meeting this *pink* blank thus filled out is handed to the Secretary, who combines them on the *white* blank to be sent to us. To send to us an envelope filled with small slips of paper on which intentions are written is not the proper way, and we cannot count such intentions with the intentions of the month.

Appreciation of MESSENGER. We wish again to avail ourselves of these pages to return our sincere thanks to Directors, Promoters, and readers generally, for the numberless expressions of appreciation of the MESSENGER which are literally pouring in upon us from day to day. It was with much sacrifice of labor and expense that we have been able to put the MESSENGER on the high level that it now occupies in periodical literature, but we feel ourselves more than compensated by the encouragement of our appreciative readers. We trust that their appreciation will be practical—that they will try to make the MESSENGER known everywhere and recommend it to their friends. Some people may not know how to subscribe. In our *Advertiser* will be found a subscription coupon. They have only to take it out and put their name and address on it, and forward it to us with subscription. We hope that our Promoters, who are so interested in everything that concerns the interests of the Sacred Heart, will make good use of this coupon.

Feast of the Annunciation. The Feast of the Annunciation is one that is most dear to the Sacred Heart. It commemorates the Incarnation of the Son of God, in which He chiefly displayed that wonderful love to us which is symbolized in His Sacred Heart. It is also the titular feast of the *Prima Primaria* Sodality, which is the mother of all the sodalities of the Blessed Virgin. It will be a fit occasion to call to mind the inter-relation between the League and the Sodality: Through Mary to Jesus; and through the Immaculate Heart of Mary to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The opening article in the *Pilgrim* will treat of this sublime mystery.

BOOK·NOTICES·

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. By Rev. Reuben Parsons, D.D. New York: Pustet & Co. 1895. Vols I. and II. Large 8vo. Pages 538 and 585. Price, $2.50 per volume.

This is the only work of its kind, to our knowledge, in the English language, and it is no platitude to say that "it meets a long felt want" in our Catholic literature. That it has been appreciated is evident from the fact that a second edition of the first volume has been called for before the publication of the second volume. The third volume, which will complete the work, is in press, and will be issued in the course of the year.

It is not intended to be a complete church history. Of such we have several excellent ones—both text and reference books. The work before us treats only controverted points of history, or such as have been misunderstood, misrepresented or obscured by the ill-will, prejudice or ignorance of Protestant historians.

The first volume covers the period between the first and the eighth century, dealing with such questions as the Roman Pontificate of St. Peter, the heresies of the first centuries, the discipline of the secret, the paschal controversy, the controversy on the repetition of baptism, Arianism, Pelagianism, Islamism, the Acacian Schism, the Three Chapters, the alleged heresy of Honorius, the faith preached by St. Patrick, and similar questions.

The second volume comprises the period from the ninth to the fourteenth century. It treats of the Middle Ages, the Greek Schism, the False Decretals, the Question of Investitures, the Inquisition, Clerical Celibacy, the Suppression of the Templars, the great Western Schism, the fable of the Popess Joan, Abelard, Rienzi, Wycliffe, etc.

Forty-one such subjects are handled in so many chapters in each volume. The treatment shows the patient and conscientious research, the unbiased judgment, the wide grasp, the consummate skill in grouping facts, and the luminous style of the true historian. The author states clearly and fully the evidence on both sides of every question, from the most approved sources. There are no arbitrary statements or conclusions; they are all the outcome of the facts. The style has all the earnestness, dignity, even and impassionate flow, of historic narrative. While it is by no means light reading, the author takes care, as far as possible, to avoid technical and scholastic expressions, so as to make his meaning easily attainable also to those who are not conversant with the terms of the school. Besides, the interest of the subjects treated and the skilful arrangement of the facts are such as are likely to rivet the attention of the most indifferent reader.

Dr. Parsons has given us a work peculiarly suited for our times, when in one column of our Sunday's mental pabulum, we may strike on a score of perverted historical facts. It is well to have such a book of reference as this at hand to trace up the historic lies. Every reader should have it for this purpose and give it careful reading.

A JESUIT OF TO-DAY. By Orange McNeill. New York: Tait & Sons. 16mo. Pages 146.

The end-of-the-world taste will be satisfied with nothing but surprises. The tender passion in its ordinary forms and in its legitimate sphere, is not sufficient to gratify the age's itching for novelty. It must consume the heart of an unhappily wedded matron, a cloistered nun, or a priest who has consecrated all his thoughts and affections to the service of his Creator. Only then does it afford the desired mental stimulance to the reader of our day. In this sense the declining century may be said to display a decidedly religious tendency, inasmuch as it seeks to make the sanctuary itself the scenes of its love-plots.

The title of the present story suggested something of this nature to us. But we were agreeably surprised to find it a healthy and interesting story of the triumphs of spiritual over sensual love, by one who has evidently learned to

analyze both in their purest and highest forms. The hero is a Yale student who, while deeply interested in every athletic, literary and social movement of his *Alma Mater*, becomes a Catholic, and after completing his course there with honors, turns his back on the world and becomes a Jesuit, leaving a wounded heart to lament his inexplicable and unexplained determination.

The broken-hearted lover, however, has fortunately survived to tell the story, and gives a very interesting, and, at the same time, pathetic narrative. The author, who, we assume, is a lady, displays a remarkable familiarity with student life at Yale and with Jesuit ways. The chapters on the Yale-Harvard regatta and the Yale-Princeton foot-ball match, will be read with special interest; nor is that interest likely to flag until we find the hero safely lodged in Frederick, Maryland. Then our sympathies naturally turn to the luckless one he left behind him. She is in good hands, however, and we should not be at all surprised if some one would have an equally pathetic story to tell of her some of these days.

CATECHISM OF THE DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Trichinopoly: St. Joseph's College Press. 1895. 32mo. Pages 100. Price six pence.

This is a very comprehensive, popular and theologically accurate exposition of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. As the author acknowledges in his notice to the reader, it is a mere compilation drawn largely from the articles published by the Rev. Father Suau, S.J., in the French *Messenger*, 1895, since published in book form, and favorably noticed in these pages some months ago. It is a very handy little book, giving a satisfactory answer to most questions bearing upon the nature, end and practice of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. We hope some of our Catholic publishers will make it more accessible to American readers.

UNCLE SAM'S BABIES. Stories by M. G. Bonesteel. New York: Catholic School Book Company. 12mo. Pages 193.

A beautiful little volume, well printed on good paper, and elegantly bound in white cloth, gold-lettered, and emblazoned with Uncle Sam's Stars and Stripes, containing nine delightful stories for children. They will be read with delight by old and young alike.

CHARITY THE ORIGIN OF EVERY BLESSING; OR, THE HEAVENLY SECRET. Translated from the Italian. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1895. 16mo. Pages 128. Price 75 cents.

This little book is well translated and very handsomely gotten up. It contains a series of arguments, in popular form, taken from Scripture, from the Fathers of the Church, and from historical facts, urging works of charity. It shows that charity is the source of all blessings, temporal and spiritual. If offers excellent spiritual reading, and supplies copious and interesting matter for instruction on the important subject it treats.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS OF THE LONDON CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY: *A Temperance Catechism* (price one penny), a very forcible, and withal moderate, plea, equally careful to state the whole truth and to avoid exaggeration and prevent misconception; *The Teaching of the Twelve*, by B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A. (price one penny), an interesting commentary on that famous document of the apostolic age found in a monastery in Constantinople in 1875, and published in 1883, known as "*The Teaching of the Apostles*," containing much valuable information on the doctrine and discipline of the apostolic Church; *Mr. Collette as a Controversialist;* or, the Letter of the Three Bishops, by F. W. Lewis (price one penny), exploding an old calumny and forgery recently put in circulation by the Protestant Alliance, purporting to be a letter from "three Romish Bishops," in 1553, to Pope Julius III., urging the withdrawal of the Bible from the hands of the faithful; *The Way to the Reunion of Christendom*, by Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, (price one penny), His Eminence's famous address at the opening of the Catholic Conference at Bristol, September 9, 1895, which has been so widely discussed in the American press; *Nine of our Martyrs, recently Beatified*, by the Rev. J. G. Dolan, O.S.B. (price one penny); *Ven. John Thules, the Up-Holland Martyr*, by the Very Rev. Mgr. Gradwell (price two-pence); *Father Hermann* (the famous Jewish convert), by Mrs. Liebig (price one penny); *Our Lady of the Lilacs* (a tale), by George Penroz (price one penny).

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 84,952.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

PARKERSBURG, VA., DECEMBER 16.—Thanks are returned for the recovery of a young man, a Protestant, whose mental condition was such that it was necessary to put him in an asylum. He accepted the Badge and even promised to say the prayer. From this time he began to improve so that in a few weeks the superintendent reported him as perfectly restored and ready to return home. Since then the young man has of his own accord begun to study our holy religion, and attributes his improved health to the Sacred Heart.

SEATTLE, WASH., DECEMBER 20.—A Promoter reports the following fact: Her maid had a very painful sore. Upon applying the Badge it was almost instantly cured. In consequence of this favor, the maid, a Lutheran, has determined to be instructed and to become a Catholic.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14.—Sincere thanks are returned for the restoration of my sight, which one of our leading specialists declared would never be good again. With all confidence in the Sacred Heart, I offered prayers and made three promises, which I have kept. On the First Friday the same doctor pronounced my sight normal, much to his surprise.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., DECEMBER --.—A woman had been very ill for some weeks; she had not been able to sleep for six days, when a Promoter called and pinned a Badge on her clothing, at the same time saying a few words in honor of the Sacred Heart. To the surprise and joy of all concerned, the patient passed into a peaceful sleep and spent a quiet night. But the danger of death was still present; and the doctor when asked the next day for his opinion of the chances of recovery, said he would do what he could for her, but when pressed for a definite answer, declared: "I cannot possibly save her." The same decision was given by another doctor. Then the Promoter pinned her Cross on the sick woman, who said, as if by inspiration: "Well, now, I am not going to die." To the astonishment of the doctors, the patient rapidly grew better, and all thanks and gratitude to the Sacred Heart, she is now nearly as well as ever.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., JANUARY 5.—A lady, seventy years old, acknowledges a favor. "I put in a petition," she writes, "twice, and every time I would say the Morning Offering I would plead that it would be granted, but each time the thought would come in my mind to put in a third petition. I waited till the First Mass on Christmas morning, and after communion I went to the crib and asked the dear Babe to plead for me. I then put in the third petition and in two days it was granted in a wonderful manner."

The matter concerned her home which she was in danger of losing.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., JANUARY 6.—Thanks are returned for the recovery of a mother, seventy-five years of age. She met with a severe accident by the falling of a plank upon her. Her right thigh bone and left wrist bone were broken in two places. The most eminent physicians gave up all hopes of her recovery. From the time she began to use the oil from the Sacred Heart lamp and placed a Badge on the broken bones she steadily improved. A Mass, a Communion offered by every member of the family and publication were promised.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., JANUARY —.—A young man, an Associate of the League, has been employed in a large business concern for seven years. Five years ago a vacancy occurred, and he expected promotion, but was disappointed. Then, and several times since, the desired position was given to an outsider, or to an inferior. He protested, but to no purpose. His pious mother, however, hoped on, and tried to encourage him by saying frequently: "God will give it to you yet, my son; I know He will." But so certain had the young man become that there was no use in further waiting, that a year ago, he asked for a transfer to another department. This, too, was promised, but never given. His sister, a Promoter, determined to have recourse to the prayers of the League. She promised a Mass of Thanksgiving the next First Friday, and publication if he succeeded. A few days later an accident occurred. The man in charge was removed, and our Associate was given the position to which he had been so long entitled.

Spiritual Favors: — Return of two young men to the sacraments, one after five years, the other after a longer period; of another after four years; of another after fifteen years; the happy death of a man who had long been careless but reformed after joining the League; the reform of a man who had been a drunkard and away from the sacraments for ten years; of another who had led a wicked life for fourteen years; of another of fourteen years' standing who had heard Mass only five times in that period—he is now very practical; reconciliation between friends, between a Protestant father and a Catholic son; consent of a non-Catholic parent who had been opposed to a child making her First Communion; baptism of a child that seemed likely to be deprived of this grace; and other favors.

Temporal Favors: —Recovery from a severe attack of scarlet fever; cure of a skin disease on the face, apparently incurable, by using Lourdes water; cure of a disease of many years' standing; recovery from a serious case of membranous croup; rapid convalescence; prevention of threatened blindness; speedy cure of rheumatism; recovery from mental trouble; relief for a long term from hemorrhages; success of a surgical operation considered hopeless; recovery from appendicitis; disappearance of a tumor under the arm; cure of abscesses in the ear; improvement in health of one long delicate; preservation in an epidemic of malarial fever; means to pay taxes long due, the non-payment of which threatened the loss of a home; payment of a debt long due; payment of a debt likely to cause trouble; means to pay debts; news from a brother not heard from for four years; peaceable settlement of property; return of a son in good health; preservation of a house in a storm which damaged many other houses; recovery of a lost article of great value; obtaining part of a sum of money long due; steady employment for many; success in business; many successful examinations; a position obtained for one out of work for five years and who did not expect anything for nearly another year.

Favors through the Badge: —Recovery of a child and nurse from diphtheria by using the Badge and St. Ignatius' water; immediate cure of a sore after all remedies had failed by applying the Promoter's Cross and wearing the Badge; relief in a case of quinsy sore throat; cure of a severe case of grippe—the fever was persistent until the Badge was put on, when the fever broke at once and recovery was rapid; cure of a pain in the side; help in a severe case of gastritis and rheumatism; preservation and speedy recovery of a child that was terribly burned; cessation of pain in the side after an operation; relief from neuralgic pains which the doctors could not stop; recovery of a child given up by physicians, as blood poisoning had set in from the effects of a burn; recovery from a severe malady without having an operation, which had been considered necessary; cure of white swelling of the knee.

The following *Favors through the Promoter's Cross:*— A child cured of brain fever; immediate relief of an inflamed gum; cure of shooting pains in the stomach.

PROMOTERS·RECEPTIONS·

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (November 25 to January 20, 1896).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centres.		Diplomas and Crosses
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	Immaculate Conception	Cathedral	7
"	Ilion, "	Annunciation	Church	26
"	Schenectady, N. Y	St. John's	"	1
Alton	Collinsville, Ill	SS. Peter and Paul	"	2
"	Litchfield, "	St. Mary's	"	20
Baltimore	Frederick City, Md	St. John's (S.J.)	"	4
"	Washington, D.C	St. Patrick's	"	11
"	" "	St. Peter's	"	25
Boston	Boston, Mass	Immaculate Conception (S.J.)	"	26
"	" "	St. Mary's (S.J.)	"	1
"	Charlestown, Mass.	St. Fraucis de Sales	"	1
"	Lowell, "	Immaculate Concep. (O.M.I.)	"	18
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	4
"	Maynard, "	St. Bridget's	"	32
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y	St. Francis de Sales (S P M.)	"	29
"	" "	St. John's	Home	5
"	" "	St. John Baptist	Church	8
"	" "	St. Joseph's	"	21
"	" "	Nativity	"	28
"	" "	Our Lady of Star of the Sea	"	35
"	" "	Sacred Heart	"	18
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul	"	18
"	East New York, N. Y	St. Malachy's	"	1
Buffalo	Buffalo, N.Y	Canisius' (S.J.)	College	16
"	Corning, "	St. Mary's	Church	2
"	Lockport, "	St. Joseph's	Academy	1
"	Olean, "	Sisters of Mercy	Convent	4
"	Waverly, "	St. James'	Church	5
Charleston	Charleston, S. C.	St. Patrick's	"	142
Chicago	Aurora, Ill	St. Mary's	"	45
"	Chicago, Ill	Holy Family (S.J.)	"	25
"	" "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel	"	5
"	" "	Sacred Heart (S.J.)	"	6
"	" "	St. Patrick's (Srs. of Mercy)	Academy	2
"	" "	Our Lady of Sorrows (O.S.)	Church	1
"	" "	St. [illegible]y's	"	4
Cincinnati	Dayton, Ohio	St. Mary's	Convent	4
"	Kenton, "	St. Mary's	Church	2
Cleveland	Cleveland, Ohio	Immaculate Conception	"	3
Columbus	Lancaster, "	St. Mary's	"	4
"	New Straitsville, Ohio	St. Augustine's	"	10
"	Zanesville, "	St. Nicholas'	"	10
Dallas	Texarkana, Tex.	Sacred Heart		1
Davenport	Council Bluff, Ia	St. Francis Xavier's	"	1
Denver	Conejos, Col.	Our Lady of Guadalupe (S J)	"	1
"	Durango, "	St. Columbus'	"	1
Detroit	Pontiac, Mich.	St. Vincent's	"	3
Dubuque	Morona, Io	St. Patrick's	"	5
Duluth	Duluth, Minn.	St. Clement's (O.S.B.)	Priory	1
Erie	Kane, Pa	St. Callistus'	Church	6
Fort Wayne	Elwood, Ind.	St. Joseph's	"	14
Grand Rapids	Cascade Eardle, P.O. Mich	St. Mary's	"	6
"	Essexville, "	St. Mary's	"	9
Green Bay	Chilton, Wis	St. Augustine's	"	4
"	Eagle River, Wis.	St. John's (C.SS.P.)	"	1
"	Shawano, "	Sacred Heart	"	2
"	Stevens Point "	St. Stephen's	"	2
"	Wausa, "	Immaculate Conception	"	4
Harrisburg	Bellefonte, Pa.	St. John's	"	2
Hartford	Derby, Conn	St. Mary's	"	3
"	Hartford, Conn.	St. Joseph's	Cathedral	30
"	Newtown, "	St. Rose of Lima	Church	11
"	Stamford, "	St. John's	"	1
Kansas City, Kan.	Dentonville, Kas.	St Benedict's (O.S.B.)	"	11
"	Topeka, "	Assumption	"	17
Kansas City, Mo	Boonville, Mo.	SS. Peter and Paul's	"	3
"	Kansas City, Mo	St. Vincent's (C.M.)	"	1
Lincoln	Rues, Neb	Immaculate Conception	"	11
Milwaukee	Janesville, Wis.	St. Mary's	"	5

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centres.		Diplomas and Crosses.
Milwaukee	Madison, Wis.	St. Raphael's	Church	17
"	Milwaukee, Wis	St. Rose's.	"	29
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	St. Joseph's (S.J.)	"	2
Nashville	Jackson, Tenn	St. Mary's	"	6
Natchez	Vicksburg, Miss.	Sisters of Mercy	Convent	1
Nesqually	Spokane, Wash.	Gonzaga (S.J.)	College	2
Newark	Hoboken, N. J.	St. Joseph's (O.M.C.)	Church	4
"	Jersey City, N. J	St. Paul of the Cross	"	1
"	" "	St. Peter's (S.J.)	"	8
"	Montclair, "	Immaculate Conception	"	18
"	Newark, "	St. Aloysius'	"	2
"	" "	St Patrick's.	Cathedral	116
"	West Hoboken, N. J	St. Michael's (C.P.)	Monastery	1
New Orleans	Baton Rouge, La	St. Joseph's	Church	2
New York.	Ellenville, N. Y.	St. Andrew's	"	5
"	New York, N. Y	St. Agnes'	"	33
"	" "	St. Anthony's (O.S.F.)	"	3
"	" "	St. Charles Borromeo's.	"	14
"	" "	St. Columbus'	"	8
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's (S.J.)	"	10
"	" "	Holy Cross	"	40
"	" "	Holy Name	"	5
"	" "	Immaculate Conception	"	12
"	" "	St. Joseph's	Institute	1
"	" "	St. Lawrence's (S.J.)	"	1
"	" "	" "	Church	1
"	" "	St. Patrick's	Cathedral	60
"	" "	St. Paul's	Church	10
"	" "	St. Paul, (C.S.P.)	"	15
"	" "	St. Stephen's.	"	17
"	" "	St. Vincent's	Hospital	1
"	Rosendale, "	St. Peter's	Church	10
"	White Plains, "	St. John Evangelist	"	19
Omaha	Omaha, Neb.	Creighton (S.J.)	University	5
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Church	10
Peoria	Eagle, Ill	Annunciation (B.V.M.)	"	12
"	Mendota, Ill	Convent of Mercy (Srs of Mer.)	Convent	2
"	Streator, "	" " "	"	1
"	Wenona, "	St. Mary's	Church	5
Philadelphia	Allentown, Pa	Immaculate Conception	"	3
"	Bally, "	Most Blessed Sacrament	"	1
"	Jenkintown, Pa	Immaculate Concept on	"	3
"	Mahony City, "	St. Canicus.	"	1
"	Philadelphia, "	St. Boniface (C.SS.R.)	"	34
"	" "	St Francis de Sales	"	45
"	" "	The Gesu (S.J.)	"	29
"	" "	St. Joseph's (S.J.)	"	39
"	" "	St. Michael's.	"	1
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul's (C.M.)	"	7
Pittsburg	Altoona "	St. John's	"	14
"	Butler "	St. Peter's	"	2
"	Mansfield, "	St. Luke's	"	7
"	Pittsburg, "	Convent of Mercy (Srs. of Mer.)	Convent	2
"	" "	St. Michael's (C.P.)	Church	2
Providence	Providence, R. I.	Assumption	"	18
"	" "	St. Edward's	"	45
"	" "	Elmhurst (Ladies of the S. H.)		1
Richmond	Lynchburg, Va.	Holy Cross	"	5
"	Norfolk "	Sacred Heart.	"	2
Rochester	Canandaigua, N. Y	St. Mary's	Convent	2
St. Louis.	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Alphonsus' (C.SS.R.)	Church	14
"	" "	St. Bridget's	"	8
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's (S.J.)	"	18
"	" "	Holy Ghost	"	2
"	" "	Immaculate Conception	"	6
"	" "	St. Louis University (S.J.)	University	1
"	" "	St. Patrick's	Church	4
"	" "	St Teresa's	"	6
St. Paul	Stillwater, Minn	St. Michael's	"	1
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal	St. Francis'	"	10
"	" "	St. Ignatius (S.J.)	"	17
Scranton	Athens, Pa	Holy Ghost	"	12
"	Scranton, Pa	Good Shepherd (Srs. of G.S.)	Convent	4
"	" "	Holy Rosary	Church	40
Sioux Falls	Emmet, S. Dak	St. Joseph's	"	9
"	Ipswich, "	Holy Cross.	"	1
Springfield	Lee, Mass	St. Joseph's (Srs. of St. Joseph)	Convent	5
"	Worcester, Mass	——— (Srs. of Providence)	"	1
Syracuse	Fayetteville, N.Y.	Immaculate Conception	"	8
"	Utica, N.Y.	St. John's	"	18
"	" "	St. Joseph's (O.M.C.)	"	18
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	1
Vincennes	Navilleton, Ind.	St. Mary's	"	1
"	Shelbyville, Ind	St. Joseph's	"	59

Number of Receptions, 156. Number of Promoters, 1,809.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from December 20, 1895 to January 20, 1896.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Diploma.
Altou.	Neoga, Ill.	St. Mary's Church	Jan. 18
Boise City	Geneseo, Idaho	St. Mary's "	Jan. 20
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Ambrose's "	Jan. 3
"	Corona, N. Y	Our Lady of Sorrows "	Dec. 29
"	Great Neck, N. Y.	St Aloysius' "	Jan. 12
"	Oyster Bay, N. Y.	St. Dominic's "	Jan. 20
Chicago	Chicago Ill.	Holy Rosary "	Dec. 29
Davenport	Adair, Iowa	St. John's "	Jan. 18
Denver	Denver, Col	St. Vincent's Orphanage	Jan. 20
Fort Wayne	Hammond, Ind.	St. Joseph's Church	Jan. 4
Galveston	Beaumont, Texas	Our Lady of Perpetual Help Convent	Jan. 18
Grand Rapids	Grand Rapids, Mich.	St. James' Church	Jan. 18
Green Bay	Maple Grove, Wis.	St. Patrick's "	Jan. 3
Hartford	Bethel. Conn.	St. Mary's "	Jan. 19
"	Norwalk, Conn.	St. Mary's "	Jan. 19
Little Rock	Camden, Ark.	SS. Peter and Paul "	Dec. 29
Milwaukee	Shullsburg, Wis.	St. Matthew's "	Jan. 18
New York.	U. S. S. "Maine,"	Chapel	Jan. 10
Portland	Belfast, Me	St. Francis of Assisi Church	Jan. 1
Providence	Providence, R. I.	Our Lady of the Holy Rosary "	Jan. 3
Springfield	Huntington, Mass.	St. Thomas "	Jan. 8
Vincennes	Bradford, Ind.	St. Michael's "	Jan. 8
Wheeling	Parkersburg, W. Va.	St. Francis Xavier's "	Jan. 18

Aggregations, 23; churches, 20; convents, 1; institution, 1.

Treasury of Good Works.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Angelus	308,900	11.	Masses heard	202 812
2.	Beads	450.505	12.	Mortifications	183,622
3.	Stations of the Cross	54,626	13.	Works of Mercy	60,270
4.	Holy Communions	70,636	14.	Works of Zeal	69,954
5.	Spiritual Communions	340,156	15.	Prayers	2,633,553
6.	Examens of Conscience	193.997	16.	Charitable Conversation	73,070
7.	Hours of Labor	542,848	17.	Sufferings or Afflictions	48,512
8.	Hours of Silence	273,193	18.	Self-conquest	151,020
9.	Pious Reading	88,279	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	312,326
10.	Masses Celebrated	149,634	20.	Various Good Works	294,100

Special Thanksgivings, 1,044; Total, 6,503,057.

LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from December 25, 1895, to January 20, 1896, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Mobile, 20, 23, GO. 28, 6, GO.

ARIZONA.

Phœnix, 2.

ARKANSAS.

Helena, 21.
Pine Bluff, 18, 26.
Pocahontas, 8
Texarkana, 26.

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles, 25, 7, GO.
Los Gatos, 26.
Marysville, 17, 24.
Menlo Park, 24.
Oakland, 27, 7.
Petaluma, 17 23.
San Francisco, 19, 20, 21, 22, GO. 24, 24 8.
San José, 27, 4.
San Mateo, 20.
Santa Barbara, 24.
Santa Clara, 20, 21, 24.GO.
Woodland, 6.

COLORADO.

Animas, 18.
Denver, 23, 28. GO. 29.
Durango, 27.
Las Animas, 14.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 1.
Bridgeport, 29.
Danbury, 31.
Derby, 28.
Greenwich. 3.
Hartford, 28, GO., 30, 31, GO.
Middletown, 26.
Meriden, 16.
New Hartford, 21.
New Haven, 13.
New London, 30.
Norwalk, 30.
Portland, 6.
Sandy Hook, 15.
Thompsonville, 2.
Waterbury, 30, 31.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 31.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washiugton, 24, 26, 30, GO. 31, 2, 3, 4, GO. 13, GO.

FLORIDA.

Fernandina, 20.
Key West, 9.
Palatka, 13.
Pensacola, 28.
Saint Leo, 2.
Tampa, 20, 14.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta, 27.
Macon, 23, 28.
Milledgeville, 27.
Savannah, 16.
Washington, 28.

IDAHO.

Boise City, 27.

ILLINOIS.

Alton, 28.
Aurora, 22, 30.
Beardstown, 27.
Belleville 17, 15.
Braidwood, 13
Cairo, 27.
Charlestown, 24.
Chicago, 23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 31, 2, GO., 5, 6, 8, GO., 9, 14.
Collinsville, 9.
Decatur, 4.
Dwight, 4.
Effingham, 3.
Joliet, 25, GO. 16.
Lemont, 1.
Lincoln, 23, 27.
Litchfield, 27.
Loda, 24.
Mattoon, 30.
Moline, 27.
Morris, 29.
Newton, 13.
Olney, 18.
Peoria, 28, 29.
Quincy, 26
Springfield, 29, 19.
Streator, 20, GO. 23.
Taylorville, 30.
Waukegan, 28.

INDIANA.

Fort Wayne, 4, 6.
Frenchtown, 1.
Hammond, 6.
Indianapolis, 28, 4.
Lafayette, 27, 4.
Loogootee, 11.
Madison, 22
Notre Dame, 21.
Seymour, 25, 15.
Shelbyville, 25. 30.
Terre Haute, 24, 26, 14.
Valparaiso, 26.

IOWA.

Barnum, 9.
Carroll 27.
Cedar Falls, 20.
Council Bluffs, 4, 7, GO., 10.
Dubuque, 26, 30.
Farley, 30.
Independence, 26.
Keokuk, 25, 30.
Le Mars, 28.
McGregor, 23 GO.
Marshalltown, 31.
Mount Pleasant, 26.
Odebolt, 24 GO.
Ottumwa, 24.
Solon, 26.
Sheldon, 29.
Webster City, 8.

KANSAS.

Atchison, 27.
Burliugton, 26.
Kansas City, 19 GO.
Leavenworth, 26.
McPherson, 23.
Olathe, 25.
Oswatomie, 30.
Topeka, 30.

KENTUCKY.

Calvary, 20.
Covington, 31.
Frankfort, 4, 8.
Knottsville, 24.
Lexington, 28.
Loretto, 26.
Louisville, 27.
New Haven, 19.
Newport, 23, 30, 7.
Paducah. 14.
Saint John, 3.

LOUISIANA.

Grand Coteau, 27, GO.
Marksville, 20.
Monroe, 8.
New Orleans, 18, GO., 19, 20, 24, 28, 30, 31, 2, 11, 14.
Omega, 16.

MAINE.

Augusta, 21.
Portland, 28.

MARYLAND.

Ammendale, 28.
Annapolis, 28.
Baltimore, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 30, 31, 2, 4, 5, 11, 15.
Chapel Point, 24.
Collingwood, 24.
Elk Ridge, 7.
Frederick, 30.
Great Mills, 30.
Henderson, 27.
Leonardtown, 4, 10.
Libertytown, 11.
Morganza, 31.
Mount St. Mary's, 24.
Newport, 11.
Pine Orchard, 31.
Pomfret, 1.
Rutland, 26.
Saint Inigoes, 28 GO.
Urbana, 17.
Westminster 20.
Woodstock, 30.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Adams, 24.
Amherst, 26, 1, GO.
Beverly, 31.
Boston, 22, 23, 26, GO. 27, 29, GO. 30, 31, 1, 2, 3, 4, GO. 7, 10, 13, 14, 17.
Canton, 13, GO.
Chicopee, 2.
Everett, 8.
Fall River, 10.
Fitchburg, 31.
Holyoke, 23, 24, 30, 3.
Hyannis, 30.
Hyde Park, 9.
Lawrence, 26, 8.
Lowell, 24, GO. 28, 30.
Marlboro, 23.
North Adams, 31.
North Brookfield, 20, 13, 16.
North Chelmsford, 31.
Northampton, 6.
Pittsfield, 4.
Quincy, 8.
Salem, 27.
Springfield, 27, 28, GO.

MASS. (con'd).

Taunton, 7, 16.
Waltham, 28, 3, GO.
Westfield, 20.
Worcester, 23, 31, GO. 5.

MICHIGAN.

Adrian, 6.
Battle Creek, 26, 10.
Chelsea, 24, GO. 10.
Detroit, 21, 30, 31, GO. 15.
Escanaba, 27.
Gagetown, 27.
Hancock, 30.
Ishpeming, 30.
L'Anse, 28.
Lexington, 28.
Manistique, 23.
Mount Clemens, 28.
Newport, 26.
Norvell. 27.
Petoskey, 27.
Saginaw, 27, GO. 9, GO

MINNESOTA.

Collegeville, 28.
Duluth, 26, 27.
Faribault, 26, GO.
Le Sueur, 2.
Mendota, 20.
Minneapolis, 28, 30, 4, 13, 15.
Pine Island, 3.
Redwing, 11.
Rochester, 23, 1, GO.
St. Paul, 27, 29, 30, 6, 7, GO
Stewartville, 27, 28.
West Duluth, 13.
Winona, 30.

MISSISSIPPI.

Greenville, 20.
Tucker, 26.
Yazoo City, 23.

MISSOURI.

Arcadia, 27.
Cape Girardeau, 10.
Clyde, 28.
Collington, 31.
De Soto, 22.
Florisant, 24, 30.
Hannibal 4.
Kansas City, 27, 1, GO., 18
Kirkwood, 19.
Louisville, 31.
Marshall, 28.
Moberly, 23, 28.
Norborne, 26.
Rich Hill, 26.
Saint Charles, 9.
Saint Joseph 1.
St Louis, 20, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, GO. 3, 4, 6, 11, 16, 18.
Saint Mary's, 27.
Springfield, 24.
St. Genevieve, 20, 28.

MONTANA.

Fort Benton, 24.
Jocko, 28.
Saint Ignatius, 21.
Saint Paul, 20, 13.

NEBRASKA.

David City, 6.
Greeley, 23.
Omaha, 22, 23, 27, 2, 6, 7.
Rulo, 15.
Sidney, 26, 14.

NEVADA.

Reno, 8.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Falls, 7
Manchester, 30, 14, 17.
Salmon Falls, 27.

NEW JERSEY.

Atlantic City, 27, GO. 31.
Bloomfield, 31.
Camden, 1.
Convent Station, 30.
Elizabeth, 30, 4, 14, 18.
Englewood, 28.
Hoboken, 30, 2,
Jacobstown, 28.
Jersey City, 20, 22, 23, 26, 28, 31, GO. 4, GO.
Lakewood, 2.
Millville, 21.
Morristown, 30.
Mount Holly, 30.
Newark, 26, 27, 30, 31.
Norristown, 30.
Orange, 26.
Paterson, 30, 31.
Pittsfield, 29.
Raritan, 27.
Summit, 20, 31.
Trenton, 30, 4, 15.
West Hoboken, 31.

NEW MEXICO.

Albuquerque, 31.
East Las Vegas, 23.
San Miguel, 8.
Socorro, 25.

NEW YORK.

Albany, 29, 30, 6, GO. 15.
Amawalk, 31.
Andover, 30.
Avon, 14.
Babylon, 2.
Batavia, 31,
Binghamton, 30, 12.
Broadalbin, 30.
Brooklyn, 20, GO., 21, 22, 23, 25, 27, 28, 29, GO., 30, 31, 1, 2 3, 4, 5, GO., 9, 10, GO., 12, GO., 13, GO., 16.
Buffalo, 21, 23, 2, 5 16.
Camden, 25.
Cape Vincent, 29.
Cohoes, 3 .
Coney Island, 6.
Corning, 20, 23.
Dunkirk, 28.
East Arcade, 1.
Ellenville, 4.
Far Rockaway, 20, GO.
Flushing, 31.
Glen Cove, 27.
Hammondsport, 29.
Hastings, 13.
Hornellsville, 28, 29.
Horseheads, 17.
Huntington, 27.
Ilion, 31.
Jamestown, 8
Java Centre, 2.
Johnstown, 7.
Kingston, 26, 31.
LeRoy 20.
Lima, 30
Little Falls, 28.
Long Island City, 7, GO.
Mount Kisco, 31.
New Brighton, 23, GO.
Newburgh, 30.

NEW YORK (con'd).

New York, 21, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, GO., 1, 2, GO., 3 4, GO., 5, GO., 6, 7, 8, 9, 14, GO.. 16.
Niagara Falls, 20, 8.
North Tarryt wn, 24, 30.
Ogdensburg, 28.
Olean, 23.
Oneonata, 30.
Oswego. 23, 31, 2,
Paul Smiths, 4.
Peekskill, 24, 30, 7.
Philmont, 30.
Plattsburg, 25.
Port Henry, 20.
Port Richmond, 31.
Poughkeepsie, 31, 3.
Prince Bay, 27.
Rochester, 31, 1, 11.
Rosebank, 30.
Sag Harbor, 23.
Saratoga Springs, 25.
Schenectady, 31.
Stapleton, 4.
Syracuse, 28, 30.
Troy, 30.
Utica, 30.
Waddington, 23.
Watertown, 1, 7.
Waverly, 28.
West Troy, 23, 31.
White Plains, 4.
Yonkers, 4.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Belmont, 13.
Raleigh, 23, 28.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Bismarck, 21.
Elbowoods, 28.
Fargo, 28.
Jamestown, 12.

OHIO.

Akron, 28.
Bellefontaine, 27.
Canal Dover, 27, GO., 30.
Canton, 30, 3.
Cincinnati, 27, 26.
Circleville, 19.
Cleveland, 24. 28, 30.
Columbus, 26, GO., 29, 30, 31, GO., 8.
Dayton, 29.
East Liverpool, 27.
Elyria, 22.
Farmersville, 23.
Frederickton, 16.
Galliopolis, 29.
Greenville, 10.
Kenton, 13.
Lancaster, 31.
Lima, 16.
Logan, 7.
Louisville, 10.
McCleary, 4.
Miamusburg, 13.
Mount Vernon, 6.
Nelsonville, 11.
Newark, 30.
New Straitsville, 30.
Nottingham, 7, 15.
Painesville, 27.
Port Clinton, 25.
Portsmouth, 17.
Reading, 22.
Shawnee, 23.
Springfield, 4, GO.
Stamford, 27.
Steubenville, 6.
Summitville, 30.
Toledo, 28, 4, GO.
Troy, 30.
Urbana, 31.
Willoughby, 3.
Youngstown, 30, 31.
Zanesville, 30, 3, 15.

OKLAHOMA TER.

Pawhuska, 1.

OREGON.

Gervais 13.
Jacksonville, 5.
Mount Angel, 20, 24.
Portland, 25.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Allegheny, 26, 31.
Altoona, 20, 27, 30.
Beatty, 31.
Beaver Falls, 11.
Braddock, 23.
Brinkerton, 16.
Bristol, 13.
Brookville, 23.
Bucksville, 30,
Butler, 6.
Carbondale, 23, 9.
Centennial, 21.
Centralia, 2.
Denny, 28.
Derry Station, 23, 24.
Dravosburg, 3.
Dudley, 10.
Dunmore, 4.
Easton, 31.
Ebensburg, 23.
Freeland, 30.
Gallitzin, 30.
Glenfield, 7.
Greensburg, 30.
Hazleton, 27.
Herman, 29.
Houtzdale, 13.
Jenkintown, 20.
Johnstown, 30.
Lancaster. 7.
Latrobe, 28.
Lebanon, 30.
Littletown, 15.
Loretto, 26.
McKeesport, 10.
Mayfield, 31.
Mount Carmel, 9.
New England, 30.
Norristown, 2.
Olyphant, 16.
Overbrook, 23.
Parker's Landing, 27.
Parsons, 14.
Philadelphia, 20, 21, 22, 23, GO, 27, GO., 28, GO., 29, 30, 31, 1, 2, 3, 6, GO, 7, 9. 12, GO., 13, 15, 17.
Pittsburg, 20, 21, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, GO., 7, 9, 13, 17, 18.
Pittston, 31.
Plymouth, 17.
Port Carbon, 28.
Pottston, 31.
Reading, 25.
Renova, 28.
Ridgway, 30.
Rochester, 7.
Saint Clair, 30.
Saint Mary, 21.
Scranton, 30, 1, 2.
Shamokin, 24.
Sharpsburg, 16.
Towanda, 8.
Tyrone, 13.
Wilkesbarre, 27, 31.
Williamsport, 27.
York, 30.

RHODE ISLAND.

Central Falls, 14.
East Providence, 21.
Newport, 30
Pawtucket, 25, 10.
Providence, 31, 3, GO., 7.
Rumford, 14.
Valley Falls, 17.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston, 8.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Aberdeen, 20, 31.

SOUTH DAKOTA (con'd)

Chamberlain, 30.
Deadwood, 2.
Lead, 10.
Redfield, 30.
Sioux Falls, 2.
Webster, 30.
Yankton, 27.

TENNESSEE.

Memphis, 23.
Nashville, 19, GO., 30.

TEXAS.

Austin, 18, 24.
Cuero, 7.
Denison, 24.
El Paso, 26.
Fort Worth, 29, 9, 15.
Galveston, 13.
Houston, 20, 26.
San Antonio, 20, 28, 30.
Victoria, 13, 14.

UTAH.

Eureka, 14.
Salt Lake City, 19.

VERMONT.

Bennington, 6.
Rutland, 26.
Underhill Centre, 4.

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria, 9.
Cape Charles, 7.
Newport News, 24.
Norfolk, 21.
Portsmouth, 27.
Richmond, 23, 24, 25, 14.
Staunton, 28, 17.
West End, 10.

WASHINGTON.

North Yakima, 21.
Seattle, 16, GO., 21.
Spokane, 19, 21, 6, 9.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Grafton, 18.
Holmes, 13.
Wheeling 21, 12, 14

WISCONSIN.

Bay Settlement 28.
Beaver Dam, 11.
Columbus, 13.
Cooperstown, 13.
Green Bay, 25, 29.
Janesville 11.
Kaukauna, 26, 31.
Madison, 3, 8.
Milwaukee, 22, GO., 29, 4. 6, 8. 11.
Montello, 28.
New London, 8.
Northport, 19.
Oshkosh. 30.
Portage, 23.
Prairie du Chien, 28, GO.
Racine. 21. 10
Shepherdstown, 21.
Tomakawk, 21.

WYOMING.

Cheyenne, 18, 6.
Rock Springs, 12.

CANADA.

Fredericton, 30.
Hemmingford, 29, GO.
Sussex Vale, 23.
Victoria, 20.

FOREIGN.

Mangalore, India, 24.
Dublin, Ireland, 5.
Spanishtown, Jamaica, 10

On account of the change in the time of issue of the MESSENGER the letters with intentions should reach us on the 20th of each month, at the latest, in order to be included in the monthly list.

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. APRIL, 1896. No. 4.

OUR LADY OF THE PAX.

By David Bearne, S.J.

Arise, my glory; arise psaltery and harp: I will arise in the morning early.—Psalm cvii, 3.

LO, the Paschal moon throws peaceful beams
On Mary's closèd eyelids, wet with weeping—
Doth music mingle with her midnight dreams,
Waking the Mother while the land lies sleeping?

No seraph's harping sounds: the heavens are mute:
No shepherds hear the *Pax* of angel-singers;
But sudden, on her sorrows' seven-stringed lute—
Her beating heart—Love lays His shining fingers.

No choiring band, but Christ, the risen Priest,
Sings "Peace be with you," on His new-birth morning,
And gives the ecstatic *Pax* on this high feast,—
The rapturous kiss, the Mother's brow adorning.

"Arise, my glory!" chimes the mother-heart.
"Arise, my loved one, I, thy Son, am risen!"
Ah, swiftly doth she rise to hymn her part,
Since He, her Life, hath broken death's fast prison.

"O Love, my heart is ready, I will rise;
My heart is ready for the Paschal singing,
For on my face Thy risen glory lies,
And in my ears Thy notes of love are ringing."

* * * * *

Oh, heavenly is that chamber's Easter-shrine,
Where Mary with her Son in bliss reposes!
O harp and lute! O psaltery divine!
O radiant wounds like glory-streaming roses!

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THE MADONNA DELLA STRADA.

By P. J. Ch., S.J.

TENDER devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God, which his present Holiness, Leo XIII., never tires of impressing on the faithful, has ever been a striking feature in the lives of the saints, beginning with St. John, the Beloved Disciple, and the other Apostles; and nearly all, who have written of themselves, have acknowledged that whatever graces they received from God, came to them through the hands of Mary.

Among the saints of more recent times, it would be hard to find one who was more chivalrous, more ardent, more enthusiastic in his devotion to the Mother of God, than St. Ignatius of Loyola, father and founder of the Society of Jesus.

It was to her he turned in his illness, when lying wounded at the Castle of Loyola, after the siege of Pampeluna. At her feet he cast himself, in the first fervor of his conversion, consecrating himself to her and her divine Son with an ardor that roused the fierce hatred of Satan, who shook the castle to its foundations, so that windows were shattered and the strong masonry of the walls was violently rent, evidence of the shock remaining to the present day.

Her image he constantly carried on his breast, and often bathed it with his tears.

It was a vision of her that dispelled all fears for the past, and kindled in his soul that flame of divine love and zeal for the divine glory that made him plan and realize such glorious things for the furtherance of God's kingdom on earth and the conversion of souls.

It was again in a vision of the spotless Queen of Virgins, that he received the gift of perfect purity, that was never to be disturbed by the assaults of concupiscence.

Her shrines of La Guia, La Seo, Villadordis, Arazazon, etc., were the cherished spots he loved to visit as a devout pilgrim.

Her honor, assailed by a Saracen, so fired his zeal, that he doubted whether it was not his duty to despatch with the sword the wretch, whose lips had uttered so foul a blasphemy.

Before her image at Montserrat he made his vigil of knighthood, when turning from an earthly to a spiritual warfare, leaving his sword suspended at her altar, and swearing eternal fealty to her and her divine Son.

It is believed that he wrote the *Spiritual Exercises* at Manresa under her directions.

Together with his first companions, he took his first religious vows on the feast of her Assumption at Montmartre, and his last and solemn vows before her altar in the Basilica of St. Paul outside the walls, Rome.

He loved to have her image always before him, and died with his eyes fixed lovingly upon it.

A brief account of one of the pictures of our Lady to which this great Saint was most attached during the last twenty years of his life, and of the church erected to receive that picture, may not be uninteresting.

I. OUR LADY DELLA STRADA.

Some seven centuries ago, in one of the many shrines to be seen in almost every street of Rome, there stood a very ancient painting of our Lady, which was said to be miraculous, and consequently an object of the greatest veneration to the people.

Little is known of its previous history, but there are good grounds for believing that it dates from the fifth or sixth century. The portion of the wall on which it is

painted is undoubtedly the work of the ancient Romans. Certain it is, that it was already very old in the twelfth century, when Count Julius, of the Astalli family, built a church for its better preservation, to which the picture, and necessarily, the portion of the wall on which it is frescoed, were transferred. This church was known as St. Mary's of the Astalli; but those, who remembered the picture's old position, never accepted the new name, but spoke of it as *Madonna della Strada*, Our Lady of the Street.

St. Ignatius of Loyola first came to Rome in 1523. He was kindly received by the Astalli family, saw the picture of our Lady and conceived a tender affection for it.

Returning to Rome with his companions in 1537, he led them to the feet of his beloved picture, where he would spend long hours in prayers and tears, and it was his delight, after his ordination, to say Mass daily at the altar that stood in front of it.

Such was the affection he felt for this venerable representation of the Madonna, that, overcoming his natural reserve in such matters, he made bold to ask the parish priest in charge of the church, Dom Pietro Codacio,[1] to give him the picture for his newly founded Society. Dom Pietro at first indignantly refused to part with his church's greatest treasure, but suddenly, and unaccountably, even to himself, he changed his mind, and not only offered the picture, but the church also, and himself as well to St. Ignatius and the Society, being the first Italian to join the new Order, for which step he renounced great benefices and great prospects at the Papal court.

It was necessary to obtain the leave of Pope Paul III. and of the Astalli family, before the gift could be considered valid, but this was easily obtained, and thus St. Ignatius and the Society became possessors of their first church, the Sanctuary of our Lady della Strada.

The church was a parochial one and St. Ignatius and his companions for a while had to discharge parochial duties; these, however, were found to interfere so much with the spirit and real work of the new Order, that the Saint petitioned the Pope to relieve them of this burden, and, accordingly, all parochial rights

EXTERIOR OF CHURCH OF GESU, ROME.

[1] A rich Prelate of the Pope's household.

and duties were transferred to the neighboring Church of St. Mark. To Father Codacio St. Ignatius awarded the honors of a founder in recognition of his generous gift.

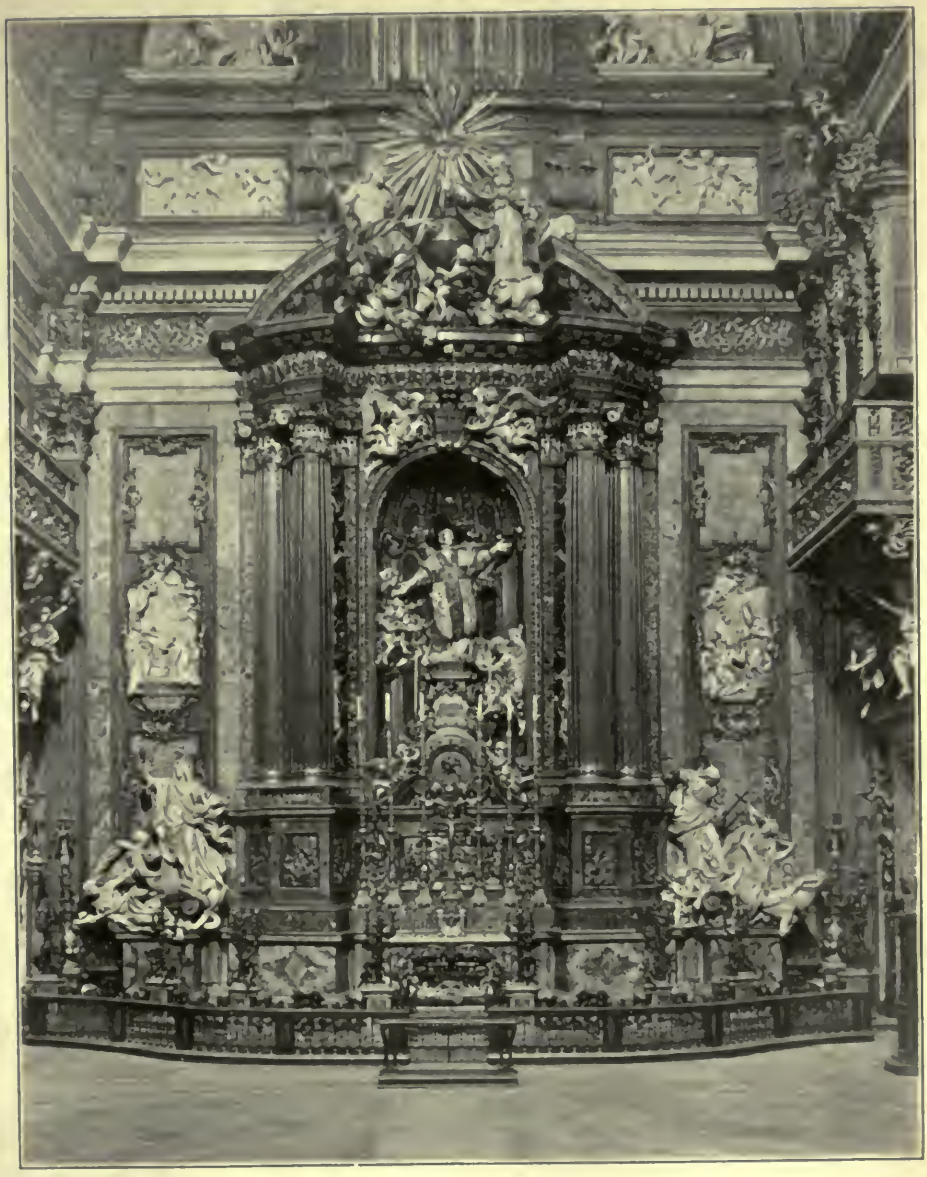
Inspired by the example of their saintly Father, all the saints and, indeed, all the members of the Society of Jesus, have ever cherished a tender devotion to our Lady della Strada. At its feet knelt St. Francis Xavier, B. Peter Faber, and the other first companions of St. Ignatius. Here St. Francis Borgia loved to pray, and pour out his soul in tenderest emotion to the Immaculate Mother of God. Here the three Angelic Saints, Aloysius, Stanislaus and John Berchmans, came to consecrate their innocence to her, who had called them to the Society of her Son. B. Peter Canisius, B. Rudolph Aquaviva, B. Ignatius Azevedo, St. Philip Neri, St. Charles Borromeo, St. Camillus de Lellis, St. Leonard of Porto Maurizio, St. John Baptist di Rossi, St. Benedict Joseph Labre, and a host of other saintly souls, cherished a tender devotion to our Lady della Strada, and frequently, while in Rome, visited this sanctuary.

It is this devotion of so many saints that adds a special halo to the picture which the Society of Jesus regards as its own.

The Holy See, too, has been pleased to approve in a special way the devotion to this venerable picture. It was one of the first to be solemnly crowned by the Holy Father, an honor never conferred, until proof of striking miracles has been duly established. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, the shrine was pillaged by the sacrilegious marauders, who held possession of Rome, but it was soon enriched again, and on the tercentenary of its translation from the old Church of the Astalli to the new one of the Gesù, it was again solemnly crowned in the Pope's name by Cardinal Howard. Hither Pope Gregory XIII. and the clergy of Rome came in solemn procession in 1837, bearing the miraculous picture of our Lady from the Basilica of St. Mary Major, to ask our Lady's protection against the scourge of cholera that was devastating Rome, and the Pope celebrated Mass at the high altar of the Gesù. On the cessation of the epidemic, the Roman Senate came to present to the Jesuit Fathers a gold chalice and paten, in recognition of their courageous zeal and charity in the service of the infected, and on the same occasion a number of the best families of Rome presented the six magnificent bronze candlesticks, that are so much admired on St. Ignatius' altar.

Pope Leo XIII. has added a still greater honor by instituting the feast of our Lady della Strada with a special Mass and office granted to the Society of Jesus.

We have not touched on the miraculous cures and favors received by those who have sought our Lady's aid in this venerable sanctuary, but proofs of such extraordinary favors are to be seen in the immense number of votive offerings, in silver and gold, that cover the walls and have been presented since the spoliation of the shrine at the close of the last century. It is commonly remarked that there is no chapel of our Lady in Rome that inspires such devotion as that of della Strada. At no hour of the day, when the church is open, is the chapel without its group of devout visitors, and towards evening, it is almost impossible, even on any ordinary day, to find a place. Among those kneeling in prayer may be seen religious of nearly every Order. Seminarists from the different ecclesiastical colleges in Rome, members of the princely families mingled with the poor from the thickly populated streets of the Suburra, soldiers forced by conscription from their homes and families to be exposed to every danger to faith and morality, and, not unfrequently, officers of high rank—all seem to be attracted by an indescribable expression of tenderness seen in the picture, and which no artist has succeeded in copying.



ALTAR OF ST. IGNATIUS IN THE GESU.

The chapel is circular in form at the right side of the North transept nearest the High Altar, with two arches that give access from the church. The rich marbles and exquisite paintings that cover its walls, were the gift of three noble ladies in the seventeenth century, and the picture itself is surrounded and covered with offerings of gold and jewels. The chapel presents a very rich appearance, which is enhanced by the numerous lights that are constantly kept burning. Numerous offerings of flowers fill it with fragrance; but, apart from all external attractions, there is a spiritual sweetness and fragrance in this little sanctuary of our Lady experienced by nearly all who kneel there, who feel as

if they were praying at the very gate of heaven.

II. CHURCH OF THE GESÙ.

The church that encloses this sanctuary of the Madonna deserves special notice.

At the time when Dom Pietro Codacio gave himself, his church, and the picture to the Society, only two of St. Ignatius' first companions (FF. Salmeron and Codurius) remained with him at Rome, who, together with a dozen novices, formed the community: the others had gone forth to different parts of central and southern Europe to check the ever advancing tide of Lutheran heresy, and to save the Southern countries of Europe from the devastating flood.

An old rickety house opposite the church served St. Ignatius and his little community as a residence, where, as Father Peter Ribadeneira, one of the novices, tells us, they were sadly cramped for room. A more commodious building was purchased later by St. Francis Borgia. The little room is still shown at the house of the Gesù, where St. Ignatius lived, where the first Fathers (with the exception of St. Francis Xavier, B. Peter Faber and Father Rodriguez, who were on distant missions) held the First General Congregation of the Society in which St. Ignatius was elected General by the unanimous votes, both of those present and of the absent, these having left their votes in writing. The solemn religious profession followed before our Lady's altar in the Basilica of St. Paul. Father Lainez, at St. Francis Xavier's request repeating the formula in his name. Then the Society began its real life at the feet of her whose honor it has ever pledged itself to spread throughout the world, and whose Immaculate Conception it so gloriously defended for 300 years.

St. Ignatius and his companions now set to work with grateful hearts to promote devotion to our Lady under the favorite title della Strada, and such of the faithful were attracted by their burning words, such enthusiasm was awakened, that the sanctuary soon became one of the most famous in Rome. The Church of the Astalli was soon found to be too small for the members who flocked to hear them, and, though several additions and alterations were made, the accommodation was still insufficient. It became necessary to think of a new church, but whence were the means to come for such an undertaking? The Society was poor, and had as yet few friends who were willing or able to prove the sincerity of their friendship, by paying so large a sum. One generous offer was made at length to replace the old church by another, somewhat larger in size, but St. Ignatius, while thanking the benefactor for his great zeal and generosity, said the time had not yet come, that it was reserved for another benefactor to build a spacious church suited in every way to the work and requirements of the Society. The person thus prophetically pointed out was Cardinal Alexander Farnese, the princely founder of the present church and residence of the Gesù. The building was begun in 1568 and completed in 1575, the old church being gradually demolished as the new one progressed, till finally our Lady's picture was placed in its present position more than three centuries ago. The period at which the church was built is accountable for the ponderous style of architecture chosen; but whatever may be its defects, in this regard, at any rate in vastness and solidity, in the richness and beauty of its details, it is justly acknowledged to be one of the noblest churches in Rome. Perhaps it is because of the sanctuary of the Madonna that there is a peculiar feeling of devotion that comes over one in the Church of the Gesù; there is no church in Rome, after St. Peter's that is more frequented, and none so free from mere sight-seers, who come, with guide-book in hand, to gaze at works of art. Apparently all who enter the Gesù, come there to pray.

It stands in the Piazza del Gesù, facing the corso Vittore Emmanuele, which may be considered the very heart of Rome. Its ceiling, dome and tribune are adorned with exquisite frescoes; its walls are covered with costly marbles, the gift of Prince Torlonia; its altars, ten in number, are rich in sculptures and bright with lamps, kept perpetually burning. The high altar, though a mass of precious marbles, is disappointing in design, and has an unfinished look, when compared with the noble altars of St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier in the transept. On the left is the monument of Cardinal Bellarmine, on the right that of Ven. Father Pignatelli.

In the transept, to the left, is the magnificent altar of St. Ignatius, with the chapel of our Lady della Strada; opposite, at the right end of the transept, is the altar of St. Francis Xavier, both works of art.

It was in this church that St. Aloysius and St. John Berchmans used to serve Mass. It was here that the Devotion of the Month of Mary, which has spread throughout the world, was begun by Father Muzzarelli; here, too, that the congregation *Bona Mors* took its rise.

Adjoining the church, to the right, is the residence of the Gesù, robbed from the Society in 1870 by the Italian Government, and converted partly into a barrack, partly into a depository of the State archives. Some idea of the sacrilegious plunder of ecclesiastical property that went on in Rome, twenty-five years ago, may be gathered from the fact that this one residence of the Gesù is now offered by the Government for sale for 3,000,000 lire, *i.e.*, 120,000 pounds sterling.

III. ALTAR OF ST. IGNATIUS.

The body of St. Ignatius lies in a rich shrine of gilded bronze and lapis lazuli, under an altar of corresponding richness, near his beloved picture of Madonna della Strada. Moroni gives it as his opinion, that this is the most beautiful altar in Rome, and perhaps in Europe. There is a saying in Rome, that the most beautiful church in the world is St. Peter's; the most beautiful chapel, the Cappella Borghese at St. Mary Major's; the most beautiful altar that of St. Ignatius at the Gesù. For majesty of design, for exquisite finish and richness of materials, it can hardly be surpassed. One has to visit it over and over again before a just idea can be formed of its unrivalled splendor. It was designed by a gifted lay brother of the Society, B. Pozzi, who was eminent both as an architect and a painter. The eye is at first arrested by the four fluted columns that support the entablature; they are of lapis lazuli and gilded bronze, the bases and capitals being also of gilded bronze. The pilasters are of black and white marble, the pedestals and entablature of verdo antico, adorned with foliated ornaments of gilded bronze. The summit is crowned by a representation of the Most Blessed Trinity encircled by rays of glory, and between the eternal Father and the divine Son is an immense globe, formed of a single block of lapis lazuli, said to be the largest in the world. In the centre of the altar is a richly decorated niche formed of lapis lazuli and alabastro antico, within which silver statues of angels surround the figure of St. Ignatius. This latter is a copy of the original silver statue of the Saint by Le Gros, which was melted down by the municipality of Rome, at the beginning of this century, to pay the enormous sum exacted by the French. Below the niche, on the plinths of the columns, are six bas-reliefs in bronze, representing scenes from the life of the Saint. In the panel of the reredos is a larger bas-relief in gilded bronze, said to be of rare beauty. On the right and left are marble groups, considered as works of art. Beneath the altar in a shrine of gilded bronze and lapis lazuli are the remains of the great Saint, who was called by God from an earthly warfare to fight for the glory of His Name and the defence of the Church militant, and to found an army of spiritual

warriors, whose profession and calling it should be to extend the glory of God on earth, to meet in conflict the hordes of Lutheranism and Calvinism, to beat them back from southern Europe, to arrest their progress in central Europe, and to compensate for the losses suffered by the Reformation, by conquering and winning for the Church vast regions in every part of the globe. That they have been successful in this, their calling, the history of the Church since the Reformation bears witness, and this their success, they owe to the blessing of Jesus, whose name they bear, to the blessing of Mary, their Mother, and notably of our Lady della Strada, and to the prayers of their holy founder, whose tomb they have erected with such unrivalled splendor.

Our Lady della Strada, pray for us.

THE MISSION OF MANGALORE.

By Rev. S. F. Zanetti, S.J.

THE prolonged instruction of many people in several different languages, would have proved a formidable task in St. Joseph's Asylum but for the existence of the Seminary side by side with the asylum. The thirty seminarians divide the work among themselves, and while thus promoting the knowledge of God in the neophytes, they exercise themselves in a ministry which is as arduous as it is noble. Four classes are regularly taught, morning and noon, immediately before the working hours begin. In the morning (7.30-8) two seminarians teach the sick in the hospital and two others instruct the *baptizandi;* one in *Tulu* and the other in *Malayalam*. All the rest, divided in various groups according to their knowledge, are taught the prayers by our catechist boys and girls. The afternoon classes (1 to 1:30) comprise four sections.

In two of these the catechism is explained by two seminarians in *Tulu* and *Concany*, the text being learnt by rote as in the morning. The Malayalam section receives such instruction as actual necessity may require. The most important class is that in which controversial catechism is taught, and is reserved for the more advanced and the better sort, such as are qualified for the work of catechists. As a test of the profit derived from this class, we held a few months ago a sort of a public disputation in which four boys held their own against four men. The subject discussed was "the absurdity of pagan mythology." Considering that this specimen was the first of its kind, and that the arguents were unlettered people and the defenders mere boys, we must say that the argumentation did them credit. Both sides understood their position well, and both the difficulties and the answers showed a sufficient mastery of the subject.

FATHER MÜLLER AND A LITTLE LEPER.

Attendance at the daily catechism is compulsory on all those converts who live in our premises, excepting such as, after an examination held for the purpose, have been declared sufficiently instructed in matters of religion. But all have to attend the Sunday instruction given in common to all the converts (3 to 4 P. M.), which also answers the purpose of a weekly conference for the Sodalists, for the members of

the newly instituted third order of St. Francis, and for those of the Apostleship of Prayer in the asylum.

GROUP OF FEMALE LEPERS.

As an incentive to regular attendance and greater diligence in learning the doctrine, the deserving men and women are allotted a share in the annual distribution of prizes held in connection with the orphanage. Every second year this is held on a grander scale, with music and a dramatic performance in *Concany*, and is attended by a large gathering of friends and benefactors. Our motley assortment of prizes, partly awarded by our benefactors, consists of books, clothes, money, domestic utensils, even earthenware; in a word, whatever may be of use to the winners. It thus happens that while merit is rewarded, personal wants too are supplied.

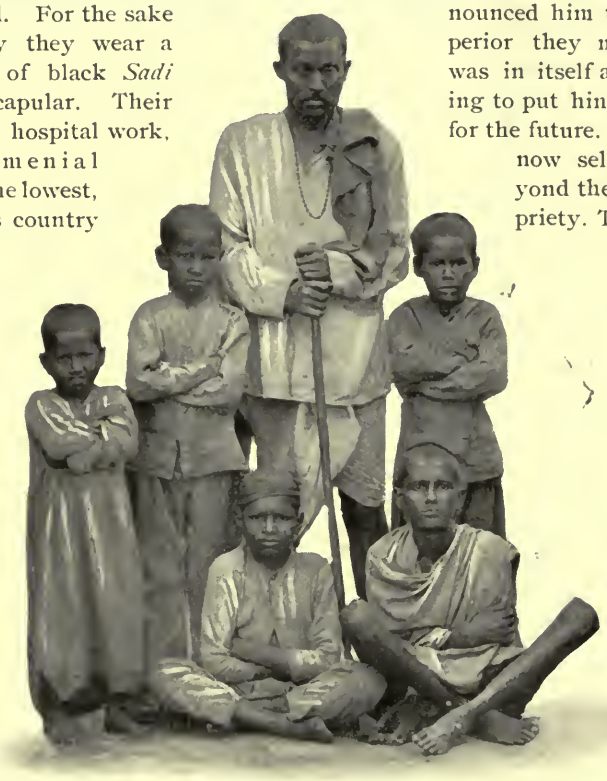
We mentioned in our last article in connection with the orphans, another Sunday class, in which a select few were taught how to administer baptism to pagan infants *in articulo mortis*. We have since had more than one proof that our work was not in vain. We shall insert one here, as far as possible in the words of the neophyte who administered the baptism. "While returning from the office I heard people weeping over a dying child in a pagan house by the roadside. But it did not then strike me that I might try and baptize it. But when I reached home I felt sorry, and, although I feared it might be dead by the time I reached there, I retraced my steps the same way, and found it on the point of death. I took courage and approached the child with a wet rag in my pocket, and after a little while, when I thought I was not noticed, as they were all weeping with their heads supported on their knees, I began to caress the child and rubbing the rag on the head, baptized it with the name of Paul. He died soon after."

Thus instructed in the truths of religion the neophytes are not left to themselves, but are tenderly watched over that they may profit by the various means with which the asylum provides them of practising what they have learned. The St. Joseph's Church attached to the Seminary has been constituted into a parish church for their use. Here they have to attend Mass every day at 6 A. M. during which the morning prayers are said in common. All are obliged to confess every month, the General Communion day being the third Sunday, and to ensure regularity in the practice, which is sometimes apt to be neglected, confession tickets are made use of.

On Sundays and holydays of obligation, they have Mass at 6.30, and in the afternoon before Benediction they have, generally speaking, a sermon preached by one of the Seminarians. On other feast days, that are kept in our church with some solemnity, the working hours are shortened to give them the opportunity of assisting at all the services. In a word, whatever public devotions are held at the church, even *Novenas* and *Triduums*, the church bell tolls and, as a rule, they all attend.

For those that can rise above the level of an ordinary Christian, there are three associations. The Apostleship of Prayer, in all its three degrees, claims the largest number of members. And the simple

fervor which the spirit of the League diffuses on all the actions of the day, is attested by the large share of good works which they contribute to the Treasury. The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary has only two married men—the rest are boys—although others have asked to be admitted. The Third Order of St. Francis was inaugurated on the last feast of St. Joseph, when five women received the seraphic cord. For the sake of uniformity they wear a special kind of black *Sadi* and a large scapular. Their chief duty is hospital work, including menial offices, even the lowest, which in this country are considered even lower than they really are, as they form the exclusive heritage of a special class of outcasts. They have moreover the bodily and spiritual charge of little girls, and have to teach catechism to the sick and the beggar girls. Those of tried virtue pay visits to heathen families in our neighborhood.



GROUP OF MALE LEPERS.

Turning now from the means employed, to the effects thereof, although we must confess that there is always much to be done especially in the case of the newcomers; still we must say that by the grace of God much has already been done. The most noteworthy improvement is the decrease of moral disorders, which, as has already been said, form amongst the pagans almost the order of the day. This change is especially observed in the absence of filthy language, which, chiefly in the rising generation, is simply unheard of. Once a newcomer almost unconsciously drew upon his old stock of obscene language in the presence of his playmates. But so many little fingers were lifted at him in consequence and so many little voices denounced him to the first Superior they met, that this was in itself an ample warning to put him on his guard for the future. Drinking too now seldom goes beyond the limits of propriety. To forbid drinking entirely would be excessive severity towards men who have to work so hard, especially when they restrict themselves to a beverage which is strengthening and not so very intoxicating. What we have been trying to put down was the use of stronger drinks, and the baneful habit of frequenting the public taverns, where the insinuations and example of pagan friends make it so hard to keep within bounds. And in this we have succeeded to a great extent. Now they either bring home what they want, or, if, for their children's sake, they drink outside of their house, they do so in company, so that the presence of several serves as a check. But on Sunday and holyday evenings, when *dolce far*

nicute makes outings so attractive, various kinds of in and out-door games detain them at home till dark, when jaunting loses all its charms.

Another change for the better is the gradual extinction of caste prejudices, which, in some parts of India, are reported to be carried so far as to call for unpleasant grades and distinctions even in the house of God. In the beginning we, too, had to put up with some of its effects among our own converts. Once on occasion of a wedding, a convert would not ask to dinner a neighbor who was of a lower caste. Another time several families objected to the use of a well by outcast people who had just settled in the asylum. Happily, these extravagant observances have now died out, and eating and drinking, lending and borrowing, and, at times, also intermarrying are carried on without any notable repugnance. And what is more important, a great barrier to union and fraternal charity has been thus thrown down, and we are occasionally given the pleasure of witnessing such scenes as elicited from the pagans of olden times that famous confession: "See how these Christians love one another."

Thus two men, one disabled and the other blind, were found one evening working together at a cadjan screen. The reason was, the blind man's wife was sick and the rain was making its way into the unprotected hut. His neighbor, therefore, was lending a helping hand, because, he said, "if *we* do not help each other, who will help?" Another blind man is the object of many a simple act of love. His hut is somewhat distant from the well where he daily draws water for the orphans, and it often happens that he has to grope his way alone. But the first man, woman or child that happens to see him is sure even to turn out of his own way to handle the poor man's staff and lead him wherever he wants to go. Again, most of these people are so poor that their ordinary meal consists of boiled rice and some pickled or dry fish. Under such circumstances, is it not an outcome of Christian charity that when one can afford some day a better dish he should share it with his less fortunate neighbor? All these acts may seem trifling, but they speak well for the hearts from which they spring.

Among the devotions that seem to possess a particular attraction for these simple Christians, that to the Blessed Virgin ranks first—one more argument to prove, if proofs be wanted, how congenial the devotion to the Mother of God is to the unprejudiced Christian heart. There is no need of any efforts to instil it into their hearts. It comes so natural to all. Nor do we find in them any illustration of that oft-repeated objection that the veneration of the saints is apt to degenerate into idolatry, if not among the educated, at least among the unlettered masses. Even the most ignorant know that they honor her and love her, not indeed as God, but because, though a human being like themselves, she has been chosen by God for His Mother, and elevated to a dignity worthy of such a mother. Hence one seldom hears our Lord spoken of by them without being associated with His Mother. Some of their common sayings, literally translated, run thus: (Looking up to heaven) "O, that Jesus Christ and that Virgin Mother Mary will never abandon me." "I pray daily to Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mother Mary." "I offer all my troubles to," etc., etc. "No, I will never give up the religion of Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mother Mary." This last *instinctive* answer, if I may so call it, is explained by the fact that thereby they wish to disown all connection with the Protestants who inveigh so much against the Blessed Virgin and try to persuade the people that the only serious point of difference between themselves and us is that we worship the Blessed Virgin and they don't!

Nor does their protestation of love and adherence to her consist merely in words. All her great feasts are solemnized by

them by the reception of the Sacraments. The Month of Mary brings her various little offerings; spiritual and temporal, and visits at her altar are not unfrequent. But what at present attracts them most is the "Grotto of our Lady of Lourdes." It stands at the further end of our garden facing the back part of our house, and is a tribute of love and gratitude erected two years ago by our good Bishop, after his last visit to Lourdes. The orphans gather here on Sunday evenings to tell their beads and make the silent evening air resound with their simple prayerful hymns in praise of the Queen of heaven. Here, too, humble little offerings are frequently made by way of petition or thanksgiving.

A couple of months ago, we were surprised to find a whole family kneeling at the foot of the grotto at an unusual hour. The object of their pious visit was to present to our Lady their newborn babe (!) and they redeemed it from her with an offering of oil, candles, flowers, and a few coins. More striking still was the following offering, coming as it did from a pagan girl, asking for herself the grace of conversion. She was anxious to become a Christian, but her bigoted father would not hear of it. To wrest from him his consent she sought the help of our Lady, and to obtain it the more effectually she added an offering of flowers, oil, candles, incense and some money. After some time, finding her father still relentless, she made good her escape from the parental roof, and after hiding herself in the woods for a night, sought refuge in the asylum the next morning. But the inexorable father soon claimed her back, as still a minor, and with the aid of the police, dragged her away in spite of her entreaties and tears. But is it possible that such a client of the Queen of Heaven will be lost?

A striking incident in which their filial attachment to their mother found its full vent, happened just a year ago, when a sacrilegious thief made away with her crown. In reparation for this outrage it was proposed to celebrate a feast, and to let our Christians too have a share in this act of reparation; it was announced that those that liked might contribute toward the purchase of a new crown. And what was our surprise, when in a couple of weeks, *triple* the required sum was made up, and the greatest part of it came from our own converts, whose daily earnings, be it remembered, seldom exceed their daily wants! Thus was the outraged honor of a beloved mother repaired by her loving children. The surroundings of the grotto were all ablaze with lights, the avenues were hung with festoons and garlands, and the august Lady of Lourdes was borne aloft on the shoulders of her Sodalists, in procession, and was deposited in her shrine amidst the chant of hymns and a discharge of crackers.

One of our boys, who had been enticed away by the Protestants owed his return to the faith to his scapular. "This one thing," he afterwards told us, "I could not be persuaded of. Whatever else they taught me about their religion, I thought might be true. But when they told me that I should not honor the Blessed Virgin, and in particular insisted on my putting away the scapular, I would not do it." In fact he kept it on till the end. And finding that the catechist, who was charged with his instruction, kept harping on the same string, he bolted away early one morning and made his way to the asylum, where he now continues to enjoy the happiness which, but for his scapular he would have very likely lost.

The last instance we are now giving of the Blessed Virgin's regard for her children borders on the marvellous, and we should not quote it here did we entertain any doubt as to its veracity. The subject of this singular favor was an excellent boy and a devout child of Mary. Indeed, such was the esteem we all had of him that neither trouble nor expense was spared to bring about his recovery,

ALTAR BOYS AND SODALISTS.

and, when all failed, many a moistened eye bore witness to the sorrow that his untimely death had caused. The incident happened on March 9, 1890, the night previous to his happy death. We give it as it was told us and more than once confirmed by the dying boy himself. "Trying in vain to catch a little sleep, I began to recite my beads, resting my eyes on the picture of the Blessed Virgin before me. (He himself had it hung on the wall during his illness.) After a while two beautiful youths appeared in the room, dressed in snow-white garments and wearing brilliant crowns. They first bowed to the picture, and then turning to me, said: 'Who are you?' I answered, 'I am a new Christian (convert) boy living here.' 'Have you father and mother?' 'Yes, I have both father and mother.' 'Yes,' said they, 'it is true: but they can do nothing for your soul. Put all your confidence in your superiors and do whatever they tell you. Do you love the Blessed Virgin?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'Yes, I try to love her.' 'The Blessed Virgin,' said they, 'can cure you. But it is better for you to be resigned to the will of God. Oh, if you only knew how beautiful heaven is!' So saying, they blessed me and disappeared. Their presence in the room shed such lustre around that the lamp which was burning at the time seemed to disappear."

The happiest day that marks, as it were, an epoch in the life of a convert is certainly the day of his baptism. That it may therefore produce a lasting impression on his mind we celebrate it with great solemnity. We ordinarily choose for it some of the greater feasts of the Church, when gay decorations and a large gathering of people add so much to the solemnity. Or again when some great prelate visits our town we avail ourselves of his presence and invite him to confer upon our converts the pleasure of receiving baptism at his hands. Thus, in the year 1885, Mgr. Agliardi, the Delegate-Apostolic, baptized on one day

seven men, women and children, and the air of satisfaction that beamed on His Grace's countenance during the function reflected the zeal that burnt in his heart. The sponsors of that day were, as usual, from amongst the best families of the town, and as a mark of his appreciation of their act of love, His Grace gave them several presents, among which were beads blessed by His Holiness. In 1891, Mgr. Zaleski, our present Delegate-Apostolic, also baptized twenty-three converts on Holy Saturday, March 28, and warmly expressed his joy in having had the happiness of admitting so many into the fold of Christ.

The first Communion day breathes more an air of piety than of grandeur. The eve is spent by the communicants in recollection as far as each one's condition may permit. And on the day itself, they come from the orphanage, in procession, chanting sweet Concany hymns in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. While in church they present an impressive sight. Men and boys, women and girls kneel in rows just below the Communion rails, with lighted tapers in hand, and wreaths of flowers on their heads, repeating with simple devotion short acts in preparation, and anxiously waiting for the solemn moment of partaking, for the first time, of the Bread of Life. Once a venerable old man, as simple as a child, was shedding tears of joy the whole time, and even after a long thanksgiving could not easily be persuaded to go and have his breakfast.

The wedding day is, of course, a gala day for the asylum. Both to save trouble and expense, and to enhance the solemnity of the occasion, these weddings are all celebrated the same day. Thus last year we had seven in one day; but this year, out of ten, three had to be anticipated, as the bridegrooms, who came from abroad, could not afford to wait.

A curious feature in the preliminaries of a marriage among the uneducated classes here is that everybody else claims a voice in the matter except just the two persons concerned. And this

NATIVE WEDDING PARTY.

partly explains the strange relations that exist between husband and wife. The one is regarded with feelings of reverence and awe rather than of love, while the other goes for a mere helpmate for the management of domestic concerns. And if this be generally true of long-standing Christians, it holds good much more in the case of converts. Some marry because they have none to cook for them. At least, this is the most plausible explanation one can give of certain interesting unions we have had in the asylum, of cripples, paralytics and the blind. All this likewise explains the occasional occurrence of family jars and quarrels, not rarely ending in blows. Happily, however, the domestic peace is usually soon restored, for the discordant parties are easily reconciled.

We cannot, therefore, take too much pains in disabusing their minds of their wrong notions on this important point. To impress them, then, with the greatness of the sacrament and the responsible duties it involves, they are all diligently instructed for several days before the marriage, and, on the eve, they are given a sort of a retreat, with three or four exhortations, calculated to prepare their souls for the due reception of the sacrament.

What concerns temporal helps, they are all very fortunate, thanks to the generosity of their godfathers and godmothers, who play an important part in the weddings of our neophytes. For, besides honoring them with ther presence, and seeing to the due observance of the ceremonies, as they obtain in their own family circles, they give their protégés substantial help in the shape of money, clothes, and even trinkets. As to the bride, in particular, only the wedding ring and a small gold cross (worn at the neck during the life-time of the husband) are given by us. The other costly jewels and ornaments with which the head, the neck, the ears, the wrists are sometimes literally laden, are all "borrowed plumes," and their profusion varies with the wealth and influence of the godmother and the enduring capacity of the godchild.

We have thus given the reader an insight into the working of St. Joseph's Asylum, Mangalore, toward which we had asked his help some months ago. It only remains for us to discharge a debt of gratitude for favors received, and we think we cannot do it better than by letting our benefactors judge for themselves of what has been already done and what still remains to be done.

We cannot close this account without a description of St. Joseph's Leper Asylum.

Although from the very commencement this institution formed part and parcel of St. Joseph's Asylum, yet its inmates have always been cut off from all social contact with the rest of the people, as the very nature of the case demanded; consequently, it has a story of its own, which we hope, will not be uninteresting to your readers.

Of the many maladies peculiar to the tropics, leprosy is, undoubtedly one of the most frightful. One of its species is not only most loathsome to the sight, but also very noxious in its nature. It does not attack merely the skin, but goes on gnawing to the very bones. It makes its first appearance on the extremities of the body—the ears, the nose, the hands and the feet—and often reduces its victims to a deformed trunk with mutilated limbs, thus rendering them unable to help themselves in any way. Besides the great physical sufferings, occasioned by this disease, and the universal abhorrence in which they are held, they have to endure the additional pang of life long separation from kith and kin.

In other places, the compassionate heart and the skilful hand of the Sisters of various religious congregations have done all that Christian charity could inspire them with, to alleviate the sufferings and miseries of these unhappy human beings. Our Mission, too, though destitute of such religious congregations

ORPHANAGE UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

devoted to such heroic works of mercy. could not altogether overlook the wretched condition of these suffering members of Christ, so dear to His Sacred Heart. A sad incident which happened in 1883, hastened the adoption of some measures to bring to these unfortunates what relief we could.

In the month of August of that year, a little cart drawn by a small bullock, stopped before the gate of our seminary. It was accompanied by two pagans of good caste, who, unable to provide separate lodgings for their poor mother, already in an advanced stage of leprosy, and hearing that we had an asylum for the poor and sick, had brought her hither in a cart. Having, as yet, no house destined to receive lepers, we were under the painful necessity of telling them to wait for a few days more, till a shelter could be raised for her, at some distance from the dwellings. It was for the first time that we were, to our great sorrow, obliged to refuse admission to a pagan, that sought it in our asylum.

But before the completion of the hut, we received the sad intelligence of her death without baptism ; but we had, in our grief, the consolation to learn, that grace had not knocked at her heart in vain, and that, seeing her end fast approaching, she had sent for a Catholic priest from the nearest parish, though, unfortunately, none was at hand when the need was sorest. We humbly hope that Almighty God accepted her baptism of desire, and, in His infinite mercy, saved her poor soul.

A couple of months after this sad occurrence, another leper sought admission into our asylum. Gladly did we welcome him into the poor hut that had been prepared, but alas ! too late for the other unfortunate leper.

This was the small beginning of St. Joseph's leper asylum. As the lepers gradually increased in numbers it became necessary to increase the accommodation also. But until a new building could be raised, we utilized for this purpose, a house with three sufficiently large rooms, situated in a corner of our premises. As soon as our scanty resources permitted us, we began to build a house for men, and, a little later on, another for women, at a few yards distance from the first. On December 3, 1886, the two houses were solemnly blessed, on which occasion, a short discourse was delivered

to the lepers and other neophytes that had gathered around. Now that the poor creatures were more comfortably lodged than before, we may be said to have given a more regular shape to our leper asylum.

In front of these two houses there was a plot of ground surrounded by a mud wall, where the inmates could come out to enjoy themselves and breathe a little fresh air. Here, such as could do some work, began to cultivate a few vegetables, while the children attended to a small flower garden. This work, while it served to render their daily routine of life less monotonous, also gave them a moderate and healthy exercise.

The building of the two new houses, and the cost of providing for the inmates, was a heavy strain upon our slender resources. But the sight of these miserable creatures, dragging their ulcerous limbs along the streets, had urged us to undertake the work of sheltering them in a separate hospital. This was not only an act of charity to the sufferers themselves, but also a favor to the general public, since, by so doing, the spread of this frightful disease was to some extent checked. So, confiding in the goodness of God, and relying on the assistance of charitable persons, it was determined to receive all those who should ask to be housed here. Nor had we reason to repent of the step we had taken, for God inspired generous souls to come to our aid, and a number of gentlemen, besides their usual subscription to our asylum, sent in special contributions for the support of the lepers. The Jesuit novices, too, who, during their customary pilgrimages, begged alms for the lepers, one and all bore testimony to the readiness with which all classes of men responded to their appeal for help in behalf of the lepers.

In these new homes, the number of the lepers went on increasing steadily. There were represented among them all the different stages of the malady, from the surface blotches, insensible, even to the pricking of a needle, to the most loathsome and ulcerous wounds, with putrid matter and worms. It could not but move one's heart with the tenderest compassion to witness their sufferings and pain. From the commencement of the Asylum at the close of the year 1883 till the beginning of 1889, altogether fifty lepers had been received by us, and, at the last mentioned period, there were actually twenty-one under our care. This fact speaks favorably for the treatment they received in the Asylum, as it is a well-known fact that they prefer a roving to a sedentary life, and would rather eke out a scanty livelihood in their own families than be supported in a hospital. Occasionally, however, we went to considerable inconvenience in getting them here, for we deemed our efforts well repaid if we could only separate them from the other members of the family.

The Director of the Asylum paid them regular visits, to ascertain from them whether those in charge did their duty, and whether they had any grievances to complain of. The Brother Infirmarian daily visited each patient, and, as far as means permitted, looked after the wants of each one. The Jesuit scholastics and novices, who went regularly to teach them catechism, as also the Fathers and Seminarists who paid them occasional visits, tried to promote among them the spirit of resignation and contentment under suffering. And they, on their part, gave us no small compensation for our care and labors, by their piety and good behavior.

The earnestness with which most of the lepers took up the practices of the Apostleship of Prayer, deserves mention, as also their diligence in practising the Treasury of the Sacred Heart. For this purpose there was fixed in the wall a small tin box, with several little compartments, in each of which the lepers put every evening as many small grains as they had performed acts of any particular virtue during the day. This

pious practice greatly served to foster among them the spirit of resignation, charity and self-sacrifice.

According to the government statistics of 1886, there were 300 lepers in this district of South Canana, *i.e.*, one in every 3,000 inhabitants. But the proportion must have been larger still—at least, so it was here, in Mangalore, the chief town of the district. Nevertheless, till 1886, neither the municipality nor the government had thought of opening an hospital to receive them. In that year, the question of the increase of the number of lepers, and the consequent danger to the public, began to occupy the attention of some of the members of the Town Council in Mangalore. Accordingly, in June, 1886, one of the members, a Catholic, wrote to the Director of the Asylum asking him if he would (on the promise of a municipal grant for their support) admit into our hospital the lepers of the district, irrespective of caste or religion.

The Director having accepted the proposal, the question was brought forward and discussed in the next sitting of the Council, which decided to contribute at the rate of Ks. 2½ (about sixty-five cents) a month for each leper, for a number of inmates not exceeding ten. This scanty pittance commenced from December of the same year. At this point, other rivals appeared in the field. The Basel Mission, Evangelical Protestants, who always stand in our way, having come to hear of the arrangements of the Town Council, were inflamed with a sudden zeal for the welfare of these abandoned wretches, and burnt with a desire of sharing with us in this work of charity. They offered to open another hospital for them, on the same conditions as ourselves, and the Municipal Council accepted their proposal likewise. From June, 1887, the allowance was cut down to half the sum, *i.e.*, thirty-two cents per head, being still subject to the above mentioned restriction —so that for feeding eighteen persons, we received $3.20, whereas the Protestants obtained $1.60 for supporting five lepers.

At the time when the civilized world was in admiration at the generous charity and self-sacrifice of Father Damien, and a deep sense of piety mingled with a keen interest had been aroused in the hearts of men for these castaways of humanity, Count Mattei proved himself another benefactor of the human race, and in particular, also of the lepers, though in another line, *viz.*, by inventing for the relief of the latter a specific based upon the principles of what he termed "Electro-Homœopathy." For lack of subjects, however, he had not had the opportunity of putting its virtue to the test in his own country of Italy. Rev. Father Müller, S.J., who had already opened a homœopathic poor dispensary here, determined to give the medicine a fair trial. This he did about the middle of the year 1890, and, encouraged by the partial success obtained in the case of a few patients, he undertook to make the experiment on a larger scale, so as to include all our lepers. To ensure success, he applied to them the profits of the poor dispensary, making up thereby what was wanting to a diet more suitable to their disease and to the treatment they were to undergo.

To enter into the details of the new treatment would be foreign to our purpose. To carry out the prescriptions exactly, it was necessary to engage the services of some faithful servant. But as such a person was not immediately available, on account of the revolting nature of the duties to be performed, we asked some of the most intelligent boys of our orphanage whether they were willing to undertake the work, staying a week by turns, in a small shed raised for the purpose close to the hospital. They willingly acceded to the request, and continued to perform this work of charity for a long time, till a grown-up person was found to replace them. Each week two boys remained there from morning to evening, one to distribute the medicines, and the other to see that they were duly taken. The rest of the

SHRINE OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES AT MANGALORE.

day they spent in preparing the medicines, baths and the like. They also used at times to relate or to read aloud edifying stories to console and recreate their poor charges. It is needless to say that we felt no small consolation at these works of zeal and charity, seeing that the care and labor bestowed upon the education of their children but lately rescued from pagan superstition had borne such good and abundant fruit.

The improvements introduced and the hope of a cure under new treatment, induced many more lepers to seek shelter under our roof; their number soon rose from twenty-one to forty. A new house became necessary in addition to the two already existing, and Father Müller had it built. In a few months the happy results of the treatment, on those who followed it regularly, were clearly perceived.

That the lepers greatly benefited by the experiment is indubitable; for, to the truth of it, we have the willing testimony, not only of the patients themselves, but also that of many experts who, drawn either by curiosity or charity, were frequent visitors at the asylum. Of these, some were persons that occupied the highest stations in the district, and who confessed that the condition of the lepers was greatly ameliorated since the introduction of the new specific.

By this time the fame of the Mattei medicines began to be noised abroad, and awakened in the lepers of other parts of India a desire to undergo the treatment; but, belonging as they did to some well-to-do families, they could not be lodged in the same hospital with the other lepers. In vain did Father Müller look out for another house, for some time. In this emergency, the good Carmelite Nuns came to the rescue and put at his disposal a comfortable house belonging to them, and conveniently situated just outside their premises. It was their charity that urged them to this step, though they knew well enough that, by so doing, they practically surrendered for the future all their rights to the house; for a dwelling once occupied by a leper is considered no more habitable by any respectable person—such is the universal dread of the contagion of leprosy.

Adjoining this property, there was another large piece of ground, which was considered a splendid site for a new hospital. With the approval of the municipal authorities, he bought up the plot of ground and set to work on it without delay. By the end of February, 1892, the two houses, in which our lepers were to live hereafter under the immediate direction of Father Müller, were ready to receive their inmates, and on the first of March the shifting took place. Here they are much better off as regards accommodation, the extent of the premises, purity of the atmosphere and healthy surroundings. We cannot but rejoice with our lepers at this improvement of their material condition; but it is a joy not unmixed with sorrow, for it has been the cause of their separation from us. True it is that the very sight of some newcomers is revolting and that their wretchedness causes one instinctively to shrink from them; but we have always found that under that loathsome exterior there were often hearts capable of tender feelings and noble sentiments. We have, however, the good fortune of being still entrusted with the spiritual care of their souls. The Jesuit scholastics continue teaching them the Christian doctrine. This is due to the kindness of Father Müller, whose sphere of utility is so widening every day as to preclude the possibility of his attending to any other duties but those immediately connected with his present important undertakings.

THE MESSAGE OF THE CHIMES.

By J. Reader.

IT was just about the time of the great strike—perhaps a little before—that the new chimes were heard for the first time in Wakefield, ringing out from the great tapering cathedral spire, the pride and glory of the city. They played "Annie Laurie," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "The Minstrel Boy," and many other homely airs, at different hours, varying as to tune, and erratic as to time, yet sweet withal, especially when distance softened the cadence a little. There were other and more serious tunes for Sundays and festivals; in fact, the repertoire was both select and extensive as became a city with such a high musical reputation as Wakefield. They were provocative too of a great deal of miscellaneous melody, these new chimes.

The Wakefield people are a musical people, and send an important contingent triennially to the famous Yorkshire chorus, and many a busy business man would be surprised to find himself whistling "Annie Laurie" in the midst of his morning's work; ladies dainty and young would hum it softly to themselves as they went about their shopping, while errand boys trolled it out unblushingly as they pursued their leisurely way. It was as though "Annie Laurie" herself—sweet embodiment of beauty and fair maidenhood—had passed through the city, and claimed from sordid toil and care a happier thought for better things, "to the rhyming and the chiming of the bells," with their sweet tones and jerky measure. Fie on it! "'Tis the stuff that dreams are made of"—not Yorkshire wool and ready money!

Winter set in unusually early this year and by the time November was half over the weather had gone through all the most disagreeable of the phases possible to a variable climate. The great coal strike had run into its second month and a gloom lay over the city that was not altogether accounted for by the usual smoke and fog. One evening, early in the month, the Cathedral clock struck six, one of the hours when the chimes played, and the streets were full of mill hands on their way home from work. Bands of men with wooden clogs clattering on the pavements, women and girls with their shawls pulled closely round their heads hurried along through the cold clammy fog that had settled over the city at sun-down. A hard frost had set in and held the earth in a grip of iron, giving a finishing touch of misery to an already sorely suffering population. Those who were hurrying homeward now were the fortunate ones who were still able to work, but to every one who was working to-day, six were "playing"; for most of the factories were stopped for want of coal. A few still held out, and these might stop any day. In many a home where comfort and plenty had reigned hitherto, there was not a crust to quiet the crying children. If the frost held, it would stop all out-of-door labor. Surely things were almost as bad as they well could be.

The clock struck the hour and the chimes began to play. A band of mill girls, walking along arm in arm, four abreast, stopped their noisy chatter for a moment to listen. "Whaat's thet t'bells be playing?" said one.

"Thet's a new tune to-neet," said another. "Dost l'knaaw thet t'bells be playing?" asked one girl over her shoulder to those behind.

"Noa, niver heeard it afoare."

"Aw hev," said another, "aw hev heeard it at aar cheppil, ha doant care for it misen, it's generally 't'Minstrel Boy' at tea-time, an' aw'd rayther hev thet."

Whereupon she struck up "The Minstrel Boy" on her own account in defiance of the bells, and one by one the others joined in with her, singing in parts, naturally, with strong, clear voices, in spite of the fog and the strike, and the general wretchedness; for they were young and their hearts were light.

One little band of four or five turned off under an archway to the yard, beyond where their homes lay. As they passed up a young girl opened a door and looked out, as if expecting somebody.

"Good neet, Sarah," they called out, as they went by.

"Good night, all," she answered.

"Hoow's t' misses naa, Sarah?" asked one of the girls, running back after she had passed.

"She's only middling again, thank you, Kate. She's very weak, and she's been fretting a lot to-day"—this girl had a quiet, refined voice and did not speak so broadly as the others.

"Is Johnny working, Sarah?"

"He has been but only two days this week, and this frost will throw him out again," and she sighed.

"Aw'll look in awgeean when aw've hed me tea. Yaw mun be fair capped, Sarah, to knaaw whaat to do."

"Here's Johnny," said the girl, as she moved away.

Sarah shut the door behind her and went on a few steps to meet a lad of about fifteen who was coming up the yard with his tin tea-can in his hand.

"Are you out, Johnny?" she asked.

"Yes, if the frost doesn't give."

"And it's not going to give," she said bitterly. "Whatever shall we do, Johnny? I won't have a penny left when I pay for mother's milk, and she's so low I don't know how to humor her to-night."

Johnny did not attempt any solution of the difficulty or offer any consolation. He polished his tea-can with the sleeve of his jacket, leaning against the wall of his house. The chimes stopped just as his sister was speaking, so he said:

"What's yon tune, Sarah? It's a new one, isn't it?"

"No, it isn't new; but they only play it on festivals, I think."

"This isn't a festival."

"It may be with *them*," she said, rather contemptuously, moving her head in the direction of the cathedral. "They've got some for themselves now."

"Well, and what is it?"

"It's 'Oh, Rest in the Lord,' from Elijah."

Johnny whistled a few bars of it softly. He and his sister were both musical, and sang in the church choir.

"It's fine," he said, with the air of a connoisseur. "You like it, Sarah?"

"Not to-night, Johnny; I'm too down. Come in and get your tea."

"Is there any?"

He spoke almost indifferently. He was so well used now to going empty that he turned up at meal times more from habit than the hope of finding the meal.

The brother and sister often went hungry that they might be able to buy for their mother the small daily allowance of milk which the doctor said she must have to keep her alive. She was suffering from excessive weakness after a sharp attack of pneumonia, and the necessary nourishment needed to bring back her strength was not to be had. It was no wonder that she grew daily more querulous and desponding. Truly, "few are improved by sickness," and an overwhelming and increasing weakness is harder to bear than actual suffering. Her daughter had tended her with almost angelic patience, but her own strength was giving way at last, and the strain grew daily harder.

"Well, Johnny," the mother said as they entered, turning a white, wasted face towards the door. She was propped up in a sort of chair-bed close by the fire-place in which a wretched fire of cinders and rubbish smouldered, rather than burned.

"Well, mother," said the boy cheerfully.

"Larking (*i. e.*, not working) again to-morrow, I'll be bound?"

"Don't know yet, it may thaw by morning. Are you better?"

"Better—me better? No, my lad, an' I am not likely to get better neither—not a bite or sup has passed my lips to-day; to think I should ever have come to this."

"Now, now, mother," said Sarah, "you've had your milk."

"Milk, milk indeed, and what is it after all? And me like to sink through the floor with weakness—oh, may the Lord have mercy on me and take me out of this misery!"

"Don't mother, don't," said Johnny, putting down his piece of bread, which he was too miserable to swallow. Sarah poured out a cup of tea and carried it with a piece of toast she had managed to make to the sick woman.

"Come now, mother," she said, "cheer up, do, and drink your tea while it's hot."

"Tea! where did it come from?"

"Never mind, drink it, mother. Go on with your tea, Johnny," she went on in her quiet, decided voice. "Mother's only poorly to-night; she'll be better in the morning."

"Never," said the poor woman; but already the comforting cup of tea was taking effect, and she spoke less hopelessly.

Sarah drank a little tea herself, the bread she felt would choke her—it was, with the tea, the gift of a neighbor better off than herself; but she felt she almost hated the good woman who had bestowed it, and her whole soul was up in arms against the misery and poverty that was oppressing them. Hitherto her faith and trust in God had sustained her, and kept her patient and hopeful, and the day she had just gone through was more than she had been able to bear. The cold, the hunger, and the anxiety for the future—the never ceasing complaints of her sick mother, and her own helplessness, filled up her cup of woe to overflowing.

Leaving Johnny to finish his supper she went up-stairs, feeling she must be alone. How was she going to bear such a life any longer. What had she done that God should send her such terrible trials, and be deaf to all her prayers for help. She would pray no more—prayers were no good. Her prayers anyway were never answered; there was nothing but misery upon misery, and trouble upon trouble. What was the use of being good and trying to do your duty when those who did the opposite were far better off, as a rule. "Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him!" That the chimes should play *that* to-night, of all things—the mockery of it. It kept running in her mind—and she felt she hated it—it made her feel she was wicked—and she always would be wicked now. Her heart was full of hatred for the whole world, with its wretchedness and injustice. Surely she had been patient; she had waited and hoped; she would be patient now for the matter of that—there would soon be an end of it all. Her mother could not last much longer, and then she could starve in the streets as well as anywhere else, and there would be nothing left to live for when her mother was gone. Her cheeks burned and her eyes felt as if they had live coals behind them. She thought over all her troubles as taking a delight in fanning the flames of her resentment against her hard fate, into a raging fire.

Five years before she had had a happy comfortable home, in a very much better station of life than that she now occupied, her father being overseer at a large iron foundry. Before his death she had, in common parlance, "kept company" with a young man in the same works, who had every prospect of soon being able to offer her as good a home as she had with her parents. He went abroad, to South America, in charge of some machinery his firm was sending out, and he never came back. Perhaps he died, perhaps

he wished to break with her; she had had two letters from him after he left, and never another word. When her father died they left their home and went into Bradford, where she and her mother found work in one of the factories, and finally they came to Wakefield hearing of better work there. The mother's health had failed the last couple of years, but the girl earned good wages, and they did not complain as long as she had regular work. Her factory had been one of the first to close after the strike, and since then they had only been able, by Johnny's small weekly wage, to keep body and soul together and pay the rent. "I wonder why I was born," said the poor girl to herself, "for I don't seem to have been any good to myself or anybody else."

"Are you coming, Sarah?" called Johnny's voice at the foot of the stairs.

"Coming where?" said Sarah running down hurriedly—she was startled at being suddenly roused from her sad musings. Johnny looked at her.

"Its the First Friday to-morrow, have you forgotten?"

"I'm not coming, anyway, so you needn't wait."

The boy looked rather puzzled, but he took his cap and departed in silence.

"I'll be all right till you come back, Sarah, I've stopped by myself when I've been worse than this."

"I'm not going to church to-night, mother," and she took some work from her pocket and began to crochet. The mother considered a few minutes.

"You don't ever miss the First Friday, Sarah, aren't you well?"

The girl answered almost crossly; "I'm all right, mother, don't worry about me. I don't want to go out, that's all." She never wanted to go to church again she felt, nor to pray; she had lost all faith in prayer, so what was the good of it. "Oh, rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He will give thee thy heart's desire"—it was like an angel whispering in her heart, but her heart was a stone.

In a few minutes the door opened, and the girl who had spoken to Sarah earlier in the evening put in her head, and asked if she was ready.

"I'm not going to-night, Kate, thank you."

"Oh," said the girl, "aw thowt perhaps yaw wor!" She looked at the mother as the only possible explanation of Sarah's departure from her usual custom, but she seemed no worse than usual. Sarah noticed the look and crocheted desperately—raging inwardly because the way of the transgressor was not being made any too easy for her.

After the girl left, the mother sat thinking, with a furtive glance at her daughter from time to time. Sarah was not herself to-night she reflected; she had too much color for her, and her eyes were too bright, and she looked feverish. God help them, surely she was not going to be ill! The mother's heart was awake at once; it was little wonder if she broke down, she had gone through so much lately, tho' she never complained. She thought with a pang how much she herself must have tried her, by her murmurings and complainings. She would try to be more patient in future; her poor Sarah. If only James Wilson had kept faith with her, she might have had a happy home of her own now, with someone to work for her. Well, perhaps the poor lad was dead. Sarah still troubled a lot about him, tho' she kept it to herself and prayed. She had such faith in the First Fridays. Why should she miss her Communion this time, it was not like her. "Sarah," she said gently, "is there a drop more tea in the pot?"

Sarah jumped up; it was many weeks since her mother had spoken to her in that tone. "Yes but it's cold. I'll make you a drop fresh, mother."

"No, no, it's just to wet my lips, love, I get so dry."

The girl's heart melted a little and her eyes grew moist, as her mother gave her back the cup with a loving smile.

SHE TURNED QUICKLY WITH A LITTLE CRY OF SURPRISE.

"Have you finished your nine First Fridays then?" she asked.

"No, not for this last intention, but I have made a good many nine Fridays for one intention and another since we came here."

"I know you're a good girl, Sarah, and I'm afraid you are not well, as you are missing this."

"Oh, it isn't that, mother," she said, bursting into tears, "but I feel now it's all of no good; and nothing comes of my prayers, or you would have been well by now."

"Well, never mind, go to church to-night, Sarah, and finish your nine Fridays—do, love, for my sake, if for nothing else—it's just when we feel like that we want to pray the more. Give me my beads before you go and ask Mrs. Burke to look in as you go by."

She fetched her hat and shawl reluctantly; but she kissed her mother, and went out, "just to please her."

Johnny was waiting for her at the end of the yard. "I thought you'd come," he said; "better be smart, it only wants five minutes to the Holy Hour!"

During Benediction Sarah decided she would go to confession and finish her nine Fridays. The tears provoked by her mother's unwonted tenderness had softened her hard mood a little, but spiritually she was still in a dry and barren land where no water was. She would do for duty's sake all she was wont to do, as well as she could. After her confession she wondered why her confessor had been so little impressed by the story of her wickedness. "Take courage," he had said, "have patience a little longer that you may not lose the reward of your sufferings. Go and ask our Lord to help you for the love of His Sacred Heart." She went and knelt down at the altar of the Sacred Heart and prayed obediently "Lord help me for the love of Thy Sacred Heart." She said it over and over again, for she seemed to have lost the faculty of making a prayer by any mental effort of her own.

It was enough and the sacramental grace did the rest; for, though the girl only wept in a weak helpless way, her tears were prayers; she had resigned herself to the will of God. She humbled herself exceedingly as she thought how she had been found amongst those faithless and faint-hearted ones—who would follow Jesus to the breaking of bread, but not to the drinking of His chalice. A woman with a shawl over her head came and knelt down beside her—it was Mrs. Dixon—her husband was in the hospital, being one of those injured in the strike riots, and she had six children. She was crying—no wonder—there would be many women crying in the church to-night, and she had much to be thankful for compared to most of them. Jesus was always good to women and little children and He would hear their prayers and help them soon; and the strike must be settled one way or another before many more weeks. "Oh rest in the Lord—wait patiently for Him and He will give thee thy heart's desire"—she said the words quietly over to herself—and this time they had spirit and meaning and consolation.

Johnny, the faithful, was waiting for her outside. He had beguiled the tedium of the wait by raising a fine slide, and with a few kindred spirits was "keeping the pot abiling." There was a young man standing by the gate as Sarah came out. As she passed, he moved slowly away. Something in his walk and the set of his shoulders arrested the girl's attention, and she turned 'round and looked after him, till Johnny joined her.

"That's a strange chap," said he, following the direction of her gaze, "he stopped and asked me the way to the Catholic church, when I was waiting for you before the service, and I saw him in the church afterwards."

"Yes," said Sarah, with a sigh. He had made her think of Jim, somehow.

"Bill Smith says that the new superintendent in his department of the engineering works is a Catholic. It might be him," went on Johnny. "It might. He's a masher and all if it *is* him; but he gets grand pay, they say—he's such a good hand."

"Make haste, Johnny, it's so cold."

"Not nearly so cold as it was before church. I believe it's going to thaw."

"Oh, pray that it may, Johnny."

"I have prayed," said the boy in a tone which conveyed the impression that the matter was as good as settled.

At the other end of the street the shrill voice of a newspaper boy was suddenly heard, calling, "Latest, pink

edition—miners' conference at the Mansion House—probable end of the strike!"

"Oh, listen, Johnny," said Sarah. "Let's hurry up and tell mother."

The brother and sister were amongst the first in church next morning for the half-past five Mass—Johnny had his tea-can in his hand—and would go straight to work after Mass—for it *was* a thaw and a drizzling rain was falling. He left after a brief thanksgiving and as he passed out a young man who was kneeling at the end of the church rose from his knees and followed him. He touched the boy's shoulder. "One minute, please," he said, "but do you mind telling me the name of the young lady who was in church with you?"

"It's my sister," said Johnny guardedly.

"So I fancied. May I ask the name?"

"Happens you've mistook her for somebody you know—you're a stranger here, aren't you?"

"Listen, my lad, isn't her name Sarah?"

"Yes, it is."

"Sarah McDermott?"

"Why did you ask if you knew?"

"To make sure; that will do, thank you," he smiled as he spoke, "I'll see you again." And with a nod, he left the bewildered Johnny and went into the church again.

"He has clean forgotten me," said the stranger to himself; "if Sarah has done the same it's a bad look-out for me." Sarah was still kneeling with her face in her hands, he could not but notice that the hands, though white and shapely, were sadly too thin, and that the whole figure had a drooping, broken look about it, and was very poorly clad. His heart smote him—he had not treated her well—perhaps she would never forgive him. She was a proud one always was Sarah—well, she should know all, and if she would only let him, he would make it up to her. God knows, he would try his best, anyway; he had never meant to give her up, and he was always true to her in his heart, if his fancy had strayed for a time.

When Sarah came down the aisle there was a beautiful light on her pale, sweet face, but how thin and fragile she looked; she might have been the ghost of the bright, healthy girl he left four years ago. He passed out behind her, and touching her gently on the arm, said "Sarah." She turned quickly with a little cry of surprise. "Who is it," she asked—with her eyes on his face, and he said, "Have you forgotten me, Sarah?"

"O Jim," she said, "O Jim, Jim."

She put out both her hands; he drew one through his arm and held it, and drew her slowly along, "I thought you were dead. I thought you must surely be dead," she said, drying her eyes. "I shouldn't have known you, you are so changed, and—and big."

"And you are so changed and wee; have you been ill that you're so wasted?"

"No, but mother has, and I've been nursing her, and its been bad times here lately with the coal strike, you know."

"I've been seeking you everywhere, Sarah; I came home four months ago, and was taken on soon after by the old firm. I was told you had gone to Bradford, but tho' I inquired at the churches and all the likely places, I could hear nothing of you."

"We were only there a short time, and we made no friends."

"I was offered a good post here, in Green's engineering works, and I began work on Monday, and I went to the church last night, thinking, if by any chance you were in this town, I should see you there."

"I was very nearly not going last night."

"When I saw you I could not make up my mind that it was really you, and I did not dare to speak to you, dreading another disappointment. Oh, Sarah, I'm overjoyed at finding you again."

"It is I have found you Jim—thank God—you never lost me, I should have waited for you all my life; I am not

twenty miles from our old home now, and we should have met before long, I am sure."

He pressed her arm lovingly. "I did nearly lose you, all the same, Sarah, and through my own fault. I have to make my confession and get your forgiveness. Will you hear it now?"

"Yes, go on."

"Well, you know after I finished the job I went out on, I fell ill. I strained myself to begin with, and then took a fever on the top of it. I was off my head for some time, and that is how I didn't write to you, to tell you I was ill. The woman I lodged with nursed me, together with her daughter, a big handsome girl—a b o u n c e r, Sarah, with eyes like coals. We had been pretty friendly before I became ill, but when I came to mend up a bit I found somehow I had become her property altogether.

Sarah withdrew her hand from his arm, and pretended to re-pin her shawl. He noticed it, but went on.

"We were sweethearts for a bit, but as I got to know her better, I saw she was never going to be the wife for me; she was a flirt and a bold one, and as flighty as they make 'em. I never really loved her, but she was kind to me when I was ill, and I was grateful, and glad of her company that weary time. Can you understand, Sarah? When I broke with her I was too disgusted with myself to write to you. I thought I would try my fortune a while out there, make a bit of money and go home and ask you to forgive me, and marry me if you were still free. Do I ask too much, Sarah."

"This is our house, come in," said the girl, in answer; her voice was strained and cold he thought, and his heart sank. She placed a chair for him, but he did not sit down, and she stood and faced him. There's nothing for me to forgive, Jim," she said with her head held up a little proudly. "You were never bound to me by any promise, you were free then and you are free now."

"Don't, Sarah!" he groaned.

"All black-eyed girls are not bold flirts. You may have better luck another time," but her voice shook, and Jim seized his opportunity.

"Yes, I guess I shall," he said, taking her into his arms, "there is only one girl in the world for me, and I've got her now, and mean to keep her in spite of herself."

* * *

The next time the chimes played, "Oh, Rest in the Lord," it was the morning of the New Year, and the eve of Sarah's wedding, and when she burst into tears and hid her face on Jim's shoulder he was not a little dismayed. "It's nothing Jim," she sobbed, "only I'm so happy. I don't deserve it."

"Oh, is that all?" he said, "then I wouldn't trouble too much about it, if I were you." It was not *all*, as a matter of fact, but an old sorrow had stirred and waked at the sound of the chimes; it only asked for a passing sigh; but as the girl's heart was full, she gave it tears as well."

TALKS ON ETHICS.

By Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.

"Good or evil in moral matters means agreement with or divergence from reason."
—*St. Thomas.*

OUR last talk came to a close with a citation from St. Thomas, in which he answered the question, "Is all pleasure evil?" Indeed a startling question; a question certainly striking enough to awaken the Epicure from his sensuous and selfish dream. How many are willing to admit that pleasure cannot be loved for its own sweet sake?

I return to a former statement, that there is an end which is intermediate and an end which is last. This last end I would divide into last relative and last absolute. I mean by a last end that good or perfection which is the last intended by the agent. Now, we'll bring the statue on the stage again. I make the statue for glory. Since the reaching of glory prompts me to the performance, glory is my ultimate end. I have another end in view, of course, prior to glory, the making of the statue, that is, in other words, the intermediate end.

But now what is an absolute last end? It is that beyond which there is no other end. Is it possible for a man to reach an end which, when he possesses it, no further end is attainable? This is an important question in moral philosophy.

We have admitted that we have been created. There is an honest pride within us that compels us to assert that we have not been created by our own equals, but rather by some superior being, and, I will go as far as to assert, by the most perfect of all beings. In the statement of this proposition a very large truth is expressed. I wonder can I prove there is a last end? If I do, I shall have accomplished a great deal. St. Thomas asked the question: "Is there any last end of human conduct?" Here is the answer: "In things there is found a two-fold order, to wit, the order of intention and the order of execution. In both orders there must be some first point. That which is first in the order of intention is a sort of principle moving the desire. Take that principle away from the desire and you have nothing to move it. The moving principle of the execution is that from whence the work begins. Take away that moving principle, and none would begin to work at anything. Now, the moving principle of the intention is the last end; the moving principle of the execution is the first step in the way of means to the end. Thus, then, on neither side is it possible to act on to infinity (indefinitely): because if there were no last end, nothing would be desired, nor any action have a term, nor would the intention of the agent rest. On the other hand, if there were no first step in the means to the end, no one would begin to work again, and deliberation would never terminate, but go on to infinity (indefinitely)."

I have supplied the word "indefinitely," meaning "without stopping." My proposition is that man has an absolute last end. A proposition, as you know, is a statement proven or to be proved. It may be true in itself, but we do not accept it as such until we have proved it. The shortest and clearest way of establishing a proposition is that form of argument called a syllogism. It consists of three propositions. Philosophers have gone into raptures over the perfectness of the form and the wonderful advantages of the syllogistic method. I said it consisted of three propositions. There is a major proposition, a minor proposition, and a conclusion. It is

built up upon the axiom, that two things equal to a third thing are equal to each other. We take two propositions and compare them with a third, which third is generally something taken for granted, or better, inexorably conclusive. If we prove that the two things are identical with the third, "it follows as the night the day," that they are identical with each other. For example: "Whatever is desirable is good; money is desirable; therefore money is good." This is a syllogism so positively conclusive that everybody will concede its major, minor and conclusion; so positively conclusive that from sunrise to sunset everybody is impelled to action by its irresistible logic.

What are the two things I compare? I compare "money" and I compare "good" with "desirable." If I find that "money" and "good" are equal to "desirable" I must say that "money" and "good" are equal to each other. My term of comparison is desirable. "Whatever is desirable is good." Everybody will admit that money is desirable; at least, it does not come often in the experience of individuals to meet their fellows who put money among the unwished for things. What follows? Money, therefore, is good. Everybody will admit this inference. The syllogism is faultless. It is true materially, that is to say, every proposition in it is tenable; and it is true formally, that is to say that the third proposition flows from the two others by a sequence which cannot be gainsaid.

But now to come back to the important proposition, which I shall formulate thus: God is man's last end, for if it be manifest that God is the last end of man it will simultaneously be demonstrated that man has a last end. As I said, this is a large proposition and paves the way to very large conclusions. Here is how I shall avail myself of the syllogistic form of argument. Remember, that in this proposition the two things I am going to consider are "God" and "man." The best way to be convinced that God is the last end of man is to refer to something which is certain about God and about man. If, from my consideration of God, it follows God must be the last end of man, I have enough to prove my proposition. But, if along with something I know about God, I have helping me what I know about man, increased cogency is added to my proposition.

I would say God is necessarily man's last end if (I am giving you, as the "if" indicates, a conditional syllogism) God must be, by His own perfection, man's last end, and if man, on account of man's perfections, must have God as his last end. Is there any loophole here through which the little mouse of illogicalism can escape?

God is man's last end if God's nature demands it to be so, and if man's nature calls for it. I am putting it definitely now. Please remember that I am talking—chatting—and not the principal figure in a public philosophical disputation, the "bull's-eye" at which every shot is to be aimed. We are simply confabulating together, and whether by straight lines or by roundabout lines, if I reach the bourne all will be right. Please remember that I am not dodging. I am willing squarely to meet every objection. Somebody asked me one time, "What steered a locomotive?" I must honestly say that for a moment I didn't know what to answer, but at last I thought it was the track. Now, this talk is the track. It goes straight here and crooked there; and I am the train.

But, to come back to the syllogism. If God's nature and man's nature make it imperative that God be the last end of man, then God is man's last end; but both God's nature and man's nature make this to be imperative; therefore God is man's last end.

Parenthetically let me say, I do not know what some of my old professors would think of this syllogism. But you remember the old French king to whom,

when he was on his deathbed, his confessor put this question: "Do you forgive all your enemies?" "My enemies? I have none; I killed them all." Now, I didn't kill all my professors, but I think they are all dead.

It seems to me, however, my syllogism is clear. Perhaps its elucidation will not be so evident. Let us see. God is necessarily man's last end if the nature of God and the nature of man require it to be so. Is there any doubt about that? It means simply this: that if God was not the last end of man, God would not be God, and man would not be man. For it seems to be requisite both of the nature of man and of the nature of God, that is to say, of the essence of man and the essence of God, that God be the last reason why man is; in other words, that God be the last end of man.

We have only two things to consider—God and man. Now, I say if God's nature demands that He be man's last end, what is the minor? That God's nature and man's exact this. Let us examine whether this be so or no. God is the most perfect being; when He acts, He acts for an end, but for a most perfect end, for an end worthy of Himself. Is this not undoubtedly true? We, in our poor, miserable entities, qualify ourselves by the ends we have in view. We say a man is degraded because he has a degraded end before him. Apply this statement to the various earthly careers, and see how perfectly beyond cavil it is. Now, if what we say about ourselves be true, it must be also true—only more perfectly—about God. . . . Could any reasonable being deny that when God acts He acts for an end? Bear in mind always, that whatever we can do God can do and does, only flawlessly. For example, God has being as we have being, only His being is without limit or defect. I think it is Bossuet that says to the atheist whom Scripture stigmatizes as a "fool": "You, you with your imperfections, with your degradation, with your corruptibility exist, and you dare say that God, with His perfections and His incorruptibility does not exist! More are the reasons for the existence of God than for the existence of a fool!"

We sometimes excuse ourselves by saying that we acted without thinking, and the reply is that we should have thought. Certainly we would not say that God acts without thinking, and certainly we would assert that, by all means, when there was question of such a magnificent achievement as the creation of man, it was accompanied by the most perfect deliberation.

Words tremble when they touch the things of God and are inaccurate, and I am forbidden by my theology to use the word "deliberation" in connection with God. But you understand my meaning. It stands to reason that when God performed the act of which man's creation was the result, God thought of what He was doing. It stands to reason that He had an end in view. Because He is the being He is, He must have an end worthy of Himself. Where am I going to find anything worthy of God except Himself? I don't see that this can be offset by any rational contradiction. I am justified in concluding that God was obliged (I use the term "obliged" tremblingly). But here the obligation comes from Himself; He has no superior but Himself; and the obligation comes from His own nature) by the perfection of His nature, to establish for Himself an end in creating man. The end had to be worthy of Himself, hence He alone in His infinite grandeur, in His infinite reality, in His infinite personality, could be in prospect. So I say that in looking only at God in the splendidness of His nature, He must be man's absolute last end, over and beyond which there is no other end for man.

If we come to the second part of our minor, "that man's nature declares that God alone can be the last end of his existence," what do we find? Man, inasmuch as he is man, is specifically constituted man by his reason. The one

thing that separates us from beasts is reason. We don't always use our reason, and when we don't, we descend to the level of the brute.

Robert Burns, the genius and epicure, sitting down to dinner, and noticing the spread of eatables and drinkables before him, said to his fellows: "How are we going to drink to-night—like men or like beasts?" "Oh!" they said; "Such a question! Of course, like men!" "Then," replied he, "we shall be under the table before morning." When men act unreasonably, they lose title to their manhood, because reason is their distinguishing prerogative.

Now, man's reason is almost an infinite faculty; it never ceases in its operations—it never satisfies itself. It is filled with desires to know more and more, and there is no created thing—nothing finite that is going to satisfy it. It will never discover in any created thing—take these things specifically—it will never find in any created thing that which will satisfy its yearning for more knowledge, I don't care what the created thing is. Let me suppose that in the world there is one body that embraces in itself the totality of all created things. Let me suppose that it was possible for man to hold in his hands the whole universe, not merely the earth, but the planets and the whole solar system. Let me suppose that a man studied it and grasped all there was to be known about it. When he was perfectly satisfied that there was nothing further to learn about it in itself, would not one more question come into his mind? That question would be, "Who made it all?" His curiosity would leap beyond that created thing that I suppose holds all created things in itself, to the cause.

Now, the mind of man is the light of his soul. Man wills as he knows. We have the expression: "What a man doesn't know won't trouble him." Tacitus says "We have no desire for things we know not," but we have a desire for the things we know. The measure of our desires is our knowledge; as we know, we desire. If there is anything beyond the created universe, within the possibility of the intelligence to know, the will will desire that thing.

This is the general way to satisfy ourselves as to the fact, that man requires not the finite but the infinite to satisfy him. But there is only one object that is infinite, and that is God.

These two parts proven, I will draw our conclusion that God is necessarily man's last end. God is necessarily man's last end if God's nature calls for it to be so, and if man's nature calls for it to be so. But God's nature and man's nature call for it to be so. Therefore, God is necessarily man's last end. My syllogism summed up means simply this: God is man's last end, because God's perfection and man's nature compel it. Really, I see no need of going into further arguments. God is the first being; He is the most perfect of all beings. There is no limit to His perfections. A little serious thought will make this plain. Try to fathom what is included in the idea of being the first being—the limitless existence of such a being—the absolute charms of such a being. A perfect being must have in some way or other (but always perfectly) whatever attributes any being can have. He is most perfect in everything he is, and he cannot help judging himself to be the most perfect of beings. If the sun had consciousness and could look at its light, it would have to say it was the brightest of stars; if the rose had intelligence, the rose would be forced to admit that its fragrance was sweet. God knows Himself and what He is, and God is necessitated by His nature to come (to use our way of speaking) to a conclusion that He is the most perfect being, therefore the best, therefore the most desirable, therefore the last end of all beings. He cannot suffer Himself to be despised. God cannot allow any one to take His place; He cannot be unreasonable, if I

may use the expression. He must admit that He is the most perfect—the best—contains all good—and consequently that He is the one that is above all to be loved. Therefore, when He directs the existence of an intelligent being, He has to direct it to Himself, as He is the most desirable thing for that intelligent being He creates. This, I think, is no specious argument, and will repay a little study.

God is the highest being, and when He made the universe He must have had a purpose. He could not make it for a purpose unworthy of Himself, and as He alone is worthy of Himself, He Himself must have been that purpose. He could not help it. Another way of coming to the same conclusion is that, when God created, the end of His creation was His own glory. In creating for Himself, was He going to add anything to Himself intrinsically? If you give the sun part of the moon's light, the sun would have no more light than it has, for the light of the moon is the light of the sun. What good do creatures do God? Absolutely no good whatever intrinsically. It does seem hard to profess this, but we have to take things as they are and allow that as far as God individually is concerned, we give Him no more than the flowers do the sun. What do we do for God? One thing only; we glorify Him. If His purpose, and He could have none other, was that creatures should glorify Him, then those that have the power of knowing Him should know Him, for "glory" means "knowledge with praise."

The end, therefore, of creation, looking at it from the standpoint of the Deity, is that man should glorify God by knowing Him. He knows the most perfect of all beings, therefore the most desirable. So, you see, reason imposes on man the inquiry after God, which is the highest search in which man's activity may interest itself.

When man knows God, he must praise Him, he must say He is the best, and he must say, "I want the best." The man you find doing that is a saint, for sanctity is nothing else than knowing God and praising Him by the adoration and worship of the intelligence, of the heart, of the senses, of the entirety of our nature. It is in the very essence of our nature to be saints. We all lie under the obligation of dedicating the service of our energies to God. It makes our responsibility terrible.

I am not talking religion; simply ethics. Aristotle, Plato, and all the pagan philosophers have admitted either in principle or conclusion what we say. Who was the American orator that, when asked what he looked upon as the most solemn thought that engaged his attention, answered: "It is the thought of my responsibility to my Maker?" Was it Webster? Whoever it was, he said well. He said in another way what Christ said: "Be ye perfect as also my heavenly Father is perfect."

This is the outcome of the first, the most elementary fact within the range of moral philosophy. If man knows the best, his reason—his very nature must desire the best. Man knows the best, and, therefore, his ambition must reach out to it. The expansive faculty within us, that is to say, our will, is in proportion to the apprehensive faculty. It is laid upon us as a primal obligation, by our natural constitution, that we should desire as we know.

We said an end was a good, a perfection, something that completes — that finishes. We talked about a man being perfect—happy. Because our desires are unsatisfied, we are unhappy. Whence I may say the more a thing approaches its principle, participates in its principle, the more perfect, the more happy, the more satisfied it is. What is the principle of man? God. Is it not true the more a man participates in the principle from which he springs, the more perfect he is? Let me translate from a French writer: "Our soul is a point, as it were, from which point infinite lines of desire may

proceed in all directions. Divine goodness is, so to speak, the circumference containing in itself the totality of all good. Though infinite lines may be drawn from the centre, they will all come in contact with the circumference. So, too, when a human soul is established in the possession of good, it is surrounded on all sides by the immense goodness of the Maker, and, although still despatching from itself infinite lines of desire, they will all be met by the divine goodness which holds in itself all perfection."

How can God make a man perfectly happy? Because He is all-good. What are the sources of happiness in this life? They are the pleasures of sense and of mind. These goods in themselves are desirable things. Whence does a thing obtain its desirability? From God who made it and all pleasurable things. If God has given us so much beauty in the world, He must have all that beauty in some way or other in Himself. If God made individuals so that they may be worlds of happiness for us, whence received they that power? From Him. He holds everything, only with this difference, that He holds everything perfectly. What we find lovable in men and things is lovable, only infinitely so, in Him. When we are in the possession of God, we are like a point established in the centre of a circumference. The circumference is God, and no matter where our ideas shoot, they always touch God. This is what our reason seems to teach us. But on these points we shall have more to say in our next conversation.

GOLGOTHA.

By Rev. James Conway, S.J.

DUE north of Mount Sion, outside the walls of the city of Jerusalem, lay the hill of Golgotha or Calvary, probably so called from its shape and bare appearance, which resembled that of a skull or bald head. This was the place chosen for the execution of our Lord. Here also was the grave in which He was laid after His death, and from which He gloriously arose on the third day. This place, which since the time of the crucifixion underwent many changes, is now the site of the great church of the Holy Sepulchre, where the exact spot on which the Cross stood and the tomb of our Lord was situated, are still pointed out with much probability.

With regard to the identity of the place itself there can be no reasonable doubt, as there is a constant and uninterrupted tradition pointing to this site. St. John and the other apostles and disciples, and the holy women, who were present at the crucifixion and doubtless frequently visited the grave of our Lord, could identify the spot after the destruction of Jerusalem. So could all the Christians in and around Jerusalem, who were naturally drawn to this holy place. As an insult to Christianity the Roman Emperor Hadrian built a shrine of Venus over the Holy Sepulchre. This sacrilegious monument marked the spot for two centuries, until the Emperor Constantine and his mother, St. Helena, caused the idols to be removed, and after laborious excavations identified the holy tomb, over which a magnificent monument, known as the *Anastasis*, was erected, and beside it, on the hill itself, the Basilica *Martyrion*, which stood for 300 years.

These monuments, it is true, were destroyed by Chosroes II., King of the Persians, A. D. 614; but they were immediately restored by Modestus, Patriarch of Jerusalem. In 1010 they were again levelled to the ground by the

GOLGOTHA—J. L. GEROME.

Turks. In 1048, by order of the Greek Emperor, Constantine Monomachus, a new church was raised over the Holy Sepulchre, while a chapel marked the spot of the crucifixion on Golgotha. In the year 1103 the present structure was begun by the Crusaders, and completed in 1130. There has been no substantial alteration made since in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The tradition, in regard to the site of Golgotha is, therefore, constant and uninterrupted. The pilgrim who visits the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is as sure to stand on the spot on which Christ was crucified and buried as we can be of any historical fact, of which we have not direct evidence. When, therefore, Archdeacon Farrar, who fairly represents Protestant skepticism, says in his Life of Christ: "All that we know of Golgotha, all that we shall ever know, all that God willed to be known, is that it was without the city gate," he knows not whereof he speaks, and ignores one of the first principles of historic research.

Weighed down by the heavy weight of the Cross, exhausted by the scourging and the manifold hardships, sufferings and ill-treatment of the morning and the preceding night, before the sixth hour of the day, that is, towards noontide, our Lord arrived on the hill of Calvary. Tradition tells us that, while preparations were being made for the execution, He was shut up in a cave in the northern side of the rock—which spot is still shown in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here He offered, as it were, the preparatory prayers of the great sacrifice which He was about to consummate.

As soon as the Cross was prepared and erected, He was led forth from His confinement and was confronted again with the instrument of His torture. What a pang of suffering must have pierced His Sacred Heart when he beheld that gibbet, the mere thought of which, in the Garden of Olives, pressed the drops of sweat and blood from the pores of His sacred body! Yet we cannot but think that, like His apostle and martyr, St. Andrew, He hailed the holy Cross with exultation: "Hail, sweet Cross! thou long desired, for a longing Heart prepared! O admirable Cross! O lovable Cross! O refulgent Cross, that dost shed thy splendor over the entire world!"

Thus rejoicing at heart the Lord approaches the altar upon which He is to be immolated, on which the world is to

be redeemed by the sacrifice of His life's blood. "I have a baptism," He said, "wherewith I am to be baptized, and how am I straightened until it be accomplished." "If I be lifted up from the earth, I shall draw all things to myself."

The holy women, according to the prevalent custom, had prepared for Him a mixture of strong wine and bitter spices to mitigate the sufferings of the execution. To show His recognition He tasted of it, but did not drink. He wished to drink the cup of His passion with full consciousness and to experience all its bitterness. Therefore He drank not. His garments, that now cleave to His wounded body, are again torn from His limbs, and all His wounds are opened afresh, and the sufferings of the scourging are renewed.

Now followed the cruel ordeal of the crucifixion itself. The crucifixion is commonly represented as follows: The Cross was laid on the ground, and the Saviour was stretched out upon it, and His hands and feet were successively nailed to it, as usually represented on our crucifixes. Then the Cross was raised, and the stem fastened in the cavity prepared to receive it.

However, it seems more consistent with Roman usage, and with the tradition of the ancient Fathers, that the Cross was first erected, and that the body was then hoisted up with ropes and put astride a wooden projection, sufficiently high to bring the hands within convenient reach of the horizontal beam of the Cross. This appendage to the Cross, however, for evident artistic reasons, has never been represented in Christian art. The body was first fastened to the Cross with ropes, and then the hands and feet were nailed to the wood with iron spikes, after which the ropes were removed, and the body hung freely upon the Cross, sufficiently supported by the *sedile* (or seat) only to prevent the hands from being torn by the weight of the body.

However we may picture to ourselves this inhuman execution, certain it is that it was unspeakably painful to our Blessed Lord. His sense of shame, that was keen and delicate, was deeply wounded by His exposure before a rough and licentious mob. His strength was exhausted by hunger and thirst and fatigue and suffering, while He refused to take any refreshment. His wounds were torn open while He was being raised and stretched and fastened upon the Cross. His hands and feet, that were most tender, fashioned, as it were, purposely for suffering, endured the most intense pain from the rough and blunt nails that were forced through them with violent blows. Each nail was a new martyrdom. At every blow a fresh pang shoots through His entire frame. His body is distorted; His breast heaves; His Heart throbs violently and fitfully from the irregular circulation of the blood, which in some parts of the body is congested, while from others it flows in copious streams; and on His aching temples presses the heavy crown of sharp thorns. Oh! what a sorry sight!

This is the sad spectacle which, revealed to the prophets, forced them to utter those doleful lamentations. "O, all ye that pass by the way, behold, and see if there be a sorrow like unto my sorrow. They have dug my hands and feet; they have numbered all my bones. A worm and no man; the reproach of men and the outcast of the people. There is no beauty in him nor comeliness; and we have seen him, and there was no sightliness, that we should be desirous of him: despised and the most abject of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity. . . . Surely he hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows; and we have thought him, as it were, a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted. But he was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins, the chastisement of our peace was upon him and by his bruises we are healed. . . . The Lord hath laid our iniquities upon

him. He was offered because it was his own will, and he opened not his mouth; he shall be led like a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before the shearer, and he shall not open his mouth."

The process of the execution was completed by nailing to the Cross the title and cause of His crucifixion. The main charge brought against our Lord was that He made Himself King of the Jews, in other words, that He proclaimed Himself as the Messias. This was a capital offence with the Jews, but only in the case of an impostor. It was treason with the Romans, who could acknowledge no king but Cæsar. But Jesus, by his miracles, had proved Himself the Messias, and He assured Pilate that His Kingdom was not of this world, and, therefore, not opposed to the dominion of Cæsar. Yet His death was a foregone conclusion. A title had to be found; and Pilate judged that this title would be the most satisfactory to Jew and Roman. So the inscription, embodying the charge, in three languages, was affixed to the Cross. The Hebrew version read: JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS; the Greek: THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS; and the Latin simply: KING OF THE JEWS. Thus the Messiaship of Jesus Christ was publicly proclaimed to Jew and Gentile in the three languages which then represented the world's power, culture and civilization.

It would seem that our Lord was not made to bear the inscription, as was customary, on the way to Calvary, since the Jews did not discover it until after the crucifixion. On discovering it they immediately raised a protest, saying: Write not "the King of the Jews," but that He said: "I am the King of the Jews." But Pilate now, for the first time, remained steadfast in his determination, and answered: *Quod scripsi, scripsi;* what I have written I have written. Thus he unwittingly bore testimony to the divine mission of our Lord.

THE CRUCIFIXION—MUNKACSY.

The soldiers now proceeded to the division of His garments, which, by custom, became the booty of the executioners. They divided them into four parts, and, lest any one should have any preference in the distribution, they cast lots to

decide which portion should fall to each. But they did not divide the seamless tunic, which His Mother had woven for Him, but cast lots, whose it should be. This seamless tunic, which was not divided, is regarded by the Fathers of the Church as a type of the one and undivided Church of Christ. As this tunic, divided into four parts, could serve no useful purpose, so the Church of Christ, if divided into sections, would cease to be His.

Naked and poor, stripped of all earthly goods, Jesus came into this world; naked and poor He departs. Thus in His passage to His Father, as well as in His entrance into the world, He wished to teach us the lesson of detachment from, and contempt of, the things of earth.

Those garments, that were soaked in the blood of our Lord, were of infinite value in the eyes of His friends. They were purchased at a high price, probably by the holy women, who had followed our Lord to Calvary, and have been preserved as costly relics in the Church; and the seamless tunic is still preserved, and has been recently exposed for the veneration of the faithful in Treves, in Germany.

Now the three hours' agony on the Cross, that dread ordeal of nameless sufferings, begins. The first incident that the Gospel mentions is the mocking of our Lord by the mob. An execution always draws large crowds. The multitude was large and motley at the crucifixion of our Lord. The publicity of the place, the great renown of Jesus for wisdom and miracles, and the consequent surprise at His condemnation and death, the desire of seeing so noted a personage, attracted great numbers, most particularly as the city was then crowded with strangers, who had come from various parts for the celebration of the pasch and were naturally eager for sight-seeing.

These strangers are the first mentioned among the scoffers of our Lord. "They that passed by blasphemed him, wagging their heads, and saying: Ah! thou that destroyest the temple of God, and in three days buildest it up again, save thyself; if thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross."

The chief priests, the scribes and ancients, the representatives of the Synagogue and the chief council of the Jews, re-echoed the blasphemies of the common rout: "He saved others, himself he cannot save. If he be Christ, the chosen of God, the king of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, that we may see and believe him. He trusted in God; let him deliver him now, if he will have him; for he said: I am the son of God."

The soldiers also mocked Him, offering Him vinegar to drink, and saying: "If thou be king of the Jews, save thyself."

In like manner, one of the robbers, who were crucified with Him—one on either side of Him—blasphemed Him, saying: "If thou be the Christ save thyself and us."

We see, then, that all classes—Jew and Gentile; Roman, Greek and Barbarian; priest and layman; nobleman and commoner—all united to add to the bodily and mental suffering of our Lord.

They revile Him in every one of His great attributes. They blaspheme Him as God, as Messias, as King, as High-priest, as Prophet, as Benefactor, as Wonder-worker.

And how did our Lord receive all those insults? With the greatest patience, meekness, and forbearance. As before Herod, Jesus was silent and spoke not a word—as the sheep led to the slaughter, as the lamb before the shearer. "My heart is troubled," said the Psalmist in His name, "and my strength hath left me. . . . My friends and my neighbors have drawn near, and stood against me. And they that were near me stood afar off; and they that sought my soul used violence; and they that sought evil to me spoke vain things, and studied deceits all the day long. But I, as a deaf man, heard not; and as a dumb man not opening his mouth; and I became as a

man that heareth not, and hath no reproofs in his mouth."

At length the Lord did open His lips, not to revile or to curse, but to pray and to bless. He prayed for His torturers, revilers and blasphemers: "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*" This was the first word spoken by our Lord on the Cross—a word of mercy and forgiveness. St. Luke seems to refer this word to the executioners; but, as Father Coleridge remarks, according to the meaning of the original text, this prayer was uttered not only once, but Jesus *kept saying:* "Father, forgive them." We must, therefore, suppose that this prayer of our Lord included also His scoffers, and His enemies generally, and that it was effectual for all, according to the degree of their ignorance. Hence so many returned from Calvary beating their breasts in repentance, and saying: "Truly, this is the Son of God."

The second word of our Lord was addressed to the penitent thief. One of the robbers, who were crucified with Him (tradition gives him the name of Gesmas) joined in the chorus of blasphemers, and said to Jesus: "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us;" but the other (who is known by the name of Dismas) rebuked him saying: "Neither dost thou fear God, seeing thou art under the same condemnation. And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds. But this man hath done no evil." And he added: "Lord, remember me when thou shalt come to thy kingdom."

Here we have the model of a true conversion to God. The grace of God, doubtless, prevented this poor sinner. But he co-operated with grace. He rebuked the blasphemy of his companion, humbly acknowledged his own guilt, confessed the innocence of Jesus, believed, hoped and prayed. His confidence was more than realized. His prayer was answered abundantly. He received more than he asked for. He heard from the lips of the Saviour the merciful words: "*Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.*" How wonderful the love, mercy and bounty of the Sacred Heart!

But here we have, at the same time, an instance of the wonderful workings of divine grace. These two thieves are in the same condition. Both are called to repentance. The grace of God is held out to both. One follows the invitation; the other remains obstinate. One is converted that we may not despair; the other is hardened that we may not presume.

The third word of Jesus on the Cross is addressed to His Mother and His Beloved Disciple, St. John. There stood beneath the Cross of Jesus all this time His Mother, and the other holy women, who had followed his blood-stained footsteps on the *via dolorosa*. John, the faithful and loving Disciple, whom Jesus loved, was there. Jesus, who forgets His own sufferings and only thinks of His friends, will now repay them for their fidelity. The dearest He had to leave in this world was His Mother, whom He loved so tenderly. He will make the best possible provision for her, leave her in the best possible hands. Where could He find a more tender and loving son for her than the virginal youth, her own kinsman, who had imbibed all the affection of Jesus' loving Heart for His Virgin Mother? To the Beloved Disciple, on the other hand, He wished to bequeath personally the dearest and best He had in life—His own peerless Mother.

Therefore casting a glance of unspeakable love and tenderness on His Mother and the Beloved Disciple, who stood beside her, He said to His Mother: "*Woman, behold thy son.*" And then, addressing the Disciple, He said: "*Behold thy mother.*" And from that hour the Disciple took her to his own. This solemn making over of His Mother to St. John as his own, and of St. John to her as her son, it is true, is something personal. Yet it confirms the relation of universal spiritual motherhood and son-

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS—DELAROCHE.

ship which exists between the Mother of God and all of us. She is the second Eve, the mother of all the living, who gave to us Jesus Christ, who is the true life of our souls; and as such she is our true Mother according to the spirit. As St. John, then, represented the whole Church of Christ under the Cross, in him we may all be said in this solemn act to have been delivered to her as children and to have received her as Mother; and, consequently, not only the Beloved Disciple, but the whole Church and all the Church's children, have taken her to their own. To every one of us, then, the Lord says from the Cross: "Behold thy mother," and, pointing to every one of us, He says to His Mother: "Behold thy son."

It was at this stage of the passion that the darkness set in and covered the face of the earth. "It was almost the sixth hour, and the sun was darkened, and there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. There was no natural cause assignable for this darkness; there was no eclipse of the sun possible. It was not that darkness which ordinarily precedes an earthquake, for it was universal, and lasted for nearly three hours. It must, therefore, be pronounced miraculous. It was senseless nature expressing her sympathy with her suffering Creator. The historian Suidas relates that Dionysius the Areopagite, who observed this wonderful phenomenon in Egypt, exclaimed: "Either God is suffering, and nature sympathizes with Him, or else the world is nearing its destruction." Other ancient writers and public documents confirm the universality of this mysterious darkness, which, on that day, enveloped the eastern half of the globe.

This exterior darkness was a fit symbol of the dark cloud of sorrow and abandonment which lowered upon the soul of the dying Saviour. True, the Godhead, which was unseparably united with the humanity of Christ, had not for a moment abandoned Him; nay, not even the beatific vision, which He always possessed in His humanity. But the effects of this mysterious union and blissful vision were, for the time being, by Jesus' own free will, suspended. As in the Garden of Olives here also He abandoned Himself altogether to His sorrows and sufferings. His soul grew sorrowful unto death.

There was nothing to console Him. Everything tended to increase His grief

and abandonment. His heavenly Father had withdrawn His sensible consolation from Him. Before Him stood His Mother in unspeakable agony. Around Him He hears only scoffs, mockery, blasphemy. His apostles and disciples, all but one, are fled. One of them had betrayed Him with the traitor's kiss, and died a reprobate's death. He sees also the numberless souls who will crucify Him again by their sins, making Him a mockery, and will die in their sins, like Judas and the impenitent thief, despite the shedding of His blood.

Weighed down with these manifold sorrows He broke out into the words of the twenty-first Psalm, crying out with a loud voice: "*Eloi, Eloi, lamma Sabbacthani*, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." This was the fourth word He spoke on the Cross. The first three words were words of prayer for His enemies and consolation for His friends and fellow-sufferers. Here He gives expression to His inward sufferings in the most tender and pathetic words addressed to His Father. But His words are only a signal for a new outburst of blasphemy from the by-standers.

He chooses the words of the Psalm that describes the whole ordeal of His sufferings. He recites aloud the first words, and, in all probability, repeats the rest of the Psalm in an undertone: "They have opened their mouths against me, as a lion ravening and roaring. I am poured out like water. . . . My heart is become like wax melting in the midst of my bowels. My strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue hath cleaved to my jaws."

These last words probably suggested the fifth word of Jesus on the Cross. "Jesus knowing that all things were accomplished, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, said: "*I thirst.*" That the thirst of our Lord must have been excruciating is manifest from the fact that He singles it out among all His sufferings. Of none other of His sufferings did He complain. And, in fact, excessive thirst is the most intolerable of all sufferings, so that its victims have been found even to open their own veins to quench it. Since the celebration of the pasch on the preceding evening, Jesus had not taken any refreshment. The bodily tortures which He underwent, the loss of blood, the mental anguish, the exposure necessarily induced a feverish thirst, so that His tongue literally cleaved to His jaws. Therefore, He said: "I thirst."

But He thirsted also to drink the last draught of the bitter chalice of His passion, that chalice from which He revolted when He said: "If it be possible, let this chalice pass from me." This chalice He will drink to the dregs. Moreover, this bodily thirst was but a mere symbol of His inward thirst for our salvation, for the accomplishment of the work which He came into this world to perform. Therefore, the Gospel remarks that He thirsted, and consequently said I thirst, that the Scripture might be fulfilled. This was the last item on the programme of His life-work.

Both the physical and the spiritual thirst of our Lord were intense. And how is He refreshed? A sponge filled with vinegar is applied to His lips. O what an ungrateful, niggardly return to Him who has shed all His blood for the life of the world; nay, who gives His own flesh and blood for the spiritual nourishment of man! And His spiritual thirst also remains unquenched. Those souls around Him for whose salvation He so ardently thirsts remain obstinate and continue to blaspheme, saying: "Stay, give Him not to drink; let us see if Elias will come to deliver Him."

Having tasted the vinegar, He spoke the sixth word: "*It is consummated.*" The work the Father has given Him to do is finished. The prophecies, to the last, are all fulfilled. His course is run; His sufferings are over. The Jews have done their unhallowed deed. Sin has done its worst—crucified the Son of God. The sacrifice is accomplished, the ransom is

paid. The blood of Jesus Christ is shed for us. Is there anything more that the Good Shepherd can do for His sheep, that He has not done? Is there anything more that the husbandman can do for His vineyard? No; it is finished.

Therefore with a loud voice He speaks His seventh and last word on the Cross: "*Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit;*" and bowing His head in holy submission to His heavenly Father He gave up the ghost. These words He spoke in a loud and distinct voice to show that He laid down His life freely, not of necessity; that He offered it as a sacrifice to His heavenly Father. This is the fulfilment of the words He spoke to the Jews: "I lay down my life that I may take it up again. No man taketh it away from me; but I lay it down myself; and I have power to lay it down; and I have power to take it up again."

Thus the great sacrifice of Calvary, the bloody sacrifice of the new law, of which the Son of God Himself is high-priest and victim, is accomplished on Golgotha, on the altar of the Cross. Nature herself quakes and trembles in holy awe at this tremendous act. The veil of the Temple is rent in twain, from the top even to the bottom, to show that the types of the Old Testament are fulfilled in the New, and that the Holy of Holies is now open to all. The earth quakes and the rocks are rent; the graves are opened and the dead arise and walk in the city.

Jesus, in the meantime, hangs lifeless on the Cross. A few drops of blood still linger in His Sacred Heart. These also He will shed for us. Therefore "one of the soldiers opened his side with a spear, and immediately there came out blood and water." Thus the Sacred Heart was drained of the last drop of its blood for us. "Jesus having loved his own, he loved them unto the end."

In this opening of the side of our Lord the Holy Fathers and Saints of the Church find the passage to the Sacred Heart of the Saviour. Here they find the fountain of all graces, and invite us to come and draw the waters of life from the Heart of the Saviour. Here they find an impregnable fortress, in which they exhort us to take our refuge. Here is the channel through which the cleansing, healing and strengthening sacraments of the Church proceed. From this opening of the sacred side issues the Church herself, the spouse of Christ. As Eve, the spouse of the first Adam, was taken from his side, so the Church, the immaculate spouse of the second Adam, goes forth from this precious wound.

Since, then, we have come to the sweetest Heart of Jesus, let us say with St. Bernard, and since it is well for us to be here, let us not allow ourselves to be taken away from it. Here let us tarry. Oh! how sweet it is to dwell in this Sacred Heart!

We would fain linger longer at the foot of the Cross, and see our Lord's body—ghastly, pale, stark and livid—taken down from the Cross and laid on the lap of His sorrowful Mother. We would fain contemplate her sorrows, which are great as the sea, while the sacred body is being prepared for burial and laid in the tomb. But for the present, we shall only entreat her, in the simple but touching words of the *Stabat Mater:*

Those five wounds on Jesus smitten,
Mother, in my heart be written,
Deep as in thine own they be.

THE DEAD CHRIST.—HOLBEIN.

THE BLACK FINGER.

By M. T. Waggaman.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BATTLE GAGE.

"TAKE a seat, McGarrahan. You can leave us, Tim; I wish to speak to McGarrahan privately." And as Tim, with evident reluctance, left the room, Father Paul threw himself into his big arm-chair and leaned back at his ease as if to reassure his visitor, who was glancing around restlessly.

"Ye said ye had business wid me," began McGarrahan in a harsh, constrained voice. "I'm a man of business and nothing else; so I come. What is it ye want wid me?"

Father Paul fixed his eyes thoughtfully on McGarrahan's face before replying. It was a brutal face, as he could see, a face in which there were no traces either of mind or soul. The heavy jaws were set defiantly, the red-rimmed ferret eyes avoided his searching glance. It was evident that his visitor was on guard and a little in fear.

"Are you a Catholic, McGarrahan?" began the priest, quietly.

"Me forbears were," was the evasive reply.

"Then you were doubtless brought up in the Church?" continued Father Paul.

"I wuz," asserted the visitor with grim reluctance.

"Then I am sure you understand the relationship between a Catholic priest and his people. You know that we feel bound to guide, to teach, to protect them as far as we are able. McGarrahan, it is to protect my people I have sent for you to-day."

"And wat hev I to do wid yer people?" asked McGarrahan, in his dull, harsh monotone.

"You are ruining them, body and soul," was the grave answer. "You are keeping a liquor saloon without license and against the terms of your lease."

"An' if it's to howld up licenses and leases ye're here, ye'd betther change yer gown," said McGarrahan, with boorish insolence.

Father Paul's eyes flashed. There was a high spirit under that gown, which a holier spirit sometimes found it difficult to check.

"I am here to uphold the laws of God," he answered, "to which all just laws of men conform. I have not sent for you to discuss the temperance question, Mr. McGarrahan, although I know that the lease under which you hold your store, especially prohibits the sale of liquor on your premises in any form."

"I sell no liquor," answered McGarrahan, with a lowering brow. "They lie who say that I do. I niver take a pinny for it."

"I understand," said the priest, "you sell flour at twenty cents a pound, meal at ten, and with the flour or meal or other necessaries of life, for which you charge four times its worth, you give the drink that draws the blinded wretches to your door, to spend the last cent that might save their wives and children from starvation.

"For shame, McGarrahan! For shame! Have you no heart or soul, man, that you can traffic thus on the want and weakness and misery around you? How can you sleep at night with the wail of those dying babes in your ear, babes for whose very milk their wretched fathers have given the triple price of rum until they could give no more? Surely you have not lost all memory of your own innocent childhood, of the mother who loved you, the altar at which you knelt, the God whom you were taught to fear and adore. You are a man still with a

heart to feel, a soul to save. In God's name, then, McGarrahan, act like a man and not like a beast of prey."

The sullen, set lips twitched once or twice; the brawny hand on McGarrahan's knee was clenched a trifle tighter, but otherwise he sat stolid and brutal under this appeal.

"If this is all ye hev to say to me," he replied at last, rising, "I might as well be going. Me business is me business, and it's for naither priest or parson to meddle wid."

"Is that your answer?" asked Father Paul, as he too arose and stood tall and commanding, before his ungainly visitor.

"That's me answer," said McGarrahan.

"Then one word more," continued the priest. "I have spoken to you as a friend, a peacemaker, as the minister of God. I speak to you now simply as man to man. And I tell you that I intend to break up this accursed business if I have to appeal personally to the Governor of the State."

The heavy, stolid features suddenly lit with angry life, the ferret eyes shot fire.

"Ye'd best not," whispered McGarrahan huskily, bending over, so that his foul breath touched the priest's face. "Ye'd best stop yer meddling right now and here, I warn ye! Yer life is in my hand, and has been this many a week past, d'ye understand?—in me hand," he repeated, holding up a trembling fist.

"My life, like that of every man, is in God's hand alone," was the fearless answer. "But if you intend to threaten me, McGarrahan, I can only say to you that I will do my duty to these weak, helpless creatures around me at any cost. You cannot terrify me into silence."

"You mean to meddle, then?"

"I do," answered Father Paul, calmly.

"Then ye may take what comes to ye," panted McGarrahan, choking with rage. "I've held the hounds off ye since Dan Rourke's death. Ye know too much, a deal too much. And—and we'll see, afore long—who is the masther here—we'll see—we'll—see."

"In the howly Mother's name, what did ye say to McGarrahan, sur," blurted honest Tim, as a moment later he limped into the room, his eyes wild with alarm. "He's gone off swearing oaths that are enough to bring all the divils from hell. Och, murther, yer riverince, it must be the holy martyr's crown ye are wanting whin ye anger the loikes of him."

"It was time for somebody to speak," answered Father Paul. "Aye, and for somebody to act as well. I told McGarrahan I intended to break up the rascally business he is doing in that shop of his. You know the lawless, vampire trade he is doing there with these wretched starving people."

"Shure I do, sir, I do," replied Tim in a low excited voice, "but it's more than mortal man dare do to middle wid him. It's the darrk look he kapes on Kathie and mesilf, because we don't dale at his divil's din. They say it's him that howlds the Hushers like hounds in the leash, and can let them slip whin and where he will. And ye—and ye, och murther, yer riverince, but I'd be glad to see ye turn yer back on this cursed place while ye can." And the honest fellow fairly sobbed out in his love and fear.

"Why, nonsense, Tim," said Father Paul, laughing, as he clapped this true and humble friend's shoulder. "What kind of a man do you think me? to say nothing about what kind of a priest? Turn and run from my post, at a whisper of danger. Am I not here to fight the devil and all his works?"

"Ye are, sur, ye are, and ye've got the bowld thrue heart of a rale sodger to do it. But the divil and McGarrahan have got the arthillery, sur."

"Then we must charge on the guns." was the cheery answer.

"I'm thinking it 'ud be a forlorn hope," answered the old soldier with a shake of his head.

"Ah, no, Tim," and the speaker's dark eyes kindled, "there are no 'forlorn hopes' in our Lord's service. He who strikes for Him, however feebly, is sure of a triumph. We may not see the victory, we may not hear the shout, but somewhere, somehow, the battle is won. If it be only one soul is saved, one heart touched, one little child called to God's love and light, our fight will not have been fought in vain.

"So I mean to stick it out, Tim," concluded Father Paul in a lighter tone "and let the devil, and Mike McGarrahan do their worst."

CHAPTER IX.

"ANDY."

Meanwhile Father Paul's lawless young protégé was scurrying up the ridge, Kathie's fine pat of butter crammed into one pocket, tea, sugar, rice and bits of other comestibles, which he had stolen at odd moments, stuffed into the other, and half the chicken, destined for the priest's dinner, in the crown of his hat. Past forge and furnace and cabin, dodging by a circuit McGarrahan's store that lay in his road, stopping for a moment to stare with interest at the empty freight cars lying buried under the snow, the lad kept on his way until he reached his old home, the wretched hut in the mountain where Dan had died two months ago.

"Down there, you beast," he said to Boar, who was leaping with delight at finding his old hunting ground.

"Stop your barking, you beast, or you'll wake poor Andy. Is it Dan you're looking for, you fool? Don't you know that he is dead and gone and turned into a soul now?"

"It's a good thing to have a soul, Boar. You needn't mind dying at all. It's no more than putting off a coat. But you haven't one, Boar, I wish you had. When you're dead, it's all up with you, lad, more's the pity, for you make a decenter mate than many of the two-legged souls I know. Now lie down here and wait till I come out to you."

And pushing open the door, that had neither lock nor latch, Eric entered the cabin, which was more wretched a shelter than ever, now that Dan, sturdy freeholder of this mountain eyrie, had been laid low—Dan's heir had evidently found tenants, for on the rude stone hearth smouldered a few sodden logs, that a haggard, blear-eyed old woman was trying with weak breath to blow into flames, while a low hacking cough came from a corner, where, stretched on a pallet of straw, covered with Dan's bearskin, lay a boy about Eric's age, evidently in the last stages of some mortal disease. The young face was withered and bloodless; the wasted hand, clutching the hairy coverlet, shrunken and sharpened like a bird's claw, the half closed eyes seemed already darkened in death.

"Andy," said Eric softly, as he drew near the wretched couch, "It's me, Andy, lad, it's Eric."

Instantly the eyes unclosed, great dark eyes burning with feverish fire—eyes in which seemed concentrated all the life lingering in that wasted frame, eyes that illumined even that wan withered face with their dying radiance.

"You again, Eric, again, or mebbe, mebbe I was only dreaming of you. I thought—I thought you was with me in the night putting the cold tea to me mouth and telling me the fine things you've been hearing."

"Aye," said the old woman, with a choked sob. "He was very bad the night. He thought ye were beside him, and he talked quare to you, wonderful quare. I'm thinking he's a bit better now, bean't yer, Andy avick?"

"A deal," said Andy, with a wan smile. "Eric brings the life back to me when he crosses the door. Sit down—sit down and talk to me. Gran does nothing but croon and cry over me. She is waking me before I die."

"Murther, murther, did wan iver hear the loikes of him," cried Gran, wiping her eyes with her ragged apron. "Shure,

wid hunger and heart-break, a poor ould craythur loike me hez forgotten how to laugh."

"You won't be hungry any longer," said Eric, unloading hat and pockets. "There's chicken to make soup for Andy, and crackers and sugar and tea."

"Tay, sugar! Ah, but you're the foin, noble lad," said the old woman, clutching the welcome gifts eagerly. "Ah, we'll have an illegant pot of broth, in a pig's whisper, Andy dear. a pot of broth that'll take the cowld from yer harrt and give stringth to yer breath. A foin, illegant broth," she muttered, shambling off to prepare the needed nourishment.

"Talk to me while she is gone," whispered Andy, "like—like you did last night."

"But I wasn't here last night," said Eric, perplexedly.

"Then it was a dream," continued Andy, softly. "I thought I saw you sitting here by my bed, like you're sitting now, and you were telling me of the fine, beautiful place you are living in now, and the altar, and the light burning before it night and day, and Him that stays there, that you say you daren't name."

"Whisht, no," said Eric, shaking his hand, "it isn't for me or you to speak, Andy. Dan nearly murdered me wonst for daring it, and small wonder. Even Father Paul, that knows everything that was ever put in a book, lifts his cap and bends his head when he whispers that Holy Name—that it's only for them that have the water poured on them to speak."

"But the water was poured on me when I was a baby," said Andy eagerly. "Gran told me so last night. She told me my mother wasn't like her and father, but prayed and went to church and took me there to be christened."

"And if she is telling the truth you're the lucky boy, Andy," said Eric gravely, "and it will be a fine thing for you to die and get off these poor bare bones of yours and go up to heaven with Him that loves you and will take care of you."

"I know," interrupted Andy, his dark eyes shining. "That's what I was dreaming of last night, but—but I'm a bit afraid, Eric. You mind the time the two of us went to the big house to sell fish last summer, how all the fine ladies and gentlemen were rolling balls on the grass, and the old madam with her white curls and elegant cap, called us up and gave us peaches?"

"Yes, and fine peaches they were," said Eric, reddening.

"I couldn't swallow 'em," said Andy, "my heart was all in a tremble. I felt so afraid; a fellow like me in a place like that. I'm thinking if heaven is the grand place the priest tells you it is I'll feel strange there too. I'd rather stay here," continued Andy, drawing the bearskin over his shivering form, "where I'm easy and at home."

Eric was silent for a moment as if this view of the subject required consideration.

"I don't know, Andy," he said at last, "but I'm thinking it won't be so strange to you at all. Him, that is master there, was wonst a poor boy Himself. He was born in a stable, and there's none of us, Andy, much worse than that. It's the poor creatures like you, Father Paul says, He likes best of all. You'll feel easy with Him, never fear; sure," and Eric's voice fell to a whisper, "even I feel easy myself."

"You do?" said Andy, breathlessly.

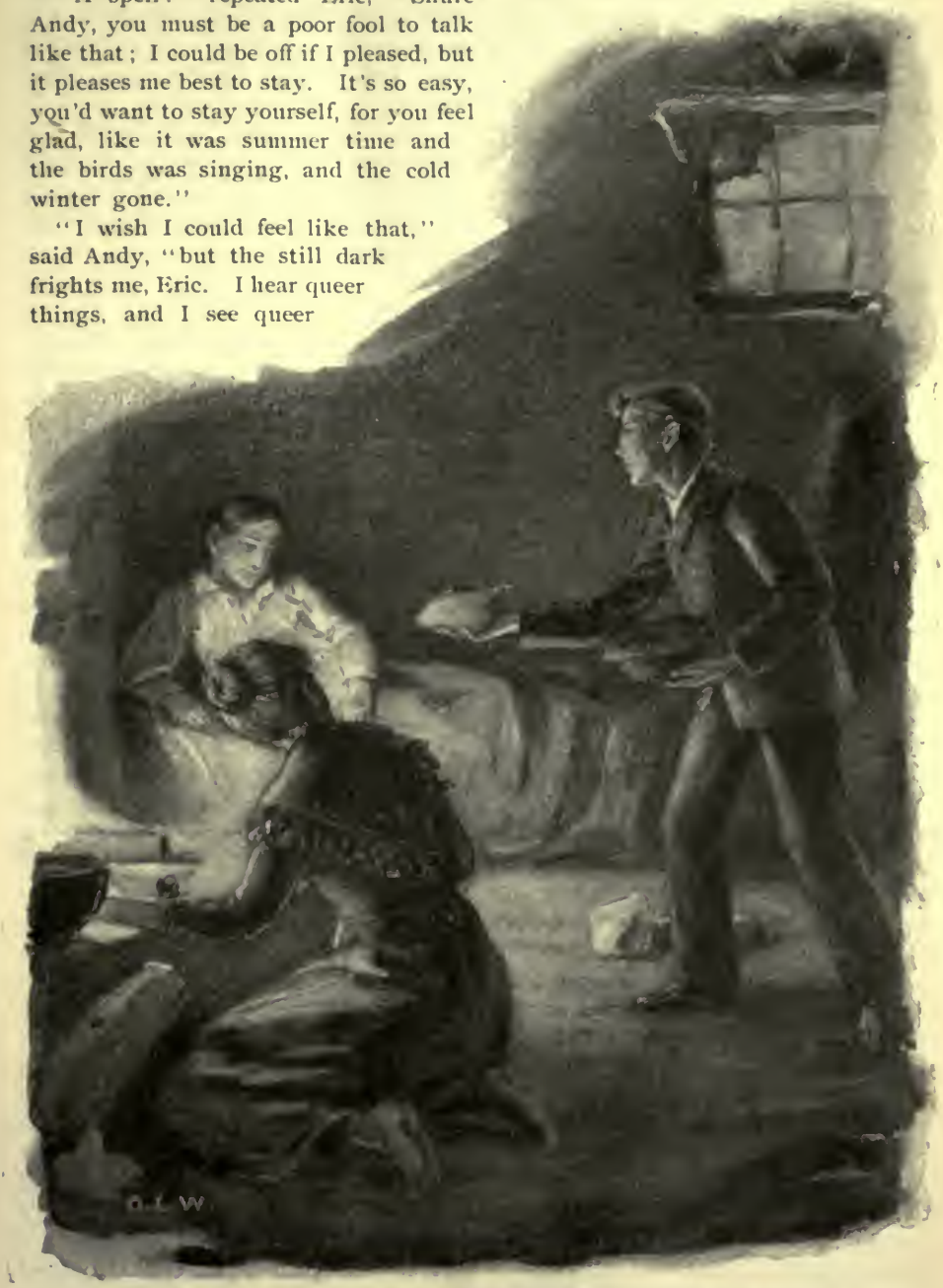
"Yes," answered Eric, "I can't tell you why, Andy. When Father Paul talks to me I keep thinking of you and Boar and me rabbit-traps, and how I'll get another chicken for your soup, and it's hard for me to keep still and listen. But when Father Paul plays the music and sings, and I steal into the chapel and sit down before the altar, I don't want to stir. It's so easy there, Andy, and all that I've heard about Him comes back to me in a whisper like, and I could sit there all night and never move. And

Boar the beast never flicks an ear either. He puts his nose on me knee and sits there, too."

"Mebbe it's a spell that is on you," said Andy uneasily.

"A spell!" repeated Eric, "Shure Andy, you must be a poor fool to talk like that; I could be off if I pleased, but it pleases me best to stay. It's so easy, you'd want to stay yourself, for you feel glad, like it was summer time and the birds was singing, and the cold winter gone."

"I wish I could feel like that," said Andy, "but the still dark frights me, Eric. I hear queer things, and I see queer things, and I get all of a tremble with the cold and the fear. D'you think it hurts much to die, Eric? I heard Gran telling Mag Murphy that creatures like me die hard."



"YOU WON'T BE HUNGRY ANY LONGER," SAID ERIC, UNLOADING HAT AND POCKETS.

"Whisht, bad luck to Gran for an old screech owl; don't be minding what she says, Andy. Dan was old and big, and he only gave a bit of a sigh and a tremble and went off to sleep. He didn't mind it at all, after Father Paul came to help him. That's what priests is made for, you see, Andy, to help souls off to heaven."

"An' if he helped Dan, mebbe he'd come help me," said Andy, wistfully. "D'you think he would, Eric?"

"I'll ask him," said Eric, "and I think he will, Andy."

"Tell him I'll give him my goat," said the sick boy eagerly. The creature is starved now, but she will be a fine milker when the grass crops out. I'll not be here to see it. O Eric, but it's an awful thing to be put down in the cold hard ground alone."

"Andy, poor Andy," said Eric nearly sobbing with sympathy, "it's not there you'll be at all. You'll be a soul, Andy. I can't make it out meself, but Father Paul will tell you. He'll come to you I know, and it's neither goat nor lamb he'll ask neither, and he'll tell you all, Andy, about heaven, and the Master that owns it; how He came in the world and cured the sick and the lame and the blind, and made them that was dead even live again."

"Shure, I know you told me all that afore, Eric, and about the Cross and how He was nailed to it by His feet and hands. That was harder than dying like me."

"Yes, indeed," said Eric cheerily, "and mebbe you'll not die after all, Andy. Mebbe Father Paul will ask the Master to cure you like He did them other sick people. Mebbe you'll get well and strong and we'll be trapping rabbits again together when the snow comes again. Though if I was you, Andy, I'd ask nothing better than to go to heaven at wonst."

"You, Eric!" said Andy in dull amazement."

"Yes," answered Eric, "if I was you, Andy, but I aint, I aint," added the boy rising, while a sudden passionate despair thrilled his tone. "The devil's mark is on me. Ah, what is it I'm saying? But I say, I aint like you, Andy. Boar and me can only sit in the dark at His feet like the beasts we are. And now I must be off; I'll tell Father Paul and he will come to you, never fear."

"An' I'll be back again to-morrow with more chicken for you, so don't spare the broth, old woman; I'll be back —you can count on me, Andy, you can count on me sure."

CHAPTER X.

A BROKEN REIN.

Eric hurried home, bounding over the snowy heights and ice-sheathed rocks like a young chamois on its native peaks, while Boar leaped and barked in wild exhilaration at his side. The shackles of civilization weighed heavily on Boar; boiled mutton bones and chicken legs were degenerating diet to this fierce old mountain outlaw who had hitherto followed "ravening nature, red in tooth and claw," and but for these mad gallops over the heights Boar would have lapsed into sluggish obesity. Ordinarily he and Eric indulged in a series of races and gambols that would have put a circus exhibition to shame, but the boy had neither the heart nor time to play to-day. Something in Andy's gaze had sobered him sadly, had warned him there was no time to lose if Father Paul were to give his mate the help he had given Dan.

Vague and dim were Eric's ideas of what that help had been, but the faith dawning in his young soul, had already stirred sweet hope and tender charity. Even Father Paul, "watcher on the heights" though he was, could only see the mist, the shadow, the twilight-gloom that ruled the wakening spirit; he could not see all his pupil was learning in the "still darkness" at the Master's feet.

He had reason to feel especially tried with Eric to-day. Farmer Norris' in-

dignant complaint had been followed by half a dozen other protests, more or less grave, against Eric's peccadillos.

He had broken the Widow Bryan's window with a snowball, had throttled the dog of the gate-keeper at Marren Moran, for flying at Boar as he passed by, had fought the three young Murdoch's single-handed, for calling him the "priest's slave," and, worst of all, the report had come from honest John Ryan, one of Father Paul's most trusted parishioners, that this "young divil, Dorne" had been seen at Mike McGarrahan's saloon at midnight roystering with the rest.

Father Paul's face grew very grave. "Are you quite sure of this, Ryan?"

"It was Luke Feeley towld me, yer riverince, he had to go for something late the other night, whin his wife was very bad, and he saw the boy himself."

"But, he sleeps in a little closet off my own room, he is always in bed when I retire, which is generally at ten. To be sure, I am a sound sleeper, but it scarcely seems possible the boy could escape and return without my knowledge."

"Ah, ye don't know him, yer riverince," said Ryan with a nod, "that boy can crape and lape like a wild cat. Shure if I may be bowld enough to say it, it's the wondher of ivery one in the parish thet ye have anything to do wid him at all. If the Hushers put him up to it he'd think no more of burning church and all over yer head than he would of kindling a wisp of straw. For he's blacked with their devil's brush as ivery wan knows."

Ryan's warning made Father Paul very thoughtful indeed.

"I have been a sentimentalist about this boy," he said to himself. "Everybody sees it; I ought to have put him in some industrial school, where he would have been free from all old influences. And I will do it at once. To train him here as I had hoped, is quite impossible. He needs a stronger hand and more muscular methods than mine—Eric," he called sternly to the boy, who at that moment came bounding down the snowy slope to the church to seek the friend who was to help Andy to die.

Eric started; he had never heard that tone in Father Paul's voice before.

"Where have you been this morning?" asked the priest, as the lad reached the door flushed and breathless.

"Up beyond—with—with Andy," answered Eric. "It's very bad he is to-day and he asks that you'll go up and help him like you helped Dan."

"Who is Andy, and where is he?" asked the priest doubtfully.

"Up in the old cabin where Dan was," answered the boy, "mebbe you mind the place; it's up the Bearback and across the Rimes, I know a fine path and I'll take you," added Eric eagerly.

"No," said Father Paul, fixing his eyes gravely upon the boy, "I will send a messenger to the cabin to see if what you tell me is true. I am sorry to say, Eric, I can neither believe you nor trust you."

"You can't believe me or trust me!" repeated Eric in bewilderment.

"No," continued Father Paul in the loud clear voice that impresses rude untaught natures more than any violent outburst of anger. "I have tried to teach you honesty and truth, Eric, but you will not learn. I hoped that though you were a wild ignorant mountain boy—that if I took you here into God's own house, kept you at my side, made you my little brother and friend, you would soon grow into all that I wished to see you. But you have disappointed me; I find that these rude wicked men around us are your guides and teachers. I heard to-day that you steal from your bed at night to McGarrahan's saloon."

"An' it was Luke Feely that told that on me I know," said Eric, his face flushing, "an' I'll break his carrotty head for that same."

"No you won't," said Father Paul sternly, "you will do no more fighting or brawling, or stealing, for you leave here this afternoon. I intend to send

you to school in Richardsonville. You will have a good home there with other boys of your age, you will be treated kindly and wisely by the Brothers and taught, I hope, to be a true and honest and faithful Catholic boy."

"You mean that you are sending me off," said Eric, gasping as if for breath, "sending me off!"

"I must," said Father Paul firmly, unwilling to acknowledge how much the quaver in the boyish voice touched him. "I cannot keep you here, Eric, where you seem to learn nothing but what is evil. Tim is going to Richardsonville this afternoon to make some needful purchases for the church, and I wish you to go with him. I will write to Brother Xavier, who is a great friend of mine, and he will be very kind to you, I know."

"An'—an' d'you think I'll go?" burst forth Eric, throwing back his tawny head, like a young colt that feels the touch of the lasso. "I come to you against me will, I come to you against trouble and threats and blows, because I gave me grip to Dan.—An' if I went with the boys at night, it was—it was—" the young voice quivered into a whisper—"it was for what you'll never know. If you won't keep me, I'll go back to me mountain top, back to me mates."

"No, you shall not," said Father Paul sternly. "You have been given into my care and I will not let you rush to perdition. Go into your room," and he pointed to the little closet adjoining his own chamber, "and stay there until Tim is ready for you. Go, Eric, I command you." It was a master's tone, a master's eye, that the boy, fierce, untamed young brute as he yet was, felt and obeyed.

He flung himself into the little room and face down upon his cot in a fury of rage, rebellious rage, and Father Paul closed the door and turned the key.

Three hours later Tim's sure-footed little pony trotted up to the Sacristy with Tim himself muffled to the nose in deerskin robes in the little home-made sleigh behind him.

"Here I am, yer riverince. Kathie kept me waiting till she could iron the lad's new shirts she's just after making for him. She has his clothes all done up in a dacint little trap of me own."

"Did you send a message to Rourke's cabin?" asked Father Paul.

"I did, yer riverince, and the gospel truth the lad told there at any rate. It's Andy Magee—Terence Magee's boy—that is lying at death's dure, abegging and praying ye'll come to him. But it's a lonely, cowld way, yer riverince, and I was thinking if ye'd take Ryan or Tracy wid ye——"

"Nonsense," said the priest, "I know the road well. Do you think I am a child or a woman, Tim? I will go to the poor boy at once. Here is the letter to Brother Xavier. Deliver it in person, Tim, and say all the good words for our poor Eric you can."

"I will, yer riverince, I will, shure, young divil that he is. I'll miss the craythur's pranks sorely; while as for Kathie, she's been dropping salt tears upon his shirts as if he was her own. But it's the wise thing yer riverince is doing in sending the gossoon where he will be held by a sthronger hand than yours."

A stronger hand; yes, that was the universal verdict, thought Father Paul, as he turned a little sadly toward the small room, where he had left his unruly prisoner.

A depressing sense of failure, of discomfiture weighed upon Eric's kind guardian. In some way the boy had always impersonated to him that "nature in the rough," which his bishop had sent him to study and mould.

This young human brute had been a test of his powers to teach, to impress, to save. And he had failed. His hand had not been strong enough to bind or to guide even this boy.

What hope could he have of success in his efforts with men, men fierce in

passion, strong in prejudice, hardened in sin?

And yet, in his ardent youthful zeal, he had dreamed of wielding some such heavenly power. He had hoped to kindle the divine spark smouldering in such clods of clay as those about him here. He had believed himself, ah, perhaps too presumptuously, called by God to do His noblest work on earth—save and redeem. And had his hand already proven too weak to grasp even the yearlings of his flock? With a sad feeling of humiliation, at which, no doubt, an older laborer in the Master's service would have smiled, Father Paul opened the door to deliver up his charge, but the little closet was empty. The sash of a small, round window, high up in the wall, that had given light to the narrow chamber, had been wrested out by a powerful hand. Eric was gone, as he had threatened, back to his mountain-top, back to his mates; back, Father Paul felt, with a heart-sick pang, to lawless, soulless barbarism, forever.

(*To be continued.*)

WORK FOR POOR CHURCHES.

By A. d'Invilliers.

AT the Eucharistic Congress held in Washington, in October last, reports were presented by two of our Tabernacle societies, both of which showed edifying results. The report of the Philadelphia Society was read by Bishop Horstmann, of Cleveland, Ohio, and that of the Washington Society by Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University.

Besides these two flourishing societies, the same admirable confraternity is canonically established in several other of our great cities, notably in New York, Boston, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and Kansas City, as well as in many smaller localities, and everywhere is productive of excellent work, spiritual and material. The Arch-association from which these different societies derive their very great spiritual advantages, and whose rule they follow, has lately been named *Prima Primaria* for the entire world by His Holiness, Leo XIII.—the highest privilege with which an association can be enriched. (Brief of July 30, 1895).

The seat of the Arch-association is in Rome, in the Convent of the Ladies of Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, on the Via Nomentana. From thence it stretches far and wide, producing rich fruits for the divine Master, whose honor and glory in the Blessed Sacrament is its only object.

The members of the confraternity promise a monthly Hour of Adoration, and endeavor, in every possible way, to promote devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. As a potent means of accomplishing this, they furnish gratuitously to poor churches the necessaries for divine worship. Hundreds of missions and churches have been assisted by our American Tabernacle Societies; many a poor priest has been inspired with new courage in his disheartening task by the gift of vestments and linen, such as, perhaps, he has not seen since the days of his seminary life. Almost every diocese in the Union owes them a debt of gratitude; from East to West, and from North to South has their message of love been sent, while from their midst rises a continual holocaust of adoration and reparation to the Eucharistic God.

But before the American societies had commenced their noble work, many of our struggling missions had been largely assisted by the European Arch-association, of which the centre was then at Brussels in Belgium. The Work for Poor Churches, like most of the great charities

of the Church, began in a quiet and unostentatious manner. The curé of a country church in the Arch-diocese of Mechlin, while visiting at the castle of the Count de Meeûs, made known the deplorable state of his sacristy; interest was awakened; charity was enkindled. The moment of grace had come for a soul which God had destined for a great work, and it had not come in vain. It was Mlle. Anna de Meeûs who, in 1843, founded the work for poor churches, which was formed into an association in 1848 and affiliated to the Roman Arch-confraternity of Nocturnal Adoration, taking the title of Association of Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches. Under the zealous direction of Reverend Jean Baptiste Boone, S.J., the Association developed rapidly and its field of labor soon embraced all Belgium. In 1853 an Apostolic Brief accorded to the Association the title of Arch-confraternity with faculty of aggregating other associations, and shortly afterwards, its stability was assured by the foundation of a Religious Institute entirely consecrated to the Blessed Sacrament, and to which was confided forever its direction and government.

Until the year 1860, the charity of the Association was confined to Belgium, but in that year an appeal from Mgr. Zamhiri, Patriarch of Syria, had awakened new zeal, and though this first application was filled by the private generosity of some of the members, it became the means of extending the work of poor churches to foreign missions. Rev. Father De Smet, the intrepid Jesuit missionary of the Rocky Mountains, and the American Seminary at Louvain were among the first to profit by this extension.

America at that time offered a rich field for missionary zeal, but its greatest need was of laborers in the vineyard. The bishops had made every effort to supply the need. Archbishop Blanchet and Bishop Spalding had travelled through Belgium and Holland seeking priests who would be willing to devote themselves to the American Missions. The Bishop of Natchez, Miss., had made

PART OF THE FRONT OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE, LOUVAIN.

a public appeal through the newspapers; the Vicar-Apostolic of Florida had published circulars making known the sad abandonment of the flock confided to his care, and in Father De Smet's visit to his native land, he continually urged this great necessity. The prudence of the Belgian prelates, however, could not encourage the departure to foreign missions of ecclesiastics, whose vocations were not sufficiently proved. Happily this obstacle was overcome by the erection of the American Seminary at Louvain, in 1857. The zealous director, Mgr. de Nève, who, by personal experience, had become acquainted with the hardships of American missionary life, appealed to the Association of Perpetual Adoration and Work for Poor Churches, and his application met with a generous response. The five priests who, in 1861, left the seminary for America, were amply provided with the necessaries of divine worship: chasubles, chalices, ciboriums, altar cloths and sacred linens, together with scapulars, rosaries, medals, etc.

The donations to the American Seminary took the form of a portable chapel, for which Mgr. de Nève furnished the design. All necessaries were neatly packed in a canvas valise, easily carried, and thus provided, the young ecclesiastics set out bravely to meet the perils and fatigues of their new life. As they were not permitted to depart until they had the necessary outfit, it was in most cases the gifts of the Association which enabled them to begin their labors. In 1863 eleven of these portable chapels were donated to the American Seminary, and each following year witnessed the same generous bounty—a charity which, notwithstanding the progress made in religion and the aid given by our American societies, the Belgian Association continues even to the present time.

In the early sixties the States were ravaged by the Civil War, and the greater number of the missionary priests were literally without support, the Sunday collections often amounting to but a few cents. The missions were of great extent, and oftentimes it was from farm to farm that the priest had to seek hospitality and permission to say Mass. The sight of clean and neatly prepared linen, of a well-finished chasuble and of a silver chalice was in itself a sermon, and not only awakened interest, but frequently rekindled the faith which had long lain dormant in the rough hearts of the tillers of the soil, who, perhaps, had not seen a priest since early childhood. The work for poor churches thus became truly a propagator of the Gospel; there was not yet question of propagating the Perpetual Adoration—the field was too new. But the ground was being prepared, the seed being sown; and, if now this sublime work finds in American missions a fruitful soil, it is, under God, due to the labors of the devoted European missionaries and their generous benefactors.

Father De Smet had also applied to the association in 1861. For thirty years he had been laboring for the conversion of souls in America, returning to Belgium from time to time in order to incite the fervor and zeal of his fellow-countrymen for their far-off brethren, and to solicit their assistance for the continuance of his work in America. He pleaded his cause well at a meeting of the Association in the Salazar Chapel at Brussels, and was soon enabled to return to his beloved Indians laden with gifts of vestments and altar furniture.

Seven times did the illustrious missionary visit Belgium to appeal to the generosity of his countrymen and each time returned to America well laden with gifts and accompanied by new apostolic recruits. During his last visit in 1869, he gave a conference to the members of the Association in Brussels, and awakened such interest in his missionary labors that four portable chapels were prepared for him without delay. The good Father seems not to have been able to resist sharing the gifts of Providence, as the following letter will show. It was

from the Little Sisters of the Poor in Brooklyn, N. Y., to the Superior of their house in Brussels :

July 7, 1869.

"My Dear Mère Michel: How happy I am to have an occasion to write you that I may ask you to express our gratitude to the President of the Work for Poor Churches for the case of vestments which we have received through the kindness of Rev. Father De Smet.

"I cannot tell you the joy which I felt on seeing this little chapel! Nothing now will prevent our Lord from being in our midst in our new foundation at *Philadelphia*. We have a chalice, a ciborium! Yes, inded, a ciborium! and that is what makes us most happy. Without a ciborium we could have Mass, but we could not reserve the Blessed Sacrament; and you know well that when our dear Lord is in the Tabernacle, our joy is perfect, no matter how poor we are. Oh! say to those dear ladies of the Association that we will pray well for them: they will have a share in all that is done in the little foundation of Philadelphia, for they are its first benefactresses. . . ."

Those who know the two immense establishments of the Little Sisters at Philadelphia, with their hundreds of aged poor, cannot but marvel at the wonders wrought in twenty-five years and may well wish that they, too, had been among the first benefactors of their work and had had a share in the blessings.

Aid was also given to many American missions under the care of Belgian priests or directly to the bishops. It would take too long to enumerate all the beneficiaries, but a glance at the diocese assisted will show, on the one hand, the large hearted charity of the Belgian Catholics; on the other, the universal need of such assistance. The Dioceses of the United States only are mentioned, though during this same period, large donations were made by the Associations to the Missions of South America, Canada, and the West Indies. The list comprises those assisted between 1861 and 1878, the year in which the Tabernacle Society of Philadelphia was affiliated to the Archi-Association, and from which time dates the extension of their work and that of the other societies:

Dioceses of Albany, N. Y.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Wheeling, W. Va.; Wilmington, Del.; Cincinnati, O.; Cleveland, O.; Covington, Ky.; Louisville, Ky.; St. Louis, Mo.; Fort Wayne, Ind.; Vincennes, Ind.; St. Paul, Minn.; Detroit, Mich.; Natchez, Miss.; Belleville, Ill.; New Orleans, La.; Mobile, Ala.; Savannah, Ga.; La Crosse, Wis.; Baltimore, Md.; Vancouver Island, Oregon City and the Indian Missions.

The value of the donations given to the United States during these same years amounted to 283,369 francs or $56,675, an average of $3,334 a year;—an enormous sum when it is remembered that this was only a small part of the great work that was being done. In the year 1878, 941 sets of vestments and all else in proportion were distributed by the Belgian Association. To foreign missions alone the gifts amounted in value to 49,726 francs, divided as follows:

European Missions,	12,882	francs
Missions of Asia,	12,871	"
" " North and South America,	13,816	"
" " Oceanica,	1,020	"
" " Africa,	9,197	"

These missions included poor churches in England, Switzerland, Greece, Poland and Turkey in Europe; missions in China, Mesopotamia, Syria, India, and the East Indies; missions of Algeria, and Central Africa, Egypt, Barbary and Tunis; Melbourne in Australia and the missions of the Sacred Heart (Picpus); missions of English Guiana, of Canada, and of the United States. It has been truly said that the Association ranks with the Propagation of the Faith in that they are *the only works which give to everyone, with no distinction except as to their poverty!*

Of the amount given to America, the United States received to the value of 12,553 francs, more than half of which was donated to the seminary at Louvain in missionary outfits for thirteen priests.

FATHER DE SMET, S.J. AND CHIEFS OF VARIOUS TRIBES OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

In 1870 the Arch-association presented 112 of these portable chapels to His Holiness, Pius IX., that he might have the pleasure of giving them to the various missionary bishops who were assembled in Rome for the Vatican Council. Many of the trousseaux were made according to the Oriental rites.

The Holy Father was deeply touched at this mark of loyal and devoted affection, and was pleased to distribute them personally, saying to many of the bishops whom he received in audience that "he would see them again, that he invited them all to visit his exhibition in one of the great halls of the Vatican"; where, indeed, he had ordered that the trousseaux should be arranged, each valise being numbered and marked with the name of the bishop to whom it had been assigned. In each valise was also a paper bearing the name of the person or the association presenting it, and making requests for prayers, and, if possible, the establishment of the monthly Hour of Adoration. Many, and most touching were the letters received by the different associations after this distribution; East and West, North and South joined in their hymn of thanks.

One of the most charming letters was that of Mgr. Charbonneau, Bishop of Jassen, and Vicar-Apostolic of Mayssour to the Association of Liege, and though it was intended to confine this article to American interests, the MESSENGER readers will surely forgive me for inserting some portions of his letter. . . . "On March 24, towards nine o'clock in the morning, we were all gathered in the Royal Hall of the Vatican, where were placed the missionary trousseaux, each marked with the name of the vicariate or diocese for which it was destined. . . How I wish you could have been present at this scene. . . Our Holy Father, beaming with health and with joy, happy to be in the midst of 120 of his children, many of whom were bearded like old troopers, soon arrived with two Cardinals, and accompanied by some of his Swiss guard. Standing on a raised platform, he spoke to us in French, with all the tenderness of a father and a great pontiff. 'My

children,' said he, 'this is a happy day for me, and for you too, I think. . . . Some good Belgian ladies have sent me ornaments to distribute among you. . . . Truly they understand the words of the prophet: 'Lord I have loved the beauty of thy House!' You must pray for them.' . . . When he came down to where the valises had been placed, his difficulties commenced. Imagine more than 140 persons, of all shades of color, surrounding him, pressing towards him, some seizing his hands, some his feet, some his soutane, all wishing to kiss them, all wishing to say or hear a word. The guards kindly stepped back a little, and our good Father walked with slow steps, saying a few words to each of us: we old Eastern fellows, with our turbans and copes, had to make our way as best we could. Truly it was a family scene; our hearts overflowed with joy, and I dare to believe that our beloved Holy Father was happy too; tears were in his eyes as he spoke with us.

"Carriages from the Vatican transported the cases to our lodgings, and, as in spite of my long beard and my forty years of missionary life, I have still all the impatient curiosity of a child, I hastened to my room to open my treasure, truly were I only to say a Rosary for each article, it would take me a long while to finish them. . . I promise to give you a constant place in my Mementos and in my Rosaries, with the charitable persons who have assisted me since I was named first bishop of this kingdom, twenty-five years ago.

"Continue, dear ladies, to perpetuate the group of holy women of the Gospel. Our divine Saviour wished His Holy Mother to have her disciples as He had His . . . You see that your association is very ancient; it dates from the very cradle of Christianity. May Mary, its first president, be always with you, as Jesus is with His apostolic missionaries."

Of personal interest to our American Catholics is the letter of Mgr. Elder, at that time Bishop of Natchez, Miss., written to the Association of Louvain.

"MESDAMES: Your beautiful missionary trousseau, *No. 28*, has been assigned by kindness of our Holy Father to the diocese of Natchez in the United States. On the occasion of the distribution, His Holiness spoke to us with deep feeling of the pious zeal shown by you for the person of Jesus Christ dwelling with us in the Blessed Sacrament of His love. It was a happy thought, and one which deeply touched the paternal heart of this great representative of Jesus Christ, thus to place in his hands the means of making glad the hearts of the Bishops and of the people confided to their care. . . . Our Holy Father urged us to correspond to the pious intentions expressed in writing within the valises; but even without his exhortations, it is a duty and a pleasure for me to express my gratitude and that of my diocese . . . It is not always granted to you to see the work of your hands serving personally the heroic apostles who offer up their lives in savage and hostile nations. But it is one of the great consolations of our religion, that by the inexhaustible riches of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and by the union of intention, you have a share in all the merits of all the Associates. Your work has augmented the results of the Association, so that even the missionaries of perilous countries have received something more because of your contributions. And then, it is always the same Jesus, whom you clothe in the person of His priests, in Japan as in America, it is He who will say to you: 'I was naked and ye clothed me!'

"Continue your work and your prayers for the missions and for those who have the care of them. I dare to add my blessing to those of all the truly apostolic bishops and I invoke upon you the great blessing of the Vicar of Christ, and the protection of St. Joseph.

"Your Servant in Jesus Christ,
WM. H. ELDER."

Other recipients of missionary trousseaux in America were Mgr. Lootens, Vicar-Apostolic of Idaho, West of the Rocky Mountains; and Mgr. Charles John Seghers, Vicar-Apostolic, Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Oregon City and later Bishop of Vancouver's Island whose tragic death in the valley of the Yukon occurred November 28, 1886.

Pius IX. deigned to write an autograph letter to the President of the Arch-association, the Countess James de Liederkerke at Brussels giving, at the same time and with great affection, his apostolic benediction to the whole Association. The letter was dated March 12, 1870.

In May, 1877, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the Episcopal consecration of Pius IX., this testimonial of affection was repeated; a magnificent collection of vestments and sacred vessels were laid at the feet of the beloved Pontiff, who, in the midst of the general rejoicing was sad, because of the trials which had fallen on the Church. Accompanying the gifts was a spiritual bouquet of 395,019 Communions; 180,170 Hours of Adoration and millions of other prayers which had been offered for the Holy Father by the Belgian Associates. It was to be their last offering to the Saintly Pontiff who had been to the Association and to the religious institute which directed it, a truly indulgent Father. It was he who had blessed its commencement, had encouraged it and enriched it with the spiritual treasures of the Church, and who, by according the definite approbation to the constitutions of the Institute of Perpetual Adoration, by Brief of April 12, 1872, had consecrated this work and confirmed it forever. Nineteen Briefs had been granted them by him. A general communion was offered for the repose of his soul throughout the whole Association, which participated in the universal mourning of the Church.

But the Vicar of Christ does not die, and Leo XIII. was to continue and augment the privileges granted by his predecessor. His election to the Papal throne was a cause of special rejoicing in Brussels, where he had passed three years as Nuncio for Pius IX. The members of the Association hastened to lay their homage at his feet, and he, in turn, showed them very particular favor.

By decree of February 1, 1879, he transferred the seat of the Arch-association from Brussels to Rome, thus making of it a truly Catholic work. Thenceforth all Diplomas of Affiliation were to be issued from the Eternal City, and all associations in Rome having a similar name and object were to be united to the Arch-association of Perpetual Adoration and Work of Poor Churches, the constituted centre for the entire world. Soon afterwards the Holy Father authorized the foundation of a House of the Religious Institute of Perpetual Adoration

MGR. DE NÈVE.

in Rome, that it might more surely and advantageously direct the Arch-association depending upon it, thus applying the words which he himself had used in other cases: "That every Institute should be the centre for the entire world, of the work for which it was founded."

The Holy Father also deigned himself to name the president of the Roman Association, the Princess Francesco Massimo, in a letter signed by his own hand; to choose as director, Mgr. Anivetti, one of the priests of his household, and to accord the signal favor of a Cardinal Protector for the Institute and Association. His Eminence, Cardinal Alimonda, first fulfilled this charge; the present protector is His Eminence, Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli.

The public chapel of the religious was blessed on March 23, 1879; it was later replaced by their beautiful church of Corpus Domini, on the Via Nomentana.

The first meeting of the Roman Associates was held on May 8, 1879. The work was hardly begun when the Holy Father signified his desire to have some vestments at his disposal for the many poor churches which appealed to him, graciously sending, at the same time, the material to make them. Thirty-three ornaments composed this first offering to Leo XIII., but it became the precedent for an annual offering, which is among the most cherished privileges of the Roman Association.

Each year a large collection of sacred vessels and ornaments, the fruit of special gifts, is presented to the Holy Father, that he may dispose of them as he wishes. They are exposed in the Vatican, and His Holiness honors the exhibition by an official visit, and frequently by other informal visits. The Cardinal Protector, with his suite, the Director of the Arch-association, the religious of the Institute of Perpetual Adoration, the ladies composing the council of the society, and all those who have contributed to the exhibition by their gifts or by their labor, are admitted during the visit of the Holy Father.

The Religious of Perpetual Adoration have the privilege of giving the invitations for this audience, and it will be easily understood how eagerly such invitations are sought. The affability of the Holy Father on these occasions may truly be called paternal tenderness; he examines each object individually, showing all the greatest interest. He asks for an account of the progress of the Arch-association, of the new affiliations accorded, of the churches assisted during the year; then with the affection of a father ends by addressing to all present, words of congratulation and thanks, while dwelling on the motive of the special interest with which he honors this pious association; praising it because of *its principal object*, which is to procure adorers for Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, and to make reparation to His wounded honor. His Holiness urges unity among the associations. "The more united you are, the more good you will do. Union is strength in all good works, and gives greater merit to those who are engaged in them" were his words on the occasion of the donation of vestments, etc., for the first anniversary of his coronation. He desires, also, that the priests receiving assistance, should understand that in testimony of their gratitude, they must endeavor to establish the public Hour of Adoration in their parishes.

In December, 1887, the Sacerdotal Jubilee of Leo XIII. was celebrated by the Arch-association by a magnificent offering of ornaments and sacred vessels. Belgium alone sent 159 missionary trousseaux, 242 sets of vestments and 200 sacred vessels, with all else in proportion. A general circular had been sent to all the affiliated associations, and most of them were represented in some manner at the exposition held in the Vatican. Each country had its department; the gifts of the associations were grouped

separately and by dioceses. The American associations were worthily represented. The gift of the Philadelphia Association, of fifty sanctuary lamps, in honor of his fifty years of priesthood, particularly pleased the Holy Father. Again in 1893 America took part in this annual offering to the Holy Father, which, because of the occasion of his Episcopal Jubilee, was offered by the whole Arch-association as a token of their respectful and filial homage. The Association of Philadelphia sent a cope and humeral veil; Boston, a chalice, and New York, two benediction veils.

MGR. J. WILLEMSEN.

In writing to Madame de Meeûs of the transfer of the seat of the Arch-association to Rome, Mgr. de Ségur had spoken thus: "In the works of faith, union is strength, and is the greatest sign of true charity. The pontifical institution which Leo XIII. has just created and which is going to gather into the Arch-association the thousand particular works consecrated to the adoration and worship of the Blessed Eucharist, will do much to simplify matters, and I greatly pity those works, which, clinging to their little personal and local traditions, should hesitate to become part of this great Roman Arch-confraternity." (Letter of April 4, 1880.)

And indeed, once firmly established in Rome, the extension of the Arch-association was assured. Associations were formed everywhere in the Old World as in the New. To-day the work is regularly established in 187 dioceses: 89 Italian, others of different countries, such as all those of Belgium and Holland, nearly all those of Bavaria, Austria and Hungary, and the others in Germany, Switzerland, England and America.

In the United States the Tabernacle Society of Washington, D. C., was affiliated through Mgr. Keane, in 1880; the Association of Philadelphia renewed in 1881 the aggregation which Archbishop Wood had obtained from Brussels 1878. Archbishop Corrigan obtained in the affiliation of the New York Association in 1886, and Boston followed in 1887. That of Cincinnati, Ohio, with its zealous branch association at Dayton, Ohio, was affiliated in 1891, at the request of Archbishop Elder, who, as we have seen, had long been acquainted with the mother association. Since then Diplomas

of Aggregation have been given to San Francisco, Kansas City, and to Baltimore, whose active Centre is particularly favored by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. But our American societies lack that which makes the great strength of the Association in Europe a common centre. In every country where it is established there is always a primary association which is the centre of all the other associations of the country, and which receives all the demands of the poor churches, of no matter what diocese, and distributes them among the different affiliated associations, according to their resources and the needs of the churches. Hence, Rome is the head centre for all Italy, Brussels for Belgium, Rotterdam for Holland, Munich for Bavaria, London for Great Britain. Besides the spirit of union thus maintained, there are two very great advantages; duplicate gifts are avoided and the charity is equalized, the rich diocese receiving less, and the poorer ones more. All is regulated by a particular council, in which each bishop is represented by a delegate, to whom are referred all the demands of the poor churches of the diocese; thus the work is entirely under the control of the bishops. The applications from foreign missions are submitted to the sacred congregation of the Propaganda. Wherever there is a House of the Institute of Perpetual Adoration, it becomes, by virtue of its constitutions, the centre of the work, and the Superior of the house becomes its vice-president.

An open letter from the late Cardinal Alimonda to Madame de Meeûs, foundress and Superior General of the Institute, gives strong testimony of his appreciation of this dependence of the Association on the Institute.

"The Centre residing in your Institute," says he "does not concentrate the spiritual and material gains, but it propagates them among the Sister Associations. The aggregation does not increase pious practices, but renders them easier, only prescribing an hour of Monthly Adoration and the annual offering according to one's means. By the intimate union of persons devoting themselves to do good, according to the same rule and under the same form, is found realized, the Communion of Saints."

Before closing this article, already too long, a few words of the generosity which has continued, even to the present day, to aid American missions in spite of the many associations now formed there will certainly be of interest. The American Seminary at Louvain has each year received many missionary trousseaux for the priests leaving for the United States.

Since 1878 the value of these donations amounts to nearly $16,000. It is not surprising that objections have frequently been made that America was now rich and should be able to support liberally the devoted priests who leave their native land to labor in the vineyard of Christ on her foreign soil. In 1891 we find Mgr. Willemsen, the Reverend Director of the Seminary, answering these objections and assuring the Associates that the missions to which his priests were destined were not and never would be rich, and appealing strongly for the *eighteen* missionaries who were soon to leave the Seminary.

When we remember that since 1861 about 300 priests have left Louvain for American missions we can form an idea of what the Belgian Association has done for the advancement of religion in the United States. Several of these priests are among our present Bishops, notably Bishop Brondel of Helena and Bishop Glorieux of Boise City. To both of these prelates the Belgian Association has continued to give direct assistance, as well as to many other missions in the United States, though naturally the amount of this assistance diminishes each year because of our own societies. Besides the $16,000 which represents what was furnished to the Seminary at Louvain, gifts to the amount of $16,289 have been sent to other American missions since 1878,

making a total of nearly $89,000 donated since 1861.

To the Benedictine Missions in Indian Territory and Indiana; to the Jesuit Missions of the Rocky Mountains, and to their Missions in the Southern States so desolated by the Civil War; also to Missions under the care of various other religious orders, aid has been generously extended. Idaho, Montana, Dakota, Wisconsin, Kansas, Michigan, and even many of the Eastern States have received of the bounty of their Belgian brethren. Always and at all times the Association has urged the priests assisted to do what was possible for the establishment of the monthly adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and while in most cases this has not been possible, there have been several instances where an earnest effort has been made to correspond with their desires.

In 1888 Bishop Wadhams, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., who had received liberal donations from the Belgian Association, published a pastoral letter urging his priests to establish the Association and monthly adoration in all parishes. He had previously obtained a Diploma of Affiliation to the Roman Arch-association for his diocese.

After speaking of the object of the Association and the method of establishing it, Mgr. Wadhams continued:

"It is our greatest desire to see this Association established in all the Missions of our diocese. The priests are the guard of honor for our Lord Jesus Christ residing in the tabernacle; the first object of our lives should be to make Him known, loved and perpetually adored; and this is exactly the primary object of this Association, and our first and principal reason for desiring to see it established everywhere. . . .

"The second end which we propose to ourselves in our desire to see this Association established throughout the diocese is to carry out the wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff, who has enriched it

CARDINAL ALIMONDA.

with a great number of indulgences, and who loves to see our Lord adored and honored in the entire world.

"Finally it is an act of gratitude which we and many of the ecclesiastics of the diocese owe to the ladies of the Belgian Association for all they have done for us since the establishment of this diocese, in procuring for us without expense on our part, vestments and other objects for our poor churches. The pious desires of these ladies is that our Lord, dwelling in our isolated Missions may have His altars and His churches properly furnished, and that He may there receive each month the honor and the glory of this public hour of adoration.

"We therefore recommend this important work to your careful consideration, begging you to inform us, as soon as possible, if you decide to establish it in your parish.

✠ EDWARD, Bishop of Ogdensburg.

EDWARD MURPHY, Secretary."

Bishop Wadhams died in May, 1891, and his pious desire was probably not accomplished, but his successor, Bishop Gabriels, with almost the entire hierarchy of the United States, have within

the last few years, and at the solicitation of the Philadelphia Association, given permission to the priests of their respective dioceses to establish the monthly Hour of Adoration, with solemn exposition of the Blessed Sacrament.

Thus is proved what was said above, that if this sublime work of adoration and reparation now finds a fruitful soil in our great country, it is largely due, with the blessing of God, to the zealous Belgian missionaries and their generous benefactresses; and it may also be truly said that it is by the dependence of the Association on the Religious Institute of Perpetual Adoration that such wonderful results have been attained. His Holiness, Leo XIII., when receiving the offering of the Arch-association in 1893, beautifully expressed his testimony of this:

". . . There are many things we would wish to say in just praise of your Institute, so rich and fruitful in precious advantages for the ladies and young girls who frequent it, but we confine ourselves to a single reflection: if our Lord Jesus Christ promises to sovereignly cherish, and to render meritorious for eternal life, the smallest act done for the good of others for love of Him, judge for yourself, how agreeable to Him, and how meritorious to you, are those works which directly regard His worship, His altar, and the august sacrifice of which He is Himself the victim. Believe me, such works are so many precious stones, with which the Lord enriches the choice crown which He reserves for souls zealous for His honor and for the honor of His sanctuary!"

Will not our American tabernacle societies unite in prayer, and desire to see among them a house of the Religious of the Perpetual Adoration, that their efforts may be united in a common centre, and thus all may work more efficaciously for the honor and glory of the divine Master in the Sacrament of His love? And as the same love for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, which prompts this noble work, prompts too the work of the Promoters of the League, we would also ask their prayers for this same end.

JUBILEE OFFERINGS OF THE PHILADELPHIA TABERNACLE SOCIETY.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR APRIL, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE APOSTLESHIP OF THE PRESS.

THE Apostleship of Prayer from the very start recognized the importance of the Apostleship of the Press. Hence, its founder, the late Father Henry Ramière, S.J., as soon as he was able to command the necessary means, started the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART as the official organ of the work, whose scope was, not only the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart and of the organization of the League, but also the supplying instructive and edifying reading matter for all classes of the faithful.

This little periodical, first printed only in the French language, is now issued as an original monthly publication from thirty-five different Head Centres, and in nearly a score of different languages—several issues occupying the first rank in religious periodical literature. Thus the MESSENGER itself developed into a true Apostolate of the Press. But the apostolic scope of the MESSENGER is not confined to the legitimate and praiseworthy endeavor of reaching all Catholic homes itself, but of seconding every effort on the part of others to spread good Catholic literature for the propagation and defence of Catholic truth. Hence it is that, at different times, we have devoted so much of the space of our most important departments to this subject, and, as we have reason to believe, with much advantage to our readers.

It is with much satisfaction, then, that, at the special request of the Holy Father himself, who has assigned this momentous matter as the General Intention to be prayed for this month, we return to the Apostleship of the Press; for we are thoroughly convinced that, next to Catholic education (if indeed it may be regarded as a separate question) the question of the Catholic press is the most important of the many interests which, at the present time, claim our attention.

The importance and necessity of a vigorous Catholic press is universally acknowledged, and by no one has this fact been more clearly realized and more forcibly expressed than by our Holy Father, Leo XIII. In an address delivered to a delegation of Catholic editors, February 22, 1879, he compares this army of Catholic writers to a chosen band of soldiers, well skilled and trained in literary warfare, ready at the word of command from their leader to rush into the thickest of the fray, and, if need be, leave their lives on the field.

"This," says His Holiness, "is all the more a source of joy to me, because our age stands in need of such powerful defence. For such is the freedom, or I should rather say, license, of the press, that turbulent innovators have spread a countless multitude of journals, whose

object it is to attack or to question all truth and right, to calumniate and revile the Church, and to fill men's minds with the most ruinous principles. And so far have they succeeded in their endeavors that all men agree that the numberless ills, and the deplorable condition, under which society labors, is the unhappy result of a wicked press.

"Since, therefore, the periodical press has become a general necessity, Catholic writers should endeavor to use, for the rescue of society and for the defence of the Church, those same weapons which are employed by the enemy for the destruction of both. For although Catholic writers cannot have recourse to the same devices and allurements which their adversaries frequently use, yet they can easily equal them in variety and elegance of style as well as the abundance and accuracy of news; nay, they can easily surpass them in useful information and especially in the presentment of truth—for which the mind of man naturally yearns, and which contains such power, excellence and beauty, that once perceived by the mind it necessarily forces conviction even upon the unwilling."

This is only one of many utterances of Leo XIII., in commendation of the work of the Catholic press. The bishops of the Catholic world also in their national synods are most earnest in their recommendation of the Catholic press. Nothing has been more widely discussed in the great Catholic congresses which have been held all over the world. And we had occasion at different times to see the good results in some countries, particularly in Germany, France, and England.

In no country has the Catholic press question excited more interest than in our own. It has been widely discussed in newspapers and periodicals, in summer and winter schools, reading circles and press conventions. Our Plenary Councils have devoted much thought to it and embodied the result of their deliberations in wise laws and suggestions, which form one of the finest chapters in the *Jus Americanum*. The Fathers of the Second and Third Council of Baltimore condemn the license of the press; they charge pastors to guard their flocks from the noxious pasture; they commend the circulation of good books and papers, Catholic Truth Societies and parish libraries; they encourage Catholic authors and editors; they recommend the establishment of provincial weekly Catholic papers, and of a Catholic daily in some one of our large cities; they lay down certain salutary rules for writers and editors, exhorting them particularly to charity, prudence and moderation.

However, it is pretty generally acknowledged that the words of the Pope and the exhortations of the bishops, and the earnest advices and warnings of influential individuals and associations have effected very little towards the betterment of the condition of the Catholic press in this country. Our Catholic publishers have not yet seen their way to put any works of superior merit in the market. Catholic Truth Societies have, for the most part, proved abortive. We know of but few Catholic parish libraries that have done any efficient work. While our Catholic papers and periodicals are increasing in number, they seem to be deteriorating in quality, though there are some honorable exceptions. We venture this opinion only after the inspection of a file of some 200 English and about 100 foreign American Catholic periodical publications. Should any one question our authority on this matter we would refer him to a *symposium* on the Catholic press, in *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, May, 1894.

A thoughtful writer in that Review says: "It may seem to those who are not familiar with the variety of papers which pass as 'Catholic' in the United States, that we have somewhat exaggerated in what has been said in this article. Yet such is not the case. Of the large number of Catholic Exchanges received by us, there are several that we would not allow to be

read by respectable non-Catholics or young persons, from a legitimate fear of injuring the Catholic name or weakening the Catholic faith."

Such is the true state of the case, as we understand it. Now, is there any way out of it? Or is the Catholic press in this country a lost cause? God forbid that we should think so! However, we do believe that a spirit has taken hold of it, which can be driven out only "by prayer and fasting"; and consequently we think that it was a wise thing of the Holy Father to propose it to the prayers of the League. There is the demon of indifference, ignorance, pride, avarice, and selfishness. If Catholics were truly enlightened, zealous, humble and self-sacrificing, in a short time the Catholic press, like every other movement or enterprise, would soon flourish in the United States; and this is what we expect to bring about by the prayers of the League.

The Catholic press, like every other industrial enterprise, depends on the universal law of supply and demand. Its success or failure is dependent on many conditions and agencies—production and manufacture, distribution, consumption—in other words, writers, publishers, book-traders, and readers. As the readers, however, constitute the demand, all, ultimately, depends on them. The first need, then, is to create readers—that is, readers of Catholic literature. We have managed to create readers; but they are novel-readers, readers of the daily papers, of the sensational Sunday paper, and of the still more sensational story-paper—readers, too, of positively immoral and godless prints.

How, then, are we to create readers of genuine Catholic literature? Our answer is by a genuine Catholic education of our Catholic youth. Our Catholic youth in parochial school, academy and college must be taught to read—to read intelligently, to read *books*, to read serious matter and to understand what they read. The fact is, strange as it may seem, that many of our half-educated people have never been properly taught to read.

How comes it that while the grandfathers of the rising generation, who enjoyed an education little better than the hedge school, could master Milner's *End of Controversy*, and *Pope and Maguire*, and *Hughes and Breckinridge*, while their grandchildren, with all their educational advantages, cannot read with intelligence the simplest tract on a religious or controversial subject? It is hard to account for the fact; but it certainly reveals a lamentable defect in our modern educational system. First, it shows that the children are not at home in the matters of religion. Then it shows that they have never been taught to grasp a serious subject; in short, that they have not thoroughly mastered the first of the three R's which, to our thinking, means something more than the mechanical exercises of reading, or the ability to follow up the plot of a sensational story.

No child, it seems to us, can be said to have a satisfactory elementary education, who cannot intelligently read a chapter of an ordinary popular work on religion, history, or what we call general literature; or an article from one of our popular Catholic magazines. But the fact is that the child's mind is nowadays so overpowered with a multiplicity of *ologies*, that the essentials of a plain, elementary education cannot be attained. As long as this is the case, there will be little demand for Catholic literature, which, of its nature, cannot be of the very light and sensational kind.

If ever there should be any demand for Catholic publications our young people must be better trained, both in their religion and in their own English language, and their minds must be developed so as to be able to grasp something more elevated than the low-grade reader, and the chit-chat and gossipy stuff of even the better kind of juvenile story-papers. This is an arduous work, but

we do not think it is impossible, provided only their legitimate place is given to the study of English and of religion —and in the study of English we also reckon that of geography and history. The boys and girls who leave school with this equipment, simple as it is, have a wide field of culture open to them, whereas, if this part of their education has been neglected, all the treasures of truth and beauty are sealed to them forever.

But, besides having this ability, they must also be trained to read—to read serious matter, to read Catholic books and periodicals. They must be gradually introduced to Catholic literature, and directed from what is easy and engaging to what is more difficult. This, we know, is no easy task, and will not in all cases succeed. But patience and tact, and a little knowledge of boy and girl nature, will prevail in most cases. Hence the importance of parish libraries, well-stored with the treasures of our Catholic book literature and the best of our Catholic periodicals, so that the young people may become acquainted with them. But such a library must be under the direction of a priest or other conscientious and intelligent person, endowed with an extensive knowledge of books, and sufficient judgment to suggest those books that are suitable for each one's age, capacity and attainments. If once a taste for Catholic literature is created, not only will such libraries be eagerly patronized, but also the best Catholic books, papers and magazines will soon find their way into the families, and will be regarded as a part of the belongings of the household.

A good number of our grown Catholics have still to learn that there is such a thing as a readable Catholic book or paper or magazine in the English language. How are they to be reached? Well, many of them cannot be reached, but will live and die in the secular or Protestant mental atmosphere which they have created for themselves. Not a few of them, however, can be reached through those members of the family or friends who bring home Catholic books and magazines.

We come now to the question of distribution, or circulation, of Catholic books and papers. This is probably the most important function of the Apostleship of the Press. The Catholic book trade and paid agencies, for one reason or another, have proved utterly unequal to this task. Most of the Catholic book stores have been obliged to limit their stock to prayer-books and the penny Catechism. As they trade in books for a living they are not supposed to keep those for which there is no demand, especially if they are not liberally seconded by Catholic publishers. They will keep nothing on hand in which they foresee that there is no profit, but probable loss instead; and for this they are not to be blamed.

The circulation of Catholic books and papers, therefore, remains a work of zeal, and, if it is to be done at all, must be undertaken by the Church. How is it to be effected? The first means that suggests itself is the parish library. A parish library, however, which is destined to effect anything, cannot consist merely of a few book-shelves, with a few musty volumes on them, but of a live organization, with an intelligent and wide-awake director, who is the soul of the movement, and a staff of devoted and efficient officers. Such a library should not only have the best up-to-date Catholic book publications, but also form an active agency for the best Catholic papers and magazines, and also for the best tracts of Catholic Truth Societies. Such an agency, if well conducted, might be made a considerable source of revenue for the parish library.

Nothing can ever be effected in this line, however, without the active cooperation of the clergy. They must understand the full importance of the matter—they must realize that it is an essential part of the pastor's duty, not

only to warn the flock against dangerous pasture, but also to direct them to salutary pasture. The Catholic pulpit alone, without the aid of the Catholic press, is not sufficient to stay the tide of religious indifference in our day, if for no other reason, because we cannot reach all from the pulpit. Unless something more is done to reach the multitudes by the Catholic press, it is much to be feared that religious indifference and secularism will grow apace.

A well organized Catholic Library Association could easily be developed into a Catholic Truth Society, or an active branch of an existing one. The experiment, we understand, has been tried with success at the Cathedral Library of New York City.

A Catholic Truth Society, well organized and well conducted, it seems to us, is, at the present time, the only efficient means of circulating Catholic literature. In recent issues we have described the great work of the London Catholic Truth Society and of the *Croix* or the *Bonne Presse*, in France. These two are by great odds the best organized truth societies in existence. Yet truth societies, to our mind, should have a wider scope than any of these. They should not confine themselves to the circulation of their own tracts or publications, but they should make it a point to spread Catholic truth wherever they find it; provided, of course, that Catholic publishers would co-operate with them. They should not allow any publisher, or any paper or periodical, to monopolize their services. They should be always ready to put the right thing in the right hands, no matter from what source it may come. But they should mercilessly exclude what is of inferior or doubtful merit, no matter in what shape it may present itself, and no matter who may feel hurt by the exclusion. This would be the only way to extinguish the scores of miserable sheets that are now a blot to the Catholic name, and to bring about the survival of the fittest.

It is hardly needful to say anything of the efficiency of the League for the Apostolate of the Press. We do not wish to multiply the duties of our Promoters, though no work of charity, no Catholic interest, is foreign to the scope of the Apostleship of Prayer. Promoters will have many opportunities of exercising their zeal for the Apostleship of the Press in the ordinary discharge of their duties. They will have frequent occasion particularly to exert themselves for the circulation of the MESSENGER, which is sure to create a taste for healthy Catholic literature generally, wherever it has once found admission. In this sense our Promoters are, at least, indirectly, apostles of the Catholic press at large; and they should make use of the occasion of this General Intention, recommended by His Holiness, to promote that apostolate to which the MESSENGER has so generously lent its influence, by trying to put it in as many hands as possible.

We have been barely able to glance at a few of the many issues of the movement of the Apostleship of the Press. But what we have said will suffice to give some idea of its importance, its nature, its difficulties, and some ways and means to overcome them. Without God's supernatural help, however, we can do little; and therefore the Holy Father asks us to pray for the success of this movement all over the world.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular for the Apostleship of the Press.

THE·READER·

THE latest sensation in the literary world has been created by the publication of the *Life of Cardinal Manning* by Edward S. Purcell. Mr. Purcell has been the Cardinal's Boswell, not self-constituted, but by His Eminence's own choice. As early as 1886 he began to collect materials for the Cardinal's biography with the latter's full knowledge and approval. His Eminence, moreover, put at his disposal all his diaries, private notes and correspondence, after he had destroyed whatever he was unwilling should be put before the eyes of the public. Over this matter he gave him full power to use his discretion, refusing to see proofs or manuscript, with the solitary exception of one incident of a delicate nature. Besides this documentary material, the Cardinal, during the latter years of his life, sometimes freely and unreservedly, entertained him for hours at a time on the various incidents of his life with a view to publication; and at his death all his papers unconditionally were put into Purcell's hands for the same purpose. So the author says, and we have no reason to doubt the truth of his statements. The biographer had, therefore, unique advantages, and he certainly used them without restriction. Whether with or without discretion, it may be questioned.

The author has been severely taken to task by the Catholic press of England; and doubtless the strictures of English critics will be heartily re-echoed on our side of the Atlantic. It is natural that it should be so. Cardinal Manning, while he was probably with the multitude the most popular, came very near being the greatest man of the century. The public, and especially his friends, who were many, had an eye only for his greatness and for his sterling virtues. His weaknesses, whatever they may have been, disappeared like the sun-spots in the brilliancy of his eminent qualities. His recent demise only increased the admiration and deepened the affections of his millions of friends towards him. It is evident, then, that the foibles and short-comings, which, sad to say, cling to the greatest characters, could not be exposed without creating a revulsion of the public feeling. It was premature, then, to say the least, to fling his biography upon the public, and (to use the words of the author) to "lay bare the workings of his heart, its trials and temptations, sometimes its secrets and sorrows."

"No man is a hero before his valet," and great men have sometimes great weaknesses, if not great vices. This is the impression that the reader carries with him from the perusal of the Cardinal's life. That Cardinal Manning had none of those weaknesses, inseparable even from greatness, he himself would be the last to deny, though, like most people, he would be likely enough to misplace them. In the documents before us he gives a faithful picture of himself —a stern, independent character, with strong likes and dislikes, sincere, always justified before the tribunal of his own conscience, never suspecting that he is wrong, no matter how far he may differ from others in his views. That such a character should not have the kindred vices of great virtues—should be alto-

gether free from ambition, imperiousness and selfishness—is more than we can expect of human nature.

Now, the Cardinal himself was resigned, nay, was eager, to be judged by the facts and sentiments of his life as laid down in his own private notes, and it is not our affair to find fault with the biographer who executed his will. He was ready to stand or fall in the estimation of the public with the motives and maxims expressed in those notes. He would not exempt himself from that general law of historical treatment which he so pointedly laid down for others: "If the evangelist has not concealed the sin of Judas, why should we conceal the sins of bishops and other personages?" The late Cardinal himself, we believe, if he could be consulted in the matter would, in accordance with his principles, pass more lenient judgment on Mr. Purcell than do his critics.

For our own part, we regard the publication as an unpardonable act of indiscretion, for which, if we may believe the author, the late Cardinal himself bears his share of the responsibility. The publication should have been deferred at least for a generation, until time would efface those thousand memories that are apt to blur the great prominent features of historic characters. For the rest we do not see that there is much in these revelations that will surprise either the friends or the enemies (if such he had) of the great Cardinal. His opinions on things generally were pretty well known. He was known to hold advanced theories on social questions. That a certain coldness existed between himself and Cardinal Newman, which could not be explained by the habitual reserve of the one and the retired habits of the other, was a patent fact. He never tried to cloak his hostility to religious orders. He was known to entertain peculiar notions on the relative perfection of the priesthood and the religious state. Yet nowhere in his writings is this theory so defiantly expressed as in his private notes. It is hard to believe that his reflections on the relative merits of the "law of liberty" and "religious vows"—reflections which are utterly unsound and contrary to all reputable theology—could have been intended ever to be laid before the public.

Whatever hostility, however, he manifested in theory or in fact, to religious orders, did not, in any way, lessen their appreciation of his true merits. Some of his warmest friends and most enthusiastic admirers were religious. In fact, those who have written most appreciatively of him were religious—the Rev. Father Gasquet, O.S.B., and the Rev. Father Morris, S.J.

While the present biography, therefore, may be admitted to have unduly emphasized the human side of his life, yet we cannot think that it will detract anything from his true greatness. It will help to bring out in bolder relief those grand traits of character that remain indelibly engraven on the minds and hearts of those who still remember his grand services to the Church and to humanity at large.

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The General Intention for the month naturally awakens our interest in Catholic literature in America; and here we may be allowed to add a few remarks to what we have already said on this subject.

We have always been of opinion, and have sometimes given expression to the view, that Catholic Reading Circles could do much toward the circulation of good Catholic literature, without losing sight of their own specific scope, which is the literary improvement of their own members. The members can encourage and aid the establishment of Catholic libraries; they can become acquainted with the best Catholic books and periodicals and recommend them to their friends; they can influence their friends and the members of their own families to subscribe for and read those Catholic magazines that are worth reading.

Our idea of a high-grade Catholic Reading Circle is, that, while it may unravel the problems that beset the path of the student of the *Divina Commedia*, or enrich itself with the treasures of the myriad-minded Shakespeare, or revel in the harmonies of Tennyson, or, for that matter, grope its labyrinthine way through the obscurities of Browning, it should endeavor to make itself acquainted with our best Catholic literature; and that its members should not only be able and willing, but also eager, to direct others to wholesome Catholic reading. This may be done by individuals or by concerted action. Whatever influence the Catholic Reading Circles may exercise directly towards the spread of Catholic literature, they cannot, if properly conducted, fail to contribute much, at least indirectly, towards forming a taste and demand for healthy Catholic reading.

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In connection with the Apostleship of the Press we would have much to say of Catholic publishers, if space permitted. A great deal has been said against them; and we believe they have been rather unsparingly criticised as a class. They may have to bear their share of the blame for the failure of Catholic literature; but we do not believe that they are worse than others of their kind. They are men who have to eat bread and butter and to support families, and live like other respectable business men, and that, as we ought to know, on very poor patronage. Therefore we must not wonder, if at times they give us inferior work and charge high prices. Preaching, however, will affect them little. The only argument that will be effective in their case is the one that touches their pockets: If you don't like them, don't deal with them. The competition among the Catholic publishers themselves ought to serve as a sufficient stimulus and check at the same time to secure good work and moderate prices.

* * *

A word on Catholic writers. We would remind the reader that the fact that a writer is a Catholic, or that he writes in a paper that calls itself Catholic, is not a sufficient proof that his writing is Catholic. We have had many evidences of this within the last few years. The Third Plenary Council of Baltimore acknowledged this sad fact, though it was then less patent than it is now. It says:

"It is with shame and regret that we feel ourselves compelled by our pastoral duty again and again to admonish the editors of Catholic papers, neither by themselves nor through their assistant writers to attack churchmen, particularly bishops, nor wantonly and arbitrarily to judge, criticise or condemn their decisions, decrees and other measures adopted in the administration of their diocese, and thus to expose them to the contempt and ridicule of Catholics and Protestants. . . .

"Therefore, if, in future, any one, whether lay or cleric, either by himself or through his assistants or others instigated by them, in newspapers or publications of any kind, shall attack churchmen, particularly prelates, with injurious, opprobrious or insulting language — most especially if they should presume in such publications to attack the conduct of bishops in the government and administration of their diocese—we declare such writers themselves, as well as their accomplices and helpers to such pernicious misconduct, to be disturbers of order, contemners and enemies of ecclesiastical authority and guilty of very grave scandal."

This is one of the marks by which dangerous writers ordinarily betray themselves—contempt and criticism of ecclesiastical authority — though they may, at the same time, try to cloak it by fulsome laudation of some other ecclesiastical dignitaries, or by what we must, under such circumstances, regard an insincere panegyric of the Vicar of Christ himself.

A Newly Beatified Jesuit.—On January 12, the Venerable Bernardino Realino, of the Society of Jesus, was solemnly declared blessed by the Holy Father. The ceremony took place in the Hall of Beatifications in St. Peter's. In the morning after the reading of the decrees, Mgr. Casali del Drago, Patriarch of Constantinople, sung Mass in honor of the newly beatified one. In the afternoon Leo XIII. went to venerate the relics and assisted at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Three pictures were exposed. That over the altar represented the new *beatus* in glory; the others showed two miracles performed by him after death. One was the resuscitation of a dead child by his prayers, and the other was the cure of Father Antonio Grassi, S.J. The usual offerings of flowers and of a picture of the beatified were made to the Holy Father.

Fresh Dangers for Religious Orders in Italy.—Serious troubles again confront the religious orders and congregations in Italy. Since the wholesale robbery of their property by the Piedmontese Government in 1870, religious of both sexes have been buying new property, building churches, houses and institutions which are held in each case in the name of one or two trusty persons, who are regarded as proprietors before the law. Minister Crispi is said to be drawing up a decree declaring this to be a *fraus legis*, that the law depriving religious of all right to hold property is still in force, and, consequently, that all the goods accumulated by them during the past twenty-five years belong to the State. He counts on securing by this measure some 200,000,000 francs wherewith to replenish the empty coffers of the State. He is said to have remarked: "I will make those *Frati* (religious) pay for this Abyssinian war." Public prayers against this threatened spoliation are being offered in Italy. May God avert this terrible persecution of His Church!

A New Roman Congregation.—Leo XIII. has ever the grand idea of the reunion of the churches in his mind. Hence he sent forth the great Encyclicals to the schismatics of the East and the heretics of the West on this vital subject. Now he has created a permanent commission of Cardinals for this same end. Like the other Roman congregations, this one will have its theologian consultors as well as those to be sent by the Oriental Catholic Patriarchs to treat on these matters. The following have been appointed on this commission: the most Eminent Cardinals Ledochowski, Langénieux, Rampolla, Vincenzo Vannutelli, Galimberti, Vaughan, Granniello and Mazzella.

The Russian Press on Reunion.—Anything bearing on the great question of the Reunion of Christendom is of interest. The Russian periodical *Novoye Vremya* publishes the following favorable sentiments: "According to our views, religious congresses, for the purpose of dissipating prejudices and of bringing about fraternal feelings between different nations would be very useful and might lead to religious reunion. We must welcome every step taken in this direction.

"Twenty-five years ago, the thought of reunion was quite strange; at present it is earnestly entertained everywhere and stands in the front rank of interests. We are firmly convinced that reunion in faith is a real necessity, and that the efforts which are being made in this direction will sooner or later bear fruit." It is to be hoped that the press will thus be able to mould a healthy public opinion in this matter which will compel the ecclesiastical authorities, which are Russian, first and last in sentiment, to consider favorably the claims of the Vicar of Christ, acknowledged for so many centuries by their forefathers in the faith.

A French Editor Converted.—Quite a sensation has been made in Paris by the conversion of Albert Jouney, poet and editor. Considering himself up-to-date, no existing religion was good enough for

him, so he invented one of his own, and propagated it through a review called *L'Etoile* (the Star). He thus formulated his religion: "First, fraternal elevation towards God; second, invocation of the Superior Spirits; third, union by fluids." He had made a name for himself as a poet under the *nom de plume* of Alber Jhouney. The star that led the magi to Christ has led this brilliant author to the truth. He, therefore, announced in *L'Etoile* that "he retracts all that his books or articles may have contained contrary to the Catholic faith and that he rejects beforehand all that, through ignorance or error, he may write contrary to this doctrine. He has as companions two other converts, Paul Verlaine and the poet, Louis Le Cardonnel.

The Passing Away of an Apostolic Man.—A truly apostolic man has lately passed away, the Very Rev. Augustine Le Pailleur, the founder and Father General of the Congregation of the Little Sisters of the Poor. What need of an obituary for him. The mere mention of the noble Sisterhood that he called into being is the grandest eulogy. He lived to the ripe old age of eighty-three, thus having the satisfaction of seeing the work inaugurated by him under such humble conditions extend over the world, so that there are some 260 houses containing about 33,000 old people. This venerable man died in Rome, whither he had been called by the Holy Father five years ago. Leo XIII. speaks of this Congregation of Ministering Angels in the following terms: "It is the glory of the Church and a miracle in itself. It was I who brought the Little Sisters to Perugia and it is now a cause of joy to me that that they are here in Rome. They are true sisters, real mothers to their aged charges. So much were they appreciated at Perugia that they had no need to go out begging; every thing they could want was brought to them." Is there any one who really knows them and has visited their old people but will heartily agree with this praise of the Holy Father and will thank God for raising up an Augustine Le Pailleur to be the instrument in founding such a Congregation.

The Litany of the Sacred Heart.—We are frequently asked why we have put the Litany of the Holy Name in the Choral Service of the *League Devotions* instead of the Litany of the Sacred Heart, which would seem more appropriate. Our answer is always the same: We must follow, not lead the Church authorities. Consequently we were careful to remark in publishing the *Litany of the Sacred Heart* that it was *for private devotion only*. There seemed, however, to be some ground for thinking that it might also be used in services *not strictly liturgical* in churches or public chapels. This was based on an answer given to the Bishop of Pinerolo. However, a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated March 6, 1894, forbade the public use of all Litanies not contained in the Roman Breviary or in the more recent editions of the Roman Ritual. Even this appears not to have been sufficient, for now a new decree of the Congregation, dated November 28, 1895, settles the matter by enforcing the decree of March 6. So the Litany of the Sacred Heart may not be used in services in churches or public chapels, however devotional it may be.

Scapular of the Holy Trinity.—A decree of the Holy Congregation of Indulgences, dated Rome, August 24, 1895, has lately been promulgated. It declares that there is no longer any need of each new scapular of the Holy Trinity receiving a blessing as heretofore. Hence only the one used *in investing* is to be blessed. This scapular is of white wool with the cross of red and blue on it. It is commonly one of the five scapulars worn together. As no other scapular had to be blessed whenever a worn-out one had to be replaced, people who could easily enough procure a fresh scapular, could not so easily find a priest each time with special faculty to bless it, hence many who wore it were gaining none of its indulgences. Therefore to induce uniformity and facilitate the gaining of the indulgences the Spanish Commissary Apostolic of the Order of the Trinitarians obtained this dispensation of the Holy Father.

APOSTOLIC·WORKS·

WORK AMONG CATHOLIC SEAMEN IN THE PORT OF NEW YORK.—

We have received lately a very interesting report from the Committee of Priests in charge of the work for Catholic Seamen in New York.

A reading-room was opened a little more than a year ago in a small store in West Tenth Street, near the North River. It was purely tentative, and there were some misgivings about the probable success of the venture, as there were several attractive and well supported Protestant establishments already in the field. But the Catholic seamen showed themselves very appreciative of the undertaking in their behalf, and it was soon found necessary to procure more commodious quarters for them at 178 Christopher Street.

Here everything has been done, as far as limited means permit, to make an attractive meeting-place for these toilers of the sea. The hall is well heated and well lighted and ornamented with pictures, the place of honor being given to a large picture of the Sacred Heart. Plenty of reading matter is provided in the shape of books, magazines, weekly and daily papers. Here, too, they can write letters or play games. Besides affording them a safe and comfortable resort to spend their afternoons and evenings, it also answers the purpose of a mission, being a place where the priest may easily get in touch with them, may know them and their needs, and be able to advise and direct them.

The wonderful success of the work proves the need of many similar reading-rooms along the vast water-front of this great port. The Committee not only provide literature to be read on the premises, but also supply the ocean liners with packages of magazines and papers. The amount, of course, depends upon the contributions sent by the well-wishers of the seamen. How much interesting reading matter might be profitably disposed of in this apostolic way, which now lies unused in closets, or is thrown away as waste paper. Let our readers take this to heart and resolve to utilize their old magazines and journals, and books, too, by sending them to the Catholic Reading-room for Sailors, at 178 Christopher Street, New York City. They may be spurred on to this by the fact that up to December, 1894, the Seamen's Friend Society, a Protestant organization, had placed 10,146 loan libraries for seamen's use on board vessels leaving the port of New York. Many of these books are violently anti-Catholic.

Another practical way of helping along this splendid work is by contributing money to its support. So become one of "The Catholic Sailors' Friends," the title which those bear who promise to collect ten cents a month for the maintenance of the Reading-room. A dollar sent at one time will be considered a year's contribution. Out of gratitude, the priests of the Committee promise that once every week the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered for the intentions of the collectors and contributors. A word of praise for these devoted members of the Committee will not be out of place. They freely give their time and their interest to this work, although every one of them has charge either of a parish, or, as naval chaplains, of the ships in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Would you judge of the success of the Reading-room? If in New York go and see for yourself. It is open every day from 12 M. until 10 P. M. Almost any time during the afternoon you can see some seamen there reading the papers, magazines and books provided for them, and smoking the pipe which they themselves provide.

If you want to see them religiously engaged, then drop in on a Sunday night. They join in a short service, especially compiled for the use of sailors, and in hymns familiar to them. An appropriate instruction is given by one of the priests who compose the committee appointed by the Archbishop.

If you would like to be present at a characteristic entertainment, then Monday or Friday evening would be the time

for your visit. The seamen themselves furnish the talent and have some very good performers. You will hear songs well rendered, usually a solo with a refrain in chorus. You will see some excellent dancing. Then there are some very good players on the accordion and concertina. It is pleasant to notice how appreciative they are and how kindly in encouraging one who is overcome by stage-fright or whose memory plays him false.

Sometimes there are as many as 140 men in the room, yet there is perfect order and decorum in their conduct. In fact these men are most edifying in the respect they show to the priest; it is natural and spontaneous and speaks much for their genuine Catholic spirit. They are exceedingly proud of their "Bethel," as they commonly call it, and its effect on them is wonderful.

The first Local Centre in the United States of the Apostleship of the Sea was founded last July at the Reading-room, and Rev. Charles H. Parks, U. S. N., was appointed the Local Director. The plan of getting the seamen themselves to act as Promoters on board their ships was tried. It proved to be popular and successful. Thus, although this Centre of the Apostleship of the Sea is scarcely six months old, all the ships of the Cunard and White Star Steamship Lines are now floating League Centres. About 500 Associates have been registered and the membership is rapidly increasing.

The success has far surpassed all expectations. The men who volunteered to act as Promoters have been most conscientious and zealous in fulfilling their duties. The result has been most consoling. Regular attendance at Mass, frequent Confession and Communion, attention to prayer, diminution in the use of low and profane language, increase of temperance and noticeable improvement in every way have marked the progress of the League.

These seamen Promoters have caught the true spirit of the Apostleship and leave no endeavor untried to induce their shipmates to become Associates and then to lead them on to Confession and Communion. It is not an uncommon thing in St. Veronica's Church, near the docks, to see a Promoter with a band of fifteen, twenty or even forty men, wearing the Badge of the Sacred Heart going up to the altar. Some of these very men had not, perhaps, darkened a church door or attended to their religious duties in years.

What a boon the League has proved for themselves and for their families on the other side of the Atlantic. Some who once would spend nearly all their hard earned wages in the ale house before reaching home have become temperate, self-respecting, home-loving men. Those who were good have become better still and are truly edifying. Such is the fruit of the Apostleship of Prayer for seamen; we pray that it may spread until it has its Promoters on every ship that leaves this great port.

THE RANSOM OF SLAVES.—

The following items will give an idea of the motherly interest of the Church for the unfortunate slaves in Africa, whose souls she hopes to free and win to God by ransoming their bodies from cruel slavery.

The Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda distributed the following sums for this purpose in the month of December: 10,000 francs to the Vicariate Apostolic of the Upper Nile; 20,000 francs to the Central African Mission; 20,000 francs to the "White Fathers" at Tanganyika; 30,000 francs to the African Missionaries of the Holy Ghost; 30,000 francs to the "White Fathers" at the Great Lakes; 30,000 francs to the Vicariate Apostolic of Oubanghi; 20,000 francs to Father Gerbais, Administrator Apostolic of the Oungayemba district, and 50,000 francs to the Vicariate Apostolic of Gabon. The sum total distributed is 200,000 francs or about $40,000.

CONFIRMATION OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.—

All who love and delight to honor our Lord in the Sacrament of His love will rejoice to hear that our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has been pleased to approve and confirm forever, by a brief, dated August 12, 1895, the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament. It had already the approbation of Pius IX., but only for a period of time. We have before given notices of the work of this admirable body of priests, whose founder was the saintly Father Peter Julian Eymard of Paris, where the mother-house is. The object of the Institute is to honor our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament by perpetual exposition and adoration.

No wonder, then, Leo XIII. takes pleasure in giving his apostolic confirmation to this admirable congregation.

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

ALBANIA.—In our last issue we promised to give some instances of the efficacy of the League in Albania. We quote from a letter of Rev. Father Gattin, Central Director of the Apostleship of Prayer:

The chain with which Satan fetters the unfortunate people of Albania chiefly is the spirit of revenge, which is here called the law of blood for blood.

There are no regular courts of justice in these wild mountainous regions, so that every one with that fury peculiar to savages, claims the right of enforcing justice for himself. The Albanians carry their muskets with them and use them freely, not only to shoot down the murderer of a friend or relative, but even on the slightest provocation. An insult which elsewhere is resented only with a blow or a verbal rebuke, is sufficient to make an Albanian use his firearms. If he kills his enemy or one who has given him offence, he has wiped out his dishonor and is regarded as a hero. He wins the admiration of the public and receives the tribute of its praise; and if he should be prosecuted by law, he finds everywhere sympathy and protection in his flight. Sometimes it is a subject of regret to an Albanian on his deathbed never to have slain a fellow-being.

A missionary was once called to the bedside of a dying young Albanian of twenty-four; he had not long to live. The Father noticing that he was very despondent did his best to cheer him. "Ah, Father!" he says, "I die young and without honor!" "Why without honor?" said the priest. "Because I never had a chance to kill anybody," was the reply.

From this fact you may judge to what extent the law of revenge has become the curse of Albania. Hence that endless series of bloody deeds and murders, in which not only entire villages, but also whole tribes are involved. To make this fact more patent, suffice it to say, that in one parish previous to the missions, 480 persons had in a single year fallen victims to this spirit of revenge.

Only the Sacred Heart could have brought a remedy to such a deplorable state of things, and how powerful and almost miraculous has been its influence! Father Pasi, the Superior of the Mission, says: "The standing marvel in the mission of Gumsisce, which deserves special mention, is the all but miraculous cessation of revengeful deeds."

At Prekali, a man had sworn to have revenge of one of his countrymen, his deadly enemy. He called on me and told me he was dishonored and was determined to take revenge. I dwelt on the necessity of pardoning, and I must say that I had the greatest difficulty in convincing him. At last he gave in, kissed the crucifix and generously forgave his enemy. At Kiri and Sciosci there were many such instances of mortal offences wholly forgiven; and so it was in hundreds of other parishes.

These reconciliations are harder than one can imagine; they are even most extraordinary, and hitherto no one has been able to bring them about; but no matter, says Father Pasi, the Sacred Heart can do anything; Jesus holds in His hands the hearts of men.

Yet the Sacred Heart, writes Father Pasi, can do anything. Jesus holds in His hands the hearts of men. He moves them to pity; He delivers them from the blind fury of hatred; He frees them from the thirst of vengeance, and replaces these violent passions with sentiments of Christian charity and forgiveness. All these conversions must be ascribed to the devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Holy League of the Apostleship of Prayer.

A peculiar feature of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in these missions is the so-called *Golden Crown*, a little *Rosary of the Sacred Heart*, which, like all other prayers, and even the Christian doctrine itself, is *sung* by the Albanians. The congregation is divided into two choirs, one consisting of the children and the other of the adults. Every decade opens with the ejaculation:

Children—O Eternal Father, I offer Thee the most precious blood of Jesus Christ.

Adults—In expiation for my sins and for the needs of Holy Church.

Then follows on the ten smaller beads:

Children—Jesus meek, and humble of heart.

Adults—Make my heart like unto Thine.

The *Glory* is replaced by the ejaculation: Sweetest heart of Mary be my salvation.

It would be hard to find a form of prayer better adapted to the needs and intelligence of these revengeful savages. It is short and intelligible and appeals at once to the meekness and humility of the divine Heart, which is the model of our hearts. Its effects are simply marvellous.

One day during a mission at Scialla, just when the procession was about to start for the consecration to the Sacred Heart, a quarrel broke out between two men, which was to bear the banner of St. Nicholas. In the twinkling of an eye the whole congregation was marshalled in two hostile factions armed with muskets and dirks (the Albanians never go unarmed) and shots began to fall. There was every indication of a universal blood-bath, which was averted only by the intervention of the Sacred Heart and the presence of mind of Father Pasi.

As soon as the missionary heard the first shot he cried out at the top of his voice: "Attention! Let all who will stand by me and Christ answer!" Whereupon, with stentorian voice, he intoned: *Jesus, meek and humble of Heart.* There was a hearty response, which presently drowned the cries of revenge and soon quelled the turmoil of the fray. In a few minutes order was completely restored, and all voices joined in the praises of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the immaculate heart of Mary. Such is the power of the Sacred Heart even over the most savage human hearts.

MEXICO.—A pastor writes to the editor of the Mexican *Messenger:* "Two years ago I took charge of a parish, which was in a lamentable condition, owing to divisions among the inhabitants and general religious indifference. To remedy the evil I determined to have the Apostleship of Prayer established among my flock.

"The feast of the inauguration surpassed my most sanguine expectations. There was a very numerous general Communion and an extraordinary concourse of people. On the previous evening six confessors were barely able to satisfy the devotion of the faithful. Ever since then the First Friday of the month is largely celebrated.

"The parish church was in a dilapidated state. The sacristy was gloomy and in an unsanitary condition. There was no statue of the Sacred Heart to awaken the devotion of the people. To-day the Sacred Heart has provided all these things, and given over and above even more than I dared then to wish for. I should say that the Right Rev. Bishop of the diocese has given me his heartiest co-operation. He granted permission for the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament once a month in those places where public devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart were held. His Lordship himself had the goodness to preside at a solemn celebration in honor of the Sacred Heart the First Friday of January last.

"At the evening service an incident occurred which, for a moment, disturbed the general rejoicing, or rather manifested in a most striking manner the special protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus over those who had devoutly assembled at His altar. A stroke of lightning struck the church steeple and passed through the nave of the church, striking two persons to the ground. But they immediately arose unhurt. The church was crowded and the parts of it which was traversed by the current could not possibly be evacuated without a fatal stampede. Blessed be Almighty God, who, on that occasion, vouchsafed to stay the deadly effects of this invincible element!"

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The General Intention for April.

We cannot permit this opportunity to pass without recalling a way in which each Promoter may work successfully to bring about the realization of what our Holy Father desires in proposing the Apostolate of the Press as the object of our prayers this month. Have you good Catholic books in your home? Do you subscribe to good Catholic magazines and papers? Do you subscribe to at least one? Do you at least take the MESSENGER, the official organ of the devotion you are laboring to promote? Ask these questions of your fellow Promoters. By reading the MESSENGER you will be better instructed in the work of the League. You will find in its pages edifying and entertaining reading. If you cannot afford to subscribe yourself, if your fellow Promoters cannot afford to, why could not each Promoter induce the members of his or her band to subscribe for one copy to be passed around among them? The yearly expense on each of the fifteen Associates would be very small and all would have an opportunity of profiting by it. The Promoter would thus spread at least one Catholic magazine. A similar plan could be adopted for other Catholic publications and thus our Promoters would labor in a practical way as apostles to spread good Catholic reading.

The Utica Meeting.

In Utica and vicinity it had been announced that the Central Director would be at St. John's Church on Friday, February —. He was met at St. John's Rectory by about fifteen priests who are interested in the League. During the afternoon there was an informal conference to discuss League work and many practical points were carefully considered. In the evening the Central Director gave a special address to the Promoters from the various Centres in and around Utica. The interest taken in this meeting shows great zeal in the interests of the Sacred Heart. Notwithstanding the fact that a very severe snow-storm was raging and the roads were impassable and trains were delayed, over 500 Promoters gathered in St. John's to hear the address on "The Office of a Promoter."

The Promoters from each Centre had a special place in the church, designated by a banner bearing the name of the Local Centre to which the Promoters belonged. The evening ceremony began with an act of consecration read at the Sacred Heart altar, followed by a League hymn, then came the address by the Central Director. This was followed by the Benediction of the most Blessed Sacrament. Before the *Tantum Ergo*, the Promoters' Act of Renewal was read, and the services closed with the singing of a League hymn. The meeting was successful in every respect, and will be productive of much good. Many of the Local Directors and Promoters who took part in it have since written, assuring us of the good results. All were deeply grateful to Rev. Father Lynch, the pastor of St. John's, and to the officers of St. John's Local Centre for their kindness to all the visitors. The Central Director will hold similar meetings elsewhere, according as circumstances of time and place will permit.

Work for Promoters.

A cultured American lady, now residing abroad, writes to us anent our remarks in the "Reader" for February: "I was delighted to see your remarks on the Protestant clubs and guilds. That subject ought to come home to us Catholics. I think Catholic women are far too indifferent in those matters, and we have a tremendous responsibility. I have seen a great deal of the inner workings of those working-girl's clubs, sewing schools, etc., in the last three years. A friend of mine, a Protestant, who took a leading part in such work, but now dropped it for the positive evil it was doing to Catholic children, brought the following case to my notice: They had a sewing school of 150 children, *all* Catholics. They met on Saturdays (the children's confession day, by the way). One year the feast of the Immaculate Conception fell on a Saturday, and one-half of the children were absent. The others, when

questioned on the cause of the absence of their companions, replied that it was a holyday of obligation, and they thought they had gone to Mass. Whereupon my Protestant friend wrote to me, indignantly asking why the children were not better instructed, and why it had not been impressed upon them that *all* were bound to hear Mass. I replied with equal indignation, that little could be done for children who were all the week in a public school and on Saturdays were invited by the prominent Protestant ladies of the place *to be taught by them*.

"The very refinement, elegance and kindness of these ladies make a deep impression on the children, and they soon begin to think as a young girl once said to me: 'Indeed, Protestants are generally the best people, anyway.' It is too bad that we have so little energy. We need to be shaken out of our placid self-satisfaction, and I am glad to see that the MESSENGER contributes its share towards this result. Such work as indicated would give occupation to hundreds of educated Catholic young women, who absolutely have no aim and end in life at present."

Letters with Intentions.

On the last two pages of the MESSENGER we give a list of letters with intentions received during the month. This does not represent all the letters received. If the letter contained any other business which required an answer from this office, then the answer given is regarded as a sufficient guarantee that the intentions were received. Hence we only mention those letters which have not been answered in any other way from this office. In the case of many letters which should be acknowledged in the MESSENGER we are unable to do so, for the sender neglects to write on the blank the name of the place from which they are sent, and the postmark is so blurred that we cannot discover whence they come. Attention to these points will prevent many complaints unfairly made against us. We again call attention to the fact that the *summary* of intentions for each Local Centre should reach us by the twentieth of the month.

Reading Matter.

We have often announced our willingness to supply reading matter for hospitals, asylums, etc., on condition that those who desire such reading matter defray the expense of shipping it. Many have availed themselves of this offer, and much good has been done by the spread of edifying and instructive Catholic literature. We are still able to furnish a quantity of such reading matter to those who may apply.

BOOK·NOTICES·

THE CHRISTIAN'S MODEL; or, Sermons on the Life and Death of Christ, the Example and Virtues of Mary, and of the other Chosen Saints of God. By the Rev. Francis Hunolt, S.J. Translated from the Original German by the Rev. J. Allen, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1895. Two vols. Large 8vo. Pages 484 and 529. Price $2.50 per volume.

These two volumes complete the collection of Father Hunolt's sermons, which consists in all of twelve volumes. Like their predecessors, they will prove of invaluable service to the preacher. Though preached more than two hundred years ago, Father Hunolt's sermons have still a wonderful actuality, for, though mostly of a moral character, these discourses are built up on dogmatic truth, and touch those virtues and vices which are more or less common to all times and countries. Besides, the great preacher of Trèves displays a knowledge of the human heart, which gives a special value and a perpetual timeliness to his sermons. It is not as models, however, but chiefly as a repertory of solid thoughts and of excellent illustrations from the Scriptures, from the Fathers of the Church, from the lives of the Saints, and from the preacher's own wide experience and inventive genius, that the priest will find these volumes useful. No priest, we are sure, will regret to have given them a place in his library.

THE COMEDY OF ENGLISH PROTESTANTISM. By A. F. Marshall B. A. Oxon. New Revised Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 238. Price 50 cents.

This book contains one of the most delightful pieces of humor issued from the press since the *Comedy of Convocation* was published by the same author. While it keeps the reader in a constant fit of laughter it brings out in great prominence the incongruities, contradictions and absurdities of the different positions of the Protestant sects. The *dramatis personæ* in the comedy are limited to seven, representing the most marked phrases of the 200 odd forms of belief into which Protestantism in England has degenerated. As is the case with most fools, each delegate is fully alive to the weaknesses of the position of everybody but himself, and states them unreservedly. The *Comedy*, while most amusing, is at the same time very instructive. No one will take it up without reading it from cover to cover. The present edition is very tastefully gotten up, while the price is reduced by one-half of that of the original edition. It deserves wide circulation, and one or more copies should be in every circulating library. It is sure to be in great demand as soon as it is known.

FABIOLA; or, the Church of the Catacombs. By Cardinal Wiseman. Illustrated Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 324. Price $1.25.

Few stories, if any, have found such favor at home and abroad as Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola*. It has been translated into most languages of civilized nations, and is regarded as one of the classics of Christian literature. Artists have taken their inspiration from many of its pathetic scenes. It was, therefore, much to be desired that a cheap illustrated edition should be put in the market. It was to supply this want that the present edition was undertaken.

The illustrations are by Joseph Blanc. Beginning with the scene wherein the holy matron Lucina invests her son Pancratius with the sacred relic of his father's martyrdom, the artist next shows us the haughty lady Fabiola, nettled at the rebukes of her Christian slave Syra, attacking her with a stiletto. This is followed by a view of the interior of a church with Syra donating to the poor the ring bestowed on her by her mistress in atonement for the wound inflicted. As a frontispiece the artist presents to us Sebastian, the tribune of the imperial guard, and his young companion, Pancratius. They are standing at the en-

trance to the palace, near the *Meta Sudans* fountain, looking out on the Coliseum, and listening to the roars of the savage beasts, the music that will soon accompany them to their triumphant death. Further on we see Fabiola interfering on behalf of her cousin Agnes, and spurning the villain Fulvius who has dared aspire to the Christian maiden's hand. Two highly dramatic pictures are those in one of which we find young Pancratius in presence of his companions burning the Emperor's Edict, in the other the Centurion Quadratus bearing in his arms the boy Tarcisius who suffered martyrdom rather than surrender the precious burden—the Blessed Sacrament—which he was bearing to his fellow Christians in prison. One of the most beautiful of the illustrations is that in which the artist depicts the holy priest Lucianus stretched on the prison floor, his limbs painfully distended in the stocks, giving Communion to those who are soon to suffer for the Faith. Then follow in quick succession two scenes of martyrdom: Pancratius in the arena, facing the panther which is to give him the martyr's crown, and the Virgin Agnes kneeling to receive the headman's fatal blow. Finally, we have a view of the interior of the Catacombs, showing Fabiola, now become a Christian, surrounded by her servants finding the body of Emerentiana lying weltering in her blood at the foot of the tomb of Agnes, her sister-martyr.

We hope the painstaking of the enterprising publishers will secure a large circulation of this excellent book.

CARDINAL MANNING. By J. R. Gasquet. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers. Pages 125.

It was somewhat providential that this brief and cheap life of the great Cardinal was published a short time before Purcell's rather sensational volumes were sprung upon the world. In Father Gasquet's sketch we have the bright side of Manning's character traced with a loving hand. No one can read it without conceiving a great opinion of the late Cardinal, which cannot be effaced, or to any great extent diminished, by Mr. Purcell's untimely publication. Its wide circulation will help to undo the harm likely to result from the premature revelation of facts which are calculated to reflect on the character of a great and good churchman. A chapter of pleasant and edifying reminiscences by the late Father Morris, S.J., is appended, which will be read with interest. The make-up of this little book is altogether worthy of the great subject it treats of. We warmly recommend it to all who would form a just estimate of Cardinal Manning's true character.

A TUSCAN MAGDALEN, and other Legends and Poems. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. Pages 205.

We can expect nothing but the very best from Miss Donnelly's muse. Yet we are inclined to think that she surpasses herself in this beautiful collection. It breathes the fragrance of true Christian poetry, which, while it delights, chastens and elevates and brings us nearer to God, the source of all truth, purity and beauty. Make our young people taste the beauty and sweetness of productions like these, and they will soon loathe all literary trash. This volume is gotten up in such elegant style that it will be an ornament as well as a treasure to the most sumptuous household. We trust it will supplant many of the flashy volumes that disgrace the domestic book-table.

LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY. Vol. IV. Containing sketches of the Order in South America and the United States. By a member of the Order of Mercy. New York: P. O'Shea. 12mo. Pages 594. Price $1.50.

The fourth and closing volume of this excellent series of annals, if anything, surpasses its predecessors in interest, treating, as it does, the history of the Sisters of Mercy on this continent. It offers very interesting and edifying reading. It is charmingly written. It confronts us with the supernatural on every page of its simple recital.

CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC FOR 1896. New York: Catholic School Book Company.

This popular Calendar, in addition to the usual amount of useful information, contains a large variety of interesting matter.

From the *Maison de la Bonne Presse*, Paris, we acknowledge the receipt of the first volume of *Histoire de la Vendée Militaire*, by Cretineau-Joly; *Les Saints; Novembre et Decembre*, *Souvenir des Pélerinages de Pénitence en Terre-Sainte*, and other publications. We congratulate this admirable house on its wonderful enterprise.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 69,102.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

CINCINNATI, O., FEBRUARY —.—I had been suffering from rheumatism for about eight years. I had tried every medical remedy, but in vain. The pains a few months ago seemed greater than usual, when I felt inspired to make a novena to the Sacred Heart, through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary. During the novena I wore the Badge. Wonderful to relate, the very first day I put it on the pains ceased, and have not since returned.

ALEXANDRIA, LA., FEBRUARY —.—Fervent thanks are returned for the conversion to the faith of a father. During his sickness a Badge was put on him, and a few days after he asked for the priest, was instructed, received the Sacraments with great fervor, and died a happy death.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., FEBRUARY 14.—A child, six years of age, had its right arm broken twice. The second setting was improperly done, and a physician declared that she would never regain the use of it. A novena was made to our Lady of Lourdes, a Badge was placed on the arm, and in a few days the fingers became flexible, and the arm is perfectly cured.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., FEBRUARY —.—A Freemason was recommended to the prayers of the League and wore the Badge. He unexpectedly presented himself to a priest for baptism. The priest would have put him off until fully instructed, but finally yielded to his eager request. Shortly after being baptized the convert died quite suddenly.

———, OHIO, FEBRUARY —.—A Protestant woman was brought to a Catholic hospital at her own request, as she refused to go to a Protestant one. The doctors gave no hope of her recovery, as it was a violent case of pneumonia. She expressed her wish to become a Catholic. If her life were spared she promised to bring up her children in the faith. Still the case seemed hopeless. A Badge was put on her, and she frequently said the ejaculation: "Sweet Heart of Jesus have mercy on me and help me." She recovered, and attributes her cure to the Sacred Heart

Spiritual Favors.—Return of a son to his duties; of a brother after three years of neglect; of another after five years; reform of a woman who had not received the Sacraments in nine years; grace for a sick brother to receive the Sacraments after having been neglectful for more than twenty years; return of a woman to her duties after twenty years, shortly after joining the League; also of several others neglectful for over twenty years. Return of a man, who, though a regular attendant at Mass, had not received Holy Communion in thirty years; return of a brother

to his duties after over forty years of neglect; happy death of an old lady who had not practised her religion for many years, also of a man who had been careless for a very long time; conversion of a man on his deathbed; many others recalled to their duties and several conversions to the faith; several religious vocations; many persons reclaimed from intemperance; also many graces not specified.

Temporal Favors.—Safety of a mother and child for whom the doctors said there was no human aid; a cure of rheumatism and of two cases of quinsy by applying a relic of Blessed Margaret Mary, making a novena and promising publication; recovery of a person hopelessly ill, a few hours after Mass was offered in honor of the Sacred Heart; warding off of what the doctor pronounced paralysis of the arm; recovery from an acute and painful disease without a threatened operation; instant relief from a deep-seated abscess; quick convalescence of several children from a tedious disease; restoration of sound reason to one whose mind was seriously affected; cure of sore eyes; healing of a diseased lung; recovery of a sick boy; healing of a wound which doctors tried in vain for two years to bring about, it closed on the last day of a novena; recovery from an illness which threatened to become consumption; recovery of two brothers from a severe attack of typhoid fever, improvement began as soon as a novena was started; disappearance of a skin disease; cure of a contagious disease and the prevention of its spread among other children; recovery of a young man very seriously injured; preservation of all the pupils of a school from measles, which were very fatal in the neighborhood; another preservation from a malignant form of a contagious disease; restoration to health through a novena; disappearance of a threatened cataract on an old lady's eye; cure of rheumatism by applying a relic of Blessed Margaret Mary and making a novena; preservation of an arm, crushed by machinery, and condemned to be amputated; a young man fell forty feet from a scaffold, but was not killed, he attributes his escape to the wearing of the scapular; preservation from death of an engineer who was thrown 260 feet; an escape from imminent death; a safe voyage in dangerous weather; prevention of a serious accident in a bad storm; preservation from burning to death; return of a brother after eleven years of absence; safety of a family of small children when diphtheria was raging on all sides; an infant was accidentally thrown from a veranda but escaped unhurt; employment for the head of a large family in distressing circumstances; help when sorely needed; promotion in business; favorable renting of a store; two favors preventing a threatened disgrace; advantageous leasing of property; means to begin building a much needed chapel; acquisition of property, much desired but of which there was little hope; payment of long-standing bills; unexpected means for a musical education; money obtained to save a family from ruin; success in many examinations; employment and means for very many persons; prevention of a law-suit; and a great many other favors not specified.

Favors through the Badge:—Cure of a woman bed-ridden for ten months with rheumatism. She joined the League, wore the Badge, and is now well and able to work; cure of a severe earache, with every symptom of an abscess, by applying the Badge; great relief from rheumatic gout; cessation of spasms in a boy long subject to them; work obtained for a non-Catholic through wearing the Badge; cure of a very severe attack of bronchitis which affected the left lung; recovery from quinsy sore throat and from dysentery; cure of an ulcerated tooth; relief from a serious ear trouble; cure of a young man who had been seriously stabbed, the Badge and Lourdes' water were used; restoration of consciousness; sudden cure of pain in the side; disappearance of decided symptoms of typhoid fever, in two cases; cure of a sore foot, of earache, of a very sore finger, of neuralgic pains, of skin disease, of sore throat; cessation of fits; escape of a Promoter from death by the falling of a piece of iron from a roof, it fell directly at her feet, she attributes her safety to the Badge which she wore; and many other favors.

Favors through the Promoter's Cross:—Recovery of a child dangerously ill; cure of a pain in the side, of several years' standing, by wearing the Cross and making a novena; immediate relief from severe bronchial trouble; recovery of two infants whose lives were despaired of by the doctors; cure of a baby from eczema by use of the Cross and Badge; and many other favors.

PROMOTERS·RECEPTIONS·

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (January 20 to February 20, 1896).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centres.		Diplomas and Crosses.
Alton	Springfield, Ill	St. Joseph's	Church	22
Baltimore	Aberton, Md.	St. Stanislaus, (S.J.)	"	2
"	Anacosta, D. C.	St Teresa's	"	24
"	Washington, D. C	St. Matthew's	"	46
Belleville	Chester, Ill.	St. Mary's	"	4
Boston	Boston, Mass.	St. Stephen's.	"	15
"	Lowell, "	Immaculate Conception	"	4
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	1
"	Salem, Mass.	Immaculate Conception	"	14
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y	Convent of Mercy	"	2
"	" "	St. Stanislaus	"	12
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul	"	11
"	Long Island City, N. Y.	St. Mary's	"	21
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Holy Angel's (O. M. S.)	"	1
"	Olean, "	Convent of Mercy	"	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill	Holy Name	School	6
"	Freeport, "	St. Mary's	Church	1
Cincinnati.	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Lawrence's	"	1
"	" "	St. Xavier's (S. J.)	College	7
Cleveland	Cleveland, "	Immaculate Conception	Church	7
Davenport	Des Moines, Iowa	St. Ambrose's	"	3
"	Iowa City, "	St. Agatha Sisters of Charity	Seminary	3
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	Sacred Heart	Academy	2
Dubuque	Dubuque, Iowa	The Cathedral		5
Erie	North Clarendon, Pa.	St. Clara's	Church	4
Fort Wayne	Fort Wayne, Ind.	St. Patrick's	"	20
Grand Rapids	Bay City, Mich.	St. Steven's, Srs of St. Dominic,	Convent.	1
Hartford	New London, Conn.	St. Mary's	Church	19
Lincoln	Lincoln, Neb.	Convent (S. H. C. J.)		3
"	" "	St. Teresa's	Pro-Cathedral	24
"	Rulo, "	Immaculate Conception.	Church	1
Louisville	St. Vincent's, Ky.	Sacred Heart	"	1
Milwaukee	Fox Lake, Wis.	Immaculate Conception.	"	2.
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	St. Joseph's (S.J.)	"	1
Nashville	Jackson, Tenn	St. Mary's	"	2
Natchez	Canton, Miss,	Immaculate Conception	"	1
Nesqually	Seattle, Wash.	Sacred Heart (C.SS.R.)	"	21
Newark	Newark, N. J.	St. Bridget's	"	45
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	St. Vincent de Paul's	"	1
New York.	Middletown, N. Y.	St Joseph's.	"	10
"	New York, N. Y	St. Alphonsus' Church(C.SS.R)	"	19
"	" "	Annunciation	"	4
"	" "	Carmelite	"	50
"	" "	Immaculate Conception	"	2
"	" "	St. Mary's (Sisters of Charity)	Academy	3
"	" "	St. Monica's	Church	14
"	" "	Our Lady of Good Counsel	"	7
"	" "	Sacred Heart	"	3
"	Princes Bay, "	Mount Loretto	"	4
Peoria	Canton, Ill.	St. Mary's	"	18
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Anthony's	"	36
"	West Chester, "	Immaculate Heart of Mary	Convent	5
Pittsburg	Pittsburg, "	St. Bridget's	Church	2
"	" "	St. George's	"	3
"	Sharpsburg, "	St. Mary's (C.SS.R.)	"	16
Providence	Fall River, Mass.	SS. Peter and Paul	"	46
"	Providence, R. I.	Immaculate Conception	"	11
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Academy	3
St. Augustine	Jacksonville, Fla.	Immaculate Conception	Church	1
St. Joseph	St. Joseph. Mo.	St. Joseph's	Cathedral	2
St. Louis.	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Francis Xavier's (S J.)	Church	17
"	" "	St. Kevin's	"	5
San Antonio	Victoria, Tex	St. Joseph's	College	3
Scranton	Nanticoke, Pa.	Sisters of Mercy	Convent	1
Springfield	Springfield, Mass.	St. Michael's.	Cathedral	31
Syracuse	Binghamton, N. Y.	St. Mary's.	Church	29
Trenton	Riverside, N. J.	St. Peter's.	"	4

Number of Receptions, 67. Number of Promoters, 709.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from January 20 to February 20, 1896.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Diploma.
Alton	Edgewood, Ill.	St. Ann's Church	Jan. 29
"	Grantfork, Ill.	St. Gertrude's "	Jan. 26
Baltimore	Washington, D. C.	Holy Name "	Feb. 13
Boston	Somerville, Mass.	Home of the Aged	Feb. 6
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Stanislaus' Church	Feb. 6
Buffalo	Watkins, N. Y.	St. Mary's "	Jan. 29
Cleveland	Salineville, O.	St. Patrick's "	Jan. 29
Davenport	Valeria, Iowa	Sacred Heart "	Feb. 3
Dubuque	Eagle Grove, Iowa	Sacred Heart "	Feb. 11
Erie	Coudersport, Pa.	St. Eulalia's "	Feb. 6
Fort Wayne	Lowell, Ind.	St. Edward's "	Feb. 20
Kansas City, Mo.	Kansas City, Mo.	Holy Rosary "	Jan. 29
Leavenworth	Leavenworth, Kansas	Western Branch, National Home D. V. S. ("Holy Spirit") Chapel	Feb. 11
Nashville	Humboldt, Tenn.	St. Aloysius' "	Feb. 10
"	Union City, Tenn.	Immaculate Conception Church	Feb. 10
Newark	Macopin, N. J.	St. Joseph's "	Jan. 29
New York	New York, N. Y.	Ascension "	Feb. 9
"	"	Little Sisters of the Poor	Feb. 3
"	Amawalk, "	Preparatory Novitiate	Jan. 29
North Carolina (Va.)	Belmont, N. C.	Sacred Heart Convent	Jan. 21
Omaha	O'Neill, Neb.	St. Patrick's Church	Feb. 3
Philadelphia	Lehighton, Pa.	SS. Peter and Paul "	Jan. 21
"	Lost Creek, Pa.	St. Mary Magdalen "	Feb. 20
Providence	Mansfield, Mass.	St. Mary's "	Jan. 29
"	Woonsocket, R. I.	Sacred Heart "	Feb. 10
Sacramento	Eureka, Cal.	St. Bernard's "	Feb. 20
"	San Andreas, Cal.	St. Andrew's "	Jan 29
Salt Lake City	Eureka, Utah	St Patrick's "	Feb. 10
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal.	St. Joseph's Grammar School	Jan. 29
Scranton	Bentley Creek, Pa.	St. Ann's Church	Feb. 10
Syracuse	Oswego, N. Y.	St. Mary's "	Feb. 9
"	" "	St. Paul's "	Jan. 26
"	" "	St. Peter's "	Feb. 9

Aggregations, 33; churches, 27; chapel 1; college 1; convent, 1; school 1; institutions, 2.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Angelus	375,740	11. Masses heard	172,815
2. Beads	340,104	12. Mortifications	235,665
3. Stations of the Cross	61,350	13. Works of Mercy	166,930
4. Holy Communions	64,319	14. Works of Zeal	132,633
5. Spiritual Communions	219 990	15. Prayers	3,827,303
6. Examens of Conscience	230,519	16. Charitable Conversation	41,236
7. Hours of Labor	1,122,518	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	38,112
8. Hours of Silence	378,036	18. Self-conquest	67,794
9. Pious Reading	115,113	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	314,907
10. Masses Celebrated	11,023	20. Various Good Works	295,704

Special Thanksgivings, 496; Total, 8,213,207.

LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS.

(Continued from page 352.)

VIRGINIA—Continued.
Richmond, 27, 28, 13.
Roanoke, 5.

WASHINGTON.
New Whatcom, 28.
North Yakima, 21.
Seattle, 21.
Spokane, 18, 31, 9.
Tacoma, 24.

WEST VIRGINIA.
Weston, 30.
Wheeling, 18, 20, 13.

WISCONSIN.
Altoona, 29.
Bayfield, 28.
Chilton, 12.
Chippewa Falls, 28.
Dundee. 29.
Eauclaire, 4.
Ellis, 27.
Fond du Lac, 20.
Green Bay, 30.
Harper's Ferry, 18.
Hollandale, 28.
Jacksonport, 18, 20.
Kaukauna, 27.
Merrill, 3.
Milwaukee, 22, 27, 30, 31, 4, 5, 15, GO. 17.
Norborne, 22.
Oshkosh, 30.
Prairie du Chien, 3.
Portage, 21.
Racine, 21
River Falls, 23.
Sheboygan, 3.
Shullsbury, 21.
Tomakawk, 31.
Washburn, 12. 21.
Wauroatosa, 12.

WYOMING.
Cheyenne, 26.
Evanston, 23.
Saint Stephens, 27.

CANADA.
Halifax, 27.
Port Arthur, 25.
Sarnia, 29.
Toronto, 29.

FOREIGN.
Dublin. Ireland, 9.
Guatemala South America, 4 GO.

LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from January 20 to February 20, 1896, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Birmingham, 30.
Mobile, 22, 24.

ARIZONA.

Phœnix, 2.

ARKANSAS.

Helena, 17.
Pine Bluff, 16, 28.
Texarkana, 24.
Toltec, 27.

CALIFORNIA.

Berkeley, 28.
Eureka, 28.
Los Angeles, 30.
Los Gatos, 24.
Menlo Park, 24.
Petaluma, 20.
Redwood City, 23.
Riverside, 1.
Sacramento, 30, GO.
San Bernardino, 21.
San Francisco, 18, 21, GO. 23, 25, 26, 27, GO.
San José, 24, 25, 27, 30, GO.
Santa Barbara, 20.
Santa Clara, 22, 27.
Woodland, 4.

COLORADO.

Animas, 19, 9.
Denver, 20, 26, 28, 20.
Pueblo, 25 27.
Trinidad, 30.

CONNECTICUT.

Baltic, 30.
Bridgeport, 30, 3.
Danbury, 31.
Derby, 28.
Hartford, 27, 29, 30.
Manchester, 11.
Meriden, 23.
New London, 29.
Portland, 28.
Putnam, 28.
Ridgefield, 30.
Waterbury, 30.
Winsted, 27.

DELAWARE.

Middletown, 5, GO
Wilmington, 26, 28, 29.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 20, 21, 23, 24, 28, 30, 31, 3, 5, 9.

FLORIDA.

Jacksonville, 4, GO.
Palatka, 10.
Pensacola, 20.
Saint Antonio, 10, GO.
Saint Augustine, 11.
Saint Leo, 31.
Titusville, 20.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta, 28.
Macon, 20.
Washington, 27.

IDAHO.

Boise City, 23.
Wallace, 27, 13.

ILLINOIS.

Alton, 27, 28.
Aurora, 26, 29.
Beardstown, 29.
Belleville, 10.
Cairo, 28.
Charlestown, 28.
Chatsworth, 20.
Chicago, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, GO. 30, 3, 4, 6, 8.
Decatur, 11.
East Saint Louis, 27.
Farmersville, 30.
Freeport, 9.
Joliet, 25, 27, 29, 4, 5, GO
Lemont, 30.
Liberty, 21.
Lincoln, 24.
Litchfield, 28.
Lockport, 18.
Loda, 24.
Mattoon, 24.
Mendota 17.
Morris, 20.
Newton, 11.
Ottawa, 16.
Peoria, 29.
Quincy, 29
Rochelle, 18.
San-doval, 29.
Shelbyville, 29.
Springfield, 29.
Stockton, 26.
Streator, 29, 11.
Taylorville, 29.
Waterloo, 3.
Waukegan, 24.
Wenona, 21.
Woodstock, 28.

INDIANA.

Columbus, 23.
Connersville, 3.
Fort Wayne, 3, 7.
Greencastle, 25.
Hammond, 29.
Indianapolis, 23, 28, 30, 5, GO. 12.
Lafayette 8.
Laporte, 23.
Loogootee, 11.
Madison, 20
Notre Dame, 22.
Peru, 28.
Pelscot, 11.
Shelbyville, 2.
Terre Haute, 20, 23.
Valparaiso, 29.

IOWA.

Bennettville, 21.
Cedar Falls, 6.
Connor, 29.
Council Bluffs, 29, 4.
Decorah, 18.
Des Moines, 20, 1.
Dubuque, 22, 29, 30.
Farley, 28.
Fort Madison, 24.
Hiteman, 18.
Independence, 27.
Iowa City, 23, 5, GO.
Keokuk, 18.
Le Mars, 8.
Lyons, 27.
McGregor, 29.

IOWA (con'd)

Mount Pleasant, 28.
Sioux City, 28, GO. 16, GO.
Sheldon, 29.
Solon, 20.
Tama, 28.
Vinton, 29.

KANSAS.

Atchison, 27, 28, GO.
Burlington, 28.
Hays City, 17, GO.
Leavenworth, 27.
McPherson, 27.
Mount Olivet, 24.
Olathe, 25.
Oswatomie, 27.
Paolo, 12.
Parsons, 9.
St. Mary's, 29.
Springdale, 4.
Topeka, 31.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green, 10.
Bardstown, 13.
Covington, 23, 31.
Fancy Farms, 20.
Knottsville, 27.
Lexington, 18, 26, 12, GO.
Loretto, 22.
Louisville, 24, 27, 28, 29, 10.
Maysville, 26.
Morgantown, 11.
New Haven, 20.
Newport, 30.
Paducah, 27.
Saint John, 8.
Saint Joseph, 28.
Saint Mary, 22.
Springfield, 20.
Starley, 12.
Versaillet, 22.

LOUISIANA.

Alexandria, 14, GO.
Grand Coteau, 28.
Mansura, 16.
Marksville, 21.
New Orleans, 21, 22, 25, 30, 10.
Shreveport, 18.

MAINE.

Augusta, 27.
Portland, 29.

MARYLAND.

Ammendale, 30.
Barclay, 27.
Baltimore, 19, 21, 23, 27, 28, 30, 4, 7.
Cecilton, 28.
Chapel Point, 27.
Clements, 30.
Cumberland, 30.
Davidsonville, 27.
Emmitsburgh, 29.
Frederick, 29.
Glyndon, 8.
Hancock, 8.
Leonardtown, 4.
Libertytown, 8.
Morganza, 11.

MARYLAND (con'd)

Mount St. Mary's, 20, 28.
Poplar Springs, 30.
Ridge, 11 GO.
Texas, 2.
Valley Lee, 27.
Woodstock, 29.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, 18.
Beverly, 29.
Boston, 20, 22, 23, 24, 28, 29, 30, 1, 2. GO. 3, GO. 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 12, GO. 13, 14, 17.
Canton, 30.
Chicopee, 3.
Holyoke, 25, 15.
Hopkinton, 28.
Lawrence, 28, 5.
Lenox, 30.
Lowell, 25.
Marlboro, 26.
Newburyport, 12.
North Brookfield, 20.
North Chelmsford, 1, 19.
Northampton 10.
Pittsfield, 10.
Quincy, 20, 17, GO.
Salem, 28.
Springfield, 29, 8.
Taunton, 11.
Westfield, 18.
Worcester, 26, 27, 1.

MICHIGAN.

Adrian, 5.
Bay City, 25.
Detroit, 21.
East Saginaw, 8.
Escanaba, 25.
Grand Rapids, 10.
Hancock, 11.
L'Anse, 27, 28.
Lexington 23, 25.
Madison, 11.
Manistique, 20, 23.
Monroe, 21.
Mount Clemens, 30.
Newport, 28.
Petoskey, 29.
Port Huron, 3.
West Bay City, 28.
Wyandotte, 23.
Ypsilanti, 3.

MINNESOTA.

Avoca, 20.
Bloomiug Prairie, 31.
Canton, 10.
Carrollsville, 20.
Collegeville, 30.
Duluth, 20, 23, 8, 11.
Everett, 18.
Faribault, 27.
Little Falls, 18.
Mendota, 10.
Minneapolis, 24, 4.
Morris, 27.
Porter, 30, GO.
Rochester, 22, 28.
St. Paul, 20, 24, 27, 28, 30, 1, 4, 6, 7, 8.
Stewartville, 24, 18.
Winona, 21, 27.

MISSISSIPPI.

Bay Saint Louis, 6.
Greenville, 24.
Jackson, 17.
Tucker, 28.
Vicksburg 24.
Water Valley, 27.
Yazoo City, 7.

MISSOURI.

Arcadia, 25.
De Soto, 30.
Farmington, 17.
Florissant, 28.
Glencoe, 29.
Holden. 31.
Independence, 20.
Joplin, 28.
Kansas City, 27.
Kirkwood. 24.
Marshall, 28.
Millwood, 24.
Moberly, 22.
Normandy 4.
Saint Joseph. 26, 16, GO.
St Louis, 25, 27, 28, 30, 8.
Saint Mary's. 29.
St. Genevieve, 20.
Springfield, 18.

MONTANA.

Anaconda, 28.
Fort Benton, 25.
Hamilton, 20.
Helena, 18, 25.
Jocko, 25.
Saint Ignatius, 23, GO.

NEBRASKA.

Alliance, 29.
Blue Hill, 18.
Hartwell, 29.
Hastings, 18, 20.
O'Connor, 20.
Omaha, 24.
Prague, 18.

NEVADA.

Carsons City, 1.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Falls, 11.
Lancaster, 18, GO.
Salmon Falls, 28.

NEW JERSEY.

Atlantic City, 20, 28.
Bordentown, 20.
Burlington, 29.
Camden, 30.
Chatam, 30.
Convent Station, 29.
Elizabeth, 31, 13.
Englewood, 30.
Jersey City, 24, 27, 30.
Lakewood, 1.
Mount Holly, 29.
Newark, 25, 26, 29, 30, 4, 13.
New Egypt, 1.
Norristown, 30.
Orange. 27, 31.
Passaic, 6.
Paterson. 30, 31, 7, 14.
Philipsburg, 31.
Raritan, 7.
Short Hills, 23.
Somerville, 12.
Summit, 18.
Trenton, 20, GO. 25, 27, 8.
West Hoboken, 30.

NEW MEXICO.

Albuquerque, 29.
East Las Vegas, 21, 25.
Santa Fe, 23.
Sapello, 20.
Silver City, 4.
Socorro, 20.

NEW YORK.

Albany, 27, 28, 29, 30, 3.
Andover, 30.
Bath, 25.

NEW YORK (con'd).

Binghamton, 20, 30.
Broadalbin, 25.
Brooklyn, 18, 21, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, GO. 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
Buffalo, 20, 24, 25, 31, 10.
Cohoes, 1.
Corning, 27, 31.
Dunkirk, 27.
Ellenville, 10.
Elmira, 21, 29.
Far Rockaway, 23.
Galway, 2.
Glen Cove, 27.
Greenville, 5.
Greenport, 10.
Haverstraw, 12.
Hogansburgh, 24.
Hornellsville, 31, 1.
Horseheads, 17.
Huntington, 29, 30.
Ilchester, 23.
Ilion, 29.
Ithaca, 27.
Jamestown, 5.
Java Centre. 1.
Kelseville, 27.
Kingston, 24, 30. 3, 19, GO.
Lima, 1.
Litchfield, 1.
Little Falls, 28.
Long Branch, 27.
Long Island City, 21, 31.
Millbrook, 20.
Mount Kisco, 27.
Nanuet. 23.
New Brighton, 30.
Newburgh, 27.
Newton, 22.
New York, 21, GO. 22, GO. 23, 24, 25 GO. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 15 GO. 19 GO.
Niagara Falls, 3.
Niagara University, 27.
North Tarrytown, 28.
Ogdensburg, 27.
Oswego. 4.
Oyster Bay, 31.
Peekskill, 22, 23.
Philmont, 31.
Piermont, 30.
Plattsburg, 28.
Port Chester, 13.
Port Richmond, 20, 31.
Poughkeepsie, 31, 8, 11.
Riverdale, 23.
Rochester, 1, 5, 6.
Rosebank, 29.
Sag Harbor, 22.
Saratoga Springs, 22.
Saugerties, 28.
Schenectady, 9.
Sing Sing, 27.
Stapleton, 4.
Syracuse, 18, 20, 25, 27, 15.
Taberg, 29.
Troy, 30.
Utica, 27, 28.
Verplanck, 22.
Waddington, 20.
Wappingers Falls, 1.
Warsaw, 24.
Waverly, 19.
West New Brighton, 3, GO.
Whitehall, 27.
White Plains, 18, 31.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Belmont, 1, GO. 3.
Charlotte, 23.
Raleigh, 21, 29. 18.
Southern Pines, 2, GO.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Bismarck, 21. 5, 8.
Elbowoods, 24.
Fargo. 28
Wheatland, 24.

OHIO.

Bridgeport, 22.
California, 20.
Canton, 21, 16.
Carey, 18.
Carthage, 23.
Cincinnati, 23, 27, 28, GO. 30, 7.
Cleveland, 20, GO. 24, 28, 29, 31, 3 4. 5, 7, 11, 13, 18, GO.
Coshocton, 6, GO., 10, 11.
Cresk, 4.
Dayton, 21, 23, 25, 29.
East Liverpool, 26.
Edgerton, 10.
Elyria, 20.
Fostoria, 28.
Frederickton, 23.
Girard, 24.
Kensington, 19.
Kenton, 6.
Lakewood, 25.
Lancaster, 4.
Lebanon 27.
Lima, 25, GO. 1.
Logan, 20, GO. 8.
Louisville, 4 5.
Massillon, 22.
Mount St. Joseph, 10.
Mount Vernon, 23.
Nelsonville, 13.
Newport, 30, 19.
New Straitsville, 30.
Reading, 21, 12.
Sandusky, 30.
Shawano, 18.
Shawnee, 21.
Steubenville, 10.
Summitville, 3.
Tiffin, 20.
Toledo, 29, 13, GO.
Troy, 3.
Portsmouth, 29.
Willoughby, 31.
Wyoming. 2.
Youngstown, 30.
Zanesville, 30, 12.

OKLAHOMA TER.

Pawhuska, 3.

OREGON.

Mount Angel, 23, 28.
Portland, 24, 28.
Saint Paul, 25.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Allegheny, 21, 13 G. O.
Allentown, 25.
Altoona, 28, 29, 3.
Ashbourne, 30.
Athens. 28.
Beatty, 21.
Beaver Falls, 23.
Bloomsburg, 20.
Braddock, 29.
Bridgeport, 31.
Bristol, 30.
Brookville, 29.
Bucksville, 29.
California 28.
Carbondale, 31.
Carlisle, 21, 27.
Carnegie, 30.
Carrollton, 30.
Centralia 30.
Clarion. 18.
Coyleville. 25, 31.
Derry Station, 18, 22.
Dudley, 8.
Dunmore, 29, 13.
East Stroudsburg, 28.
Ebensburg, 21, 27.
Freeland, 13, 30.
Gallitzin, 36.
Grafton, 20.
Greensburg, 29.
Harrisburg, 31, 5.
Hazleton. 25.
Herman, 25 31.
Hollidaysburg, 31.

PENNA. (Con'd).

Houtzdale, 12.
Jenkintown, 20.
Jermyn, 31.
Johnstown, 28.
Lancaster, 1, 25, 7, 8.
Latrobe, 30, 31.
Lebanon, 25, 28.
Littletown, 4.
Loretto, 27.
McSherrytown, 23.
Maud, 24.
Meadowbrook, 3.
Meadville, 9, 12.
Minnooka 28.
Moorestown, 24.
Moosic, 17.
Mount Carmel, 30.
Overbrook, 23.
Parker's Landing, 31.
Philadelphia, 18, 19, 20, 21, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, 2, 3, GO., 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 13.
Pittsburg, 20, 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, 30, 31, 10.
Reading, 3.
Ridgway, 30.
Saint Clair, 29.
Saint Joe Station, 24.
Scranton, 20, 29.
Silver Creek, 28.
Towanda, 12.
Turtle Creek, 27.
Washington, 29.
Wilkesbarre, 18, 29, 30, 31, 13.
Williamsport, 21.
York, 1.

RHODE ISLAND.

East Providence, 25 GO.
Newport, 30
Pawtucket, 30, 10.
Providence, 29, 31, 6, 13.
Valley Falls, 13.
Westerly, 20.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston, 22 GO.
Columbia, 28.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Sioux Falls, 2.
Sturgis, 22 GO.
Woonsocket, 7 GO.

TENNESSEE.

Memphis, 25, 1.
Nashville, 23, 10.
Tracy City, 27.

TEXAS.

Austin, 18.
Brownsville, 25.
Corsicana, 22.
Denison, 21, 30.
El Paso, 21.
Fort Worth, 10.
Galveston, 7.
Houston, 24, 25.
Luling. 23.
Marshall, 16.
Runge, 31.
San Antonio, 30.
Sherman, 20, 11.
Victoria, 11.
Waco, 27.

UTAH.

Park City, 26.
Salt Lake City, 20, 28.

VERMONT.

Bennington, 20, 27, 3.
Burlington. 27, 10.
Pittsford, 23.
Rutland, 27.

VIRGINIA.

Cape Charles, 7.
Falls Church, 4.
Newport News, 26.
Norfolk, 29.
Portsmouth, 27.

STATUE OF THE SACRED HEART IN THE JESUIT CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, MEXICO.

THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. JUNE, 1896. No. 6.

A GEM OF THE CYCLADES.

By Rev. Gaetano M. Romano, S.J.

BEFORE giving you a description of the opening of our new shrine of the Sacred Heart of Jesus in Tinos, it will not be out of place to say a few words on the geography and history of this beautiful, and, in many regards, interesting island. Tinos, notwithstanding its decadence, is still, in many respects, the principal island of the Grecian Archipelago. It seems to be a continuation of that chain of mountains which extends from Pelion, in Thessaly, over Eubœa and Negropont, passes through Andros, and ends with Tinos before reaching the far-famed island of Delos.

The surface of the island of Tinos is very irregular, consisting of an infinite variety of mountains and valleys, which render travel very difficult. Though for more than half a century, under the dominion of Greece, with all its European civilization, Tinos can boast of no roads but those formed by the rushing mountain torrents; and these, again, are rendered almost impassable by the peasants, who, in clearing their rocky soil, roll all the stones into these public thoroughfares, to the great inconvenience of nobody in particular, but of the *public* at large. But even this wildness lends an indescribable picturesqueness and enchantment to the island, which, to some extent, compensates the resident for the absence of higher cultivation.

You must imagine a small island of about sixty miles in circumference, in all directions dotted with villages (about sixty in number)—some perched on the tops of the mountains, some hidden in the depths of the valleys, others nestling on the hillsides, others squatting under the shade of huge rocks—all situated, however, in the neighborhood of a refreshing spring, whose copious waters encircle the village with a crown of rich verdure.

Remarkable among these villages is that of Lutrà, situated in the most populous part of the island, forming the centre of a circle of some ten more villages, spread over the western slope of Burgo. For the abundance of its waters and the beauty and richness of its trees, it is called the Oasis of Tinos. These villages, consisting of some twenty, thirty or fifty dwellings, all white as the driven snow, resemble, in the distance, so many nests—some sunk in the crevices of huge rocks, some perched on the tops of vast trees.

Owing to the unevenness of the surface the peasants are forced to secure the

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SHRINE OF THE SACRED HEART.

soil by means of stone walls, constructed one above the other and forming terraces, which present the appearance of a chess board, having on its squares, instead of rooks, kings, queens and pawns, straw stacks, stables, elegant beehives, and handsome little chapels.

The climate of Tinos is excellent and very healthy; life is consequently long; and the profession of the physician is by no means a coveted one. The island is swept and purified by all the variety of winds especially by the *Tramontana*, a certain north wind, which is called the "physician" of Tinos; for, as has been recorded by many travellers and historians, this wind is so salubrious, that it cures at once, not only the inhabitants themselves, but also travellers, of their diseases, without the aid of physician or physic. We must not imagine, however, that this wind is altogether harmless; for when it blows seriously it burns the crops, dries up the pastures, destroys the fruits, and even uproots at times by its violence ancient elm trees and sturdy oaks. However, it may be regarded on the whole as beneficial; and this very year we have had an evidence of its good effects. Last winter (1894-95), somehow or other, the *Tramontana* strayed from its usual course and missed Tinos; and in its stead we were visited by the south winds, which blew continually with autumnal temperature from September to May. We were delighted to have escaped the cold blast of the north. But when summer came the sad results began to be manifest. The trees lost flowers and fruits, the grain was blasted, and much want and misery resulted for many. It is not without cause that our island was called by the ancients the home of the winds, where King Eolus ruled them with mighty sway in his capacious cave, which is still known here by the name of the "Grotto of Eolus."

Owing to the constancy and violence of the winds, the island was of old called *Anemūsa*, the Isle of the Winds. It had other names not less significant, which date from the most ancient times: *Hydrūsa*, the Watery Isle, from its numerous and copious springs; *Ophiūsa*, Snake's Island, being then as now infested by snakes and vipers. While I am writing these lines a little boy of five years of age, who died of the sting of a

viper, is being borne to the grave. Others again called the island *Agailŭsa*, the Bountiful. The present name of *Tïnos* is probably derived from the first inhabitant of the island. The meaning of the word cannot be defined for certain.

Whatever we may think of the origin of the name, certain it is that Tinos is the most delightful island of the Cyclades. For its area, it is next to Siva, the most populous. Its inhabitants are the most civilized and cultured; and therefore it is the most famous and frequented of that group of islands. The inhabitants of Tinos have some of the noble traits of the ancient Venetian character. They are polite, hospitable, obliging, intelligent; and these good qualities conceal from the eyes of strangers their chief defect, which is selfishness—albeit chiefly due to their poverty. They love order and cleanliness, especially in their homes. The house of a peasant of Tinos presents the appearance of ease and respectable circumstances.

Their houses are all constructed and fitted out in the same style and manner; a reception room furnished with two commodious and elegant lounges, a chest of drawers surmounted by a clock and other ornaments. The walls are literally covered with pictures, so that the apartment often presents the appearance of a chapel. Besides this there are two or three bed-rooms, a dining-room and a kitchen. The great drawback in these houses is the roof, which consists of large flags covered with a layer of clay, sometimes a foot deep, compressed with a marble roller. This is supposed to take the place of tiles and cement. But when a heavy rain falls, as happens every winter, it soon penetrates into the interior to the great discomfort of the inmates. Thus it sometimes happens during the rainy season, that not a dry room is to be found in an entire village. It is told of the great missionary, P. Bonaventura Aloisio, that when writing his famous dialogues *Peri Baptismatos*, etc., he had to hold an umbrella over his head with the left while he wrote with the right hand.

The most prosperous period in the history of Tinos is the time it was subject to the republic of Venice after the taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders (1207-1715.) It was not until 1390 that the republic of Venice governed

COLIMBITRA BAY.

the island directly, when one Nicholas Veniero was sent there as governor at the request of the islanders themselves, who had sent the Latin Bishop Perpignani as envoy to the Venetian Governor of Cholchis to sue for the protection and suzerainty of Venice for the island of Tinos. From 1207-1390 the island was governed by Andrea Ghisi and his descendants, and the names of Ghisi and Perpignani are still represented on the island, probably the descendants of those distinguished mediæval families.

The Venetians immediately fortified the island. On the summit of a rock nearly 2,000 feet high, they constructed an impregnable fortress, and equipped it with all the munitions of mediæval warfare. The fortress was called St. Helena, and the little city outside the walls was called Suburgo, or simply Burgo. The town is situated outside the walls of the fortress on the western slope of the mountain, looking down on an extensive verdant plain. Here the nobility of the island dwelt. In this little town was a fortified castle, whither the inhabitants betook themselves, in case of assault from Turks or pirates. The nobility, which was of Latin origin, has long since disappeared. Now the well-to-do are Greek schismatics.

In this little Venetian town of Suburgo stands the Jesuit church of St. Sofia, now restored and turned into a sanctuary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. There is also the Latin Cathedral long since abandoned, and now in a state of ruin. There may be seen also two chapels of the Schismatic Greeks, which are kept in good condition. After Tinos was seized by the Turks, and the castle was demolished, the inhabitants of Burgo partly left the island and partly migrated and formed the town now known as St. Nicholas di Bari. After their separation from the church the Greeks gradually changed this Catholic name into Tinos, which has now become the official name of the capital of the island of the same name.

Under the Venetians the city of Burgo was connected by high-ways with the principal parts of the island. Parts of these roads are still discernible, despite the destructive propensities of the inhabitants.

In those days Tinos had a population three times as large as the present—at least 30,000 souls. Then all were Catholics—some of Latin, some of Greek rite. Those of Greek rite had no Bishop of their own rite; but they were governed by the Latin Bishop, by means of a *Protopapas*, an official chosen from the Greek clergy. Candidates for orders of the Greek rite had to be approved by the ordinary and were then free to receive ordination from any Greek Bishop in communion with Rome.

In every Greek church there was an altar reserved for the Latin rite, for the convenience of Latin priests, who were free to administer the sacraments, and preach in Greek churches. On solemn feasts priests of both rites assisted at the High Mass, and the gospel and the creed were chanted in both languages by deacons of the respective rites. The number of priests at the time we write of was about 320—200 of the Greek rite, and 120 of the Latin. The education of the clergy of the Greek rite, however, was rather deficient. Those of the Latin rite, many of whom were sent to Rome and other cities in Italy for their studies, were much better educated.

After the occupation of Tinos by the Turks many of the Latin Catholics—some for political, some for religious reasons, and others to maintain or better their material condition—emigrated from the island. The more the wealthy classes deserted the island, the more the influence of the Latins declined. The Greeks gradually took advantage of the situation to sever their communion with Rome. Finally the Patriarch of Constantinople established a schismatic bishopric in Tinos, and the Greek Catholics were by degrees alienated from the Latin jurisdiction. The suppression of

COUNTRY HOUSE OF THE JESUIT FATHERS.

the Jesuits, who had faithfully ministered to the Greeks, going from village to village, teaching the Christian doctrine and administering the sacraments, left the united Greeks without spiritual aid. Thus they became schismatics almost without perceiving it.

To-day the inhabitants of Tinos, Catholics and schismatics, are reduced to about 10,000, dispersed in about sixty villages. The island is divided into four communes. The Commune of Piræos, with a population of 3,030 souls, comprises the better part of the island and is altogether Catholic. The capital of this Commune is Comi with a population of 1,350 souls. Here is the seat of government, a public school and a formidable garrison of 304 soldiers. The village church is beautiful, and possesses among other treasures an original painting of the Beheading of St. John Baptist (its titular saint) by Gagliardi. In the Commune of Apana-Meri, there are six Catholic villages, with a population of about 390. The other villages are mixed or entirely schismatic.

Each village has its own chaplain, a devout, zealous, and well-informed priest. To judge by the pious customs in vogue to-day, we must conclude that Tinos was, in times gone by, a very garden of Christian piety. At an early hour every morning all the people of the village attend Mass. At Mass the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition, and other prayers, for instance, the Morning Offering of the Apostleship of Prayer are recited aloud by all. After dinner the bell rings for the visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and the pious people, especially the young girls, led by an Ursuline nun, assemble in the church, and the good sister recites the prayers and reads a chapter from a pious book. Again at sunset, at the sound of the bell, all the people repair to the church, where the Rosary is recited by the priest. The practices of piety in vogue in different places are almost innumerable.

Before the government opened public schools, the village chaplain kept school for the boys, which consisted in teaching them reading, writing, grammar and arithmetic, and instructing them thoroughly in the Christian doctrine and the offices of the Church. Hence it is that those peasants can recite from memory all the psalms, hymns, responses, etc., of the divine office, and can chant the various parts of the Mass, Vespers and Compline with marvellous correctness.

The churches are kept so neatly that it is a pleasure to enter one of them. They have no sacristans, but all the young girls of the village, under the direction of their teacher, the Ursuline nun, take care of the church and the altar. These native Ursulines, who are scattered all over the island, are verily the guardian angels of the villages. They teach the girls free of charge, and bring them up truly as lilies among thorns. Having the care of the churches they promote the practice of piety and foster devotion among the people. If the Jesuits had done nothing else for Tinos than to introduce those sisters and preserve them in their pristine spirit for nearly three centuries—by this fact alone they would have deserved well of the inhabitants.

Catholic Tinos has also its devout pilgrimages and shrines. Even the schismatics of Tinos have a shrine, which is not only of national reputation, but is renowned throughout the Orient. But we shall pass over these shrines for the present and hasten to give an account of the opening of the new shrine of the Sacred Heart in Burgo, which took place on April 16, 1895.

Glory be to the Sacred Heart of Jesus! Such was the triumphant cry that arose from some thousands who had gathered to take part in the dedication of our ancient Church of Burgo, lately restored through the zeal of our villagers. It was a day of triumph for the Sacred Heart.

EXTERIOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

URSULINE CONVENT.

Although the work of restoring the once abandoned sanctuary was not quite complete, we had to yield to the pious wishes of the people, and open for divine worship the shrine around which so many holy memories cluster. Easter Tuesday is no longer kept as a holyday at Tinos, but most of the inhabitants follow a very old custom of making on that day an excursion into the country, usually choosing a place where there is a chapel. After their devotions they amuse themselves in various ways and conclude with the traditional "Merenda" or lunch.

The choice for the dedication of the renovated Church of St. Sophia, could not have fallen on a better day. Both clergy and people expressed their satisfaction. On the preceding evening, the high summit of the Burgo, on the eastern slope of which stands the church, was illuminated with fireworks. Frequent discharges of cannon announced the joyful event of the morrow. The weather had been threatening all the day. Thick clouds had enveloped the majestic rock to the north. Many a fervent prayer was uttered that the clouds might roll away. A northerly breeze at night dissipated the clouds, and the fireworks illumined nearly the whole island. On the eventful day the statue of the Sacred Heart was to be borne in solemn procession from our church at Lutrâ to Burgo.

At 7.30 in the morning the church bells rang out to summon the faithful from all parts of the island. Half an hour later the procession started. First went the cross-bearer with clerics and priests, next a beautiful banner of the Sacred Heart was carried, and then the statue, adorned with the choicest flowers, was borne on the shoulders of four young men. The laity in great numbers followed in line. It was most affecting to hear the *Magnificat* devoutly sung by hundreds of voices. As they passed the property of the Ursuline nuns, some of the pupils scattered flowers from the walltops, some sang hymns, others recited prayers.

After a march of twenty minutes the procession entered the village of Xinara, in which the Bishop resides, and passed under a beautiful triumphal arch of myrtle and flowers, erected by the pious villagers. The bells rang out joyful peals, and the neighboring mountains

re-echoed the sounds of the discharges of cannon. Hymns with band accompaniment were sung in the square in front of the cathedral. A special hymn composed for the occasion, by the Rev. Giovanni Zaloni, was one of the features of the day. On went the procession ever increasing in numbers. As they rounded the hill of Xinara, the scene was enchanting. The statue had reached the hilltop and sparkled in the rays of the sun. From the summit of the mountain

INTERIOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

waved the papal flag visible from all quarters. Trumpets and trombones heralded the triumphal march of the Sacred Heart.

After a laborious ascent of one hour a magnificent spectacle presented itself to our view. Nearly the entire population of the elevated plain of Tinos, known by the name of Apano-Meri, had either gone before us or came out to meet us. All the roads, the fields, the fences, were lined with multitudes of pious spectators.

Before the procession arrived the church was crowded with people, so that there was no possibility of entering on any side. It was only with great difficulty that we could proceed to the blessing of the church. The Rt. Rev. Bishop having left for his visit *ad limina*, had delegated me to perform the ceremony. The attendance of the clergy was large for this little island: four canons, twelve priests besides the Fathers, all the seminarians, the civil authorities and delegates of the island and other notable personages from the city and surrounding villages.

The people, schismatics as well as united Catholics, displayed great piety and recollection, and were evidently deeply impressed by the ceremony. After the blessing of the church Solemn High Mass was celebrated, the choral parts being rendered by a select choir of priests. The use of a parlor organ was kindly given by a resident of the neighboring village of Muzzulei, which is distant about half an hour's walk from

Borgo. Considering the immense multitude which crowded the church and the surroundings, the silence, attention, order and devotion were truly marvellous.

After Mass was over, amid the singing of hymns in honor of the Sacred Heart, two of the Fathers distributed among the people some hundreds of pictures. The people then dispersed to take their frugal refreshment in the open air.

The weather was charming, and all were eager to enjoy the delightful view of Burgo, whence, from an eminence of nearly two thousand feet, the entire island of Tinos and a good part of the Cyclades can be seen. Everybody was eager to visit the majestic ruins of that castle, which, till the year 1715, with a defence of only forty pieces of cannon and a few soldiers, resisted the fierce assaults of the Ottoman, and might have resisted till our own time, were it not for the cowardice of Bernardo Balbi, the last Venetian governor of the island of Tinos.

The hour of vespers arrived and the bells of the new shrine summoned the multitudes who were scattered over the venerable ruins. The vespers were sung with solemn rite. The dean of the chapter of canons, the Very Rev. Dr. Matteo Ballari, who was present at all the services, officiated. Meanwhile, I was on the lookout for a position from which I could address the crowd in such a manner as to make myself understood by all —both within and without the church. Finally, I determined to take my stand on a bench at the entrance of the church. After vespers I accordingly mounted the improvised pulpit, and began by expressing my thanks to the zealous and good people of Tinos. As I spoke I had on my left the three aisles of the church crowded with people ; on my right, the ruins of the ancient city ; before me the débris of our former residence.

What memories were awakened in me at this solemn moment ! I seemed to behold the shades of those great servants of God and missionaries—the Albertini, the Fazii, the Lalumias, the Gagliardi, the Mortallaros, the Francos—of the last of whom the story goes that he foretold the total destruction of the wicked city. I recalled at that moment what hardships, what miseries, what toils, what calumnies those heroes had endured for the sake of the inhabitants of Tinos. I could not help speaking of the past, and pointing out in the present solemnity the reparation made for the offences committed by former generations against our Lord in the violation of His commandments. The chastisement of God threatened by former missionaries had fallen on the ungrateful city, the reparation to the Heart of the offended Lord now preached would be the only means of averting future punishments. The Sacred Heart is the only salvation against the love of material things which menaces to-day the cabins of the poor as it once did the palaces of the rich. After a few more words on the devotion to the Sacred Heart, I called for an expression of their devotion, and the thousands of voices cried out : "Glory to the Heart of Jesus, our God and our Saviour ! " The Catholics were jubilant ; the schismatics were in admiration in spite of themselves. I then recommended to the inhabitants of the neighboring villages the care of the sanctuary, their much loved Santa Sofia. This recommendation was received with acclamations of delight.

When this enthusiastic proceeding was over, the procession bearing the statue of the Sacred Heart once more set out. All along the way did the King receive honor, veneration and glory. When the church was finally reached the *Te Deum* was sung by the whole congregation. Then came the distribution of souvenir pictures of the Sacred Heart, which even the schismatics carried off in memory of the great day of triumph. May the Sacred Heart bring back to itself in the unity of the faith those outside the fold and preserve within it those bound to it by the bonds of tender love !

THE ABBOT'S BRIDGE—BURY-ST. EDMUND.

THE RELICS OF ST. EDMUND—KING AND MARTYR.

By J. A. Floyd.

IN the last number of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART we gave some account of Bury-St. Edmunds, and of the town's great titular saint, whose sanctity, even in life, was marked by evident manifestations of divine favor; who, when a prisoner in the hands of the heathen Danes, chose to die a cruel death, taunted by the gibes and derision of his foes, rather than purchase life by the betrayal of faith and country. The arrows and the sword did their fell work and the martyr's glorious crown ennobled the brow that erstwhile had worn the East Anglian diadem. To all appearances St. Edmund's career had closed in gloom and ignominy.

A few years pass and the descendants of those self-same Danes had become followers of the Cross and devotees of St. Edmund, over the incorrupt body of the saint. The Anglo-Danish King Canute, dissatisfied with the church in which it was then enshrined, and as some atonement for the indignities to which it had been subjected by his ancestors, raised a church more worthy to hold a saint who had become renowned throughout Christendom. He and many of his Norsemen had learned the lesson taught ages before by St. Remigius to the founder of the Frankish monarchy —the neophyte Clovis—"Bow down your neck with meekness great Sicambrian prince, adore what you have hitherto burnt; and burn what you have hitherto adored" The victory had after all been won by the sainted East Anglian King, and kneeling in multitudes around the shrine of him they had with barbed arrows and bloody sword driven through the portals of death into the realms of celestial bliss, the descendants of his murderers implored his intercession and desired to imitate his holy life.

In this article we propose to give some

account of the series of events that have resulted in the preservation of the relics of St. Edmund during the ten centuries that have elapsed since his martyrdom. It was but natural that the sixteenth century reformers could not tolerate the memorials of God's saints whose holy self-denying lives stood out in such marked contrast to their own. Then, too, they were afflicted with an insatiable craving for the gold and other precious materials with which the love and reverence of ages had adorned the caskets in which the mortal remains of those saints reposed; and so, influenced at once by hate and unbridled rapacity, they hatched up in their very tender consciences certain pious scruples as to the veneration of saints, and made them a pretext for the spoliation of hallowed shrines and wholesale church robbery. The relics they scattered to the winds; the shrines and reliquaries they kept a very sharp eye on. It was due to this demoniacal spirit that the relics of St. Thomas of Canterbury and of the many other canonized men and women whose lives rendered old England illustrious as the "Island of Saints" are lost to us for ever; how it has come about that those of St. Edmund have not shared a similar fate it is now our business to show.

The East Anglians, being bereft of their king were cowed. The Danes, on the approach of winter, having hidden the head of the saint in the midst of a wood to prevent its falling into the hands of those who had looked up to him as their protector and lord, and leaving the decapitated body, together with that of his fellow martyr, St. Humbert, Bishop of Elmham, exposed on the spot they had hallowed by their constancy and triumphant self-sacrifice, retired from Hoxne (the scene of the martyrdom), to the then capital of East Anglia, Thetford. There, at an earlier period, they had thrown up an immense mound of earth overlooking the town and district, and this they had protected with an earthen vallum. The whole formed a strongly fortified camp that is still in existence, the mound being known as the Castle Hill.

RUINS IN THE ABBEY GROUNDS.

Emerging from concealment on the departure of the Danes, some forty days after the martyrdom, the East Anglians soon discovered the decapitated body, but the head was not to be seen. As they sought it a marvellous circumstance aided them in their quest. According to St. Abbo (the saint's most trusted biographer): "The lifeless head emitted a voice, and called upon all who searched for it to approach." Led by the voice, the party came to a spot, where their eyes rested on another manifestation of the subjection of the laws of nature to their divine author. A large gray wolf, for the nonce forgetful of its ravenous habits, reclined on the ground beneath the trees, protecting between its paws the object of their search. On the nearer approach of the party it released its treasure, and followed them till both head and body were placed in a coffin and lowered into the grave. It then walked away, and was seen no more. Over the grave a small oratory of wood was built.

The turmoil of war continued to devastate East Anglia. The humble oratory, surrounded by undergrowth and weeds, appears to have been left very much to take its chance. St. Edmund, however, had not lost sight of his distracted countrymen, and some good souls still cherished the memory of the gentle king, and told of favors obtained by his intercession and of miracles wrought at his tomb. A blind man led by a lad takes refuge for the night in the little mortuary church, they sleep with the saint's grave for their pillow; in the darkness of the night a celestial light illumines the building. Affrighted, the boy wakens his companion with the news that the place is on fire; not so, says the blind man, whose eyes were opened to the true nature of supernatural light. "Our host is faithful and generous: no harm will befall us." The confidence was not misplaced for in the morning he had recovered his sight. The news of the miracles spread far and wide, they became the common talk of North-Folk and South-Folk, till at last clergy and people determined that a more honorable and secure resting place must be found for the saint.

Taking advantage of a transient peace that had come to the land early in the tenth century, Bishop Theodred decided to translate the relics to Beodricsworth (Bury-St. Edmunds), and with this end in view, he set about the erection of a new church on the site of the monastery and church that had been destroyed by the Danes, and in which King Sigebert, its founder (about A.D. 630), having laid aside his crown, had adopted the monastic habit. Large trees were felled, parted down the middle, and set up, side by side, to form the walls, the interstices were filled with mortar and the building roofed in.

When complete, the church was not unlike some built in much the same way now in backwood settlements. All being in readiness for the translation, the coffin was raised from its obscure grave and re-opened. A wonderful sight presented itself to clergy and people, as the Benedictine historian, Cressy, puts it in his *Church History of Brittany*, published in 1668: "Whereas they expected to have found the body all consumed by rottenness, after so many years lying in the ground, it was taken up entire, without any blemish at all. Yea, moreover, the head was so firmly compacted to the body, as if it had never been separated. No wound at all appeared, *only* about the neck there was a round, purple circle, which adorned it more gloriously than any, the most precious chain testifying what he had *suffered* for God."

With great joy, the incorrupt body was taken to the new church at Beodricsworth, and there enshrined, in the year of grace 903. Theodred's church of wood, in its turn, makes way for the stately stone edifice, raised by Canute, the Dane, in 1032; even this does not long satisfy the devotion of St. Edmund's clients. The resting place of

NORMAN TOWER—ST. JAMES' CHURCH—RUINS OF ABBEY CHURCH, CONVERTED INTO DWELLING HOUSE.

their great patron must be second to none in the whole of England, and so we find Abbot Baldwin, in the time of "the Conqueror," commencing the glorious fane, described in our first article, and into which the body of the saint, still incorrupt, was translated, A.D. 1095.

From the date of the translation of the relics from Hoxne to Beodricsworth, in 903, down to the closing years of the twelfth century, there is positive evidence that they remained incorrupt in the latter town. We have the written testimony of Abbot Sampson, attested to by eighteen brethren of St. Edmund's Abbey, who saw what took place as follows: "In the year of the Incarnation of our Lord 1198, Abbot Sampson, upon the impulse of devotion, saw and touched the body of St. Edmund, in the night immediately following the Feast of St. Katherine."

The misrule of John, who came to the English throne in 1199, drove his barons to take up arms in defence of their rights. On November 20, 1214, they assembled at the Abbey of St. Edmund's under the pretence of celebrating the festival of the patron saint, and before the high altar of the Abbey Church took a solemn oath to obtain from the king a redress of the grievances under which the country suffered. This purpose they carried into effect when, in the following spring, they compelled John to sign Magna Charta. John's policy did not improve, and so it came about that, just as the Protestants of 1688 invited over William of Orange to take the throne of England from their Catholic sovereign, James II., so, for the same purpose, in 1216, John's barons sent for Louis the Dauphin of France. Louis landed in England, and in the course of the war which followed he occupied Bury-St. Edmund's.

Both he and his followers had a great veneration for so illustrious a saint of the Universal Church as St. Edmund: a mere national church would have been an unheard of oddity in those days, the saints of the Catholic Church in England were the saints of the same church in France, and so Louis, looking upon himself as the elected king of the land,

probably considered that he had a perfect right to remove to wheresoever he pleased the relics of a saint for whom he had so great a devotion. That he did so remove them there can be little doubt. Up to the time of and including Abbot Sampson's identification of them there had been at intervals seven translations or identifications and frequent miracles had taken place at the shrine: with the appearance of Louis on the scene the reports of the supernatural interventions of the saint ceased, and after his departure we have no record that the relics were ever seen again by any of the St. Edmund's Bury community. To convert the suspicions into a certainty that the shrine had been rifled of its contents we have the report of the commissioners sent out by Cromwell at the dissolution of the monasteries. One of their number—John ap Rice, writes to Cromwell in 1539: "As for the Abbot, we found nothing suspect as touching his lyring . . . he seemeth to be addict to the mayntenying of such superstitious ceremonies as hath been used hertofore . . . Amongst the reliques we founde mochè vanitie and supersticion—As the . . . paring of St. Edmund's naylls." Other relics are enumerated, and the shrine is spoken of as "very cumberous to deface," but there is not one word to indicate that they found the body or bones of the saint. It is not too much to assert that we should have heard something about it in the above report had the body fallen into the hands of the commissioners.

Coming to the seventeenth century we have a life of the saint by Pierre-de-Caseneuve, an Augustinian canon of St. Sernin's, Toulouse, in which he says "The Church of St. Sernin for many centuries has possessed the precious relics of the glorious martyr St. Edmund; that they were presented to this venerable church by Lewis VIII., the father of St. Lewis." In certain devout exercises in Latin used in St. Sernin's, published in 1672, we read: "At length, as is said, the body was translated into France by King Louis VIII. on his return from England to the siege of Toulouse, and the precious pledge was intrusted to the Church of St. Sernin." Caseneuve also states that the relics are mentioned in the inventories of St. Sernin's of the early part of the fifteenth century.

INTERIOR OF ST. JAMES' CHURCH, LOOKING EAST.

In 1631 some pious citizens of Toulouse had recourse to St. Edmund to procure for them the cessation of a plague that had been depopulating the town for three years, and just as 750 years before the blind man's confidence in the saint had its

immediate reward in the gift of sight, so now the citizens of Toulouse found that the lapse of centuries had not lessened his powerful influence in the heavenly court; the efficacy of his intercession was seen in the immediate disappearance of the plague.

It was not seemly that so generous and prompt a response should pass without some suitable recognition on the part of the saint's clients, and so, from a stone coffin in the crypt his bones were taken into the venerable Basilica of St. Sernin and placed by the Archbishop of Toulouse in a silver shrine provided by the town for that purpose. For a whole week, from Sunday, November 13, 1644, they remained exposed for the veneration of the faithful; processions came in daily from the various parishes in the diocese; at regular intervals daily the Vicar-General presented the relics to be kissed; splendid functions took place, and miraculous cures of diseases rewarded those who had recourse to St. Edmund. On Sunday, November 20, the saint's feast day, the week's proceedings culminated in a grand procession of the relics from the Abbey to St. Stephen's Cathedral, where it was met by the Archbishop bearing the Blessed Sacrament under a canopy of silver cloth. From the Cathedral the procession passed on to St. Anthony's and thence back again to the Abbey. The next day High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop attended by the chapter; at its conclusion the shrine was sealed and deposited in the crypt. The opening of the stone coffin, as mentioned above, revealed the fact, that, with the expatriation of the saint's body from its honorable repose in the Abbey Church of St. Edmunds-Bury, nature had resumed her sway, and now the bones only remain.

At the period of the French Revolution came a wholesale destruction of relics throughout France, and it seemed as if those of St. Edmund had escaped the hands of English Reformers only to be destroyed by French infidels. But, as if it were to make some amends for the slur of association with the Albigensian heresy of the thirteenth century, the traditional love of the Toulousians for their saints came to the rescue and saved the relics from desecration.

"I firmly believe" said Cardinal Newman in his "lectures on the present position of Catholics in England," "that portions of the true Cross are at Rome and elsewhere, that the Crib of Bethlehem is at Rome, and the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul also. I believe that at Rome, too, lies St. Stephen, that St. Matthew lies at Salerno, and St. Andrew at Amalfi. I firmly believe that the relics of the saints are doing innumerable miracles and graces daily, and that it needs only for a Catholic to show devotion to any saint in order to receive special benefits from his intercession." And as, in addition to the above evidence in favor of the identity of the relics of St. Edmund at Toulouse, we have the recognition of the Church for their veneration as such, we think it is not too much to say that the saintly Cardinal would have been quite prepared to add to the above statement an expression of his firm belief that the relics of St. Edmund are at Toulouse.

CARDINAL MANNING.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CARDINAL MANNING.

By Rev. Harmar C. Denny, S.J.

THE recent publication of a life of Cardinal Manning has called forth so much comment, both favorable and especially unfavorable, that I have been asked to jot down my impressions of him. Impressions they are, and of a most lasting kind, for he was my friend and guide in the most eventful period of my life.

My acquaintance with him began in 1857, when I was a student at the University of Oxford. I was then twenty-three years old and a member of St. John's College. My first two years in Oxford had been passed at St. Mary's Hall, where one of my intimate friends was Walter J. B. Richards. He was two years ahead of me, and, having been dis-

satisfied with the claims of the Church of England, had become a Catholic, and was then a member of Dr. Manning's community of Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, London.

I had been brought up a Presbyterian, but at Oxford all my associates were Anglicans. Without any study of Episcopalianism, in fact, very little attention was given to dogma in those days, I decided to conform to the Established Church. I also concluded to become a clergyman and applied to Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford. He accepted my Baptism as valid and agreed to receive me as a candidate for Holy Orders, which implied a curacy. This was quite a condescension on his part, as Americans are rarely adopted. Having thus settled my future career, it was time to prepare to take the degree of B.A.

The Christmas vacations had just begun, and my plan was to go to Brighton to be coached for the examination by Mr. Austin, a scholar of St. John's College, Oxford, when who should appear upon the scene but Walter Richards. He came, he said, to visit his friends and talk over old times. He was going to London that afternoon and I arranged to accompany him. When we got to the station I noticed that he bought a second-class ticket. I followed suit. It was my first lesson in poverty. As it happened, we were the only passengers in the railway compartment.

Naturally, the subject of our conversation was religion. I declared that I had three insuperable difficulties to becoming a Catholic. He only laughed, and inquired what they were. First of all, I said, I could never accept Papal Infallibility. It had not yet been defined, but I knew that all Catholics believed it. Difficulty number one was soon dissipated, for it was an imaginary one. I had thought that infallibility meant impeccability. The explanation of the real doctrine was quite satisfactory. Then came the second obstacle. I can believe, I said, in the God-man, but I really cannot believe in the God-woman. I thought that this was a poser. But Richards only laughed, saying that the glory of the Blessed Virgin was in being a creature and yet Mother of her Creator, to whom she gave human nature inasmuch as being a creature she had it to give. So my imagined doctrine of a second incarnation of God in Mary was exploded. Then came difficulty number three. How about keeping feasts and fasts and forbidding to marry? Before I knew it, Richards had convicted me of speaking like a Manichee. The ground seemed to be crumbling beneath me.

When we reached London we went to Bayswater, and I was introduced to Dr. Manning. What were my impressions? First of all I was struck by the simplicity and poverty of the little house then occupied by the Oblates. It was a great contrast to the quarters of the Oxford Dons, and no less was the contrast between the gentle and cordial manners of Dr. Manning and his companions and those of the dignified and cold University dignitaries.

Dr. Manning himself was then in his prime and extremely handsome. One could not but remark the intellectuality of the forehead and the tenderness of the nose and mouth.

He received me very kindly and took me up to his room. I remember how I had to wade through piles of books to enter the rather small room he occupied.

My friend Richards had told the Doctor that I had made up my mind to be a minister. "There is no use in doing that," he said. "You might as well stay as you are." "But were you not happy at Lavington?" I asked. "Yes," he answered, "those were happy days. There is only one thing better and that is to be a Catholic priest."

"How long will it be before Richards will be ordained a priest?" I asked (he was then in Minor orders). "In a year or so," was the answer. This rather encouraged me. It would not take me so long if

I decided upon the step, thought I to myself.

Dr. Manning did not press me, but gave me two of his tracts to read. One was on "The Grounds of Faith," and consisted of four lectures delivered by him in St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. The other was on "The Office of the Holy Ghost Under the Gospel." This he afterwards developed into two volumes: "The Internal and External Mission of the Holy Ghost."

As it was December 10, consequently in the octave of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, there was to be a procession in honor of the Blessed Virgin in the church that evening. I was present, but did not take part in what I considered carrying around an idol, the statue of our Lady.

I took temporary lodgings in Albany Street, at a safe distance from Bayswater. I intended to carry out my plan of going to Brighton to prepare with Mr. Austin for my degree.

I kept away from danger until Christmas, when I went to St. Mary of the Angels for service. I was impressed at the sight of so many clerics in copes assisting at the office, but I saw no one to speak to. In January I called at the house, but Richards was out. I next made up my mind to have another interview with Dr. Manning. It was a Saturday night and he was in the sacristy on his way to the confessional. The Blessed Sacrament must have been there temporarily, for I remember that he genuflected, and I thought to myself what is he worshipping that vestment case for.

The doctor was very friendly and took me to his room. I had been reading and getting up objections. So I opened on him with the difficulty: if I stay as I am or if I become a Roman Catholic, it is only the result of exercising private judgment. Therefore I am just as well off as I am.

He was attentive and repeated the objection making it appear even stronger than I had put it. He then pointed out that if by private judgment I meant using my reason, that I was bound as an intelligent being to do this; not indeed to sit in judgment on religion, but to examine the proofs of the existence of a divinely appointed guide in all the doctrines of religion. In other words that I was bound to examine the credentials or motives of credibility for accepting the claims of the Church. He showed me how Christ Himself had appealed to His credentials as a proof that He was a teacher sent from God. People were to believe the works that they saw: the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the lame, the sick were cured, and the dead were raised.

I was convinced that the Church was the divinely appointed guide. So I returned to Oxford, sold off my furniture, talked the matter over with my friends and went back to London. A change was working in me, so this time I hired poor lodgings close to Bayswater. The final step must soon be taken. I went to say good-bye to Dr. Manning before going to my old tutor Dr. Stocker at Draycott Rectory.

"Why are you going?" he asked.

"To prepare for my degree," I answered.

"Why do you do that?" he inquired.

"Because it is my duty," I replied.

"What is duty?" he continued, but explained it himself by quoting a passage of St. Cyprian. The gist of it was that when the intellect is convinced the will must act. I knew well what he meant.

Dinner time came. He gave me the key of the sacristy and said: "Go over there and pray." I went. I was probably the bluest mortal in London, because I realized the hour for decision had come.

At the entrance of the sanctuary of the church was an arch bearing the Rood. As I prayed there the figure of Christ on the Cross seemed to be hanging in mid-air. You believe in Christ, I said to myself; which Church has kept bright the true idea of Him—which Church has the Crucifix? Only one. This settled

the matter for me. The crucifix had conquered.

I then went to Dr. Manning's room and knelt down on the *prie-dieu*. Soon after he came in and found me kneeling. I first became aware of his presence by feeling his arms around me. "You have had a hard struggle," he said, "tell me all about it." Why, thought I to myself, I can talk to him as I would to my mother, and before I realized it I had made a general confession of my whole life.

"Now," said he, "you are tired, go, get your dinner, rest yourself and come back this evening. So I went to the Great Western Hotel at Paddington and carried out his injunctions.

That very evening, before the altar of St. Charles, I was baptized conditionally, adding the name of Charles to my own. In those days a reception into the Church was quite simple, there was a profession of faith, but there were no supplemental ceremonies in baptism, merely the pouring on of the water with the formula and then conditional absolution. There was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, as it was January 21, feast of St. Agnes, and this was a fitting close of a momentous day for me.

The next day I received a visit at the hotel from Mr. Palin, Dean of the faculty of St. John's College, Oxford. He had been sent by Dr. Wynter, president of the college, to interview me.

Mr. Palin said: "I understand that you are going to the spinal column of Catholicity. The Church of England has also a part of the vertebrate system. Of course, coming as you do from Presbyterianism, you might as well go direct to the column, but for me, I shall stay where I am. You have got the impulse; I have not. Take the leap, but don't come back."

I assured him that I would not.

I returned to Oxford to make my final settlement and called on Dr. Wynter, who was of the old school, wore a very stiff high collar and was extremely dignified. Although there was no religious test in vigor, subscription to the thirty-nine articles having been abrogated, still St. John's College would not shelter within its venerable walls a convert to Rome. This the president gave me to understand. As my mind had already been made up, it did not affect me at all.

My old tutor Austin is reported to have circulated the following as the awful verdict of Dr. Wynter: "Mr. Denny has risked his eternal salvation, has lost his place in the university, and has forfeited my favor."

Among my friends at St. John's was R. F. Clarke, now well-known as a Jesuit Father and writer of philosophical and religious books.

He belonged to the same "Breakfast Club," and he was one of the "tintinnabulators," whose office it was to call the club members to the breakfast held in turn in our different quarters.

He remained a couple of years longer at St. John's, took his degree of M.A., and became in turn scholar and fellow of his *alma mater*. I bade him good-bye in '58, and did not see him again until he came to New York in 1884, when we met as members of the same religious order.

Having taken leave of all my Oxford friends, I went back to London and settled down in a lodging near St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater. I became an oblate of St. Charles, and began to study with the other young members of the community.

We were brought up on Jesuit teaching: in philosophy our authors were Dmowski and Liberatore; in dogmatic theology—to mention a few—Perrone, Franzelin, Bellarmine and Gregory of Valentia; in moral theology, Gury and Ballerini; æscetical theology, Rodriguez and Scaramelli. Of course the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius, and the well-known exponents of them, Fathers Lallemant, Lancisius, Bellecius, and others, were much used.

Dr. Manning was the kindest of fathers, and we all loved him, and were sure that he loved us. He took the greatest care of our welfare, both temporal and spiritual. At recreation he was the life and joy of the circle. When he was absent either at Rome or elsewhere, we felt like orphans; when he returned it was a happy holiday.

He was quite tender-hearted, and I remember on one occasion, in leaving the house with me for a walk, he received some letters at the door and, as was his wont, opened and read them in the street as we walked along. After perusing one, he crushed it in his hand, saying: "People don't know how they wound me. I often feel like saying to them, in the words of holy Job to his friends, 'I have a heart as well as you.'"

He possessed great will-power, and used to say to us: "*Voluntas prælucet intellectui*," not in the sense of *stet pro ratione voluntas*, but rather in the sense of the will guiding the intelligence in a certain direction.

To illustrate his force of character the following may be related:

On the eve of the dedication of the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, the interior of the building was not far advanced towards completion; the floor of the sanctuary was not laid, and the seats were not finished. About eleven o'clock at night, Dr. Manning was informed that the carpenters and other workmen had "struck," and had gone over to the public house on the opposite corner to "make a night of it," and that very soon they would be incapable of any work.

In an instant Dr. Manning was in the public house, and ordered every one of the men back into the church. They obeyed. Dr. Manning then locked the door of the church, and said: "Not one of you men shall go out until all the work is finished; I will stay with you all night; and then you will get from me your pay and all the refreshments you need."

It is needless to say that when some pious ladies came in the morning, with carpets and rugs and flowers and decorations, the church was in a condition to receive them.

At another time he had ordered a bell to be placed in the tower on a Christmas eve. The bell came on time, and also a cold wave. The men said they could not put it up. Dr. Manning went down to the street, clad in an ulster and a fur cap, and took command of the detachment of workmen. There he stood all afternoon, directing the operations of the raising of the bell, and, as he had determined, "St. Gabriel announced the Incarnation that Christmas eve."

But to return to my narrative. After a few months of happy life at Bayswater, it was decided that I should go to Rome to complete my studies. So in October, 1858, I took up my residence in the Collegio Pio, attached to the English College in Rome. I enjoyed great freedom. I went when I pleased to the lectures of the Jesuit Fathers in the Roman College. Among others I used to listen with delight to Fathers Ballerini and Franzelin. In Lent I used to go every day to the Church of the Gesù to listen to the daily sermon. I was not treated like a seminarian, had no repetitions or recitations, but came and went as I pleased like a gentleman at large.

Dr. English was the rector of the English College and was extremely kind to me. Dr. Manning usually came twice a year to Rome, and we looked forward eagerly to his visits. I shall never forget a discussion that took place on Trinity Sunday in the year 1860, when he was with us. The subject of conversation was "style" in writing or preaching.

One rather ambitious student gave the following passage from Ruskin as his idea of style:

"Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself withdrawn for a moment from

the sounds and motions of the living world and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him as if the dead were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four-square remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull, purple, poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wreck of mossy ruins on whose rents the red light rests like dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plains to the mountains the scattered acqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners passing from a nation's grave."

When the student had finished reading the above selection, Dr. Manning arose and took down from a book-shelf Volume VI. of Newman's *Anglican Sermons*. He opened it at page 400, the sermon for Trinity Sunday, on the text, "Peace in believing." He read:

"As then we have for many weeks commemorated the economy by which righteousness was restored to us which took place in time, so from this day forth do we bring before our minds the infinite perfections of Almighty God and our hope hereafter of seeing and enjoying them. Hitherto we have celebrated His great works: henceforth we magnify Himself. For twenty-five weeks we represent in figure what is to be hereafter. We enter into our rest by entering in with Him who, having wrought and suffered, has opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. For half a year we stand still as if occupied solely in adoring Him and with the seraphim in the text crying 'Holy, holy, holy,' continually. All God's providences, all God's dealings with us, all His judgments, mercies, warnings, deliverances, tend to peace and repose as their ultimate issue. All our troubles and pleasures here, all our anxieties, fears, doubts, difficulties, hopes, encouragements, afflictions, losses, attainments, tend this one way.

"After Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, comes Trinity Sunday and the weeks that follow: and in like manner after our soul's anxious travail, after the birth of the Spirit, after trial and temptation, after sorrow and pain, after daily dyings to the world and daily risings unto holiness, at length comes that rest that remaineth unto the people of God. After the fever of life, after weariness and sicknesses: fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and failing, struggling and succeeding—after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state, at length comes death, at length the White Throne of God, at length the beatific vision. After restlessness comes rest, peace, joy—our eternal portion, if we be worthy—the sight of the blessed Three, the Holy One: the Three that bear witness in heaven, in light unapproachable, in glory without spot or blemish, in power without variableness or shadow of turning."

"There," he said, "that's my style."

Dr. Manning's views on preaching were characteristic of the man. He defined preaching to be "thinking aloud for God." He said: "Let your mind and heart work. Never mind the language; thoughts will press language into right emphasis. Make the people think. Let them forget the preacher and his language—only let them remember the thoughts. Write, if you please, to collect or arrange matter; but never try to

speak a written sentence, because something written is for the eye—something spoken, for the ear. 'How beautiful,' said the Athenians of Aeschines; 'How terrible,' of Demosthenes."

As an example, among many others, of his notes for his own use, we might take the following, which is Dr. Manning's interpretation of the fundamental principle of the *Exercises of St. Ignatius.*

"The end of man.—How few know God. How few know Him as their end! —An intelligence cannot act without knowledge of its end.—God created me. —My beginning.—I was not. For His own glory.—The end of angels, of men and creatures.—God has an end in everything. —Therefore man in God's image must also have an end—can be no other than God.—To be a subject of His goodness—a receiver—To be an object of His love—to be His son, know, love and serve.—I am all from God, I am all for God—God is all for me.—All things my means to God.—Indifferent?—How have I used them?—intellect, gifts, privations, contempt, food and raiment, life, friendship, goods.—My eternal state hangs on my present one.—All lost for God is gained.—All kept for self is lost."

My life in Rome was drawing to a close. I had been ordained Deacon on the eve of Trinity Sunday, 1860, by Cardinal Patrizzi in the venerable basilica of St. John Lateran. Dr. Manning thought it advisable for me to go back with him to England for the summer, saying that I might perhaps return in the fall. I remember the farewell visit we paid Cardinal Franzelin. He was very gracious and said: "This is your Bethlehem, your house of bread, where you are to lay in your supply for future needs," and urged my return. But this was not to be. In October I made a retreat with the Passionists at Highgate, London, in preparation for my ordination. On the feast of All Saints, 1860, I was ordained priest by Bishop Morris, being assisted at my first Mass by Dr. Manning, who had been made a Monsignor and Prothonotary Apostolic during his last visit to Rome. I sang my first High Mass on the feast of my patron St. Charles in the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, so dear to me by associations, for there I had been received into the Church and had made my First Communion.

On the occasion of my ordination, Dr. Manning wrote the following in my album:

"Whoever would be perfect must have three virtues or gifts, which, because they are so obvious, are little spoken of and often little esteemed.

"The first is the cardinal moral virtue of justice, including fairness, equity, evenness of mind, expressed in word and deed, and matured by the inward justice of thought respecting the actions and character of men.

"The second gift is spiritual common sense, which is a result of the gifts of the Holy Ghost which perfect the intellect; for common sense is both speculative and practical, and signifies a certain intuition by which the reason distinguishes between the substance and accidents in matters of duty, obligation, obedience, devotion and the like.

"Not many people have this common sense. There is more intellect than common sense in the world; more of power, facility and brilliancy of genius, than of this homely grace which, after all, is the complex of at least four of the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

"St. Charles eminently possessed this gift. All his councils are a record of it.

"The third is holy fear. We are so fond of dwelling on the love of God, that people are impatient to hear of fear. And yet it is the root of all perfection.

"These three homely virtues will help a soul a long way towards perfection. And if to these be added a spirit of prayer, such a soul will attain a high and solid perfection."

A passage resembling this is found in his sermon on St. Ignatius of Loyola, preached at the Jesuit Church in Farm

Street, London, and entitled, "The Name and Patience of Jesus."

"What is this homely feature (of common sense) but the highest result of the highest powers, without which all other gifts are dramatic and unreal? It is in this common sense that the greatest powers of man return again to the simple intuition of an instinct. It unites and harmonizes all and concentrates them upon the time and circumstances of life and action. It is the subtle discernment which marks off the essence from the accident, which is able to penetrate with a glance into the centre, the substance and vitality of all things. It is the power which by instant perception seizes on the moment and the season, moulding and applying means to ends at the juncture and the crisis."

In connection with this sermon at Farm Street, we might recall the fact that it was in this church that Dr. Manning had said his first Mass, at which Father de Ravignan, S.J., had assisted him. Moreover, when he was appointed Archbishop of Westminster, among all the congratulatory letters which he received, the one he said that touched his heart the most was that from his old friend, Father Brownbill, S.J., who had received him into the Catholic Church.

Seven happy years did I spend with the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater. The time was passed in studying, parish work, preaching and giving small missions and retreats.

Twice I came back to America on visits. Once I was commissioned to collect funds for the Cathedral at Westminster. Whatever I succeeded in collecting was lost by the disappearance of the person to whom Dr. Manning had confided the money.

On June 5, 1865, Dr. Manning was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster. This broke the strongest tie that bound me to the Oblates and to England. Had my old friend taken me with him to his new field of labor it might have been different. True, I was much attached to the community, and especially to my college friend, who had played an important part in my conversion, Dr. Richards, who has so long and ably filled the post of Diocesan Inspector of schools.

The idea occurred to me of founding a community of Oblates in my native town Pittsburg, Penn. Permission was readily granted and Father McCormack Morgan and I opened a house at East Liberty, a suburb of Pittsburg. We were nicknamed the "Babes in the Wood." But success did not crown our efforts.

I paid another visit to Europe as a traveller, and on my way home saw Archbishop Manning for the last time.

I now applied for my release from the Oblates and asked Dr. Manning's permission to enter the Society of Jesus. This he readily granted. As the Oblates of St. Charles are not a religious congregation, I was accepted without difficulty by Very Rev. Joseph Keller, Provincial of the Maryland Province and began my noviceship at Frederick on April 5, 1871.

While I was a novice my friend and fellow-founder, Father Morgan, died, and I was allowed to go to Pittsburg to preach the funeral sermon.

After this I had little intercourse with Dr. Manning, although he wrote me a most sympathetic letter at the death of one very dear to me.

Once again I heard from him an answer to my letter congratulating him on his elevation to the Cardinalate. But time has but deepened my reverence and affection for him, to whom, under God, I owe the priceless gift of the true faith, who had been to me a father and a mother, too, in the hour of trial, who had assisted me at my first Mass, and had proved himself ever a devoted and unselfish counsellor and friend. For my part I do not recognize the latest pen portrait of him, which represents him as cold, haughty, unsympathetic and ambitious.

I trust that these reminiscences hastily jotted down may help in delineating his true character.

VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM MT. OLIVET.

BEZALEEL.*

By M. A. Taggart.

I.

CALM upon her hilltops Jerusalem lay sleeping, wrapped in the deep hush that precedes the dawn. The stars looking down on her quiet streets might have seen two sentries wakeful, one the Roman soldier on guard at the castle of Antonia, the other the priest, who, on his watch-tower at the eastern gate of the Temple, stood with his eyes fixed upon the sky, eagerly waiting the coming of the dawn. They might have been representatives, one of the temporal power and grandeur of Rome, the other of that intellectual and religious life that was to conquer her, as he stood with his feet upon the holy ground of Israel's ancient faith and glory, and his eyes turned with hope upon the east, "whence comes the light."

At last a luminous whiteness in pennon-like bands, which was not the day but its herald, crept up toward the zenith. Over the brow of Olivet, soft rosy hues began to appear, growing deeper in color and mounting higher. In the gardens round about, and from more distant Gethsemane came the song of birds, and from the Temple burst the louder, piercing music of the silver trumpets as the watching priest gave the signal, and three times their clarion voices summoned sleeping Jerusalem to waken to the life and duties of a new day.

Obedient to the call, as the gates of the Temple swung open, the people began to assemble, coming with rapid steps to assist at the morning oblation, to be present that their prayers might ascend in the clouds which arose from the altar of incense.

A varied crowd it was: the Sadducee entering with head erect, and eyes that half contemptuously scanned his fellow-worshippers, and the Pharisee with the phylactery conspicuous on his bent brow, and his deeply fringed garment clasped in his folded hands. A grave and dignified rabbi passed by the bent form of the old man who for years had vended his figs and grapes in the Joppa Gate, and jostling him in his haste, came next an eager-eyed, sharp-visaged Scribe. Among these moved the people from the adjacent country places, Galileans and dwellers beyond the Jordan, objects of scorn to all the classes within the city, and also Jews of the dispersion, who had made their way to Jerusalem from distant Grecian provinces to gratify the desire of their hearts, and stand on the holy soil their fathers' feet had pressed.

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Through this varied crowd assembling at the first hour of the day, there passed a young man whose face and bearing would at once command attention. His garment was of the richest material, but the *tsitsith*, or fringe, was not deep like the Pharisees', and the snowy mantle of finest linen, held in place by silken cords, showed no phylactery beneath the hem that shaded his forehead. Still, though by these signs he did not belong to that sect, his expression and bearing differed from the Sadducees around him, but that he was a Jew, and a Jew of Jerusalem, there could be no doubt.

His eyes were large and dark, deeply set, earnest and searching in their glance, and shaded by a natural melancholy that was the presage of a sorrow he had not yet suffered. Nevertheless, in their depths slumbered a fire and determination that spoke of power to do and bear, an expression that might be read again in the delicately quivering nostrils and finely cut mouth and chin. He was of singular beauty and grace of motion, yet bore himself with the dignity of one whose youth was sobered by responsibility and gravity of thought. Many an eye turned upon him with admiration as he passed to his place, but he looked at no one, making his way as close to the Holy Place as one might come, where he knelt and buried his face in his mantle.

The sacrifice was about to begin, and the young man raised his eyes, holding his hands extended in unconscious absorption of prayer, his face glowing like the marble of the Temple as the sun rested upon it from over the mountain tops.

The priest, standing on the east side of the altar, sprinkled it on two sides, below the red line indicating the ordinary sacrifice, with sacrificial blood, held in a golden bowl. The sound of the *Magrephah* penetrated to the outermost bounds of the Temple, and as its music resounded, the priest, whose lot it was to offer the incense on that morning, stepped within the holy place before the Altar of Incense.

Before him, at a little distance, hung the heavy veil of the Holy of Holies; before that again, nearer him, stood the Altar of Incense, upon which the live coals burned ready for the offering. On the right side of the altar the seven-branched candlestick caught their light, and the gold gleamed against the dark red background. On the left stood the Altar of Shewbread, and as the priest waited for a moment before these simple and mystical tokens of the faith of Jehovah with Israel, and Israel's faith in Him, a hush fell on the assembled people, and the Temple was still.

Presently clouds of incense arose from the altar, bearing upward the petitions of the chosen people. As they floated heavenward the young Jew raised his eyes, and with parted lips and expression of passionate entreaty, followed them in their flight.

The priest bowed down in worship, and withdrew, the words of benediction were spoken, but not until the rustle of departure had for some time fallen unconsciously on his ears did the young Israelite stir from his rapt gaze after the clouds that still circled dimly around the columns.

Then he moved, and with a long sigh, drawing his mantle around him, followed the others to the western gate of the Temple, and departed by the bridge that spanned the Tyropean.

Passing through the narrow streets, Bezaleel was so lost in thought as to see no one of the crowd surrounding him, which, as the sun mounted higher, filled the ways more and more.

Although in his abstraction he was unheeding, he was by no means unheeded, for Bezaleel, the son of Gamariah, was a well-known and important person in Jerusalem. His great wealth, as well as his beauty and learning gave him this distinction readily, but to his countrymen he possessed further claim to consideration in his descent from a priestly line, one of the oldest in Judæa. His father had been a merchant; his

older brother, also dead, had fulfilled the Law and been a priest, while the younger, the Rabbi Eliel, a member of the Great Sanhedrin, was known as one of the most subtile rabbis in Jerusalem.

Of the several sons and daughters of Gamariah, Bezaleel only had attained the age of twelve years, and on him, as its worthy representative, had centred the hopes of his race. He had distinguished himself in his studies, had been made a ruler in the synagogue very early because of his knowledge of the Law and Scriptures, as well as for his singularly spotless life, unsullied by the follies and vices of his age. Yet, in spite of his being the flower of the youth of Israel, to those that knew him best, there was apparent an unrest in his mind, which seemed to penetrate the disguises of those around him, and spurning the shortcomings of all sects and systems, struggled to free itself from the shackles of the minutiæ of the dead-letter of the Law, and mount upward to the spirit and source of truth.

Always a boy of sensitive conscientiousness, he obeyed the Law of Moses, and was truly an Israelite, yet his spirit chafed under the petty, and frequently sordid requirements of rabbinical teaching, and shrank disgusted from the rival claims of the schools of Hillel and Schammai, the follies of the mooted points between Pharisee and Sadducee.

By his uncle, the Rabbi Eliel, and by his teachers and friends, this spirit was looked upon with disapproval; only his mother knew and sympathized with the spiritual tendency of this, her only child, understanding the earnest nature, and hoping with prayers that out of his pure youth should come a perfect manhood, when the longings and dissatisfactions having been set at rest, he might become a leader of his people, teaching them by precept and example, the truths of Israel, which were lost sight of in the dull selfishness of her sons.

Drawing his mantle around him as he walked, from habitual training to avoid defilement, Bezaleel realized the action, and reproached himself. "How can a garment defile?" he thought. "Its wearer may be purer than I, and if he be not, why should not my touch raise him as much as his lower me? The rabbis accuse the Teacher from Nazareth of eating with publicans and sinners, seeking them in preference to the just. I wish that I could have asked of Him the answers that I seek."

He paused before one of the handsomest of the older palaces, just at the beginning of the Upper City, not far from the great bridge leading to the Temple, and close to the house of Caiphas, the high priest. Entering its outer court, he made his way quickly to the inner one, returning courteously the salutations of the servants, whose faces brightened as their young master passed. Turning toward an arch on the right side of this second court, Bezaleel entered a square apartment, furnished with carved and curious chairs from other lands, among which a divan, piled with sweet-scented Damascus cushions, and covered with silk of Oriental colors, stood invitingly in a corner. Here the young man laid himself at ease, first divesting himself of his mantle, and waited. Although the room was empty when he entered, it gave evidence of being but recently vacated, and a piece of embroidery, with the needle carelessly thrust in it, had been dropped upon a chair as if the worker intended resuming it speedily. So it proved, for in a short time the striped curtain which hung over the entrance to the apartment was lifted, and a woman came softly into the room. She was tall and graceful, and though long past her youth, and showing plainly the traces of sorrow, as well as years on her brow, was still remarkably handsome. Her dark eyes shone with the light of intelligence and love, that more than compensated for the loss of the brilliancy of youth, and around her lips there played always a tender sweetness that only comes with

years and deep experience. This was Naarah, of the tribe of Aser, a race reserved by tradition for priestly marriages, and renowned for the beauty of its women. Bezaleel had closed his eyes, and with knit brow was pursuing the train of thought that had held him on his homeward walk, and so gently had Naarah entered that he had not heard her. Seeing this, she paused, and then advanced more softly than before, till she stood by the divan and laid her hand on the young man's head:

"Not even in sleep should there be lines in this young brow," she said, speaking in a voice of great sweetness and beautifully modulated. Bezaleel sprang to his feet, snatched the hand from its resting-place, and kissed it.

"This always smoothes away the lines," he said. "Your touch is as healing now, my mother, as when you held me in your arms."

With a mother's tact she did not ask the cause of his annoyance, but said instead: "There will soon be a softer hand than mine to lighten burdens, my son, but there can never be a tenderer, nor one that would more gladly gather to itself all the possible sorrow of your life. Who do you think has been with me to-day?" she added, taking up her work once more.

"You gave me the word before the enigma, mother," answered Bezaleel, his face breaking into a bright smile that changed him as sunshine transfigures a clouded sky. "I could not but guess Ahlai."

"Yes, Ahlai," answered his mother, "the sweetest maiden in all Judæa, aye, or in the Imperial City itself. For a mother to praise the espoused wife of her only beloved son she must be worthy, indeed, but I can only say that in the dear child whom the God of Isaac who led him to Rebecca has chosen for you, I see the fulfilment of your name—Bezaleel, *in the shadow of God!*"

She spoke so earnestly that Bezaleel was silent for a moment, then he said:

"I trust I am grateful, mother. It seems to me, that, though I am not worthy of Ahlai in other ways, I love her as she deserves."

"You are worthy of the best, my son, and that is Ahlai," answered Naarah. "Just there she sat," she continued more lightly, pointing to a low, curiously carved stool, "lifting up her beautiful face like a flower as she talked. Her confidence is very sweet to me; she comes to me so trustingly, having never known a mother's love, that I feel that I shall be as blessed in her as was Naomi in Ruth. I think you can hardly long for the Passover more than I, since it will bring Ahlai to us. Fittingly, indeed, was she called Ahlai, '*a wish*,' for she will be the utterance and incarnation of our hearts' dearest desire. It is I who speak and you who listen, Bezaleel," she added, "which is reversing the natural order, since from the time of Solomon a lover has been but too ready to sing the praises of his beloved. Whom have you seen this morning, and why were you so lost in thought when I entered?"

"It is the old story, dear mother," he answered. "The unsatisfied craving of my nature which none but you can tolerate; you, who can bear with your son's folly."

"Not so, Bezaleel," said Naarah quickly. "Never call folly the God-given aspirations of your spirit. Be patient and He will satisfy you."

"My comforter and my sustainer!" said Bezaleel fondly. "I seek I know not what, but there is a higher life than that I lead, higher than any the rabbis can offer, I must find it. Mother, you never denied me anything in my life—"

"Because you never sought anything contrary to my wishes," interrupted his mother.

"It may be. Will you gratify one more desire which fills my mind?"

"Tell me it," said Naarah.

"You remember the Rabbi Jesus from Nazareth, who goes about the country

teaching and healing, who was in the city at the Feast of Tabernacles?" asked Bezaleel.

Naarah's faced changed. "I remember," she said.

"The fame of His miracles is great," continued Bezaleel, "but of that I think little. It is His teaching as I have heard it repeated that impresses me. The rabbis hate Him, but even in their scornful distortions of His doctrines I seem to hear the echo of what I believe to be truth. But from another, truer source I have gleaned His teaching. John, the son of Zebedee, is one of His disciples. He is a youth of spotless life, and great sweetness of nature. I know him, and when the rabbi was in Jerusalem at the feast, I saw John who told me of Jesus' doctrine. I have never spoken of them even to you, but I have pondered them much, and believe me, mother, they are wonderfully like the words of a prophet of God."

Naarah looked thoughtful, and said, speaking slowly: "More than thirty years ago there was a Child presented in the Temple of whom Simeon, the High Priest spoke marvellous things. Anna, my kinswoman, the daughter of Phanuel, then far advanced in years, also prophesied concerning Him, and the impression among the tribe of Aser was that it had been given to her and to Simeon to announce hope to Israel, perhaps even the great hope—the Messiah. I heard these things spoken of then, when I was young, and but seldom since. It was only recently that I learned that the Child in the Temple was Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph, who is teaching in Judæa, and beyond the Jordan."

"My mother!" cried Bezaleel, starting up, his eyes aglow. "You strengthen my desire beyond power to express; tell me you approve my wishes. Jesus is now in Perea; let me go to Him to-morrow. Let me hear Him, and if He be indeed a prophet let me listen to His words. Ah, how we need a prophet! As a nation, as individuals how are we fallen. If ever God should pity the world He made it is now when it seems to have forgotten Him."

That Jesus is the Messiah we cannot hope, but He speaks and lives like a holy man of God; give me leave to go to-morrow to Perea to see Him with these eyes, which are tired straining in the darkness for a ray of light. Consent, my mother," he cried, extending his hands, and coming close to her. Naarah seized them, and held them fast.

"I fear, I know not what," she said, her voice trembling, "and a dread of coming days oppresses me. But I will never hold you back from seeking the highest good. In God's name, go my son."

II.

Twice had the breaking day again gladdened the eyes of the priest watching on the eastern pinnacle of the Temple; twice had the silver trumpets again summoned Jerusalem to the sacrifice, and with the others Bezaleel had obeyed the summons for the second time since the morning upon which he had determined upon the journey into Perea.

His going had been delayed a day to permit him to complete the preparations for his short absence, but now these were made, he had taken leave of his mother and Ahlai on the preceding evening, had prayed earnestly in the Temple that the God who by fire and cloud had led his fathers in the wilderness might guide him in his search for truth, and, the sacrifice offered, he came out from the eastern portico of the Temple, and through the Beautiful Gate. Here, as he had ordered, his servant awaited him with the mules which he had selected for the journey as being less liable to fatigue on the rocky roads than his own valued horse from the Arabian desert. Mounting, Bezaleel gave the word, and his animal started off at a good pace across the Red Heifer bridge, the other mule following closely at his heels.

The morning was perfect, the air mild, and already fresh with the promise of spring; Bezaleel drew rein, and proceeded more slowly, drinking in with delight the beauty of the scene and hour.

The short distance to Bethania was soon accomplished, and they passed through the peaceful village, Bezaleel saluting his acquaintances as he rode, but pursuing his course steadily, soon leaving Bethania behind him a mere spot on the landscape. He journeyed at leisure, and the sun was setting when he reached his destination.

He had made inquiry on his way at what point he should meet Jesus, and had been directed by the people, who were all full of the wonders which this prophet from Galilee had wrought among them. He was slowly advancing toward the Jordan, they told Bezaleel, and it was said that He was going up to Jerusalem for the Passover, yet some weeks distant. Arriving at the place where Jesus was, Bezaleel resolved not to seek Him that night, but to go out early in the morning, when the Master should be rested from His exhausting day, and he himself refreshed after his journey. Accordingly he turned his beast toward the khan, and as he rode he saw a great number of women advancing, all leading, or bearing in their arms their little children, and all talking eagerly, as if discussing some marvellous thing. As he passed stray words and sentences fell on his ear.

"Never was a rabbi like that one," cried one woman. "He does not hold aloof, but treats us as if we were the same as He."

"Did you hear Him rebuke his followers? 'Forbid them not,' He said."

"Yes, but such a rebuke. He seems tender even when He chides, and as gentle to those men as to our babes."

"He put His arm around this child," cried another in an excited voice, "when He blessed the others."

A young and very beautiful woman close by Bezaleel's side held up her baby with a face radiant with joy and awe. "He held my boy on His knee; He laid His hand on his head. O, if I can only make him a man worthy of such a favor."

Bezaleel passed on deeply moved. He easily guessed that these women had brought their children to Jesus for blessing, and realized at once the love the Master had shown, differing so widely, as the women had truly said, from the traditional manner of a Jewish rabbi. For some reason he could not explain, he did not speak to them, but rode on in profound thought, and reaching the khan, dismounted and prepared to rest for the night.

The first glimmer of day found Bezaleel awaiting its coming. He had spent the hours of darkness in eager and excited longing for the interview he hoped for, and was filled with dread and awe at the thought of seeing, face to face, this great Rabbi, who might even prove to be a prophet sent by God to instruct and recall His people in His ways. Over and over Bezaleel repeated the questions which he wished to ask Jesus, rejecting this as unnecessary, framing his sentences in his thoughts with utmost care, striving to find some means by which he could convey to the Master all the longing and aspirations with which he was filled, in such few words as perhaps in the crowd and haste he should only have opportunity to utter.

There was no one stirring in the khan, except the servants making ready for the day, and those who had charge of the beasts, when Bezaleel appeared in the court. Too impatient to remain longer quietly waiting, he left a message for his servant that he would return, and went out alone into the deserted highway.

In spite of himself his feet were drawn in the direction of the house in which he knew that Jesus had passed the night, and as he drew nearer it he saw a number of people approaching, and he stood still, his mind filled with a half-formed hope and fear.

They drew nearer; some women were

of the number, and perhaps twenty men; evidently they were thus early setting forth for the day. Twelve men were walking in advance of the others; among them Bezaleel recognized the delicate face of John, the son of Zebedee, and his heart seemed to stop beating, for then he knew that his conjecture was right.

Among these twelve, speaking to an older man than John, who listened with an expression of adoring love and

"It is Jesus," said Bezaleel, and as he spoke the Master raised His head toward heaven, and the glory fell on the upturned face, which was of a beauty surpassing all men. Forgetful of what he had thought to say, forgetful of fear, of his own very existence, Bezaleel started suddenly forward, drawn by a power outside himself. Running, he passed through the disciples, who, surprised by the suddenness of his appearance, made

"IF THOU WILT BE PERFECT, GO SELL WHAT THOU HAST AND GIVE TO THE POOR."
(From a painting by H. Hoffmann.)

eagerness, came one, taller than the others, and though with them, not of them. A long seamless woven garment fell to His feet, His hair flowed on His shoulders, the usual linen mantle did not cover the head which was bare, but though bent a little as He spoke, was kingly in its grace and dignity.

As they came the sun which had been clouded at its rising burst forth resplendent, and its rays rested full on this central figure, which seemed to throw all the others into comparative darkness.

way for him, and coming to the very feet of Jesus he fell on his knees.

All lesser questions were forgotten at this moment: all summed themselves into a word. "Good Master," he cried, "what shall I do that I may have life everlasting?"

No rabbi was called *good* master; the word had come without thought or seeking. Jesus turned to him, and bent upon him the sweetness of His smile.

"Why dost thou call me good? None is good but God alone." His voice

stilled the tumult in Bezaleel's soul; he did not answer. Once more the grave, tender voice of Jesus broke the stillness of the morning: "But if thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Bezaleel dared not look up, but a thrill of happiness passed over him; this was what he had come to learn.

"Which?" he asked, and Jesus said: "Thou shalt do no murder, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false witness. Honor thy father and thy mother, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Then Bezaleel raised his eyes. "Master," he said, "all these have I kept from my youth, what yet is wanting to me?"

And Jesus looked into the face raised to meet His own, and the love and tenderness, the unspeakable compelling look thrilled and flooded Bezaleel's soul like a flame.

"If thou wilt be perfect," Jesus said, "go sell what thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Raising His hand He extended it. "Come," He said, "follow Me."

A silence fell on the group; Bezaleel still knelt looking upward, the Master still held out that thin, eloquent hand, and the look of love and pleading in Jesus' eyes still held Bezaleel transfixed. But over his face crept the shadow of pain and disappointment, the light faded, his eyes were clouded, and, as if in sympathy, the sun withdrew its rays.

All that this meant came to Bezaleel as he knelt there by the roadside in Perea; the home, the friends, the mother, the all that made life, to renounce them, and follow with these men—even to follow Jesus! And above all there came before his eyes a face, blotting out for the moment the tender face above him. A slender, girlish figure came across his vision. Crowned by its pure brow, its trusting, innocent eyes—Ahlai.

To give up his possessions meant to give up her, and he loved her as she loved him. If that was to be perfect he could not obey the call, and yet what was it that told him that here, not there, was peace?

Still he knelt, gazing upward; still Jesus bent on him that infinite gaze, then Bezaleel moved; his eyes were dim with tears, and bending down he raised the hem of Jesus' garment, kissed it, and slowly regaining his feet, passed with hanging head and lingering step out of that gracious presence.

Once more in the khan Bezaleel threw himself down to rest. The reaction following his eager anticipations, the disappointment, and the physical weariness from his wakeful night made him sleep through the afternoon of that day, and it was not until the following morning that, with a heavy heart and laden with forebodings of sorrow, he set out on his journey back to Jerusalem. He returned by the way of Jericho, where he rested for the Sabbath, and passed the day in fruitless effort to regain his lost cheerfulness and content. An unreasoning dread filled him. He chafed at the delay which the observance of the Sabbath entailed, and was wholly unable to fix his thoughts on anything but the forebodings that caused him such acute suffering. Impatient as he was to reach Jerusalem the face of Jesus haunted his memory, and he longed unspeakably to hear His voice again, to go back and accept the invitation with the sacrifice it entailed. Torn thus by such conflicting feelings he gladly welcomed the coming of the first day of the week, and resumed his homeward course. He did not return through Bethania, but entered Jerusalem on the north and hastened his pace to his own house.

The outer court was deserted, he met no one, and a dreadful silence rested on the place. With beating heart he sought his mother, and as he entered her apartment she arose to meet him, clad in garments of mourning, and threw herself on his breast.

"O, my son, my son. If I could only bear your sorrow as well as my own!" she cried.

"Speak, mother; what awful thing has befallen us?" Bezaleel whispered.

"I sent messengers to overtake you at Bethlehem; did you not meet them?"

Bezaleel shook his head. "I came from Jericho," he said.

"I cannot tell you," his mother murmured.

With sudden calmness Bezaleel spoke, his voice was clear and even. "It is death you fear to speak of," he said, "and there is but one being so dear to us that you should dread to utter her name. Ahlai has gone from us, is it so, my mother?"

"Gone on the Sabbath eve, my son, suddenly, but gently as she lived," moaned Naarah. "And I consented that you should go on this ill-conceived journey. O, my dear child, who can comfort you?"

Bezaleel closed his eyes and remained standing in silence. Alarmed, his mother looked up at him, and laid her hand on his brow.

"Ahlai—a wish," he whispered. "The wish of my heart, never to be fulfilled," and he led his mother to a seat, comforting her in speechless, tearless calm.

Through the days that followed his sad home-coming, Bezaleel never faltered nor gave utterance to his own sorrow; the shock had come so suddenly that he was stunned, and he neither objected nor consented to the journey to Damascus which his mother desired him to make, for she was seriously alarmed for his reason, and hoped for help through change of surroundings and associations.

Passively he let her do as she would with him, and three days after the Sabbath following Ahlai's death saw him on his way to Damascus, attended by an old servant of his house, who had known and loved his father.

They reached Bethsaida-Julias, where they halted, intending to resume the journey on the following day, but, when the day dawned, it found Bezaleel prostrated with a fever which burned with a force in which nature avenged herself for the strain that had been put on her for days before. For three long days he lay fighting the disease, attended only by Ruel, for he would not allow his mother to be disturbed by tidings of his danger.

At last, thanks to the nursing and his youth, there came a day when he was lying weak and exhausted, but safe. Then an uncontrollable desire to return to his mother and the city of his love took possession of him, and thinking the danger of opposing his longing greater than that of the journey, the physician consented to his return, and they set about conveying him on a litter back to Jerusalem.

The journey was made in easy stages, frequently halting at night for rest. Bezaleel, gaining strength as he drew near home, bade Ruel be sure that in the Passover week they should be once more in Jerusalem. Remembering that instead of this bringing back of a feeble invalid they had hoped to bring home the young bride to her bridegroom after the feast, the old servant promised his master to insure his desire, and the beginning of the Passover week saw them four days' slow journey from Jerusalem. It was the fourteenth of Nisan, the Thursday of the Paschal week, when they began the final stage of the journey, which would end by their entering Jerusalem that evening.

It was perfect spring, the little flowers blooming by the wayside, the birds singing their sweetest, and at sunset, having rested for supper, Bezaleel entered his litter for the last time, for when the moon should be well arisen he hoped to be at home once more.

(*To be continued.*)

TALKS ON ETHICS.

By Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.

"Good or evil in moral matters means agreement with or divergence from reason."
—*St. Thomas.*

REASON, like revelation, is from God; both are voices of God; and the voice of reason cannot contradict the voice of revelation, because it would be the voice of God contradicting itself. Let science prove any conclusion against scripture or theology; we will simply have to say it is mistaken. Why? Because, true science is a voice of God, and the voices of God cannot belie themselves. It is the same tongue speaking different languages. This is what we are taught by our Church, and we cannot help considering our teacher liberal indeed.[1]

There is quite a discussion as to wherein happiness chiefly resides, whether in the intellect or the will. The intellect shows us the object of happiness and the will holds it. Some say chiefly in the intellect, others in the will. I think it safer to say that it lies in both. We know what happiness is only when the intellect opens it to the will, the will then desires it, and that power must be satisfied. If either has supremacy (so we think), the will has it over the intellect, but the safer thing to say is that both operate the happiness of the individual.

The more directly and earnestly we advance towards our last end by rational acts, the better our knowledge of God is, and the greater our happiness. The means by which we advance to God are our responsible acts. We can easily understand that there may be degrees in these acts. Take two men performing the same act; one may labor with greater intensity than the other. Take the striking example of the widow's mite. The Pharisees came and dropped their handfuls of coin in the box for the widows and orphans, but the widow when she came had but her one small piece, but before God it was far more precious than the flowing handfuls.

We can easily understand greater merit in one individual than in another.

The following question we have asked before, but this time we shall be more specific in our reply.

Can perfect happiness be found in this life? Have we ever met a man whose days were all sunshine and nights all starlit? Never.

We cannot be perfectly happy in this life on account of our condition. There is always hovering over us the shadow of death, and no matter how happy we are, there comes the thought that an end is coming. A man who is rich is apprehensive about his possessions, for no man is secure against failure. A man cannot say: "I have hoarded up so much, now my earnings are secure." The same with friendship. No matter how dear a person may be, this thought enters the mind, that a separation will have to come. How many things break in upon our enjoyment of friendship! View domestic society. How many married lives began bright and fair as orange blossoms, and after a year or less, where are the blossoms? Where are the snows of last winter? Nobody knows.

Do I mean to say that man is doomed to wretchedness? Is there no such thing as happiness? There is happiness; the poet's line: "Man never is, but always to be blessed," expresses our thought. What constitutes happiness in this life? I think we can say that the nearest approach to happiness in this life, is the

1. These remarks are anent some statements in our last talk.

being on the road that leads to man's last end. This is the only terrestrial happiness. Our reason tells us so and we have it preached to us from our pulpits. Man is happy; man should be happy no matter what the vicissitudes of life, when he knows he is facing his foreordained goal.

I endeavored last time to prove directly that God must be the last end of man; that God is the only object that can make man perfectly happy. I may prove it indirectly by examining things a man might mistake for his last end. Man is made up of body and soul, and therefore might mistake in his concern for either. Men can and do by mistake place their last end in money, honor, pleasure; consulting the body; or in knowledge or virtue looking only imperfectly at the soul.

There are several definitions of happiness, the definitions varying according to the philosophical systems of those who frame them. The definition generally accepted and which, I think, will meet the approval of all is Boethius. He was in prison for a number of years, and beguiled the time by philosophy and poetry. Perhaps in those days they did not have contract labor and each individual was left to his own resources.

He said: "Happiness is the state of the possession of all good." A definition which probably meets all the requirements of the case. We have proceeded on the plan of defining by the assistance of facts. I think we can safely state that thus far we have not advanced a step without the help of facts.

Happiness we know rather negatively than positively. We know in the first place that happiness supposes the absence of evil, privation, misery, annoyance—the absence even of the possibility of want. Where we have any of these things we cannot have happiness. I think that the essence of happiness may be found in this—the satisfaction of all our desires. If there is a longing unsatisfied, we have not happiness. When there is a question of perfect happiness, there must be a total absence of all apprehension, and I may go further and say, there must not be the possibility of apprehension.

There is one question that besets our happiest moments: How long will it last? So Christ (using His words as the words of a mere man, because we do not refer to Him here as the founder of a religion) said: "Your joy shall be perfect, and nobody will take it away." What makes us happy, is the certainty that we are never going to be deprived of that thing which is the cause of our bliss.

A man is perfectly happy only when all his longings are satisfied and when he is sure that satisfaction will never cease to exist. If a man were to be told, when in the possession of a plenitude of goods, that they would disappear after a million years, he would not be perfectly happy. Why? Because at some time or other the thought would enter his mind that an hour was going to strike when that happiness would cease, which would lessen his happiness. In other words, there would be a longing, not for another million of years of happiness, but for an eternity of it. The element of perpetual duration is necessary for perfect happiness. Two things, therefore, basing our definition on facts, are necessary in order to give us an adequate concept of happiness: all desires satisfied, with the certainty of that satisfaction lasting forever. If one or other of these elements is lacking, perfect happiness is not.

We are not evolving this definition from our own inward consciousness, but looking at things as things present themselves to us.

Why do I insist so much on the question of happiness? Because happiness has much to do with the question of moral philosophy, and there is no use of going further, unless that thing called happiness is determined. We say that man is constantly reaching after happi-

ness, call it good, call it an end. That thing we call a rose, by any other name will smell as sweet. Terms are nothing; things are everything. Man in all his deliberate actions (and these are the only actions we take into consideration in our moral philosophy), is in a state of motion. Every act that is deliberate is the starting from one point to reach another point. There is no possibility of a deliberate act without an end in view, and that end is good, call it what you like. Now, good and happiness are synonymous. Watch the various gradations of an act from its inception until it reaches completion. What does it recall? To my mind it recalls the fluctuations of the needle struggling to get towards the North; restless till it is at the point. A man is in a state of insurrection until the act is completed, until the good he proposed to himself in the beginning is obtained.

Man seeks, in all his deliberate actions an end—a good; he is ever on the search after happiness. Not only that, but here is the principal idea of which we cannot afford to lose sight; man has an inborn, irresistible desire for happiness, for perfect happiness. Every man has it—it is a natural desire—it is imbedded in our nature. Man cannot, without doing violence to his whole nature, put himself voluntarily on the road to unhappiness. No man has ever done that. No man has ever done, by any deliberate act, such a thing as to start out in the search for unhappiness. Unhappiness, as such, has never been the final purpose of any individual. We have never found that to be the case, and will never find it to be so. I emphasize, because I wish it understood that this desire for happiness is a natural desire—something that has its foundation in the essence of man's nature.

That desire for perfect happiness being a natural desire, who is the author of that desire? The author of nature. Who is the author of nature? The Deity. Hence flow many conclusions, these two principally: first, that perfect happiness is attainable, and that the Maker of our nature is obliged, by the very perfection of things, to put within everybody's reach the means of attaining that happiness.

To return, is that happiness to be found in this life? Certainly perfect happiness is not to be found here. Some philosophers make up a series of propositions in order to prove the fact—that nothing created is going to perfectly satisfy man. When there is a question of anything created satisfying man, we take the desirable among created things. We are not taking pains, torments, poverty and sickness; but those things that everybody is running after, wealth, pleasure for instance.

Man is a being made up of spirit and matter, and, therefore, in his seekings, he will look for an end for his spiritual nature and an end for his material or purely animal nature. Now, for his spiritual nature. Only two things are the object of man's ambition, and these two things are the things that perfect the faculties of man's spiritual nature. What are these two faculties? The will and the intellect. What perfects the will? Virtue. What perfects the intellect? Knowledge. So that a man might say: "If I am virtuous I can be perfectly happy; if I know I shall be perfectly happy." Or another man, coming down to a lower level, might say: "If I procure pleasure, if I have an abundance of that thing by which pleasure can be bought—money—I can be perfectly happy." Examine. Take pleasure. Can pleasure be happiness? No. Because it cannot, as we have previously shown, be an end, and besides some cannot acquire pleasure, some are invalided, crippled, maimed; some have imperfect senses, are blind, deaf, dumb. From the very start, the doors of a thousand pleasures are closed against them. Pleasure does not really satisfy man. The history of pleasure's votary is known. He plunges into excesses of all kinds, be-

cause he is unable to satisfy himself with anything that presents itself. The gluttonous man makes eating and drinking his end, and his very senses become incapacitated. The palate has to be tempted constantly in order to experience the slightest sensation. He loses his strength, impairs his digestive powers, and so on. So for any kind of pleasure. Remember we are finite, limited, and that every time we experience a sensual pleasure we are drawing on our power of experiencing pleasure ; there is so much out of the bank, and the result is that a sense once gratified has begun to dull its power of sensation, and in the end grows torpid, dies.

Take wealth. St. Thomas says that the very fact that men are boundless in their desire for money, is a proof that money has not in itself wherewith to make man happy. The more money a man has, the more he wants. He longs for so much money, and when he gets it, the fact that he wants more is a protest he makes against the money acquired, that it has not in itself the power to make man happy, of exterminating all longing. The old pagans understood that, and concreted their ideas about the inability of money to satisfy man, in legend and fable. Midas asked the gods to grant him that everything he touched would turn into gold. He got his gift. What was the result? He sat down at table, and the first morsel he touched —gold ! It did not make any difference how tempting the ragout. The soup was brought in steaming hot, but as soon as he touched it it became gold. The very dishes became gold. So too for his affections. His daughter comes in to give him her morning greeting ; he embraces her ; and she is turned into a golden statue. However, he prayed that the great privilege might be removed ; and it was granted, but only on one condition, that he should ever after wear ass' ears. He was an ass for his pains.

The miser makes gold his god. He does not care for anybody, he does not care for eating or drinking, there is no sacrifice he will not make for more gold. We have a fable about Tithonas. He did something for the gods one day, and they were so pleased they said : "Ask for whatever you want and we will give it to you." He said : "I want to live forever." His request was granted, but he forgot to ask for immortal youth and the result was that as he grew older he became more decrepit. Just fancy a man in declining years, getting up to two thousand, with the infirmities of old age : "Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." What a freak a two thousand year old man would be. Tithonas prayed the gods to take back the gift ; but the only thing they could do was to turn him into a grasshopper, and he has been grasshoppering it ever since. Only an ass will ask for gold in the way Midas asked for it, and only a grasshopper will ask to live forever, not a man. It is not a natural desire, for a natural desire is one meeting the approval of everything in us, not only of our senses, but of our intelligence.

Virtue, intelligence, science, cannot make us happy. The torture of the most learned men is that they know nothing. The more they study the less they know. Science cannot make man happy, it is so uncertain.

The failures of scientific investigation would fill a larger volume than the successes thereof.

Virtue cannot make us perfectly happy. Virtue keeps us on the road to happiness, because virtue is acting according to the law, and, therefore, keeps us in the path that leads to the object that makes us perfectly happy, but in itself it is not happiness. I am talking about active virtue. I am talking about a man who is really virtuous, not about individuals who fancy they are virtuous. Virtue is the struggling against the inclination to do wrong. Virtue comes from the Latin word *vis*, which means strength, fighting strength. When we are virtuous we are

in a state of conflict, and no man is made happy by such a condition. Apply this to moral virtue and see if it is so. A man becomes tired of the struggle, and asks a rest. St. Paul, who was rapped up to the third heaven, wanted to be dissolved and to be with the Master, so that he would have no more chance of going astray. We are all asking for that sweet bye and bye "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

A PRACTICAL DEVOTION.

By Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J.

"I DON'T believe in devotions. Let people go to Confession and Communion. Use the Sacraments, that's my doctrine. I don't care for sentimentality. Some people pay more attention to a statue or a picture of the Sacred Heart than to our Lord Himself in the Blessed Sacrament."

Such was the substance, if not the exact expression of the objection of a very pious person to the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Let us see if there is any truth in these grave statements. To start with, I fully agreed with him in all that he said, except perhaps, the very first assertion. "I don't believe in devotions either," I said, "as you understand the term, for it is quite evident that you have not in your mind the genuine notions of devotion. You do not mean by it "that sweetness or intensity accompanying our converse with God," nor "the habitual readiness to comply with the divine will, particularly in matters of divine worship," nor a concrete form of divine worship or the pious practices of individuals," and so on; for of course every Catholic must approve of these. What you mean probably is that gushingness and sweet sentimentalism to be found sometimes in some members of the devout female sex. But surely you cannot suppose that this is what is meant by devotion in our sense of the word. "Well, to tell the truth," he replied, "you Jesuits have too much sentimentality in your teaching; you encourage too much the use of pictures and statues, especially of the Sacred Heart." That's a most strange accusation to make against Jesuits, if, indeed, any accusation against them can be considered strange. Let me tell you what we understand and teach about devotion to the Sacred Heart.

In the first place we eliminate all gush and tender sentimentalism. As Father Galliffet, who is commonly considered the classical exponent of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, observes: "In all the devotions and festivals which are connected with the Sacred humanity of Jesus Christ there is always a double object, one sensible and corporal, the other spiritual and invisible, which are united, and which we honor because they are so united, the spiritual communicating its dignity to the corporal. But the sensible and corporal object has this peculiar to itself, that it always gives its name to the devotion and to the festival." He then instances the devotion to the Holy Cross, the Sacred Wounds, and the Holy Name. He next shows that in the devotion in question there are likewise "two objects united, which are honored with an undivided honor, the one sensible and corporal, which is the heart of flesh intimately united to the soul and to the person of our Lord, full of life, of feeling, and of knowledge; the other invisible and spiritual, which is the immense love with which the Sacred Heart is inflamed, but especially considered as a love despised and wounded by the ingratitude of men." The object then, of the devotion is our Lord Himself, true God

and true man, but considered under the special aspect of His love for God and for men. The commonly, nay, the universally accepted symbol of love is the heart; therefore, in our devotion to the love of Jesus Christ we use a representation of a heart as the symbol of Christ's love. The statue or the picture representing our Lord showing His Heart is merely our poor way of commemorating and representing the manifestation of His love and in the very way which He Himself saw fit to choose.

Let us see what He said on the subject to His favored servant, Blessed Margaret Mary: "He assured me," she writes, "that He took a singular pleasure in being honored under the figure of this Heart of flesh, the representation of which He wished to be exposed publicly, in order, He added, to touch the insensible hearts of men; and He promised me that He would pour forth abundantly over all those who should honor it, all the treasures of grace with which it is filled. Wherever this representation shall be exposed in order to be singularly honored, thither will it draw the abundance of every sort of blessing." Whether the copy or the imitation represent worthily the divine original is a question of artistic skill and taste.

The fact remains that Christ Himself judged it advisable to manifest Himself to His servant, Blessed Margaret Mary, to show her His Sacred Heart and asked to have it represented and honored. We simply bow to the judgment of our Lord in lowly submission.

Moreover, as we have just seen, He promised to bless every place where a representation of His Heart was set up and honored. Nor has His promise ever failed in the two centuries and more since that promise was given. The Church, the living guardian and witness of the truth, has set her seal upon the representation of the Sacred Heart. She has given indulgences to those who recite a certain prayer before a picture of the Sacred Heart, and to those who wear the Badge of the League, or to those who have about them the little scapular. Of course, it is needless to defend the use of pious pictures and statues to a Catholic, but only their use in this special devotion. The best and sufficient reason is that Christ, the infallible teacher, so taught us.

"But," you object, "people go and kneel and pray before a picture or statue of the Sacred Heart, instead of going and kneeling in front of the tabernacle where our Lord is really and truly present." This objection is readily answered, for no Catholic prays *to* a statue or picture; the prayer is, of course, directed to the person. But if my piety is better moved by having a devotional representation before my eyes to fix my attention, you would not grudge me that help. To see the symbol of divine love may move me more than the bare knowledge and the belief that Christ is within the tabernacle. This does not appeal to my senses, and they play an important part in my whole being. I am always patriotic but the sight of "Old Glory" moves me more sensibly to patriotism.

On this very account the Church under the guidance of the Holy Ghost has always approved and encouraged artistic representations of Christ, His Blessed Mother and the saints. From your standpoint you should remove the crucifix from above the tabernacle, the statues, pictures and figured stained glass windows from the church. Why, in the very first centuries we find rude frescoes in the catacombs of Christ as the Good Shepherd with the lost sheep upon His shoulders.

"Well," said the objector, "let us pass over the question about representations of the Sacred Heart, but, at any rate, I still say that to frequent Confession and Communion, and to visit the Blessed Sacrament are the best devotions."

Waiving the question whether you are correct in calling these practices devotions, I quite agree with you, and you have played entirely into my hand, for

these are precisely the chief aims of the devotion of the Sacred Heart, which is eminently practical. Our Lord in instituting this devotion had one end in view: to get men to love Him. He gave them His Heart, that is, His love, expecting and asking their love in return. This He clearly declared to Blessed Margaret Mary, saying: "I thirst; I burn with the desire of being loved, I long to win souls to my love." So, too, does the Church, whenever she speaks of the devotion, declare that its end and reason for existence is to make us give Christ love for love. But what sort of a love are we to give Him? To love God with our whole being is the first and great commandment of the New as of the Old Law. The love, then, which the God-man asks for is a whole-souled love, which is, as the apostle declares, the fulfilling of the Law. Anything which will aid us to fulfil this obligation, must be of the greatest value. Hence Cardinal Pie rightly said that the devotion to the Sacred Heart is "the very quintessence of Christianity, the compendium and substantial summary of all religion," precisely because it so effectively moves men to fulfil their greatest obligation to God, and to return love for love.

They see the love of God incarnate, and extending the benefits of His incarnation by His abiding presence on their altars, and by becoming the food of their souls in Holy Communion, and this, too, after having given the greatest proof of His love in laying down His life for them. How shall they return such love? What proof shall they give of their love? For, unless love proves itself by works, it is not true love. Words, indeed, it may use, but what true lover would be content with these? A true lover never wearies of his beloved, he is ready at all times to show his devotion, he is proud of it, he is willing that all should know it. Moreover, he is willing to defend his beloved against all attacks, to fight all comers. If others, who should love her, look coldly upon her, if they refuse what belongs of right to her, he endeavors to make up by extra attention, by more warmth of affection, by greater generosity for their coldness, injustice and niggardliness. Were the object of his love capable of being loved by all without any detriment to any, were she entitled by right to universal love and homage, then would he endeavor to spread abroad the knowledge of her claims and win all who came within his reach to acknowledge them and show her their devotion.

What is not true of any finite being is true of the God-man, who has so many titles to the love of all, who can gratify and satisfy the love of all out of the inexhaustible treasures of His Sacred Heart, yet in such a way that no one loses by sharing that love.

He is the true light that enlighteneth every man coming into this world, the true sun whose rays give to the universe light and warmth and vivifying power, yet without any person or thing being the poorer for sharing it with an indefinite number of others.

Such are the three duties to which every true lover of the Sacred Heart is bound. He must profess and prove his love by actions as well as by words; and this we call *honor*. But since all who are bound do not honor our Lord, he endeavors to make up for the deficiencies of others and this we call *reparation*. Believing that, if men only realized what the love of Christ is and what His claims are, they would all honor and love Him, he tries to awaken all who come in contact with Him to a sense of their relationship to Christ, and this we call *apostolate*.

We shall not treat these three duties of a true lover of the Sacred Heart in the present paper, but the mere mention of them shows how eminently practical is the devotion in question.

Let us return to our objector who depreciated the devotion to the Heart of Jesus, because he wanted people to go fre-

quently to Confession and Communion, and to honor our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Now, these are precisely the fruits of that devotion. Hear our Lord's own words: "Behold this Heart, which has so loved men that it has spared nothing, it has emptied itself and consumed itself in order to manifest its love for them; and, in return, I receive from the greater number only ingratitude, in the contempt, irreverence, sacrileges, and indifference manifested for me in this sacrament of love." He then asks for the establishment of the feast in order to honor His Heart, "by devout acts of reparation and satisfaction, and by communicating on that day to expiate the indignities received whilst exposed on the altar."

Here we have the essence of devotion to the Sacred Heart as stated by Christ Himself. There must be Confession, for there is to be a Holy Communion; it is a communion of love and honor, that more especially of reparation, and that, too, to atone for the indignities shown to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Hence we have the three very things specified by the objector: confession, communion and honor shown the Blessed Sacrament. How this devotion has produced the effects desired by its divine founder, any one who has experience of a parish before and after its introduction can testify. I know of a certain bishop who was amazed at the crowds that came to receive Holy Communion in his cathedral. What was the cause? What was the attractive power? Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament? Yes, but as revealing His Sacred Heart, burning with love for men, yet cruelly wounded by the ingratitude and indifference of so many and asking for love and atonement. Under these two aspects it calls forth our love which corresponds to its love, and grief which leads us to make reparation for the insults it endures through the indifference of men.

There can be no opposition in the institutions of the all-wise God. Devotions are helps not hindrances to the right use of them. So it is with the devotion to the Sacred Heart, it has a wonderful moving power over the hearts of men. It appeals strongly to them, it asks only what is in their power to give; it gives in return inestimable treasures of love and grace. It is the Heart of a man appealing to other human hearts. When they understand and realize the appeal they cannot refuse it, they will give love for love.

THE BLACK FINGER.

By M. T. Waggaman.

(*Concluded.*)

CHAPTER XV.

MOONLIGHT AND SHADOWS.

FATHER Paul had set out as he promised at the moonrise. It was a six-mile walk to the cabin, and he had but a brief rest between his visits. But Tim and his sturdy little nag would not return until morning, and then it might be too late.

The young soul might have gone forth, hungering for the bread of life, and in the stress and strain of the dark hour, it might have fainted by the way.

Tender compassion, as well as priestly duty spurred Father Paul on his mission of mercy to the poor little lad, on whom God's grace seemed to have fallen like the dew on Gideon's fleece, when all around was barren and dry. And even as that miracle of old, had nerved the heart and hand of the warrior of Israel, so Father Paul felt cheered and strengthened to-night.

It had been a wearisome day to him; McGarrahan's visit, Eric's rebellious flight had left him under that depressing sense of failure and defeat, from which even the highest efforts and holiest aims are not exempt. His labor had seemed in vain, yet God had given the increase; like the wild bird of the forest, Eric had borne the good seed to a young soul, where it had blossomed into beauty, a hundredfold.

So it was with a strange, solemn gladness in his heart, Father Paul took his journey over these silent heights to-night. Poor little Andy had taught him a lesson he could never forget. It was as if his Master had tenderly rebuked his doubts and spoken a word of cheer. Never had these white mountain wastes seemed so tranquil, so beautiful.

The moon that had at first swung low in the horizon like a silver lamp, rose higher and higher, flooding the peaks with a tender radiance in which the stars paled and the shadows trembled, and all poor sin-scared earth seemed to grow pure and fair.

Beautiful moonlight! type of that sweet mother mercy that veils and softens all the ruggedness and deformity that the sun of justice must reveal; may your tender beams fall upon us when we pass into the shadows of the night.

And as Father Paul kept on his rugged way, made glorious now by a more dazzling light than even the piety of a Roman priest flings before the hidden Lord he bore in his breast, his soul seemed to shake off all its darkness and weariness, and almost unconsciously, he began to intone the Psalm that rose to his lips in the consecrated language of the Church.

"In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped; let me never be confounded, deliver me in Thy justice."

Rich and full the deep-toned notes swelled out into the mountain silence in which the singer believed himself alone with his God.

"Bow down Thine ear to me, make haste to deliver me." Ah, how little Father Paul dreamed of the bitter need of that cry now.

"Be Thou my God, my protector, and a house of refuge to save me," was the verse that reached the group of black shadows struggling up from the gorge below.

"It's him, lads, whisht, I tell ye it's him," said McGarrahan, trembling all over.

"Aye, aye listen, he's singing some of his divil's lingo," muttered Aptomas.

"For Thou art my strength and my refuge and for Thy name's sake Thou wilt guide me."

"It's yer man, Terence, and no other. Back into the shadow, men, stop him whin he reaches the turn beyant."

"Thou wilt bring me out of this snare, that they have laid for me," went on the unconscious singer, "for Thou art my protector."

"Curses on ye Popish hell hound. Bind his arms, men. Gag him, throttle him, drag him back to the cut. We'll settle with the blasted Romish spy there. Back to the cut wid him, back, mates, back."

They were upon him, ten to one, fierce human brutes; wilder, baser, more pitiless than the beasts of the forest and jungle.

"Scoundrels, villains, cowards, here, help—help—murder," shouted Father Paul, struggling in vain with his half-score assailants.

For a moment his blood boiled, his eyes flashed, as he found himself overpowered, bound, gagged; as he saw his doom in the vengeful faces around him—then he uplifted his gaze to the radiant sky and voicelessly finished his Psalm.

"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, God of Truth."

CHAPTER XVI.

ANDY'S MATE.

The rising moonbeams had reached Andy's little window, and flickering through the rags and patches that shaded it, fell with wan pitying radiance upon the wasted form, that lay so silent and motionless upon the narrow bed, that more than once poor Gran bent her ear anxiously to her boy's pale lips, to catch the faint fluttering breath.

But each time Andy had opened his eyes and looked at her with a smile so bright, that Gran had turned back into her shadowy corner with a feeble thrill of hope stirring in her heart, the poor old heart that had grown so heavy with age and want and woe that it could only quiver faintly either with joy or pain.

She had "reddied" the room at Andy's bidding, bathed the little shrunken face, brushed the soft fair hair that was the sick boy's only beauty, and now sat in the shadow watching her lad with dim patient eyes. At last he spoke:

"The moon is up; Father Paul (its that the priest bid me call him) will be here soon now, Gran. D'you think father will be back, too?"

"I think he will, lad, mebbe it's gone for the docther he is. He's not forgitting ye, ye may be sure of that. Ochone, ochone, it's not lying like this ye'd be, avourneen, if me poor Terence had been left to take care of his own. Luk at the illigant things he sint us this evening; the tay and sugar, the wine and jellies and grapes. I'm thinking ye're betther for thim already, lad, ye've been sleeping so quoit and asy to-night."

"Not sleeping, Gran," answered the boy softly, "though I've been wonderful easy. I've been lying here thinking, Gran, and praying, praying as Father Paul told me. O, I wish father would come back, I want him to hold me in his arms to-night, Gran, I want him to see and know the grand blessed thing I am going to do. Isn't it a wonderful thing, Gran, for God to come to a poor boy like me, and take me with Him home?"

"Shure it is, jewel, it is," sobbed poor Gran, uncomprehendingly.

"I've been so afraid and trembly, lying here in the dark cold nights," continued Andy, "and when Eric told me all that he had heard beyond about heaven and God and how He came down to earth, and all that He did for the poor creatures here, curing them, and helping them, and dying for them, it was in me head night and day, Gran."

"Shure, I know it, lad, I know it," faltered Gran. "It was fayver dhrames that ye had."

"Oh no, no, Gran, they were not dreams, not dreams," repeated Andy tremulously. "They were all true, they

are all true; I've had such longings lying here in the dark, Gran, to get to Him, that was in the church beyond, as Eric told me. I thought if I could touch His hand or His gown, mebbe, and ask Him to be good to a poor boy, and not let the dying hurt much or me be too scared. And Father Paul says *He* will come to me, that He will be with me in the darkness, no matter how black it is, and I won't mind the dying for it will be only going with Him home. And I know it, Gran, I feel it," the speaker's eyes kindled, "the longing in my heart tells me —— "

"Andy, Andy," the cabin-door was flung open and bare-headed, wild-eyed, bleeding from a cut in his forehead, Eric burst into the room: "Murder, murder, Andy, the boys have got Father Paul. They've took him off to the Cut. They're going to hang him. And—and it's yer devil of a father, Andy, that is at the head of them all."

"Me father," echoed Andy, in bewilderment, "me father! I don't understand what you say, Eric, I don't."

"They've got your Father Paul," shouted Eric, dashing the blinding blood from his brow as if it were but drops of sweat, "the priest, Andy, they took him as he was coming to you. O, the cursed cowards, they made you a trap for their dirty work. It was McGarrahan gave me this lick when me and Boar tried to stop them. An' they gave Boar a cut that'll be his death, I'm thinking; but what's a dog," sobbed Eric, hoarsely, "to him they're going to kill now; and it's your father that is doing it, yer devil of a father, Andy. He swears that he'll swing him up where the crows will pick every Papist bone bare."

"Me father!" Over the dying peace of Andy's bloodless face there came a terrible change; every wan, pinched feature seemed to quiver and twitch convulsively. It was as if a corpse had been galvanized into torturing life.

"Ye blating fool," cried Gran, fiercely to Eric, "ye have thrown him into a fit."

"No, no," panted Andy, sitting bolt upright in his bed, "give me, give me some brandy, Gran—devil's drink that it is—fill the glass, quick ——"

"No, Andy avourneen, no," pleaded the old woman, "lie down again, lad, be asy and lie down."

"The drink—the drink"—repeated the boy, passionately. "I must have it —I must have strength—I must stop this devil's work. O, me father! me father! And it was to me the good priest was coming—to me. The drink, Gran, I say ——"

"Ochone, it's the death throe that is on him," wailed Gran, striving to hold the struggling boy in her trembling arms.

"Loose me," he cried, freeing himself from her grasp, and snatching the brandy, that McGarrahan had sent, from the stand by his bed, he poured some into a tumbler of water and swallowed it eagerly. "Now may God in heaven give me one hour of life! and then, then——"

"Andy, Andy, be still, avourneen; ochone it's trying to git up he is, lie down asthore, fer your poor Gran's sake."

"I tell you I must go, Gran," panted the boy, "give me my clothes, I must go —to—to—me father. He'll listen to me when he wouldn't to God or man. My clothes, Gran, my clothes—oh, oh, I can't stand," and the boy tottered back to his bed.

"Eric, can't you help me? for the Lord's sake, Eric lad, help me to—to—father. I'd stop him if I could get to him, Eric."

"You shall, Andy, you shall," and Eric's eye and voice and lithe young frame seemed to quicken with fierce energy.

"Give me them clothes of his, old woman," and he snatched Andy's worn garments from a peg on the wall—"wrap that old cloak of yours about him. Easy now while I dress you, Andy. Where's the stockings for his feet?"

"Murther! Murther! ye omadhaun! What is it ye are going to do," cried

Gran, as Eric completed Andy's hasty toilette.

"What am I going to do?" answered Eric in wild excitement. "I'm going to take Andy up in my arms and carry him to Devil's Cut. I'm going to take him to his devil father's feet. Up with you, lad, you're little more weight than a young lamb, up with you, hug me by the neck tight, lay your head on my shoulder; take care, whisht now, that's it, grip me fast, you shall go easy as if you were in a padded chair, and the moon shining beautiful and every step of the road bright as day, and mebbe I don't know the short way that'll take us to their devil's den below.

"Out of me way," cried Eric to poor old Gran, who fell back helpless and appalled before the boy who seemed like some fierce young brute endowed with superhuman strength. "Out of me way, hold on to me and don't fear, Andy. So we're off"—and poor Gran could only wring her hands and burst into a piteous wail, as Eric darted off with his burden over the white snow-clad wastes, speeding over rocks and heights by ways known to him alone; light and sure-footed as the chamois in its native peaks, despite the helpless weight that he upbore in his strong young arms, tenderly and carefully as a mother would bear her babe.

"Don't fear, Andy, I've got you tight, you're no more than a young babe, lad, I could carry two like you and not mind it. Easy now, that was a bit of a leap I had to make. Hold tight to me neck, for we've got to scramble down here, but the devils below don't know the easy way I found many a day ago to their cursed hole. Am I hurting you, lad?"

"No, no, never mind me," was the feeble whisper. "Keep on, Eric, keep on. Hurry, hurry."

"I am, Andy, I am; we'll be after them in time never fear. I daren't run too fast for fear I might hurt you. Take care now, hold me tight, we've come to the scramble in earnest now." And down a steep rugged descent that would have taxed the strength of a trained athlete Eric struggled manfully with his helpless burden.

Every muscle and fibre of his young frame felt the strain, but the arm that held Andy was firm and steady as the rock upon which Eric trod.

Twice his foot slipped, but he recovered himself with an effort that sent the blood surging wildly from heart to brain, but Andy scarcely felt the shock. "Hold to me, lad, hold tight," panted Eric, while blood and sweat poured together from his wounded brow. "Easy now. So hooray, we're down on their devil's den, we're down!"

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE "DEVIL'S CUT."

With oaths and curses and fierce blasphemous execrations, Father Paul had been dragged by his captors over the mountain ridge and down into the deep gully of "Devil's Cut."

It was a place fitted for deeds of darkness. Walls of jagged rock rose on either side, yawning here and there into deep cavernous hollows, where in the warm season the melting snow from the heights above nursed the sparse vegetation into dwarfed and malformed growth. Hardy vines swung in tangles from the rocks, great roots bared by the sweep of the tempests jutted out like monstrous centipedes, gnarled trees stretched up distorted branches as if in appeal for life and light, all nature seemed writhing in some crushing, blighting grasp.

In one of the deepest of these hollows Father Paul's captors paused. A wretched shanty leaning against the rocky wall, half-a-dozen ruined sheds marked the former still where Terence Magee had lost his liberty ten years ago. A blasted cedar stretched one gaunt remaining bough in ominous shadow over the scene.

Martyrs are but men, and we cast no discredit either on Father Paul's holi-

ness or heroism by saying that at the moment of the cowardly attack upon him he felt as a man feels. All his human nature arose in fierce defiance of his enemies, in revolt at his unlooked-for doom. Then with a mighty throe of anguish, the strong, long trained spirit conquered, and Father Paul accepted his fate in all its humiliating horror.

"Stand there, ye meddling Papist," muttered Aptomas, flinging his prisoner rudely against the blasted tree, "ye've had yer last run on earth, curses on ye. I saw the black look ye flung on my lads as ye passed my door. What d'ye say to cutting off his ears before we start him, boys? A swift swing is too easy a road for the villain to travel to hell."

"Aye, aye, cut off the ears that have heard too much," shouted a couple of voices, "cut off the ears that sought our secrets."

"No, ye bloody cowards, no," thundered Terence Magee. "I'll back no such blasted butchering; Papist or no Papist, we'll swing him off like a man. This is my job and I mean it to be done right. Loosen his gag, he shall have a swig at me bottle here to put a heart in him." And the speaker struck the gag from Father Paul's mouth as he spoke.

Pale but calm, the victim stood before his murderers; the moonlight that flickered into this den of demons, fell upon a face on which there was neither bold bravado nor coward fear.

"McGarrahan," said the priest, his eye resting on a burly form that had slunk into the background, "if this is your work, and I believe it is, I ask you in the name of God before whom you must some day appear and answer for this night's deed to unbind by hands and give me five minutes to kneel in prayer."

"No," panted McGarrahan, tottering to Magee's side, his great ungainly bulk trembling as if with sudden palsy, "don't loosen his hand; don't ye, I say. It's—it's to put the priest's curse on me, he manes. It will murther me where I stand. Up wid him, ye fool, afore he can shpake."

"Where's the rope, thin? fling it over the tree, here." Terence snatched the bottle from his pocket. "Down with the dram that will make ye die like a man."

"No," said Father Paul sternly, motioning the drink from him, "I die not as a man, but as a priest. With my last breath, I warn you in God's name that you are doing murder; murder, that will bring ——"

"Up wid him, up with the canting Papist. Up with the Popish spy," was the pitiless cry. "Swing him off, swing him off."

"No—no—father, no," shrieked a shrill voice, and out of the shadows a muffled, misshapen little figure tottered and fell at Magee's feet. "Don't, father, don't murder the good priest. It's me that asks it, father, yes me, your poor dying boy."

"Andy!" the noose that Magee held dropped from his shaking hand. "Is it Andy? God in heaven, it is me boy, me dying boy." And the hoarse-voiced ruffian fell on his knees and lifted this gasping child to his breast. "Back," he thundered to the men, who pressed forward. "Back, ye murthering villains, I'll do no more of yer divil's wurrk tonight. Back, and let me boy die in pace. Andy, Andy, me own poor little lad, how came ye here?"

"It was Eric, Eric carried me in his arms," whispered Andy. "When I heard what you were at, I had to come, father, I had to come. O loosen him, loosen the good, kind priest. It was to me he was coming, to—to bring ——" the boy's voice failed, and he could only motion to Father Paul, imploringly.

With a slash of the knife that he jerked from his belt, Magee cut the bonds, and Father Paul stood free. There was not a hindering voice. The anguish, the despair in Magee's face and tone seemed to control all the baser passions

around him. With the white heat of such a nature it would have been perilous to trifle; as well dare the tigress bearing her bleeding cub. And perhaps, too, for even in the most brutal natures run the ties that make the whole world kin, perhaps that pale, drawn, boyish face, resting on Magee's brawny breast, checked these human bloodhounds.

Three dark-eyed lads played in black-browed Aptomas' yard, a little fair-haired girl laughed by Murtagh's heart, there was a tiny grave on a far-off hillside marked, "Michael McGarrahan, aged seven years."

Villains as these fathers were, they slunk back in natural sympathy for a father's grief, and Father Paul bent over the dying boy undisturbed. Andy was panting desperately, his weazened little face was livid and drawn with the death agony, but the eyes shone with a glad light of triumph.

"Off, off!" he whispered to Father Paul, "away with you while I am here to hold them. Eric is in the rocks behind and will take you safe back. Off for I'm going fast."

"My poor boy, no, no. I cannot leave you now, Andy," said Father Paul pitifully. "Lift his head my man, that he may breathe better. So, that is easier —don't be frightened, my boy, God is with us here in the darkness."

"Shure, I was waiting," moaned Andy, brokenly, "and praying for Him to come, and Gran had tidied the house and all was ready. And then—then—" the feeble voice quivered into a sob of boyish grief and fear and pain that swept away all Father Paul's hesitation.

Strange time and unhallowed scene for sacred rite! But the Holy of Holies which he guarded on his breast could find no purer shelter from profanation than this innocent heart. He looked at the boy's father. Magee sat with Andy's head pillowed on his brawny breast, dumb and motionless in his stern despair.

His mates had fallen back, and were muttering to each other in the darkness. Father Paul thought in a moment they might turn upon him; in a moment he and Andy might stand before the Throne of God.

What was time or place or the presence of cruel wicked men to these two souls for whom the gates of heaven were already swinging ajar?

Bending closer to the dying boy, Father Paul whispered softly in his ear—words that made the livid, drawn young face light up with a sudden radiance, the blazing eyes kindle, the quivering lips part. Then the little golden pyx the priest drew from his breast gleamed in the moonlight, and Andy had made his First Communion on his convict father's breast.

"What is it ye've done to him," fiercely gasped Magee, rousing from his trance of despair, as the boy's eyes closed and a look of ineffable peace stole over the pallid features. "Andy, Andy, look up at me. Andy me boy, shpake, shpake to your poor father. Och, he is going, he is going!"

"Yes," whispered Andy faintly, "I'm going, father. It's so easy to go with Him. I aint scared, it don't hurt. I'm just easy and glad, father and shure—shure—you'll come too, I know. I'll be watching for you. You'll come, dear father, to your boy. Jesus, sweet Jesus—" Andy tried to finish the aspiration, but his voice failed. There was a slight shudder, a faint sigh, and the happy soul had fled, fled as with stern shouts and cries and rattle and gleam of fire-arms, a rescuing party burst into Devil's Cut.

A posse of officers, on the track of the escaped convicts, Ryan, Tracy, and a half-score or more of Father Paul's sturdy parishioners, Seth Jones and Farmer Morris, ready with good Yankee rifles, to defend *padre* and Papist, irrespective of sect. It was but a moment's work to overpower the surprised miscreants. McGarrahan, Aptomas and the whole murderous set, were soon in the grip of the law.

"IT'S FATHER PAUL'S BOY. IT'S OUR OWN GOSSOON."

"There's our man, Magee!" shouted the sergeant in command, as he sprang forward, with set lips, knowing that he was taking his life in his hands when this convict giant was driven to bay.

Ah, there was no need to fear. Terror Magee was conquered by a mightier hand than man's. Bowed and unresisting, he sat there in the darkness with his dead child upon his breast.

And Eric? High upon the mountain, they found him unconscious from cold and exhaustion, his arm flung around dead Boar's neck. He had dragged him-

self to his brute comrade's side, and then given way.

Friendly hands bore the little hero back to his chapel home. When he opened his eyes it was to glance from Father Paul's kind face to his own torn and stained garments.

"It's me blood," he whispered. "Is —is the devil's mark washed away?"

"My dear boy, yes, yes," was the reply, as Father Paul caught the meaning of his words.

"Then you can pour the water on me," said Eric eagerly. "An' you can make me God's child, and I'll stay that same forever."

CONCLUSION.

Years have passed since that night of terror. Father Paul's hair is silvered, and he wears a bishop's purple, and rules with wise kindly sway over a flourishing see.

Old Bear Cap has been tunnelled by a new railroad and Stryker's Notch is a noisy junction, where the shriek of the steam-whistle hourly wakes the mountain echoes, and the foundries and factories are never still.

Not long ago a Lenten Mission was announced in the church, now the heart and centre of an extensive parish. The good tidings aroused an unusual degree of interest, for the young missionary's fame had preceded him. "Father Andrew," as he was called, could, in Celtic parlance "dhraw tears from a harrt of shtone."

It was late in the evening and the church was already crowded when the preacher arrived.

He knelt for several minutes in silent prayer under the sanctuary lamp whose crimson glow still illumined the beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart upon the altar. He then arose and faced the audience that crowded the chapel, now enlarged to twice its original size by the zeal and piety of its growing congregation.

There was a perceptible stir of surprise, for it was no stern ascetic, no spiritualized saint wasted with vigils and fasting who stood before the altar rail. The tall form was kingly in its strength and vigor, the close cropped curling hair seemed to defy the efforts to subdue it, the clear blue eyes flashed with fearless searching light, the firm set lips were at once tender and strong.

It was a man that stood before them, a man in all the fulness of manly life and power, yet uplifted to the sublimest height that man can tread. Man, the herald of the Eternal, the leader and guide into paths that scale the skies.

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness; make straight the way of the Lord. Prepare ye his paths," was the text that rang out in deep musical tones through the silent church.

And then the "Voice" spoke—spoke in words that seemed to each listening soul addressed to it alone, touching every chord of feeling, piercing every veil of self-deceit, rending the whited sepulchres of forgotten sins—appealing, denouncing, uplifting, until the hearts of his hearers seemed to swell on in vast diapason of fear and love and repentance up to the Throne of God.

The sinner of years was trembling, the sluggard roused, tears were coursing from his eyes that had almost forgotten how to weep.

"Musha, musha, there was niver heard the loikes of him," said honest Tim Connors, now a sturdy septuagenarian as he re-entered the tidy kitchen where our old friend Kathie was imprisoned by an attack of rheumatics. "Shure Father Paul himself, blessed bishop that he is, can't hold a candle to him. I wisht you could hear him, Kathie, aye and see him, too, for the matter of that, for there's a look in his eyes, I can't make out. It minds me of some wan, I can't tell who."

"Look again Tim," said a cheery voice in the doorway, and Tim started at sight of the tall form that stood on his humble threshold. "Who am I?"

"Shure, yer—yer riverince," stam-

mered Tim, much abashed, "ye're Father Andrew, the howly missioner."

"Look again, straight into my eyes, old man. I've come for a mug of Kathie's buttermilk. I've given up stealing now."

"Murther," Kathie started to her feet with every feature in her withered face beaming. "Ye blundering, blind idgit, Tim Connor, don't ye know the lad?"

"It's Father Paul's boy, its our own gossoon. It's that young divil, Eric Dorne."

THE END.

QUEEN OF THE HEART DIVINE.

By E. C. Donnelly.

Dark moments come to every life
When doubts and fears arise,
When clouds of sorrow, care, or strife
Shut out hope's sunny skies.
Ah then, what peace, what joy it is
Our anguish to impart
To Mother Mary! her soft kiss
Can soothe the soul, can win it bliss
From Jesus' Sacred Heart.

It is not that we do not trust
Our Saviour's mercy vast—
But He must be the Judge all-just
To speak our doom at last;
While Mary knows but mercy's laws,
And doubts and fears depart,
When Satan at her touch withdraws,
And she, good Mother, pleads our cause
With Jesus' wounded Heart.

Fair sunshine of the darken'd soul,
Bright star of hearts oppress'd!
When dismal shades our lives enroll,
And death is sorrow's guest—
Sweet succor shall refresh our need,
Grace blunt temptation's dart:
Our ev'ry wound shall cease to bleed,
If thou for us wilt, potent, plead
With Jesus' burning Heart.

THE GLORIOUS FORTY DAYS.

By Rev. James Conway S.J.

NOTHING could well be more hopeless, humanly speaking, than the cause of Christianity when the tomb was closed over the body of our Lord. All the hopes of His friends and followers lay buried in that tomb. The glorious kingdom, which He had promised had shrunk to this little measure. What must have been the disappointment and dismay of the apostles and disciples, and even of the holy women, who had followed Him so faithfully to Calvary! They all passed the Sabbath in stillness and retirement. What a sad Sabbath it was!

Those who had proved faithless to their Master, and had abandoned Him in the hour of His suffering were stricken with remorse and shame. They did not yet understand the Scriptures nor the words that He had spoken to them—that on the third day He would rise again. Their faith was shaken. Even when the holy women brought the news of the resurrection they refused to believe it and regarded it as an idle tale. We may well imagine how Mary, the Mother of Jesus, tried to console them, and to inspire them with the hope in the glorious resurrection of her Son; but they would not be comforted. All their past hopes had vanished like so many empty dreams.

The disconsolate condition of the friends and followers of our Lord at this juncture is fairly illustrated by the two disciples who on Easter day journeyed from Jerusalem to Emmaus. "They talked together of all those things that had happened." And when the risen Lord joined them, He said: "What are those discourses that ye hold one with another as ye walk, and why are ye sad?" And they answered: "Concerning Jesus of Nazareth who was a prophet, mighty in work and word, before God and all the people; and how our chief priests and rulers delivered Him to be condemned to death, and crucified Him. But we hoped that it was He who should have redeemed Israel; and now, besides all this, to-day is the third day since all these things were done. Yea, and certain women also of our company affrighted us, who, before it was light, were at the sepulchre; and not finding His body, came saying that they had also seen a vision of angels who say that He is alive. And some of our people went to the sepulchre, and found it so as the women had said. But Him they found not."

The condition of the apostles and disciples and other friends of our Lord was therefore one of doubt, affliction and dismay—a state of spiritual desolation. They need to be strengthened and consoled. And this is the first care of the risen Saviour. Now, how did He perform this work of love?

St. Ignatius of Loyola, in his book of the *Spiritual Exercises*, defining spiritual consolation and desolation, says that as spiritual consolation consists in the sensible increase of faith, hope and love, so desolation consists in the sensible waning of these virtues. The first object of our Lord, after His resurrection, was to awaken these three theological virtues in His bereaved friends and followers.

By the very fact of the resurrection their faith was renewed. This glorious fact is the strongest evidence of the divinity of our Lord, inasmuch as it comprises in itself all evidence—the evidence of prophecy as well as of miracle.

In the first place, the resurrection is the fulfilment of the prophecy repeatedly set forth in the Old Testament. The Psalmist personating the Saviour, says:

CHRIST AND THE DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS—C. MUELLER.

"I have risen up because the Lord hath protected me." "My flesh shall rest in hope, because thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; nor wilt thou leave thy holy one to see corruption." The prophet Osee puts these words in the mouth of the Messias: "O death, I will be thy death; O hell, I will be thy bite." And Job, contemplating that same triumph over death, exclaims: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and on the last day I shall rise out of the earth." From the teaching of the apostles and of the Fathers of the Church we know that

these texts, at least typically, refer to the Messias, and we see those types plainly fulfilled in the resurrection of our Lord.

But there is a still stronger and more striking prophetic evidence of Christ's divinity in the resurrection. Christ Himself foretold His future resurrection. "Destroy this temple," He says, referring to the temple of His body, "and in three days I will build it up again." And: "As Jonas was in the whale's belly three days and three nights, so shall the Son of Man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights." Our Lord, therefore, clearly foresaw, and distinctly foretold, that He would be three days in the bowels of the earth, and that on the third day He would rise again. Now, if He foresaw this in His own omniscience and power, He is surely God, because only God could foresee and effect such a stupendous miracle. But if we prefer to say that He foreknew this by divine revelation, we must conclude at least that He was the special friend and favorite of God; and therefore that His teaching is true, and consequently that He is the Son of God, as He Himself had taught. Thus we see in the resurrection the fulfilment of a twofold prophecy, and, therefore, the most irrefragable proof of the divine mission and divinity of Jesus Christ.

But considered as a miracle the resurrection presents a still more evident proof of the divinity of our Lord—a proof which cannot fail to convince even the most obtuse. There is no one, in a normal state of mind, but will easily admit that a dead man cannot, without divine intervention, rise again to life. But Christ was certainly dead as is manifest from the amount of His sufferings, from the opening of His side and the flow of blood and water, from the testimony of witnesses before Pilate, and from the embalment with two hundred pounds of spices. It is no less certain that He was seen alive again by the holy women, by the apostles, singly and in a body, and by five hundred brethren at once—therefore, that He really arose again from the dead.

Now, if He rose of His own strength, He is God without any doubt. But if we say that He was raised by God it follows no less evidently that He is God; because God could not work such a miracle in favor of an impostor. He is no impostor, therefore, but truly, as He Himself said, the Son of God.

The resurrection is, therefore, the foundation of the belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ. The very fact of the resurrection was sufficient to strengthen the faith of the friends and followers of the crucified Lord. Hence it was that they preached the resurrection as the great fundamental fact upon which faith in Christ was to be based. "If Christ be not risen again," says St. Paul, "then is our preaching vain; and your faith is also vain."

But our Lord is not satisfied with the bare fact of the resurrection. In order to strengthen the faith of His followers He draws their attention particularly to the circumstances and manner of His resurrection. He uses the most various kinds of argument—rebuking, exhorting, convincing, demonstrating to the eye, the ear, and the touch, that He is the identical Christ that was crucified.

"O foolish and slow of heart to believe," He exclaimed, "ought not Christ to suffer these things and so to enter into His glory? And beginning from Moses and all the prophets, He expounded to them, in all the Scriptures the things that were concerning Him." "He took bread, and blessed, and brake, and gave it to them . . . And they knew Him in the breaking of bread." "It is I," He says, "see my hands and feet, that it is I myself; feel and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see me to have . . . Have you here anything to eat? . . . And he ate with them." To the incredulous Thomas He said: "Come, put thy finger hither, and see my hands; and bring hither thy

hand, and put it into my side; and be not incredulous but believing." Thomas believes and exclaims: "My Lord, and my God!" Jesus gently rebukes him saying: "Because thou hast seen me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and believed."

Thus our risen Saviour strengthened the faith of His followers. From faith follows also hope as a natural sequence; and "hope confoundeth not." The resurrection of our Lord is the foundation of our hope as well as of our faith; for if Christ, the first-born of them that sleep, rose gloriously from the dead, so shall we, who are His brethren, also rise; if Christ, the Head, has risen, the members also shall rise. If it behooved Christ to suffer and thus to enter into His glory, we too, provided we conform ourselves with Him in this life, shall be glorified with Him; we shall rise again, like Him, glorious, immortal, impassible, spiritual. This is the hope that springs to all from the resurrection.

But Christ, during the glorious forty days of His sojourn with His apostles and disciples, gave them special motives of hope. After the death of our Lord it was natural that they should think that it was all over with Christ's kingdom. Therefore, according to St. Luke, the burden of His instructions to them during this time was the "kingdom of God." "He showed Himself alive after His passion, by many proofs, for forty days appearing to them, and speaking to them of the kingdom of God."

He was particularly careful during this time to banish all fear, and solicitude, and anxiety and low-spiritedness from their hearts. His gospel at this season was a message of confidence and peace and joy, therefore His ordinary salutation was: "Fear not; peace be to you!" To revive and strengthen this confidence He conversed so familiarly with them, ate and drank with them, joined them in their daily occupation of fishing on the Sea of Galilee and repeated the prodigy of the miraculous draught of fishes. And they "rejoiced on seeing the Lord."

But what was still more inspiring to His followers, He not only instructed them on the kingdom of God, but He also went on to complete the constitution of His Church and to equip its rulers with power from on high. These forty days were days of fruitful activity.

The first momentous act in the upbuilding and outfitting of the kingdom of God, recorded at this time in the Gospel, is the conferring of the power to remit sin. That power had already been implicitly promised to the apostles in the words of the Lord: "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." This was, as it were, the rough draft or

CHRIST WALKING BY THE SEA—M. GRÖNVOLD.

the gist of the great charter conferred by Christ upon His apostles. After His resurrection He descends more into detail and defines the extent of this charter, which comprises the power of teaching, ruling, and sanctifying His Church.

First comes the power of sanctifying those who have already been received into the Church by baptism—through the ministry of the forgiveness of sins. Whether these different powers have been conferred by our Lord in the same order in which the facts are narrated in the Gospel, it matters little for our purpose. The story of the Gospel runs substantially as follows:

On the evening of Easter day, all the apostles, except St. Thomas, being present, the doors of the Upper Room being shut, Jesus came and stood in the midst of them, and said to them: "Peace be to you; it is I, fear not." They were afraid and thought it was a spirit. But He showed them His hands and feet, and ate with them. And they were glad on seeing the Lord. And He said to them again: "Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent me I also send you." When He had said this He breathed on them, and He said to them: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained."

Only ill-will could distort these words to any other meaning than that which the Church gives them—i.e., the judicial remission of sin, contritely confessed, by the absolution of a duly authorized priest, and the ratification of that judgment by God Himself. So the Church has always understood it. Christ means by those words just what He says, and no more and no less. Hence it was that He conferred this power in such a solemn manner. "He breathed upon them," to symbolize the communication of that great power which he was about to confer. To show that it is the same power He had received from the Father and that it is to be exercised in a similar way, He says: "As the Father sent me I also send you." And as it is a divine power which transcends all created energy He gives them the Holy Ghost the Sanctifier, by whom alone sinners can be reconciled with God: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

By the power to forgive sins Christ secured the permanent sanctity of His Church by the ministry of His apostles and their successors. But in order that this power might be duly exercised it was necessary to complete the constitution of His Church. This constitution was already delineated. He had singled out St. Peter (the rock) as the foundation upon which He would build His Church. "Thou art Peter (the rock), and on this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." He promised him the key of His kingdom with the power of binding and loosing: "I will give thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Thus Peter was to be the head of the Church, the key-bearer of the kingdom with supreme power of ruling all its members without distinction—the apostles as well as the simple faithful. The apostles, however, and their successors were to have a share in this power, but subordinate to Peter and his successors. To them was also promised the power of binding and loosing.

Now came the time when the supreme power in Christ's Church was to be conferred on St. Peter. Christ had instructed His apostles to go into Galilee. This was the first message He sent them through the holy women. "Go, tell my brethren that they go into Galilee; there they shall see me." Accordingly, after eight days they went into Galilee, and returned to their former avocation — fishing. And they went forth and entered into a ship; and that night they caught nothing. And when the morning was come, Jesus stood on

"FEED MY LAMBS; FEED MY SHEEP"—RAPHAEL.

the shore and said to them: Children, have you any meat? And they said: No. And He said: "Cast the net on the right side." They obeyed, and they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes. Hereupon they recognized the Lord, hastened to the shore and found Him with a fire kindled preparing a meal for them. And they feasted together.

The solemn moment had now arrived when Peter was to be invested with the great prerogative of the primacy. When they had dined, so St. John tells us, our Lord turned to Peter and said: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?" It will be remembered that Peter thrice denied his Master. Hence it was that our Lord requires of him a thrice repeated profession of love. Peter answered: "Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus said to him: "Feed my lambs." He repeated the question and Peter gives the same answer; and again our Lord says to him: "Feed my lambs." He asks him a third time: "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me?" And Peter was grieved, and answered: "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." And Jesus said: "Feed my sheep."

Here our Blessed Lord represented Himself under His favorite figure of the Good Shepherd who lays down His life for His flock. The use of the word "shepherd" for king or ruler, and of "feeding a flock" for ruling and governing, is common not only with the Hebrews, but also with the Greeks. As Christ is the invisible head, shepherd, or ruler of His kingdom, so He makes St. Peter the visible pastor or ruler of His Church—of His whole flock, "lambs and sheep." St. Peter is therefore truly the vicar of Christ, the visible head or ruler of His whole Church—the apostles as well as the people. And as St. Peter was the pastor of the apostles and their followers, so his successor is also the head of the successors of the apostles and the faithful all over the world.

Thus our Lord has not only delineated and promised this marvellously organized constitution to His Church, but He has actually enacted it on the shore of Genezareth. Here He called Peter from his nets to make him a "fisher of men." Here He surnamed him the "rock."

Here He completed the organization of His Church by making him the supreme pastor of the universal Church.

During these forty days Christ doubtless vouchsafed many other apparitions to His apostles and disciples, and spoke many other things to them of the kingdom of God. St. John closes his Gospel with the remark: "There are also many other things which Jesus did, which, if they were written every one, the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written."

One item of importance, however, is circumstantially recorded by SS. Matthew and Mark, which has especial reference to the "kingdom of God." It is the mission of the apostles. They were already ordained priests at the Last Supper when our Lord addressed to them the words: "Do this for a commemoration of me." By these words they received power to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass—to change bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ. In the fulness of the priesthood is contained also the power to administer the other sacraments, with the exception of the sacrament of Penance, which, being a judicial act, requires, in addition to the priesthood, also jurisdiction conferred by lawful authority. This was given in the power to forgive sins. The extent of the apostolic mission—the charter of the Church of Christ—remained still to be determined. This our Lord does in the following apparition—the last recorded before the Ascension.

Where this apparition took place is not certain. Some think it was in Jerusalem in the Supper Room. But it is more probable, if not altogether certain, from the Gospel of St. Matthew, that it took place in Galilee. The eleven had just supped together, when our Lord stood in the midst of them. He again rebuked their incredulity and hardness of heart for being so slow to believe in Him after He had risen. And He said to them: "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Go ye into the whole world and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

Their great mission, then, is to preach to and baptize (that is, according to the original text, to "make disciples" and followers, members of the Church) all men. This mission is to "all nations," to "every creature," "everywhere" on the face of the earth; and it is to last forever, "even to the consummation of the world." It has no limitations as to persons, place or time; Christ Himself is to be with them "all days." Therefore, as St. Mark says, "going forth they preached everywhere, the Lord working withal, and confirming the word with the signs that followed."

It was also on this occasion that Christ assured His Church of the gift of extraordinary sanctity—the gift of miracles. "In my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they shall drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay their hands upon the sick, and they shall recover."

Now, our Lord has finished His work. His apostles are thoroughly instructed and equipped for their great mission. His kingdom is completed in all its details. The faith of His apostles is confirmed, their hope and confidence are restored. They are now ready to go forth and bear the good tidings to all nations. They have only to await the advent of the gift that is to come.

It is hardly needful to show how the love of the apostles and disciples was enkindled during this glorious sojourn of their Master. His whole conduct towards them was love, condescension and mercy, which could not but awaken their love in turn. There was such an admirable blending of the human and divine element in this glorious life, com-

bining infinite goodness and greatness, with unspeakable sweetness, that no heart could withhold its love from Him. "Was not our heart burning within us," said the two disciples at Emmaus, "whilst he was speaking in the way, and opened us the Scriptures?" When St. Thomas exclaimed: "My Lord, and my God!" he would express something more than his faith in the risen Saviour. "Yea, Lord," said St. Peter, "thou knowest that I love thee!" Such was the universal sentiment among the apostles—ardent love for their risen Lord.

Having re-established His followers in faith, hope and love, and thus prepared them for their great mission; having completed the work of His kingdom, the time was come for Jesus to return to His Father. "I ascend to my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God." "I go to prepare a place for you."

The apostles, whether at the command of Jesus or to celebrate the approaching feast of Pentecost, returned to Jerusalem. They were assembled in the Supper Room. Here He celebrated with them a farewell banquet. During the meal He continued to exhort them. He charged them not to leave the city, but to await the Father's promise, the coming of the Paraclete—until they should be "endued with strength from on high."

Then He rose and walked out towards Mount Olivet. Flushed with enthusiasm for the person of our Lord and hope in the glory of His kingdom, His disciples thought that surely now the time had come for a great triumph of the kingdom of God on earth. They said: "Lord wilt thou at this time restore the Kingdom of Israel?" He again chid their earthly ambition and said to them: "It is not for you to know the times or moments which the Father hath set in His own power. But you shall receive the power of the Holy Ghost coming upon you; and you shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth." These were His last words to His followers.

When He had come to the brow of the hill, He turned round and raised His venerable hand to bless them. And while He blessed them, He was slowly raised up towards heaven before their eyes, and a cloud received Him from their sight.

While the apostles stood amazed, looking after Him, two angels appeared in white garments and said to them: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven? This Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven shall so come as you have seen Him going into heaven." And the apostles and disciples returned to Jerusalem and awaited the coming of the Holy Ghost, as they were commanded. But Jesus takes His seat in glory at the right hand of His heavenly Father. There He is "living to make intercession for us."

Thus ended the great forty days in the complete triumph of the risen Saviour: "Christ ascended in jubilee; leading the captivity captive."

GENERAL VIEW OF SEVILLE FROM THE TIRANA.

THE ANIMA CHRISTI.

By Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J.

WHO can estimate the influence this devout prayer has had on those that used it? Some it has recalled to a sense of their sinful wretchedness, some it has awakened to a recognition of their own weakness, some it has encouraged to perseverance in good, some it has spurred on to attain a higher spirituality, some it has raised to the highest spirit of self-sacrifice.

It will be of interest, then, to inquire into the authorship of this favorite prayer. Many will at once answer: "St. Ignatius Loyola is the author." "Is it not called the prayer of St. Ignatius?" Yes, but there are other reasons besides authorship to account for the connection of the saint's name with these pious aspirations.

Let us go in mind to Spain, the country of Loyola, and to Seville, one of its most interesting cities. Let us visit the famous royal palace which still bears the old Moorish title of *Alcazar*, the castle. It dates back to the time of Roman occupation. It has been occupied in turn by Romans, by Visigoth princes, by Moorish chieftains, and by the Kings of Castille and Leon. From the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella it has been little used by the Spanish sovereigns.

As it now stands, it is a monument of the marvellous airy Moorish architecture. In the eighteenth century a thick coat of whitewash concealed effectually the decorations, colored tiles, finely wrought stucco, carved woodwork and frescoes. Recent restorations have disclosed many interesting features of architecture as well as numerous Arabic, Latin and Castillian inscriptions. One of the Latin inscriptions throws light upon the prayer we are considering.

In one of the galleries, which surround the splendid court rebuilt by Peter the Cruel, in 1364, and restored by the Emperor Charles, in 1524, is a magnificent door which opens into the hall, named after Charles V. Around the portal, painted on the wall, is a broad band containing the escutcheons of Castille and Leon. Beyond this band is another, in which is inscribed, in Latin, the prayer, *Anima Christi*. The text is debased, for

it is Spanish Latin of the Middle Ages, or rather a sort of *patois*. The prayer appears incomplete, and in many places the characters are half effaced.

This inscription gives its own date, for it is painted in the so-called monachal letters of the fourteenth century, which resemble perfectly the characters used on the seals and coins of Peter the Cruel, as well as in the documents of this prince. The form of these letters bears a strong analogy to those of many other Castillian and Latin inscriptions in the Alcazar. As Peter died in 1369, there can be little doubt that this inscription is earlier than that date.

But how account for its position? In all likelihood, the magnificent hall in those days was the chapel, and it was the custom to paint or carve texts of scripture, pious sentiments, or short prayers, not only in the interior of the chapels and churches, but also on the exterior arches of their doorways.

The inscription in question begins at the right of the door (the left of the spectator), ascends to the horizontal band, continues without interruption and then descends on the left side. It appears in this way :

1. 1ST VERTICAL BAND (*to the right of the door*).

anima criste : santifica me corpus : criste : salva me : sanguies crist

2. HORIZONTAL BAND (*over the door*).

e : libra me : aca latas : criste : lava me : pasos criste : conforta me : o benes

3. 2D VERTICAL BAND (*to the left of the door*).

ihesus : saude me : i ni primita : separare : te : apostol : madino defende me.

These lines correspond nearly with the text of the prayer as found in the manuscript prayer-books of the close of the Middle Ages.

Anima Christi, sanctifica me—Corpus Christi, salva me — Sanguis Christi, inebria me—Aqua lateris Christi, lava me—Passio Christi, conforta me—O bone Jesu, exaudi me—Et ne permittas me separari a te—Ab hoste maligno defende me, etc.

This is, as is evident, the prayer which St. Ignatius put in his book of the *Spiritual Exercises*. If Don Pedro caused these pious invocations to be painted on the walls of the Alcazar of Seville in the middle of the fourteenth century, it is most likely that they were in common use among the faithful.

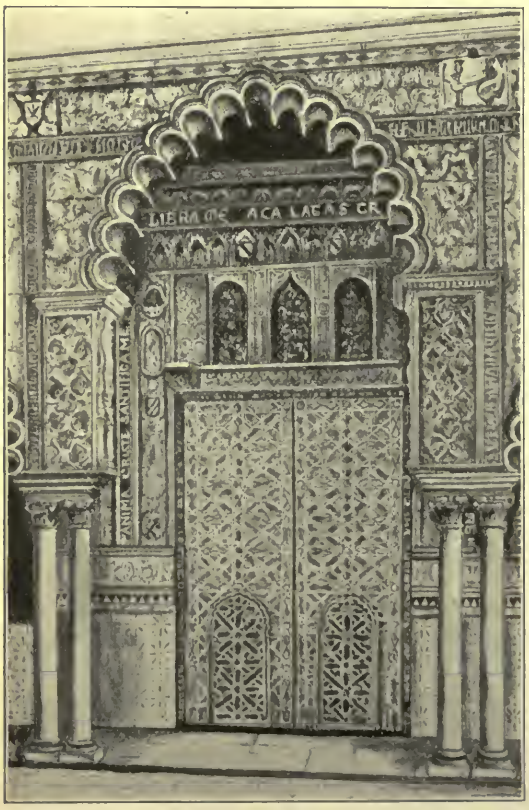
A proof that this prayer was generally used in the fourteenth century is furnished by the manuscript prayer-books of this and the following century. Many of these books state at the end of the *Anima Christi* that Pope John XXII. (1316-1334) had granted an indulgence of 300 days to all who should devoutly recite this prayer. This Pope was one of the first to encourage the use of indulgenced prayers, following the example of Gregory X. (1276) and Boniface VIII. (1303). He probably wished to promote devotion to the Blessed Sacrament by the use of these popular invocations, in fact they are attributed to him by Pertz in his *Monumenta*.

From what we have seen, then, our prayer certainly dates back to the first half of the fourteenth century. Some writers have ascribed its authorship to St. Thomas Aquinas, the author of the office of the Blessed Sacrament, but so far there is no convincing evidence of it.

St. Ignatius in his *Spiritual Exercises* proposes these invocations as a matter for meditation, according to the second manner of prayer, and for use in colloquies. He certainly would never have put the *Anima Christi* in the same rank with the *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Salve Regina*, unless its use in Spain in his time was so general as to warrant its being placed with the others mentioned. And this very placing it, as it were, on a par with them, would disprove his authorship were there no other reasons against it, for the humble penitent in the cave of Manresa would never class his own composition

with them. But how was he ever looked upon as the author, apart from its use by him in his great book?

In 1660 Father Nakateni, S.J., issued his now famous prayer-book, the *Cœleste Palmetum*. It contained the *Anima Christi*, which he styled *Oratio S. P. Ignatio olim familiaris*. In a French translation of this book, published at Antwerp in 1715, it is formally attributed to the founder of the Society of Jesus, by the omission of the qualifying terms of the compiler. It is entitled *The Prayer of St. Ignatius* in the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. From this time forth the *Anima Christi* is commonly known under this title. As its use in the book of the *Spiritual Exercises* has had a great deal to do with making it popular, it will probably continue to bear this title until the name of the real author comes to light.



ENTRANCE TO THE HALL OF CHARLES V. IN THE ALCAZAR.

It has always been connected with Mass, or the Blessed Sacrament. In some ancient prayer-books it is put down for use at the very moment of the elevation. In others, belonging to the beginning of the fifteenth century, it follows the *Ave verum* and *Adoro te* in devotions to the Holy Eucharist. It appears also among the prayers to be recited by the priest after Mass in a *Sacerdotale* printed at Venice in 1555. It has retained this place ever since. It was used in Italy, France, Belgium, Spain and England.

As there had been much disputing about the indulgences attached to the *Anima Christi*, Pope Pius IX. settled the question by a decree of January 9, 1884. He revoked all indulgences, true or false, that had been attributed to its recitation. Then, as he declared, "to excite more and more in the hearts of the faithful, piety and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament," he granted the following indulgences: 1. 300 days to all the faithful every time that with contrite heart and devotion they recite it. 2. Seven years, once a day, to all priests who say it after celebrating Mass, and to all the faithful who use it after Holy Communion. 3. A plenary indulgence once a month, on any day they choose, to all who have the pious custom of reciting it once a day for a whole month. To gain this indulgence one must confess, communicate, visit a church and pray some time for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

In the providence of God the authorship is unknown of many of the most devout prayers and hymns in use in the Church, as for instance the *Salve Regina*, *Dies Iræ* and others. Nor is this astonishing, for in the Middle Ages often a retiring monk would compose a prayer, hymn or prose, which became the property of his monastery. His own modesty

and humility made him wish to be unknown. He was content to hear his praises of Christ or the Blessed Mother said or sung in the chapel which he loved. If his name as author were known at the time, the next generation or so forgot it. The prayer or hymn passed into use from one monastery of his order to another, and then to the Church at large without leaving traces of its origin. Such may be the case with the *Anima Christi*, which has expressed for so many generations the pious aspirations of the faithful.

[The material for this article has been drawn from a pamphlet on the matter by the Rev. V. Baesten, belonging to the Belgian Province of the Society of Jesus.]

HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

By Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J.

Heart of Jesus, in Thy gladness
Thou dost ever think of me,
Cheer my blind and guilty sadness;
Draw my wayward heart to Thee.
Show me where to keep my treasure;
Where to find true peace and rest,
Endless peace and sweetest pleasure,
On my Saviour's breast.

Heart of Jesus, Heart divine,
Shedding all Thy blood for me,
Thou hast bought me; I am Thine;
Let me live and die for Thee;
Never leave Thee,
Never grieve Thee;
Thine, Lord, Thine.

Heart of Jesus, in Thy sadness
Thou dost ever think of me,
Chide my wilful, sinful madness;
Draw my wayward heart to Thee.
Teach me how to bear my burden,
How to weep without despair,
Looking to that blessed guerdon
That awaits me there.

Heart of Jesus, Heart divine, etc.

Heart of Jesus, in Thy glory
Thou dost ever think of me,
Who with bruisèd feet and gory
Humbly strive to follow Thee.
Send Thine angels, Lord, to guide me;
Shed Thy light upon my way;
Come Thyself and walk beside me
Ever night and day.

Heart of Jesus, Heart divine, etc.

Be my joy, my joy forever,
Heart of Christ, to think of Thee,
Who, by me forgotten, never—
Never hast forgotten me.
Bathe my joy, my grief, my glory
In that all-redeeming flood.
Teach my tongue to tell Thy story,
Moistened with Thy blood.

Heart of Jesus, Heart divine,
Shedding all Thy blood for me,
Thou hast bought me; I am Thine;
Let me live and die for Thee;
Never leave Thee,
Never grieve Thee;
Thine, Lord, Thine.

FOR JUNE, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

UNION AMONG CATHOLICS.

CHRIST wished His Church to be one —one kingdom under one ruler, one fold under one shepherd, one house of which one was to bear the keys, one body under one head.

It is to this unity that the Apostle refers when he exhorts the Ephesians to be "careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; one body and one Spirit, as you are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all and in us all." This unity is the first of those four marks by which the true Church is always discernible, no matter to what extent heresies and schisms may be multiplied. The Church is *one*.

Besides this essential unity of organization, faith, sacraments, worship and fraternal charity, which can never be wanting to the Church, it was also the wish of her divine Founder that the Church should be conspicuous for unity in things non-essential. Therefore He prayed for His followers that they might be *one* as He and the Father are one. "Holy Father, keep these, in thy name, whom thou hast given me; that they may be *one*, as we also are. . . . And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who, through their word, shall believe in me; that they all may be *one*, as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee; that they also may be *one* in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me; . . . I in them and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in *one*."

This union of charity, of thought, and sentiment among Christians, is frequently inculcated by St. Paul in his epistles. He implores the Philippians to "be of *one mind*, having the same charity, being of *one accord*, agreeing in sentiment." "Let nothing," he says, "be done through contention, neither by vain glory, but in humility; let each esteem others better than themselves; each one not considering the things that are his own, but those that are other men's. For, let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

"Little children, love one another," was the continual exhortation of St. John, the beloved disciple, not only in his epistles, but also in his preaching; and when, on account of old age, he was no longer able to exercise the ministry of preaching, tradition tells us that he used to sit by the wayside and repeat this favorite gospel of love to the passers-by. Love and unanimity were, also, the characteristic trait of the Apostolic Church. The infant Church, while awaiting the coming of the Holy Ghost in Jerusalem, after the ascension of the Lord, was "persevering, *with one mind*, in prayer with the women, and Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and with his breth-

ren." And after the descent of the Holy Ghost, when thousands had been added to the Church, "they were persevering the doctrine of the Apostles, and in the communication of the breaking of bread, and in prayers. . . . They had all things in common; . . . They had but *one heart and one soul.*" This characteristic so distinguished the early Christians that even their enemies and persecutors could not withhold their admiration, but exclaimed; "See, how these Christians love one another!"

The will of our Lord and the example of the early Christians should be a sufficient motive for Catholics to foster this union and fraternal charity, and carefully to avoid everything that could in any way weaken or impair this bond of unity. We are members of the same body, which is Christ our Lord. He is the vine, we are the branches. As the branches are united to the vine, and draw their life and sustenance from it, so they should be morally united among themselves and co-operate to one and the same end—the well-being and ornament of the vine. We are the members of one body—the mystic body of Christ—and as one member feels and sympathizes, grieves and rejoices, with every other member, and, if need be, comes to its aid and comfort, so also the different members of the Church of Christ should love and aid one another. "You are the body of Christ," says St. Paul, "and members of member. And if one member suffer anything, all the other members suffer with it; or, if one member glory, all the other members rejoice with it."

We are all, moreover, members of the same household, children of the same Father, heirs to the same eternal inheritance. We are created for the same end, redeemed by the blood of the same Saviour, we use the same means of salvation, are spiritually nourished on the same body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. We all believe the same truths, take part in the same divine worship; we have the same obligations, the same privileges, the same religious interests. We should, therefore, be guided by the same principles, be of one mind, think and speak the same thing, as far as matters of religion are concerned.

This unity of sentiment and co-operation is all the more necessary in our day as the world has united and arrayed itself against Christ and against His Church. "The nations have raged, and peoples have devised vain things. The kings of the earth stood up and the princes met together, against the Lord and against His Christ." The wicked are banded together and attack the Church in serried ranks. True, the Church is imperishable and indestructible; but, for all that, she can suffer, and has, at divers times, suffered great harm from the organized action of her enemies.

In European countries the Church is trammelled by the fetters of secular domination; her free action is obstructed; her children are being alienated from her by a system of secular state education; the head of the Church himself is a prisoner in his own rightful dominion. All this and a thousand other wrongs, as is now pretty well established, have been inflicted on the Church by the concerted action of godless sects and secret societies. Such societies are at work in our own country. They have openly directed a furious, though so far ineffectual onslaught, against the Church. They are working night and day, in private and in public, now against individuals, now against communities, with the weapons of slander, calumny, and intrigue, for the overthrow of the Church. They will not succeed, we know, but they will manage to effect much harm to individuals.

Side by side with these frantic fanatics there are legion of proselytizing committees and agencies at work all over the country scattering seductive tracts for the perversion of Catholics, casting out their nets to capture Catholic children—enticing them to clubs, sew-

ing schools, picnics and fresh-air resorts, with the result of weakening or entirely extinguishing their Catholic faith. We shall not here attempt to forecast the amount of positive harm that is done to the Church by these outside co-operative agencies, whether avowedly hostile to her or otherwise. Here we would only suggest the necessity of union and co-operation on the part of Catholics to prevent or undo this harm. It is well to take a lesson from the enemy.

Strange that there should be any lack of union and concord among Catholics. The Church is the ideal of all unity and harmony. Her unity and symmetry of organization are divine, being the masterwork of the divine Architect. The unity of her belief is such that her children are all ready to die rather than sacrifice one jot of it or add one tittle to it, mindful as they are of the teaching of the Apostle to the Galatians: "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach a gospel to you besides that which we have preached to you, let him be anathema." As far as faith and loyalty to the Church goes all Catholics are one. For as soon as they surrender this faith and loyalty they thereby cease to be Catholics. They are no longer united to the vine. They are separated branches, which are destined to wither, and will serve only as food for the flames. They have suffered shipwreck in the faith and are condemned by their own judgment.

But within the pale of the Church and of the true faith there are often such to be found who deserve the rebuke of the Apostle to the "senseless" Galatians and factious Corinthians.

There are still many good Christians who, like the Corinthians of old, cling to certain personages whom they have learned to look up to as leaders or ideals, as if these were everything to them, and thus lose sight of the Master Himself who is represented alike in all His ministers. These are shortsighted, carnal, seeing only the surface of things, and do not penetrate the veil which separates us from the supernatural. They fail to see that they "are Christ's, and that Christ is God's."

Others, again, labor under racial, national, political, or other prejudices; and in the color of those prejudices they judge all things. These resemble the "senseless Galatians," who immoderately clung to the observances of the Old Law, as if by it they could be justified, or as if their salvation depended upon it. These "begin in the spirit, but they end in the flesh"; they are led by passion or sensual inclinations, not by reason and faith.

Others there are who, while eager to remain in the bosom of the Church, love to walk on the very brink of the precipice that divides truth from error, orthodoxy from heresy, and loyalty from rebellion. In their opinions they love to border on heresy; they are prepared to go more than half way to meet the "separated brethren"; hence they are inclined to minimize the Church's doctrines and laws. If any one refuses to agree with them they regard him as one "sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death." Loudly professing toleration they are most intolerant of the opinions of others who follow a safer path of doctrine and conduct. While impatient of orthodoxy they are ready to tolerate any new-fangled opinion, as long as it is not condemned by the Church as heretical. They indulge in wild theories and hypotheses, and give them out as facts or certainties. This they call original research, or scientific investigation. Such men naturally find much sympathy outside the Church, and are regarded as profound and "advanced thinkers," though they may never have conceived an original thought in their lives; while the truly scientific man, who has learned to discriminate between a plausible theory and an established fact or principle, is decried as an obstructionist or an ignoramus.

Nor is the fact to be denied, on the other hand, that much dissension arises

within the Church from the excessive conservatism of individuals, who go out of their way to find liberalism where it never was intended. A man has a right to his opinion as long as it does not conflict with the certain teachings of the Scriptures or the decisions of the Church. The Church herself is a model of toleration and liberality in this regard. She never condemns any doctrine until she has fully established that it is heretical or false, or at least dangerous to faith or morals. St. Ignatius of Loyola, in an introductory remark to his *Spiritual Exercises* lays down the rule that "every good Christian should be more disposed rather to defend than to deny the orthodoxy of another's statement." The Church follows the same rule.

There is room enough for divergency of opinion within the great bosom of the Catholic Church. Therefore, to use the comparison of St. Francis de Sales, we should not imitate the chickens that pick and lacerate one another under their mother's wings, while she protects them from the attack of the hawk. The energy that is spent in domestic strife were better employed against our common enemies, who, no matter how they may differ among themselves, are united in their hostility to the Church.

This union and harmony among Catholics in matters not strictly pertaining to faith and the laws of the Church are therefore of the highest importance. But how are they to be secured? It seems to us that this concord is the outcome of true Catholic sense—supernatural common sense, if we may use the term—rather than the effect of teaching, rule or discipline. It is the work of the Holy Ghost—the spirit of wisdom, understanding, counsel, knowledge and piety—who teaches them that are of good will to think what the Church thinks, and to love what the Church loves.

St. Ignatius of Loyola, in the aforecited book of the *Spiritual Exercises* proposes some excellent rules for right or orthodox thinking. The first is entire submission to the Church's lawful authority, no matter in whom it be vested. If we are all thus intimately united with the Church—its head and rulers—we cannot but be united among ourselves. Next is a high esteem of all the pious institutions, customs and practices recommended and favored by the Church. Such are frequent hearing of Mass, visiting the churches; monthly or weekly communion; the religious state and religious vows in preference to the secular state; indulgences, pilgrimages and shrines; fasting and other austerities; splendor of the house of God and of divine worship; reverence for the statutes and ordinations of the Church. The third test of orthodoxy, according to St. Ignatius, is solidity of doctrine, for which he recommends with preference the great Doctors of the School, SS. Thomas and Bonaventure—just what our great Pope Leo XIII. is still recommending after a lapse of nearly 400 years.

If all Catholics followed those simple rules—if all were loyal and submissive to the Church's authority; if all revered her customs and practices; if all were more solicitous for solidity than novelty of doctrine—there would be no dissensions within the fold. May that happy result be brought about through the prayers of our Associates!

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular for union among Catholics.

THE·READER·

ONE of the subjects most engaging public attention, is the reunion of Christendom. Many in authority in the different sects speak and write about it, but most of them seem but to beat the air. The underlying idea is not grasped. Reunion means that all the parties who reunite agree to accept, believe and observe "all things whatsoever Christ has commanded." This alone can be the platform.

It is sad, then, to see the state of mind of men who might by virtue of their position help to the furtherance of unity. We instance a recent publication *Some Thoughts on Christian Reunion* by the Lord Bishop of Ripon in England. As these "Thoughts" formed the matter of his visitation addresses, he evidently intended to mould the opinions of his clergy on this important subject. He frankly admits that, in his mind, the chief obstacle to reunion is the Latin Church, and he attacks of course Papal Infallibility. Nor is the Eastern Church in his estimation less of an obstacle. For, strange to say, there is "an unyielding tone" in the orthodox Greeks in regard to the "worship of the Virgin Mary, prayer to the saints, veneration of images and worship of the host in the Eucharist."

So here we have a grave Anglican Bishop discoursing on reunion and throwing out as possible elements the Latin and Greek Churches. It seems that the learned author has got possession of certain facts with regard to skulls, and that as a man's skull, so is his creed. The Bishop states that the Teutonic races have *dolicho-cephalic* (long-headed) skulls, and such skulled people have a tendency to Protestantism. The Latin races have *brachy-cephalic* (short-headed) skulls, and such skulled people are "either Roman Catholic or Greek orthodox." Anglo-Saxons have *ortho-cephalic* (straight-headed) skulls, and such skulled people are of a compromising nature, and the creed of the Established Church of England, being somewhat indefinite, just suits them. The Bishop makes much account of "the significance of these facts." He does not, however, inform us how the transformation of skulls took place at the time of the so-called Reformation, unless it be that the new reform ideas had a power to change the skull as well as the brain that did the reform thinking. Unfortunately for these "significant facts," Teutons and Latins and Anglo-Saxons, *dolicho-cephalic*, *brachy-cephalic* and *ortho-cephalic* as they may be, once all agreed in the unity of the faith.

The Bishop appears to abandon all hope of ever again bringing about a reformation of skulls and so he also abandons all hope of reunion with Latins and Greeks. The only chance then is to win over his fellow *ortho-cephalics* and the Teutonic *dolicho-cephalics*. He leans more towards the former, and especially towards those whom he would call dissenters, though he does not state whether they are *dolicho* or *ortho-cephalics*. But there is no sympathy on the part of dissenters for the Established Church. So the reunion prospect from the Bishop of Ripon's standpoint is not encouraging. Moreover, as a man is not responsible for the shape of his skull

we can hardly see how he can be morally responsible, according to this theory, for his belief.

* * *

It might be a good thing if the Anglican Establishment would get Parliament to lay down some definite reunion platform and then invite all subjects of the British Empire to agree upon it. As Parliament has in its membership believers and unbelievers of all kinds, the platform which they would construct would be broad enough for all to stand upon, who would be willing to accept human authority in matters of religion.

Here we may quote quite appositely a communication from Sir Donald H. Macfarlane to the *London Times*, which throws light on what the British Parliament did in the past, and, possessing the same powers still, could do in the present.

"During the discussion upon the Welsh Bill last summer I took the trouble to search the statutes of Henry and Elizabeth to see if they could throw any light upon the question of the continuity and identity of the English Church as by law established with the one that had preceded it. I found an Act, the 8th of Elizabeth, dated 1565. The preamble is as follows:

"For as much as divers questions by over-much boldness of speech and talk amongst many of the common sort of people being unlearned hath lately grown upon the making and consecrating of Archbishops and Bishops within this realm whether the same were and be duly and orderly done according to law or not."

2. "Whereby her Majesty by her supreme power and authority hath dispensed with all causes or doubts of any imperfection or disability that can or may be objected against the same."

4. "Shall be by the authority of this Parliament declared, judged and deemed at and from every of the several times of the doing thereof good and perfect in all respects and purposes any matter or thing that can or may be objected to the contrary thereof in anywise notwithstanding."

5. "How Archbishops, Bishops, priests and deacons, and ministers should be consecrated, made, and order be in very deed, and also by authority hereof declared and enacted to be rightly made, ordered, and consecrated any statute law, canon or other thing to the contrary notwithstanding."

"To the ordinary lay mind of the 'common sort' it would appear that this Act was passed for one of two purposes. It was either intended to deceive the people, or is a proof that Elizabeth believed that as head of the Church she could confer, with the sanction of Parliament, supernatural power upon Bishops and clergy. Probably neither Queen nor Parliament believed in the existence of spiritual power, and that the Act was passed to bewilder and deceive ignorant people. But, however that may be, this amazing Act completes the Parliamentary title of the Church of England, and I venture to commend the consideration of it to the successors of Augustine or Cranmer and of the Apostles.

It seems almost incredible that, after three centuries of pure Protestantism in England, we should be asked to believe that the Protestant establishment in England is Catholic. Yet the sovereign, who is supreme head and governor of that church in things spiritual and temporal, must by law and by coronation oath be a Protestant, and explicitly by the terms of that very oath, reject and condemn the distinctively Catholic doctrines of Mass, Transubstantiation, invocation and veneration of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, and so on, all of which, and five of the seven sacraments are rejected and stigmatized in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. If Queen Victoria is a real Catholic then must she abdicate in favor of a Protestant prince, who will swear, like William of Orange

of old, to maintain the Protestant religion as by law established.

The mere fact that the clergy of the Church of England have possession of the ancient cathedrals and churches proves nothing in favor of continuity. Property, which a State confiscates in time of civil upheavals, may be given by the State to whom it pleases, but no one holds that the present Marquis of Ripon, for instance, who is the proprietor of Fountains Abbey, is thereby the successor of the ancient Abbots. King Humbert resides in the Quirinal and has forcible possession of the states of the Pope, but he is not, on this title, the holder of the Pope's rights.

The Turk has occupied for centuries the Cathedral of St. Sophia in Constantinople, but the Mahometan religion is not thereby constituted a successor or representative of the ancient religion. Who claims that the Kirk in Scotland is identical with the Church whose cathedrals and parish churches it seized and has ever since occupied. The same is true of Holland, Switzerland and Germany. There is no pretention on the part of the Protestants of those countries that they are Catholics, though they have actual possession of the edifices built and dedicated by Catholics in honor of God and of His saints whose names they still bear, though the saints themselves have no place in Protestant worship.

The Episcopalians of to-day, and their brethren of the Church of England, may claim continuity with the ancient Church by their pretended Apostolic succession, but it is impossible for them to prove either it or that continuity of doctrine which is essential. To ask us to believe that the Church of England and the Protestant Episcopal Church of America do hold and have always held the seven sacraments, which involves the belief in the Real Presence and Confession, the indissolubility of marriage and consequently the reprobation of divorce, is so manifestly opposed to facts and utterances on both sides of the Atlantic, that we should have to abdicate our reason to believe it.

As we have remarked before the only responsible authority in England in religion is Parliament. No individual bishop or collection of bishops has any authoritative power over the belief of their religionists either in England or this country. Every Protestant, by the very fact, has the right to judge for his or herself in matters of religion and then to act accordingly. A Lord Halifax may formulate his views and have a coterie to agree with him to a certain extent, but they represent themselves neither more nor less. A church, which boasts of its breadth in religious views regarding such essential truths as the divinity of Christ and the sacraments, is not the guardian and pillar of truth.

It is well for Catholics to understand these matters for the pretentions of *churchmen*, so the Protestant Episcopalians denominate themselves, are ever on the increase. Some of their churches would deceive the very elect were not that indefinable realization of the presence of Christ wanting in them. Their ministers wear the priestly dress and vestments, but, as the cowl does not make the monk, so vestments do not make the priest. Ritualism is a training school for Catholicism, and the Apist usually becomes in time a Papist. But it will do no good to minimize the difference between the original and the copy. True charity is shown not in condoning error but in exposing it. Our duty is to offer the good corn to hungry souls, and not to leave them to fill themselves with unsatisfying husks, even though they are corn husks.

* * *

The Bishop of Ripon writes in the book already quoted: "The union of Christendom is one thing. Uniformity, or even unity, among Christian communions is quite another. . . . The reunion of Christendom will not be on the basis of uniformity. It will be union in variety, in much difference of practice,

ritual and teaching. Any other is impossible, undesirable, uncatholic. . . . It is folly to expect that the type of Christianity will in all places be the same. It must partake of the race-characteristics if it is to be the fit and honest expression of religious life." . . .

Did this Protestant apologist mean by all this mere variety of ritual and customs which did not involve difference of faith, then his contention would be true, and Leo XIII. by his recent decisions regarding the Oriental Churches has demonstrated this to be the Catholic position. But the Bishop of Ripon includes with customs also *teaching* and says: "There are usages and teachings in the communions of different nations which are fit and wise for them to respect, but by no means of vital necessity in every land; nor even of any subsidiary profit and advantage to other communions. One prime condition, therefore, of reunion, must be mutual toleration: the agreement to differ, which promotes, perhaps, a more living union than insistence on uniformity."

Extraordinary statement! "The agreement to differ" is to be a "prime condition of reunion." "The importance of truth" writes the Bishop, "can never be exaggerated; but it is not every question upon which it is important to know the truth." Yet Christ tells us that the Holy Ghost shall guide His Church into *all* truth. Moreover, according to the Bishop, "the claim to be right on every point is not the mark of infallibility, but of ignorance and blindness."

Any church, then, which claims to be infallible is "ignorant and blind" and the reunion of Christendom is to be accomplished by the mutual agreement of different communions, none of which are to claim to be right on every point. "It cannot be achieved by the submission of all communions to the authority of one." Of course not, when, according to the supposition, that one not being infallible has no right to impose submission. "No church" he says, "is infallible. . . . Every church has added more or less to its credenda. Not all these new articles and dogmas are necessary to be believed by every church." What are necessary?

The Bishop answers that his church "has been content to ask only the Apostles' Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments as the conditions of communion. On some such simple basis as this efforts towards reunion might commence." "Simple basis!" The Apostles' Creed to be interpreted by every individual, for the Bishop's ideal reunion church "will claim for men the right to judge and examine for themselves." What are they to have as a criterion to judge by? The Holy Scriptures. He even speaks of "loyal submission to the guidance of the Scriptures." How are we to combine loyal submission and freedom of examination and interpretation? Realizing its impossibility, he writes concerning his proposed simple basis "even were this deemed impossible, mutual co-operation on questions touching the highest welfare of millions might be initiated which could promote only good. The federation, if not the intercommunion, of churches might be established."

Thus Dr. Boyd Carpenter's final conclusion of it all is that *reunion* is not possible but that we must be content with *federation*. Yet he admits that the matter concerns "questions touching the highest welfare of millions." We presume he means their salvation. Christ attaches this to their accepting and believing and carrying out *all things*, whatsoever he had commanded. Christ's prayer was for *union*. Dr. Carpenter substitutes *federation*. According to Christ, the church is to be infallible. Dr. Carpenter says that to claim infallibility is a proof of blindness and ignorance. But the very vagaries of Protestantism demonstrate the necessity of an infallible teacher and guide, and this need has brought, and will ever bring, into the true Church, men who realize that faith demands the subjection of the mind to an authority that cannot err.

INTERESTS·OF·THE·HEART·OF·JESUS·

The Church of the Seven Ecumenical Councils.—Our readers will perhaps remember the scornful answer given by Anthimus, the schismatic patriarch of Constantinople to the conciliatory letter of the Pope to the Eastern Churches. In this as we noticed, the patriarch claims that his schismatical church is the Church of the Seven Ecumenical Councils. The Abbé Duchesne replies to the preposterous claim by an able article in a French magazine. He considers each of these councils in turn and concludes that the "Orthodox" Patriarch of Constantinople had better say as little as possible about the orthodoxy of his See. In proof he reckons up the names of the patriarchs "whose memory was condemned by the Councils or who have shown themselves open enemies of their decrees." He then enumerates "nineteen heretical patriarchs within a period of only five hundred years." And he adds, "I have mentioned merely the gravest instances —those who were notorious heretics. The list would be prolonged indefinitely if we were to enumerate all the patriarchs who were guilty of hesitations and faults of conduct."

Another refutation written in modern Greek, proves that the doctrines and practices censured by the schismatic patriarch are in accordance with the Gospel and the first Seven Ecumenical Councils and are expressly taught by the Greek Fathers of the first nine centuries.

The Church in Poland.—The situation of the Catholic Greeks (called Uniats from their being united to the Latin Church in 1596) in Russian-Poland, is deplorable. The Government for the last twenty years has endeavored to force them to become schismatics. Their churches are closed and they live without priest or sacraments. Many have been exiled and many have given their life for the faith, yet the rest remain firm. When Leo XIII. heard of the sufferings of these confessors of the faith, he first sent a Jesuit Father to help them, and when this missionary was imprisoned for twenty-two months, and released only by the intervention of the Emperor of Austria, His Holiness asked the Father Provincial of Galicia to renew his efforts, saying: "If they arrest one of your Fathers, send two." Those Jesuits who have succeeded in secretly penetrating to their villages find among them wonderful examples of heroic fortitude worthy of the first martyrs. This perilous mission of bringing aid and consolation to these noble Christians has been placed under the special patronage of B. Andrew Bobola, S.J., martyred in Poland.

Missions of Alaska.—A new station is to be added to the three residences and two stations already existing. This station is to be established at a large camp of miners north of the Yukon, called Forty Miles. To this camp Father Judge, S.J., has been assigned. He has a field open to him as there are a good number of Catholics among the miners who have shown their attachment to their religion by asking that the sisters should come to open a hospital. Not far from this camp a new city is being built, called Circle City, from its being situated on the Arctic Circle. Gold has been found and, consequently, people are settling there; rival companies are establishing themselves, and two new steamers are about to be put in service to bring supplies to the miners. This part of the country seems to be really opened. Fortunately, this excitement is far from our residences. After a number of fruitless trials along the Yukon, the prospecting parties have abandoned our region and have left us alone with our Indians. We are too few in number to labor as we should for their civilization and conversion, in fact we are in great need of men. We, too, should multiply our schools.

Father René, S.J., is very enthusiastic about Juneau. Since his arrival he has started a parochial school on Duglass Island, which is six miles across the water from Juneau, and the greatest min-

ing region in America. Rev. Father Tosi was there with him, but at Christmas time he went to Sitka, to sail thence in the spring for the Yukon.

Dowries in Honor of St. Apollonia.—A touching ceremony took place in the Church of St. Augustine in Rome, on February 15. At the altar dedicated to the Virgin Martyr St. Apollonia, a solemn Mass was sung in presence of the directors of the pious work for providing dowries in honor of St. Apollonia. It was presided over by Mgr. Casali del Drago, Latin Patriarch of Constantinople. There were present, clothed and veiled in white, sixty young women who were to be dowered. All of them received Holy Communion. At the end of Mass a procession was formed and marched round the church, singing a hymn of the Blessed Virgin. They were then blessed with a relic of the Saint and the certificate of the dowry to be presented on the Saint's feast day was given them. The beautiful religious ceremonies connected with these gifts take away anything like the appearance of almsgiving. It is a recognition of the exquisite virtue of chastity, and provides for the future happiness of these Christian maidens. Of course it seems strange to Americans, who happily have not the Old World custom of expecting a bride to bring any other dowry than her virtues. But where the custom exists of the bridegroom requiring a sum of money in part payment of establishing a household, it is a work worthy of Catholic charity to provide poor girls with this indispensable dowry.

Coincidences.—The rifles which won the battle of Adowa in the hands of the Abyssinians, were the same rifles which defended Rome in the hands of the Pontifical Zouaves in 1870. Some years after the usurpation of the Eternal City, these rifles were given, with 240,000 rounds of ammunition, by the Piedmontese Government to Menelek, King of Abyssinia, as a present. These arms bearing the Papal tiara and keys, have decimated the army of the despoilers of the Church. Moreover, the arrival of Italian reinforcements was delayed by the accidental sinking in the Suez Canal of a German ship, the *Kanzler*, the name of the old general of the Pontifical army.

Mary, Queen of Scots, Martyr.—There seems to be good reason to expect, at no distant day, the authentic declaration from the Holy See that Mary, Queen of Scots, died a martyr's death. In past centuries several Sovereign Pontiffs have clearly expressed it as their opinion. Among them we instance Popes Pius V., Benedict XIV., and Pius VI. In her letter to Pope Sixtus V., she writes: "Voluntarily offering at the foot of the cross my blood for my adherence to His Church, and the faithful zeal I feel for it, as without the restoration of it I never desire to live in this wretched world, I have willingly offered my life in their heretical assembly to maintain my Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion, and to bring back the wanderers of this island, that is, themselves, protesting that in my case I would willingly lay down all dignity and title of Queen, and do all honor and service to theirs, if she (Elizabeth) would cease to persecute the Catholics." Speaking of her approaching death, in another letter she says: "If I had embraced their religion I should have avoided this blow." At the time of her execution she said: "I die a true woman to my religion." . . . It seems likely, then, that this hapless Queen will be awarded the martyrs' palm, inasmuch as she died for her faith. This does not mean that the stamp of sanctity will be put upon her life but only upon the steadfastness of her faith, even to the offering of her life, which she might have saved by apostasy.

Catholics at the English Universities.—The question of university degrees for Catholics in England has long been in discussion. The bishops have hitherto been opposed to young Catholic men attending the great universities on account of the risk to their faith. Lately, however, Cardinal Vaughan and some of the English hierarchy, having laid the matter before the authorities at Rome, have obtained a conditional permission. The condition is that there should be a Catholic Hall and that the Catholic students should attend lectures on religious subjects. Accordingly Rev. R. F. Clarke, S.J., a Master of Arts of Trinity College, Oxford, has obtained a license from the Hebdomadal Council of the University to open such a hall. It is connected with the Jesuit Church of St. Aloysius. This will remove the necessity of matriculating as formerly at the London University, from which all degrees were obtained by the students of Catholic Colleges. Arrangements have also been made at Cambridge for the spiritual welfare of Catholics, who have the permission of their bishops to attend that university.

APOSTOLIC·WORKS·

WORK AMONG THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERMEN.—

How few people realize the amount of privations and hardships which are endured by the fishermen, who provide sea food for those who stay on land amid the comforts of home. A seafaring life off the fishing banks entails separation from family and country, and from all church privileges for many months at a time. Our readers, then, will be glad to hear of what is being done for these poor fellows.

The following extracts are taken from the report of the Abbé Belin, one of the French Committee of the *Œuvres de Mer*:

"On March 27, 1895, Father Yves and I started from St. Malo for St. Pierre in Newfoundland, one on board the *Britannia* and the other on the *Chateau Lafitte*. Each vessel carried a contingent of sailors, 2,500 in all, bound for the fishing banks.

"We had been commissioned by the Central Committee of the Work for Sailors, to proceed thither to study the state of things, and report upon the best means of prosecuting the work for seafaring men. Our instructions were to live on board the hospital ship, if there were any; if not, only to remain for a month to make such inquiries as we could, and then return.

"When we arrived we found no hospital ship, but our experiences on the voyage had been so encouraging that it seemed impossible to entertain the idea of so short stay. Our companions had proved so teachable and confiding, they were so delighted at having priests of their own, specially devoted to them and their interests, that by the end of the voyage we were fast friends. How could we part from these poor fellows without endeavoring to provide some means of seeing one another again.

"Fortunately the Central Committee saw the matter in the same light, and we had not long to wait before the permission came to remain and see what we could do. The first thing was to secure a house of our own to which we could invite the sailors, and where they could feel themselves at home. The Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Tibery, came to our assistance, and through his good offices we were enabled to rent from the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, whose kindness to us was unfailing throughout, an unused school building which was admirably suited to our purpose. It was in a convenient situation for the sailors, and besides being spacious in itself had a large courtyard.

"Thus, in a very short time, we found ourselves installed in our own quarters with a cabin boy of fifteen as our cook and servant; the hospital flag floated above the roof and over the doorway was a board with *Œuvres de Mer* inscribed on it in large letters. Then we announced the good news to the sailors.

"Our plan of having a home for sailors had been objected to in France, on the ground that the men were not allowed to leave their ships. Knowing the temptations that awaited them the moment they set foot on shore, we were the first to acknowledge that this rule was a wise one, and to urge on the proprietors and masters of vessels that it should be strictly enforced. But, as a matter of fact, a considerable number of sailors do and must come on shore between each trip, to get their washing done and to replenish their little stock of necessaries. How much better for them on these occasions to have a home to go to, than to spend the evening in the tavern.

"In the spring, during the three weeks in which the ships are being got ready to sail, there are at least 5,000 sailors in the port, hard at work in the daytime, but free in the evenings; and throughout the season there are convalescents from the hospital, and a large number of sailors who have drifted away from their ships and been picked up here and there about the banks by other vessels, and brought back to St. Pierre, where they have to wait often a fortnight or more before their own vessel returns. There are also upwards of 500 boys and youths,

of ages varying from fifteen to eighteen, employed in various ways about the docks. Most of these are Bretons of the Côtes-du-Nord, and it was delightful to see them on Sundays gathered round my Breton coadjutor Father Yves, chattering to him and singing and praying in their beloved native tongue. Thus from the first we were never without guests or able to close our doors before the regulation hour of ten, P. M. Even at the slackest time when all the ships were away, we often had more than 100 in the evenings, and as many as sixty at once might be seen writing letters at tables. But at the close of each month when the 208 schooners of the local fleet returned with their cargo from the fishing grounds, or when any of the other fleets came in, the crowd was so great that we soon found it necessary to take down the partitions between the rooms in order to obtain more space. The men made a real home of their house, and gladly availed themselves of our ministrations.

"On entering the Home the first thing that met the eye was a notice that Confessions would be heard at any hour of the day and up to ten P. M. Hitherto these poor fellows had never had a chance of either Confession or Communion from the time they left France until they returned. I think I may say without exaggeration that by the end of the season there was not a man among our seafaring population, including the captains and masters, who had not been at some time or other within our doors. Even before we reached St. Pierre we had heard upwards of thirty Confessions on board, and from the time that the Home was opened not a single day went by without one or more coming in to get themselves 'put to rights,' as they phrased it. Certainly our sailors are not unbelievers. Every ship has its little shrine, a crucifix, and statue of our Lady. The demand for beads, scapulars, medals, etc., was enormous.

"The French shore had next to be visited and examined. A short voyage on board the brig *Maurice* brought me to the little harbor of Port-au-Choix, at the northern end of the west coast of Newfoundland. There I found seven ships manned by 300 sailors from St. Malo and St. Servan, many of whom were old acquaintances who gave me a hearty welcome. The arrival of a priest created quite a sensation in the little port. The English Catholics, who are only visited twice in the year by a priest, came flocking in from the country round to assist at the Mass which I said for my sailors, and to share in the distribution of scapulars, medals, etc. After a short address we proceeded to the cemetery, where I blessed the graves and put up a cross. How gladly would I have prolonged my stay here, but the *Sans Souci* was sailing the next day for St. Pierre, and I had to avail myself of this opportunity of returning. During both voyages I was able to say Mass on board, and several of the sailors went to Confession and Communion.

"Father Yves meanwhile had been exploring the southern portion of the western coast. His ship, the *Pro Patria*, was bound for Isle Rouge, where she had to take up eighty fisher-lads and bring them back to St. Pierre. Everywhere he was received as a messenger from heaven, both by our own sailors and by the English Catholics, who had been eighteen months without seeing a priest.

"In the middle of June all the ships returned to St. Pierre for repairs, and we then made the acquaintance of the crews of the Fécamp fleet, which consists of twenty-eight large vessels, carrying 1,000 men, and here again our reception was most cordial and encouraging. To these poor sailors a hospital ship would be the greatest boon, as they remain on the bank during the whole six months with the exception of this short mid-summer visit to St. Pierre.

"Besides our own people there are about an equal number of sailors of other nationalities, and with them also we were able to establish friendly relations.

"The saddest part of the close of the fishing season is that so many who go out never return. Not counting the foreigners, there were 160 deaths among our own people this year, and, what is sadder still, out of this large number only ten, those who were brought back to the hospital at St. Pierre, were able to receive the last sacraments. Now this need not be. No doubt some of these poor fellows are drowned, but most of them die on their ships in utter destitution, both of soul and body. Were there a hospital ship to receive them, many could be taken on board, and for those who could not, at any rate succor—both spiritual and temporal—could be at hand. The need is great, and a good deal of money will be required, for there are sailors in Iceland and in the North Sea, as well as in Newfoundland."

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

IRELAND.—The Rev. Father Cullen, Central Director for Ireland, makes a strong appeal in favor of the Apostleship among seamen and fishermen in Ireland. In all seaports, he says, there should be provided, not indeed for the present magnificent Catholic Sailors' Homes, but a nice, attractive, fairly large, comfortable room or two, furnished with papers and some simple games, under the supervision of some respectable Catholic gentleman. We shall follow this work with interest. The moral and religious improvement of seafaring men is decidedly one of the greatest spiritual works of mercy.

ENGLAND.—For the last year the Apostleship of Prayer has been very successfully spread among the seamen of Her Majesty's Navy. Efforts are now being made to spread it also among the sailors on merchantmen and line steamers. The Rev. Father Gretton, S.J., Head Director of the League in England, in his April *Messenger*, issues a call to zealous Catholics residing in seaport towns to take up this work, offering them on application, the necessary instructions, authorization and supplies of certificates, and so forth. Mass is said at the altar of the Sacred Heart Pleading at Wimbledon College, headquarters of the League in England, on one Friday of every month for the Promoters of this work among seamen, and on another Friday for the Catholic seamen themselves.

CANADA. — For the ecclesiastical Province of Halifax the Canadian *Messenger* prints the following interesting statistics: Local Centres, 107; names registered, 51,431; 1st Degree, 43,891; 2d Degree, 26,479; 3d Degree, 10,518; Promoters, 1,646; number of *Messengers* subscribed for, 2,612.

The Ecclesiastical Province of Montreal numbers in the city and suburbs: Centres, 97; names registered, 154,066; 1st Degree, 51,601; 2d Degree, 41,165; 3d Degree, 29,223; Promoters, 2,109. Outside the city: Centres, 111; names registered, 53,547; 1st Degree, 34,993; 2d Degree, 26,137; 3d Degree, 19,536; Promoters, 1,522. The total enrolment in the Archdiocese of Montreal is: Centres, 193; Names registered 207,613; 1st Degree, 86,594; 2d Degree, 67,302; 3d Degree, 48,759; Promoters, 3,631.

PORTUGAL.—Portugal is making preparations for a grand celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the establishment of the Apostleship of Prayer in that kingdom. His Eminence, the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, Don Joseph III., has issued a letter addressed to the Rev. Benedict Rodrigues, Central Director of the Apostleship in Portugal, giving the whole weight of his authority to the movement. His Eminence says:

"The important services rendered not only to the Patriarchate of Lisbon, but to the whole country, by the Rev. Fathers Louis Prosperi, S.J., and Joseph Guerverio, O.S.F., the two apostles, who have deserved so well of Portugal, have everywhere left a marked impression through the establishment of the Apostleship of Prayer and the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. There is hardly a parish in which we do not find some trace of their labors. Everywhere, over the altars, or at least in an honored place in the Sanctuary are to be seen the statues of Jesus and Mary attracting the multitudes and testifying as glorious trophies to the faith and devotion which these brave apostles have aroused in the hearts of our people, while they remind us at the same time of the numberless conquests of the zeal—the number of souls whom they saved and the scandals which they removed.

"We are on the eve of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Apostleship of Prayer and the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, planted throughout the length and breadth of this kingdom, or rather in the hearts of the Portuguese people, by these two fearless champions of Catholicism. Shall this occasion pass by unnoticed by us? God forbid! The efforts of the wicked, goaded on as they are by Lucifer, the implacable enemy of the devotion to the

Sacred Heart of Jesus, are truly incredible. One should say that the helpers of Satan are trying their last efforts, as if they were in dread of the better times which seem to dawn. Can the friends of Jesus Christ, who are also the true friends of the people, be less active in the advancement of the people's weal, than are the enemies of truth, morality and order, to thrust them into the abyss?

"On occasion of this twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Apostleship of Prayer amongst us, a fit opportunity offers itself to revive the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, wherever it has grown cold, or to organize it where it has not yet been canonically established, to re-awaken everywhere the faith and confidence in the promises made by our divine Lord to the friends of His adorable Heart.

"In order to obtain this result, Dear Rev. Father, it is not enough simply to renew the memory of the establishment of the Apostleship of Prayer in Portugal twenty-five years. Something more is needed. We must devote this coming year to the holding of solemn *triduums*. During these *triduums* sermons shall be preached on the Sacred Heart of Jesus; and each *triduum* shall close with a general communion and a procession carried out with the greatest possible splendor, at least in those parishes where the Apostleship and the devotion to the Sacred Heart have already been organized.

"I wish here only to give a few hints towards a program. To you, Rev. Father Director, I leave it to carry out the plan in its details. Thus you will procure great glory to God; you will offer a fitting reparation for the insults committed by the enemies of faith, piety and good order, against religion and its ministers. You will add a new stimulus to those whose fervor has grown cold by the reading of impious journals; in short, you will do good even to the enemies, bringing upon them, by prayer, special graces of conversion and salvation."

The Bishops of Portugal are following the example of the zealous Cardinal Patriarch. Several of the Bishops have even gone so far as to grant the usual forty days' indulgence in the gift of Bishops to the daily readers of the Portuguese *Messenger*, which shows that these eminent prelates are fully alive to the importance of the Apostolate of the Press.

"His Grace, the Most Rev. Augustus Nunes, Archbishop of Evora, in a circular to the clergy and faithful of his diocese, is most emphatic in his commendation of the League. He says:

"This pious League, which has not existed amongst us more than a quarter of a century, has already on its rolls one-fifth of the entire population of this realm. It has wonderfully advanced (and is wonderfully adapted further to advance) the glory of God, the worship of the Sacred Heart, and the sanctification of souls by means of practices of piety which are at the same time simple, easy and efficacious, and commend themselves alike to all the faithful. Thus it has deserved well of the Church, so that the Supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII., calls it 'that Association which is nearest to His Heart.'

"We also, on our part, wish to testify our esteem for this holy League and the ardent desire to see it spread, flourish and produce fruit in our Archbishopric. We, therefore, renew and reaffirm the canonical approbation accorded to the Apostleship of Prayer, in the year 1875, by our venerable predecessor. And we bless in a special way this pious Association, and also those who help towards its propagation and assist in its good works. We likewise give our approbation and blessing to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, the literary organ of the Apostleship. We warmly recommend the reading and circulation of it, and we grant an indulgence of forty days to all those of our diocese who shall attentively read or listen to the reading of at least the General Intention every month."

Mgr. Jacobini, Apostolic Nuncio at Lisbon, in virtue of the power delegated to him by the Holy Father to that effect, has granted a plenary indulgence, on the usual conditions, to all those within the Kingdom of Portugal, during the *triduum* to be celebrated this year on occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the League in that country.

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The General Intention. The General Intention for this month "Union among Catholics" is quite in keeping with the spirit of the Month of the Sacred Heart. This is one of the dearest wishes of the Sacred Heart, oft repeated to His Apostles, oft prayed for—that His followers may be one as He and the Father are one. By this men shall know that we are His followers, that we love one another. Union and charity are, therefore, the mark that distinguish the true followers of Christ. This union of thought and sentiment among Catholics is the natural result of the Apostleship of Prayer and the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Here we all seek the same thing —by prayers and good works to promote the interests of the Sacred Heart and to make our hearts like the divine Heart. We have the same interests at stake as Christ Himself—the advancement of His kingdom in our own hearts and among all men—that His kingdom may come, that He may rule in all hearts, that we all may have the same mind in us "which is in Christ Jesus." If all men are minded as Christ, which is the aim of the Apostleship, they cannot but have the greatest union and harmony among themselves.

Corpus Christi. The gloom of impending sorrow pervades Maundy Thursday. Hence the Church on that day while rejoicing at the institution of the Holy Eucharist refrains from fully expressing her joy. True, she has the *Gloria in Excelsis* sung, and orders the bells to be rung, but this joyful outburst is succeeded by a mournful silence till Easter even. Yet the event commemorated is too wonderful to be allowed to pass with so little honor. A solemnity was, therefore, instituted in which there were to be only notes of triumph and thanksgiving. The great feast of Corpus Christi, with its octave, was established to be kept with great pomp. Unfortunately, in our busy times, it is hard to get people to observe feasts which fall on week days. Therefore, the number of feasts of obligation was restricted by the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, and Corpus Christi among others ceased to be of precept. In some places the solemnization is kept on the Sunday within the octave But its ancient glory has departed for too many. What an opportunity for Associates of the League to prove their devotion by assisting at the Holy sacrifice on the feast and octave days. They can do this in the spirit of reparation for those who do not observe these days so honorable to our Lord in the mystery of His love.

Feast of the Sacred Heart. Christ Himself impresses on us the intimate connection of the devotion of the Sacred Heart with that of the Blessed Sacrament. In fact the former is a reparation of honor, love and gratitude for the dishonor, want of love and gratitude shown to Him precisely in the Sacrament of the altar. This was no doubt the reason that moved Him to select the Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi for the feast of His own appointing, so that the novena in preparation should embrace the octave. A very beautiful way to make the novena would be to prepare and confess the eve of Corpus Christi, then communicate on the next day and again at the close on the Feast of the Sacred Heart. Bear always in mind that the essence of the devotion on our part is atoning love or a love which proves itself by acts of reparation to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

The Easter Duty. The June number will be in the hands of our Promoters and Associates before the time for making the Easter Duty expires. This time ends with the close of the month of May. All should pray and use their influence sweetly, yet strongly, to bring any negligent Catholics they may know of to fulfil this duty. Zealous Promoters will devise ways and means to win such souls. Just here we can learn a lesson from men of the world. See how untiring they are to win voters, for example, to their favorite candidate or cause. They may fail at first but they are not discouraged. They return to the attack with new

weapons, new resources. Should we be less zealous in a higher cause, less zealous for the honor of the King of kings? To win souls to Christ should be our highest ambition; the ambition of our Promoters and Associates, the ambition of our Catholic laity. This zeal for souls among the laity must be the outcome of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. It should be a zeal tempered always with prudence. If worldings can be prudently zealous in their affairs we can, with God's grace and good will, work prudently to lead our fellowmen to the discharge of those higher duties that concern God and their souls.

The League Hymnal. Directors, Promoters and Associates will all hail with pleasure the timely appearance of the *League Hymnal*. Hitherto the Sacred Heart hymns available have been few indeed, and those worthy of being sung in our churches still fewer. In the *League Hymnal* an effort has been made to suit popular taste while a good style of music and the wishes of the Church regarding the character of the music to be used in her services have not been sacrificed. All the hymns in the *League Devotions* have been set to melodies which are particularly pleasing and easy to sing. The new League Hymn "Hark, the sound of the fight" will doubtless soon be heard in every League Centre; the refrain has a ring to it which is irresistible. The book is beautifully gotten up and sells for one dollar.

The Activity of the League. It is most consoling to Directors and Promoters to see the activity of the League. They are doing all in their power to put in active operation this powerful organization which has for its sole aim to bring adorers to the Lord of the tabernacle and the Lord is blessing the work. The present issue of the MESSENGER is the sixth number of the year and a glance at the Aggregations and Promoters' Receptions recorded in these six numbers, will suggest some idea of what has been lately done in this country alone for the honor of the Sacred Heart through the agency of the Apostleship of Prayer. We find a record of 144 Aggregations and 345 Promoters' Receptions, at which 3,330 Promoters received their indulgenced Crosses and Diplomas. This means that in 144 places, organization has been effected to secure greater fidelity to daily prayer, to devotion to the Mother of God and to frequent Communion, the Three Degrees of the League. It means that 3,330 more zealous Catholics have engaged themselves to promote this work among those around them; have promised to be lay apostles among their fellow-men; have pledged themselves not to be ashamed to speak to their fellowmen in their daily intercourse with them, on the interests of their salvation, to speak of higher duties and more lasting interests than the world knows of. It means a lay apostolate for the honor of God and good of souls. This is indeed a consoling offering to be able to make to the Sacred Heart this month and should encourage us all to devote ourselves with renewed energy to the work of this Apostolate.

The League Emblem. The League has been worked most successfully in hundreds of schools throughout the country. The good results obtained have been a source of encouragement to those in charge of the schools. We cannot appreciate the full effect of this work unless we take into account the fact that the schoolroom becomes the training ground from which recruits are secured for the larger League organization of the parish. Familiar with the working of the League in the school they soon make good Promoters, and should be enlisted as soon as they leave the school in the cause of the League in the parish. With this end in view, we highly approve of the plan adopted by several Directors of conferring the League Emblem as a prize at the end of the school year on those who are deserving of such recognition. In gold it makes a handsome gift. As an ornament it will constantly remind the wearer of the practices of the League and be an open profession of devotion to the cause of the Sacred Heart.

Subscription Renewals. With the exception of January, June is the month in which the greatest number of subscriptions to the MESSENGER begin. Those of our readers whose subscriptions expire in June will confer on us a great favor by prompt renewal. This will diminish the amount of correspondence on the matter and prevent delay in receiving the coming numbers of the MESSENGER and *Pilgrim*. At least, let us hear that you intend to continue as a subscriber to the MESSENGER. This timely information will be a great saving of labor to us. Former appeals for prompt renewal have been generously responded to and we are confident of the same kind treatment in the present case.

BOOK·NOTICES·

OUTLINES OF DOGMATIC THEOLOGY. By Sylvester Joseph Hunter, S.J. Vol. III. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1896. 12mo. Pages xv and 495. Price 6s. 6d.

With this volume Father Hunter concludes his excellent series of Manuals of Catholic Theology. In eleven treatises it treats of actual grace, the grace of justification, the sacraments in general, the seven sacraments in particular, and the last things. This volume is marked by the same excellences as the preceding ones. It is arranged in a most orderly manner. It is clear, concise and accurate in its statements. In this volume particularly the author has shown his mastery in the judicious selection of matter. In no part of the work was it more difficult to condense than in these treatises, some of which would require an entire volume to do them justice. Yet the reader will find a satisfactory answer to most questions bearing upon the great truths here treated. In fact, we are sometimes surprised at the fulness with which some important controversial points are handled. As an instance we would refer to the treatment of the matter and form of the sacrament of Orders, and to the question of Anglican Orders (p. 376 sqq.) An alphabetical index of the whole work is added to this volume. We should have added for the convenience of the book-buyer, that these volumes are published simultaneously by Benziger Brothers, New York.

THE ROMAN COURT; or, A Treatise on the Cardinals, Roman Congregations and Tribunals, Legates, Apostolic Vicars, Protonotaries and other Prelates of the Holy Roman Church. By the Rev. Peter A. Baart, S.T.L. Second edition. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 12mo. Pages 333.

This treatise contains a large amount of useful and interesting information, with which persons who treat of ecclesiastical matters should make themselves familiar. A familiarity with these matters would save much blundering and much misunderstanding on matters of great moment. A case in point is the Roman Inquisition, which is persistently misrepresented by those who have not the faintest idea of what it is. Another case is the mission and rights of apostolic delegations on which the religious and secular press of this country has recently been propounding the most foolish speculations. No one, whether Catholic or Protestant, can read this work without being deeply impressed by the marvellous organization of that most ancient and venerable of all existing institutions—the Court of Rome.

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINGDON. An Historical Romance of the time of Queen Elizabeth. By the Rev. Joseph Spillmann, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1896. 12mo. Pages 494. Price $1.50.

This is an historical novel in the strictest sense. The facts, persons and places of the narrative are strictly historical. Only the dress in which they are clothed is fiction. It treats of one of the most pathetic episodes in history—the ill-fated Babington conspiracy which led to the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. The facts are made to cluster around the fate of an English noble family, who were lucklessly, by no fault of theirs, implicated in the conspiracy. The narrative takes the form of a *memoir*, written at the request of, and dedicated to, an archduchess of the House of Hapsburg. It is written in the quaint and simple style of the seventeenth century, and reads charmingly. It gives a more faithful and vivid picture of the Elizabethan persecution than any history we have read. We are delighted to see Father Spillmann, who has so enriched Catholic fiction in Germany, make his début before English readers. Pity that, being unable or unwilling to write our own stories, we have thus far contented ourselves with such imported productions as those of Tolstoï, Ibsen, Zola, Paul Bourget and Du Maurier. We trust our enterprising Catholic publishers will give us more of the genuine Catholic productions of the fertile brain and facile pen of Father Joseph Spillmann.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES. A tale of the Maori Insurrections in New Zealand. By Joseph Spillmann. MARON, the Christian youth of the Lebanon. By A. v. B. PRINCE ARUMUGAM, the steadfast Indian convert. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1896. Three volumes. 16mo. Price 50 cents per vol.

These three stories were originally published in a *Supplement for Young Folks* to the German *athotic Missions* (*Katholische Missionen*), and met with great favor. They are now presented to the English speaking youth in English dress by Miss Helena Long. They afford very interesting and instructive reading. The translation is very well done, but we regret to say the make-up is not as attractive as it might be.

THE OUTLAW OF CAMARGUE. By A. de Lamothe. Translated by Anna E. Sadlier. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 313. Price $1.25.

This book, like the rest of the series to which it belongs, presents an attractive appearance. It is an interesting story, well written, skilfully combining and contrasting the idyllic description of Provençal life, manners and customs with the thrilling incidents of the French Revolution. The translation is admirably done. The book deserves our unreserved recommendation.

ELISE. A story of the Civil War. By S. M. M. X. Boston: Guardian Angel Press. 1896. 12mo. Pages 267. Price $1 00

The author of this story, who is a Sister of Mercy, possesses in a marked degree the gift of interesting children. The present story is full of stirring incidents of a rather improbable nature somewhat loosely strung together and tacked on to a precocious little heroine. There are some episodes in it that should not have found their way into a child's book. There is no good reason, for instance, to illustrate to the unsuspecting child the degree of depravity to which a fallen religious may possibly be degraded. Yet the book may be read with interest and profit by those for whom it was intended. The book is beautifully gotten up.

THE LOST CHRISTMAS TREE, AMY'S MUSIC BOOK, and other little stories and verses for children. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co. Two volumes. 12mo. Pages 206 and 208.

These two little collections of short stories and poems will be devoured by the little ones. Like all Miss Donnelly's writings they are distinguished by piety, good taste and pure, classic style. What signalizes the present volumes is the childlike simplicity which they breathe throughout—coupled with an elevation of Christian thought and sentiment rarely to be found in juvenile literature. Blessed are the boys and girls who shall breathe the good odor diffused on these pages.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SERMONS ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN. By Very Rev. D. I. McDermott. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE IMITATION OF THE SACRED HEART. By Rev. F. Arnoudt, S.J. New Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896.

YOUNG MEN'S MANUAL OF ST. ALOYSIUS. New York: J. Schäffer.

CATHOLIC CHILD'S LETTER-WRITER. Compiled by the Sisters of St. Joseph. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

THE BREAD OF ANGELS. (Prayer-Book). By Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.F. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. New Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

SPIRITUAL BOUQUET. A collection of devotions from approved sources. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE OFFICE OF HOLY WEEK. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

A SHORT STATEMENT OF THE QUESTION OF ANGLICAN ORDERS. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

ST. PHILOMENA. Miracle-worker of the nineteenth century. London: R. Washbourne. New York: Benziger Bros.

HOUSE OF THE HOLY FAMILY, 1870-1895. From the Sisters of the Divine Compassion, White Plains, New York.

HELPING THE HOLY SOULS. Sermon by Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, A.M. New York: Cathedral Library Association. 1896.

CHILD OF MARY before Jesus abandoned in the Tabernacle. Limerick, Ireland: Guy & Co. 1896.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 180,654.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

Special Thanksgivings:— A child of four years, whilst playing with a pair of scissors, accidentally pierced his eye with the point. The eye became inflamed, and eventually blind. Several physicians and an eminent specialist pronounced it absolutely incurable. A Novena of Grace in honor of the Sacred Heart was commenced the fourth of March. The Sunday following, after the members of the family had returned from church, where they communicated for the intention, the little fellow astonished them all by crying out: "Mamma, I can see!" The sight was tested, and sure enough the child really saw. Since then the sight has become stronger daily, and the ugly scar that had seemed to cut the iris in two, has moved down gradually until now it is scarcely perceptible. A child was stricken with paralysis of the bowels. Three physicians pronounced the case hopeless. A relic of Blessed Margaret Mary was applied and a triduum of prayers and publication were promised. From that hour the child began to recover and is now in his usual health. Another child who had been ill for several weeks began to recover by applying the relic with a promise of Mass, prayers and publication. The child is now convalescing.

Spiritual Favors:—Through the League instructions of a zealous Local Director, a tepid Catholic became fervent, then a Promoter and now a weekly communicant; grace of religious vocation; removal of an obstacle to a vocation; conversion of a brother and his wife, of a father and sister; an old gentleman, who had been baptized and confirmed in childhood, but had never made his First Communion, being ill, asked to receive the last sacraments, which he did with much fervor; and other conversions and graces.

Return to religious duties:—Of a young man after two years; of another after three years; of another after four years; of two young men after ten years; of another after twelve years; of a man after twenty-three years, he attributes this and other graces to his wearing the Badge; of another after twenty-five years; of another after thirty years; of a father after many years; of a wayward young man who died a happy death; return to her duties of a woman on her death bed after being ill disposed to her religion for many years; complete conversion of one who resisted grace a long time; a Catholic girl married a very bigoted Protestant who induced her to renounce her faith by threatening to desert her unless she yielded. For three weeks she was out of the Church, then her mother induced her to pay her family a visit and make a mission. She was reconciled to God, and her husband kept his word and deserted her, but she remains firm. Many other reformations.

Reconciliation:—Of parties in litigation; of two who were estranged for three years; reunion of a husband and wife; peace in a family; a father reconciled to his children though he had sworn he would never speak to them again; a father and son reconciled after three years estrangment;and many other favors not specified.

Temporal Favors:—An old lady fell and broke her arm. The doctor thought on account of her age that it would not knit. Publication was promised. To the doctor's surprise, when he removed the bandages after a short time he found it well; recovery from a severe attack of dyspepsia and nervousness, which prevented attention to duties; a successful operation in a case of appendicitis; the life of a young mother was given up by the physicians and she was prepared for death. A novena and publication were promised. The next day, to the doctor's amazement, she was out of danger; cure of rheumatism of twenty-five years standing; long cessation of fits; cure of an eye affected by a tumor; great improvement in health of several persons through prayer; instant cure of a very sore throat; warding off of threatened consumption; recovery from a serious illness; cure of a tumor; recovery of a boy from pneumonia; cure of an ulcer that had been causing trouble for eight years; cure of a hand that had been blood-poisoned and which the doctor said must be amputated; recovery of a person without a threatened operation; recovery of fourteen convent schoolgirls from diphtheria, and preservation of the other pupils from contagion; cure of a little girl from spinal meningitis, pronounced incurable by doctors; and many other cures and recoveries.

Employment:—A fine position, after publication and two Masses for the Holy Souls, had been promised; an unhoped-for position; a permanent place after long idleness; work in a most unexpected way; an outside position for one unable to work indoors; and many other positions acknowledged.

Means:—For the boys of a family to receive a college education; a sum of money badly needed; money to buy a home; relief through the Novena of Grace of a family financially embarrassed; successful settlement and sale of a large property; adjustment of a serious financial affair; an unexpected sum of money; means to pay a pressing debt; and many other substantial favors.

Preservation:—From fire when the next house was completely destroyed; of an institution from scarlet fever, raging in the town; cessation of a fire when a Sacred Heart scapular was thrown in; safe return from a long and trying journey; acquittal from a false charge of perjury; retention in a position almost forfeited by an indiscretion; from a contagious disease to which several persons were exposed; acquittal of one unjustly accused; and many other temporal favors not specified.

Favors through the Badge:—Relief from distressing scruples; entire cessation of rheumatism in the wrists; recovery of a mother from a serious illness; cure of an ulcerated throat and a running ear; recovery of a child from what the physicians declared a fatal case of membranous croup; breaking of an abscess in the ear without its being lanced; cure of a foot so cut that the leaders were exposed and lockjaw was imminent, a Badge was put on the foot, a novena made and publication promised, and in a few days, without the aid of a physician the foot was perfectly well; cure of an infant from brain trouble; recovery from neuralgia of a person ill for a year and for whom medical aid was unavailing; cure of a man whose life was given up by the doctors; cure of a pain in the eyes so great as to keep the eyelids closed; immediate relief from rheumatism; instant cessation of violent cramps; relief from great pain in the head and side; a child had his face and eyebrow badly burned and was told by the doctor that it would take at least a month to heal. A Badge was placed on the wound. When the bandages were removed five days after the eyebrow was as perfect as ever. A little girl, was dying of membranous croup. The physicians called the family to kiss her good-bye as she was unconscious. They were all Protestants. A Catholic came into the room and put the Badge on the child's throat. She opened her eyes at once and recognized the visitor, who gave her some holy water to drink. She has recovered; cure of a child from scarlet fever and saving of another from taking it who had been in the same bed with the sick child; cure of two children from diphtheria and preservation of a third; Many other favors are also acknowledged.

PROMOTERS·RECEPTIONS·

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (March 20 to April 20, 1896).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centres		Diplomas and Crosses.
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	St. Patrick's	Church	17
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Ignatius' (S.J.)	"	40
"	Ilchester, Md.	St. Clement's (C.SS.R.)	"	1
"	Woodstock, Md.	Woodstock (S.J.)	College	12
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. John the Baptist	Church	1
"	Jamaica, N. Y.	St. Monica's	"	25
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Holy Angels' (O.M.I.)	College	2
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Our Lady of Sorrows (O.S.)	Church	1
"	" "	St Stephen's	"	4
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	St. Xavier's (S.J.)	College	3
Cleveland	Canton, O.	St. John's	Church	7
Davenport	Creston, Iowa	St. Malachy's (O.S.B.)	Priory	1
Denver	Denver, Col.	Annunciation	Church	7
Fort Wayne	Valparaiso, Ind.	St. Paul's	"	2
Galveston	Austin, Tex	St. Mary's	Academy	4
Hartford	New Haven, Conn.	St. Patrick's	Convent	2
Kansas City	Easton, Kan.	St. Lawrence	Church	4
"	Osawatomie, Kan.	St Philip's	"	5
Milwaukee	Sheboygan, Wis.	Holy Name	"	6
Monterey and Los Angeles	Los Angeles, Cal.		Cathedral	1
Monterey and Los Angeles	Los Angeles, Cal.	St. Vincent's	Church	4
Newark	Elizabeth, N. J.	Holy Rosary	"	4
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Lawrence's (S.J.)	"	2
Ogdensburg	Ogdensburg, N. Y.	St. Mary's	Cathedral	20
Omaha	Sidney, Neb.	St. Patrick's	Church	1
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Bridget's	"	1
St. Paul	St. Paul, Minn.	St. Mary's	"	1
San Francisco	San José, Cal	St Joseph's (S.J.)	"	2
"	San Francisco, Cal	Sacred Heart	Academy	2
"	Santa Rosa, Cal.	Ursuline	"	3
Savannah	Washington Ga.	St. Joseph's	Academy	1
Scranton	Nanticoke, Pa	Mercy	Convent	1
Wilmington	Wilmington, Del.	St. Patrick's	Church	22

Number of Receptions, 33. Number of Promoters, 207.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from March 20 to April 20, 1896.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Date of Diploma.
Boston	Hudson, Mass	St. Michael's	Church	Mar. 24
Buffalo	Belmont N. Y.	St. Mary's	"	Mar. 28
Columbus	Marietta, O.	St. Mary's	"	Apr. 5
Davenport	Brooklyn, Ia.	St. Patrick's	"	Mar. 23
Dubuque	Dubuque, Ia.	St. Joseph's	College	Mar. 30
Fort Wayne	Muncie, Ind.	St. Lawrence's	Church	Apr. 15
LaCrosse	Lyndon, Wis.	St. Mary's	"	Apr. 5
"	West Superior, Wis.	Sacred Heart	"	Mar. 28
(V.A.) Ind. Territory	El Reno, Oklahoma	Sacred Heart	"	Mar. 25
Marquette	Escanaba, Mich	St. Joseph's	"	Apr. 10
Milwaukee	Janesville Wis.	St. Patrick's	"	Apr. 17
Newark	Rahway, N. J.	St. Mary's	"	Mar. 24
Sioux Falls	Jefferson, S. D.	St. Peter's	"	Mar. 26
Vincennes	Vincennes, Ind.	St. Thomas'	"	Mar. 31
Winona	Lakey, Minn.	St. Patrick's	"	Mar. 27

Aggregations, 15; churches, 14; college 1.

LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from March 20 to April 20, 1896, and not otherwise ackuowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Birmingham, 30.
Mobile, 24 10, GO. 18.
Spring Hill, 21.

ARIZONA.

Phoenix, 13.
Prescott 9.

ARKANSAS.

Helena, 14.
Pine Bluff, 15.
Texarkana, 20.
Toltec. 24.

CALIFORNIA.

Cloudman, 27.
Grass Valley, 23.
Hanford. 8.
Los Angeles, 23 24, 27
Los Gatos, 30.
Marysville 13.
Oakland, 31, 11, GO.
Riverside, 20.
Sacramento, 20.
San Francisco, 21, 23, 24, 26. 30, 13, 15.
San José, 24.
Santa Barbara, 30.
Santa Clara, 21.
Santa Rosa 12.
Woodland, 6.

COLORADO

Denver, 22, 23, 25, 26, 3, 12, 15 16.
Fort Logan, 23.
Las Animas, 26.
Pueblo, 22, 24, 13.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 15.
Baldic, 30, 18.
Bridgeport. 28.
Danbury, 31.
Derby, 30, 18.
Hartford, 20, 28, 30, 31.
Meriden, 23.
Middletown 26.
New Hartford, 30.
New Haven, 27.
New London, 27.
Newton, 30, 19.
Portland, 9.
Ridgefield 20 18.
Sandy Hook, 20.
South Norwalk, 16.
Stamford. 30.
Waterbury, 27, 28, 30.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 25, 28 31.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 20, 21, 23, 24, 26, 27, 29, 30, 1, 3, 10.

FLORIDA.

Fernandina, 22.
Key West 1, 8 15.

FLORIDA (con'd)

Orlando, 6.
Palatka, 10.
Pensacola, 18.
Saint Augustine, 11.
Saint Leo, 9.
Tampa, 24, GO. 15.
Westpalmbeach, 14.

GEORGIA

Atlanta, 18.
Augusta. 20, 13
Bainbridge. 22.
Macon, 25, 8.
Savannah, 6.

IDAHO.

Boise City, 20.
Wallace, 7.

ILLINOIS.

Alton, 24 26, 1.
Aurora, 31.
Beardstown, 28, 30.
Bradford, 11.
Cairo, 25, 30, 8, GO.
Charleston 20, 11.
Chicago, 23 25, 26, 27, 30 GO 4, GO 7, 8, 11, 13, 14, 17, 18.
Collinsville, 11
Decatur 9.
Edwardsville, 26.
Effingham, 16, 17.
Joliet, 27, 28, 7.
Ladd, 18.
Lockport, 20.
Lostant, 20.
Mattoon. 27
Mendota, 16.
Moline, 30.
Morris, 17.
Mt. Sterling, 21, GO 28, GO.
Munster, 9.
Newton, 14.
Ottawa, 17.
Peoria, 25, 28, 30.
Peru, 28.
Quincy, 23
Rockford. 13.
Sainte Marie, 26, GO.
Shelbyville, 27
Springfield, 29, 6, 16.
Streator, 20, 26, GO. 31, GO.
Taylorville, 27.
Woodstock, 25 GO. 28.

INDIANA.

Columbus, 24
Fort Wayne, 10.
Hammond, 20.
Huntington, 13
Indianapolis, 28, 30, 11.
Laporte. 20.
Madison. 23
New Albany, 31, GO.
Notre Dame, 23. 30.

INDIANA (con'd)

Peru, 16.
Saint Mary's 18
Saint Meinrad, 31.
Shelbyville, 28.
Terre Haute. 22, 17.
Valparaiso, 23, 16.

IOWA.

Albia, 20.
Bancroft, 18.
Boone 25
Council Bluffs, 30.
Davenport, 23.
Des Moines, 24.
Dubuque, 24. 25. 28 3, 17.
Eagle Grove, 16
Independence, 27.
Iowa City, 26.
Keokuk, 17.
Le Mars, 8.
Lyons, 18.
Mount Pleasant, 29.
Solon, 23.
Sumner, 11.
Waukon, 10, 17.
Williamsburg, 20.
Wyomiug, 21.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 13.
Leavenworth, 21, 28, 14, GO
Nickerson 7.
Osawatomie, 26.
Paola 9.
Parsons, 29, 12.
St. Mary's, 1.
Topeka, 30.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green, 14.
Calvary, 16.
Covington, 13.
Earlington, 6.
Knottsville, 15.
Lebanon, 4, 18.
Lexington, 16, 17.
Loretto. 22.
Louisville, 20, 23, 26, 28, 14 18.
Marysville, 28.
Morgantown, 20, 9.
Nazareth, 25.
Newport, 30.
Paducah. 13.
Saint John. 24, 16.
Victoria, 26.

LOUISIANA.

Baton Rouge, 24 GO.
Cottonport, 9.
Grand Coteau, 29, 11, GO. 16
Marksville, 16.
New Orleans, 20, 23. 27, 13. 15, 16, 18.
Omega. 20.
Shreveport, 20. 17.

MAINE.

Bangor, 21.
Oldtown, 21.
Portland, 28, 30.

MARYLAND.

Adams own, 26 GO.
Ammendale, 30.
Annapolis, 29.
Baltimore, 20, 27. 28, 29, 30, GO. 31, 2, 6, 13 15, 18. 19.
Barclay, 23.
Bohemia, 20.
Cecilton, 18
Chapel Point 23.
Cumberland. 31. 10.
Davidsonville, 26.
Ellicott City, 14.
Emmetsburg, 16.
Fishing Point, 30.
Fork, 25 GO.
Frederick, 28. GO 9.
Glyndon. 10.
Great Mills, 25.
Ingleside, 17
Libertytown 10.
Leonardtown, 8
Mount St. Mary's, 28.
Mount Savage, 8.
Newport, 15.
Park Hall, 18.
Pine Orchard, 1.
Pomfret, 26.
Ridge, 20.
Valley Lee, 13.
Westminster, 30.
White Plains, 7.
Woodstock, 26.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Adams, 2.
Amherst, 17, GO. 18.
Beverly, 30.
Boston, 23, GO. 25, 26, 30, 31, 1, 7, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 18.
Canton, 2.
Everett, 11.
Fall River, 26, 7.
Holyoke, 28, 30, 31.
Hopkinton, 30.
Hyannis, 23.
Lawrence, 23, 6.
Lenox, 30.
Lowell, 23, 12.
Malden, 30.
Marlboro, 20, 18.
North Brookfield, 17. 18.
North Chelmsford, 20.
Newburyport, 11.
Salem, 16.
Southbridge, 28.
Springfield, 30.
Waltham, 10, GO. 16.
Watertown, 18, GO.
Westfield, 18.
Winchester, 17
Worcester, 27, 29 8, 9.

MICHIGAN.

Ann Arbor, 6, 17.
Battle Creek, 20 13.
Bay City, 30, GO.
Beacon, 28.
Chelsea, 26, GO.
Detroit, 23, GO. 27, 30, 11, 17.
Grand Rapids, 5, GO.
Ishpeming 27.
Ithaca, 22
Lexington, 26.
Manchester, 30.
Manistique, 20, 10.
Mount Clemens, 11.
Mount Pleasant 12.
Newport, 31.
Saginaw, 9

MINNESOTA.

Belleplaine, 18.
Canton, 12.
Collegeville, 28.
Duluth, 13, GO 16.
Faribault, 26.
Hastings, 23.
Le Sueur, 1.
Mendota 7.
Minneapolis, 21, 24, 26, 14, 17, 18.
Porter 26.
Red Wing, 10.
Rochester, 21, 28.
St Paul, 25, 26, 28, 30, 2, 7, 9.
Stewartville, 28.
Stillwater, 26.
South Saint Fall, 24.
Winona, 26, 30

MISSISSIPPI.

Bay Saint Louis, 1?.
Canton, 9.
Carrollsville, 28. 30
Chatawa, 20.
Greenville, 20.
Jackson, 17.
Maxwell, 13.
Pass Christian 18.
Tucker, 28.
Vicksburg, 31, 9.

MISSOURI.

Arcadia, 26 GO.
Cape Girardeau, 12.
Conception, 17.
De soto, 30.
Farmington, 30.
Florisaut, 24, 28, 16.
Glencoe, 28.
Joplin, 20.
Kansas City, 23, 28, 12.
Kirkwood 26.
Madison, 9.
Moberly, 23 29.
Norborne 25.
Normandy 20, 26
Saint Charles, 9, GO. 17.
Saint Joseph 24, 26, 15, 16.
St. Louis, 24, 25, 26 27, 5, 10, GO. 13, 14, 16, GO. 18, 9.
Saint Mary's, 30.
Saint Paul, 24.

MONTANA.

Fort Benton, 26.
Jocko, 23.
Logan 31.
Riceville, 28.
Saint Ignatius, 23.
Saint Paul, 15.
Saint Peter 27
Saint Xavier, 11.

NEBRASKA.

Fremont, 29.
Hastings, 20.
Hemmingford, 26.
Lincoln, 29.
Omaha 23, 24, 26, 30, 9, 14, GO.

NEBRASKA (con'd)

Prague, 7.
Rulo, 15.
Sidney 15.

NEVADA.

Carson City, 21, 24.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Greenville, 30.
Manchester 30, 12.
Salmon Falls, 27

NEW JERSEY.

Atlantic City, 24, 27, 11.
Burlington, 30.
Bloomfield, 2.
Camden, 1.
Elizabeth, 15.
Englewood, 24.
Hoboken, 31, 2, GO. 17.
Jersey City, 27, 29, 30, 31.
Lakewood, 17.
Mount Holly, 19.
Morristown 31.
Newark, 22, GO. 27, 28, 30, 31, 7, 10, 13, 16, GO.
Orange, 18.
Paterson, 30, 18.
Rutherford, 28.
South Orange, 18.
Summit, 24, 18.
Trenton, 21, 2, 19.
West Hoboken, 31.

NEW MEXICO.

Albuquerque, 25.
East Las Vegas, 23, 16
San Miguel, 7.
Santa Fé, 26
Silver City, 13.

NEW YORK.

Albany, 27, 30, 31, 17, 19.
Amawalk, 20.
Amsterdam, 30.
Andover, 20.
Babylon, 13.
Binnington, 4.
Binghamton 27
Brandon, 16, GO.
Broadalbin, 22.
Brooklyn, 20, 21, 23, 24, 26, 27, 30, GO. 31, GO. 2 3 GO. 6, 10, 13, 14 GO. 15, 18.
Buffalo 23, 30 5 11, 17.
Cape Vincent, 30.
Clayton 26.
Clayville, 18.
Cohoes, 31.
Couey Island, 4.
Corning, 30.
Cornwall 15.
Dunkirk, 31.
Elmira, 7.
Far Rockaway, 20.
Flushing 2
Fly Mountain, 27.
Frankfort, 24.
Glen's Cove, 30.
Glen Falls, 1.
Great Neck, 20.
Hastings 31.
Haverstraw, 31.
Hornellsville, 9 30, 31.
Horseheads, 19.
Hudson, 18.
Huntington, 13. 18.
Jamestown, 13
Johnstown, 8.
Kingston, 21 24, 1.
Leroy, 23.
Little Falls, 30.
Livonia, 30.
Long Brauch, 30.
Macopin, 27.
Millbrook, 20.
Monticello, 24, GO.
Nanuet 26.
New Brighton 30, 11.
Newburgh, 24, 31.

NEW YORK (con'd).

New York 20, 21, GO. 23, 24, 26, GO., 27, GO. 28, 29, 30, GO. 31 2, GO. 3 GO. 5, 6, 7, GO. 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 16, 17, GO. 18, 19.
Niagara Falls, 8
Niagara University, 28.
North Java, 6.
Ogdensburg, 28.
Oneonta, 30.
Oswego, 30, 1, 15, 19.
Owego, 18.
Peekskill, 21, 30.
Philmont, 27.
Piermont 26.
Plattsburg, 29.
Port Chester, 14.
Port Henry, 23.
Poughkeepsie, 31, 7
Rochester, 28, 30, 1, 12, GO 15.
Rosebank, 30, 18.
Sag Harbor, 20, 18.
Saranac Lake, 16.
Schenectady, 20.
Sing Sing, 20.
Stapleton, 1.
Syracuse, 18, 19.
Taberg, 30.
Ticonderoga, 24.
Troy, 1, 10, GO 17, 30, 31.
Utica, 28, 17, GO. 19.
Verplanck, 30.
Waddington, 23.
Wappinger's Falls, 23.
Warsaw, 26.
Watertown, 8, 10.
Waverly, 20, GO. 21.
West Troy, 20, 30.
White Plains, 14.
Whitehall, 25.
Williamsville, 31.
Yonkers, 13.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Charlotte, 23, 28.
Kittrell, 17.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Elbowoods, 28.
Jamestown, 15.
Wheatland, 23.

OKLAHOMA TER.

Sacred Heart, 16.

OHIO.

Akron, 31.
Bixley's Mills 4.
Belleplaine, 25.
Canal Dover, 30.
Canton, 30.
Carey, 18.
Carthage, 21, 17.
Cincinnati, 27, 30, 1, 13, 16, 17.
Cleveland, 27, 28, 30.
Columbus, 11.
Coshoctou, 16.
Dayton, 28, 30, 14.
Dennison, 7.
East Liverpool, 23.
Edgert 11, 17 GO.
Greenville, 11.
Kipton, 7
Lancaster, 30.
Lebanon 25.
Leetonia, 14.
Lima, 6.
Louisville, 23, 25, 10, 18.
McCleary, 31.
Massillon, 20.
Mount St. Joseph, 31.
Nelsonville, 30, GO. 11.
Newark, 30.
Newport, 23.
New Straitsville, 28.
Nottingham, 9
Painesville, 18.
Piqua, 11.

OHIO (con'd.)

Portsmouth, 23, 14 18.
Reading, 23, 13.
Shepard, 23.
Steubenville, 15.
Summitville, 17.
Temperanceville, 27.
Tiffin, 26, 14.
Toledo, 20, 23. 17.
Youngstown, 28, 30, 18.
Zanesville, 26.

OREGON

Gervais, 20.
Mount Angel, 21, 23.
Park City, 13.
Portland, 30.
Saint Paul, 26.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Alleghany, 5.
Altoona, 23, 26, 3.
Athens, 30.
Beatty, 24, 16.
Beaver Falls, 28, GO.
Bellefonte, 28.
Bristol, 3.
Butler, 27.
Carbondale, S, 18.
Carlisle, 20.
Carnegie, 3.
Clarion, 16.
Derry Station, 17.
Doylestown, 17.
Dunmore, 10
Ebensburg, 27.
Elam, 10.
Erie, 26, 30.
Franklin, 30.
Freeland, 30
Gallitzin, 25, 30, 10.
Glenside, 30.
Grafton, 20.
Greensburg, 30.
Hazleton, 26.
Herman, 25 30.
Homestead, 28
Johnstown, 30.
Kane, 4.
Lebanon, 26, 15.
Littlestown, 6.
McKeesport, 3 .
McSherrytown, 23.
Mahanoy City, 8.
Manch Chunk, 20.
Maud, 28.
Mayfield, 31.
Meadville, 30.
Media, 14.
Moorestown, 25.
Moosic, 18.
Newcastle, 29.
Norristowu, 30, 31.
Ogontz, 2
Olyphant, 20.
Overbrook, 21.
Plymouth, 13
Philadelphia, 20, 21, 23, 27. GO. 28 GO. 30 31, 12 3. GO. 6, 7 GO. 8, GO. 10, 11, 13, 17 18, 19.
Pittsburg, 20, 21, 24, 29, 30, 31, 1, 7, 11, 25.
Port Carbon, 27.
Pottsville, 21, 27.
Renovo, 30.
Ridgway, 13.
Saint Clair, 31.
Saint Mary's, 6.
Scranton, 25, 27, 31, 1.
Towanda, 5
Villa Maria, 25, 18.
West Chester, 27.
Wilkesbarre, 30, 17, 18.
Willock, 25.
York, 31.

RHODE ISLAND.

Newport, 30.
Pawtucket, 22.
Providence, 21, 28, 6, 13. 30.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston, 16.
Silver Spring, 26.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Aberdeen, 27.
Beresford, 23, 27.
Cavour, 21.
Deadwood, 20.
Fargo, 28.
Lead, 13.
Madison, 14.
Redfield, 24, 28.
Rosebud, 28.
Yankton, 2.

TENNESSEE.

Jackson, 20.
Marshall, 29.
Memphis, 20, 25, 26, GO. 16, 17
Nashville, 17.
Tracy City, 25.

TEXAS.

Cuero, 8.
Denison, 27.
El Paso, 23.
Fort Worth, 13.
Galveston, 3, 7.
Houston, 27.
San Antonio, 25, 26, 30, 17.
Victoria, 11.

UTAH.

Eureka, 20, 14.
Ogden, 11.
Park City, 26.
Salt Lake City, 23 25, 29.

VERMONT.

Bennington, 30.
Burlington, 23.
Richmond, 23.
Rutland, 23.
Underhill Center, 23, 18.

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria, 14
Cape Charles, 6.
Lowmoor, 23.
Newport News, 25.
Norfolk, 20, 31, 3, 13.
Petersburg, 17.
Portsmouth, 29
Richmond, 25, 26.
Staunton, 18.
West End, 7.

WASHINGTON.

Everett, 24.
New Whatcom, 30.
North Yakima, 20.
Seattle, 13.
Spokane, 13, 16.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Grafton, 14, 18.
Harper's Ferry, 14, 19.
Wheeling, 24, 15. 17.

WISCONSIN.

Bayfield, 28.
Bay Settlement, 16.
Chippewa Falls, 25.
Columbus, 13.
Fond du Lac, 26, 28, GO.
Fort Howard, 30.
Green Bay, 29.
Hartford, 14.
Hersey, 20.
Jacksonport, 13.
Janesville, 8.
Kaukana, 24.
Kilbourne City, 29.
Mendota, 6.
Merrill, 10.
Milwaukee, 20, GO. 24, 26, GO. 29, 30, 8, 18.
Montello, 27.
National Home, 28.
New Richmond, 28.
Northport, 20.
Oconto, 23
Portage, 21.
Prairie Du Chien, 23, 30.
Racine, 13, 17.
Shawano, 11, GO.
Sheboygan, 7.
Tomakawk, 31.
Washburn, 21, 19.
Wauwatosa, 12.

WYOMING.

Evanston, 18.
Rawlins, 28.
Rock Springs, 30.

FOREIGN.

Dublin Ireland, 25.
Firenze, Italy, 30.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Angelus	590,049	11.	Masses heard	273,278
2.	Beads	676,941	12.	Mortifications	742,808
3.	Stations of the Cross	143,271	13.	Works of Mercy	194,014
4.	Holy Communions	107,063	14.	Works of Zeal	150,062
5.	Spiritual Communions	423,109	15.	Prayers	5,288,610
6.	Examens of Conscience	233,181	16.	Charitable Conversation	94,235
7.	Hours of Labor	1,097,495	17.	Sufferings or Afflictions	97,193
8.	Hours of Silence	571,177	18.	Self-conquest	194,304
9.	Pious Reading	157,606	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	566,441
10.	Masses Celebrated	7,567	20.	Various Good Works	647,319

Special Thanksgivings, 2 236; Total, 12,257,959.

CATHARINE TEGAKWITA,
The Lily of the Mohawks.

THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. SEPTEMBER, 1896. No. 9.

ROC AMADOUR.

"O these are voices of the past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear us back to times,
That may not come again;
Yet, God forbid that we should lose
The echoes that remain."

—*A. A. Proctor.*

THE "echoes" that I would fain recall come from the hills of stony Quercy, in that favored land of France, favored from the beginning, and, therefore, more persistently and more forcibly besieged by the enemies of Christ and His Church than any other spot on earth.

But our Lady has ever stood in the breach, or speedily repaired the wrong, by some overwhelming manifestation of her power, that had the effect of silencing God's enemies, sometimes for centuries. Shrine after shrine, miraculously founded, has taken root in the blessed soil, and notably in those places where Saracen and Huguenot had destroyed all that could be destroyed. In some places they left nothing but the everlasting hills and in spite of that, on these same hills to-day a new vegetation, fresher and greener then ever, is springing up around the solid stone walls of grander churches and chapels still under the same sacred invocations as of old.

Our Lady of Roc Amadour is one of these. Pagan and Huguenot did their work so well that this name, no doubt, will tell little to the general reader at first glance. But the analysis, if he have patience to come with us, will give him the rare pleasure of meeting and greeting the oldest and the dearest of friends. We speak to practical Catholics, of course.

There is a trite saying "that a straw will show the direction of the wind." A straw, a mere nothing, may give an impulse to words and deeds as much out of all proportion as the grain of mustard seed and the tree "that shelters the birds of the air in its branches." A fragment of a broken medal, picked up on the steps of an Old World Basilica taught us the name of "Roc Amadour."

With what infinite difficulty, even with

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the aid of a magnifying glass, we were able to decipher "Notre Dame de Roc Amadour."

Written thus it looked formidable, but it was another name by which to invoke the Queen of heaven and by dint of repeating: "Our Lady of Roc Amadour pray for us!" it grew familiar; then began to awaken long forgotten memories of chivalrous tale and legend of knight and troubadour and lady fair.

In them there was, alas, no suggestion of Mary Immaculate; on the contrary the hero was always rescuing captive damsel à la Don Quixote, or at best, Coeur de Lion. They were too richly fanciful to suppose that Rome or its supposed idolatrous teaching had aught to do with them.

But the new and true light that had been vouchsafed us led us to keep on invoking "Our Lady of Roc Amadour" for a long while. It was beginning to be little more than a revered name; its haunting power was weakening, when heart and imagination were once more fired by the story of Knight Roland and our Lady of Roc Amadour, told at a great gathering.

All was clear now, and to kneel at that shrine became a desire too strong not to be gratified. So, after long waiting, like those compulsory pilgrims of old, whose punishment decreed "that they should visit such or such a shrine, within one year, and if they could not do it in one, they might take two (perhaps even more than the allotted two years)," a day came that found us on the iron road between Toulouse and Paris.

Beyond Toulouse, a level and monotonous country stretched on all sides. No sight of hill or mountain, even when we stopped at the little station of Roc Amadour.

Where, then, were the ruins of the once famous monastery of Figeac, of the stone pyramids that held light for pilgrims? Where the phare of Candle Mountain (Mt. Candal), so high as to throw its beacon light far over dangerous pass and gorge, to guide the benighted palmer or penitent?

Not the slightest indication of them, nor of le Bastil, House of the Templars once, then a commandery of the Knights of Malta, nor of Alis, Fieux, la Vraie Croix (house of the Knights of Jerusalem), nor of St. Jean of Jaffa. No, nor yet of our Lady of Roc Amadour, the last and most famous of them all.

And yet they all existed and flourished. Their founders were kings and princes, who disdained not to traverse the rough roads themselves, even as the humblest of their subjects, for love of our Lady, knowing well "that all graces come through Mary's hands."

Could we, like those early pilgrims, have made our way thither afoot, we might have seen their ruins, at least. But the railway showed us a landscape flat as a tableland.

When we descended from the train, "the shades of night were falling fast." They had fallen when the omnibus drove away with seven or eight of us, and the omnibus lamps soon shut out even the faint lights of the invisible moon and stars.

It was a long night ride—or seemed so—but over an excellent road. We were not "rattled," as the New Yorker expressively calls the old-fashioned shaking and pitching and jerking common to omnibus and all ill-hung vehicles in general. Not "rattled" in the least. We might have been on runners, so smoothly did the coach go along or through what seemed to be an endless tunnel. We had a queer and unnecessary sensation of needing to be on the alert for bumps, but might have dozed peacefully had we not expected to arrive at our destination every minute, which, of itself, made the road seem ten times its actual length.

When we stopped (neither soon nor suddenly) at the portal of the refuge for pilgrims, a capital house, by the way, it was too late to visit the sanctuary, too late, even, to disturb the good nuns of "Notre Dame du Calvaire," with whom

ROC AMADOUR.

we might have had quarters, and who have not, as had their predecessors, to be ever ready to wash the pilgrims' blistered and bleeding feet.

Our cold lunch served us for supper. In spite of most comfortable room and bed we were up with the birds, or before them, and may have disturbed some of the sleepy ones, by insisting upon being let out at daydawn.

We were taken through the rear apartments of the ancient house, into a little square, stone-flagged, stone-walled court, and a flight of stone steps was shown us. Then the door was closed behind us.

We mounted the short flight of steps that led us out of the walled court, and looked up—looked up because on either side we were shut in by walls of stone that towered beyond our vision.

We looked up. The general view of Roc Amadour may give you an idea of the sight we saw. It was simply stupendous.

On the summit of the giddy height above we could just distinguish walls and towers, the walls of the castle of Roc Amadour. This then was the Pic, or Roc, solitary as the desert, on which, in the early youth of the Church, a hermit had erected an altar to our Lady.

It was a curious sight as well as a most fascinating one. Troubadour, or

Trouvere, could not ever have beheld a more inspiring one.

After all, those ancient potentates who devised the punishment of banishment on pilgrimage, were wiser, in their day and generation, than the children of these days of electricity. They gained their rebel subjects, body and soul, made saints out of those Moyen Age anarchists and nihilists. If some of our *fin de siècle* defaulters, for example, were sent, metaphorically at least, *la corde au cou* to Auriesville, during pilgrimage days, would they not, think you, hasten thence to restore the inheritance of the widow and the orphan, with more than three per cent. interest and themselves go forth, on voluntary pilgrimage, poor if need be, to gain back the grace of God, and the good esteem of their fellow men, instead of living hunted lives and filling suicides' graves?

But let us mount the 140 steps, then the 76 steps, and look from the Plateau of St. Michael; you are in what appears to be the chamber of a stone-walled fortress. Wanting one wall is this chamber, and thus you stand on a platform roofed and enclosed on three sides. The platform itself is the natural rock, as well as the roof and walls. Around you, though not all on the same level, are seven churches or chapels.

Before we see or hear more the bell sounds. It is for seven o'clock Mass.

We kneel in the miraculous chapel of our Lady of Roc Amadour at last. *Deo Gratias!*

The matchless sanctity of a shrine like this, rich in the eternal riches of centuries of prayer, that has left deep impression on the adamantine face of nature, that pagan and pirate have tried in vain to destroy, who shall describe? Kneeling before the altar, one can only feel its force sweep over the soul and bless the Creator in humble silence. This is not, doubtless, the oratory dedicated to the Mother of God by the holy hermit. That was destroyed, at least partially, by the fall of an immense rock. The present chapel was raised on the very same spot, however, by Mgr. de Bar, Bishop of Tulle. That, in its turn, was demolished by the Huguenots, September 3, 1562. Though almost nothing was saved of the glorious souvenirs of the past, some treasures, and the very greatest, remain to us. The ancient statue of our Lady, the altar consecrated by St. Martial, the miraculous bell, and two pictures. The statue is as ancient as the first pilgrimage, and it is supposed that the hermit, who, in the first century erected on this rock an altar to Mary, and ornamented it with this pious image, sculptured it with his own hands. Archæological science confirms its age at least. The statue as well as the ancient altar have been covered with plates of silver and wood.

After Mass and Holy Communion we are at liberty to visit the seven chapels, the matchless via dolorosa, the grottoes, wonderful in size and furnishing, themselves worthy of a longer visit than we could pay them.

First of all, let us kneel at the tomb of the Hermit of the Roc. Between the miraculous chapel and the chapel of St. Michael the hollowed rock forms a sort of cell. Therein, according to tradition, was the retreat of St. Amadour or Amateur, during his life. It was certainly his place of sepulture. There he rested in peace, from the year 70 till 1116. "At that time," says an ancient writer, "an inhabitant of that region ordered his family (perhaps by inspiration), to inter his remains at the entrance to the oratory, erected by the saint of Roc, in honor of our Blessed Lady."

Hardly had they begun to excavate the earth, than the body of the saint was discovered in a state of perfect integrity, and, says Robert du Mont: "It was placed before the altar of our Lady, in the same state in which it had been found, for the veneration of the faithful."

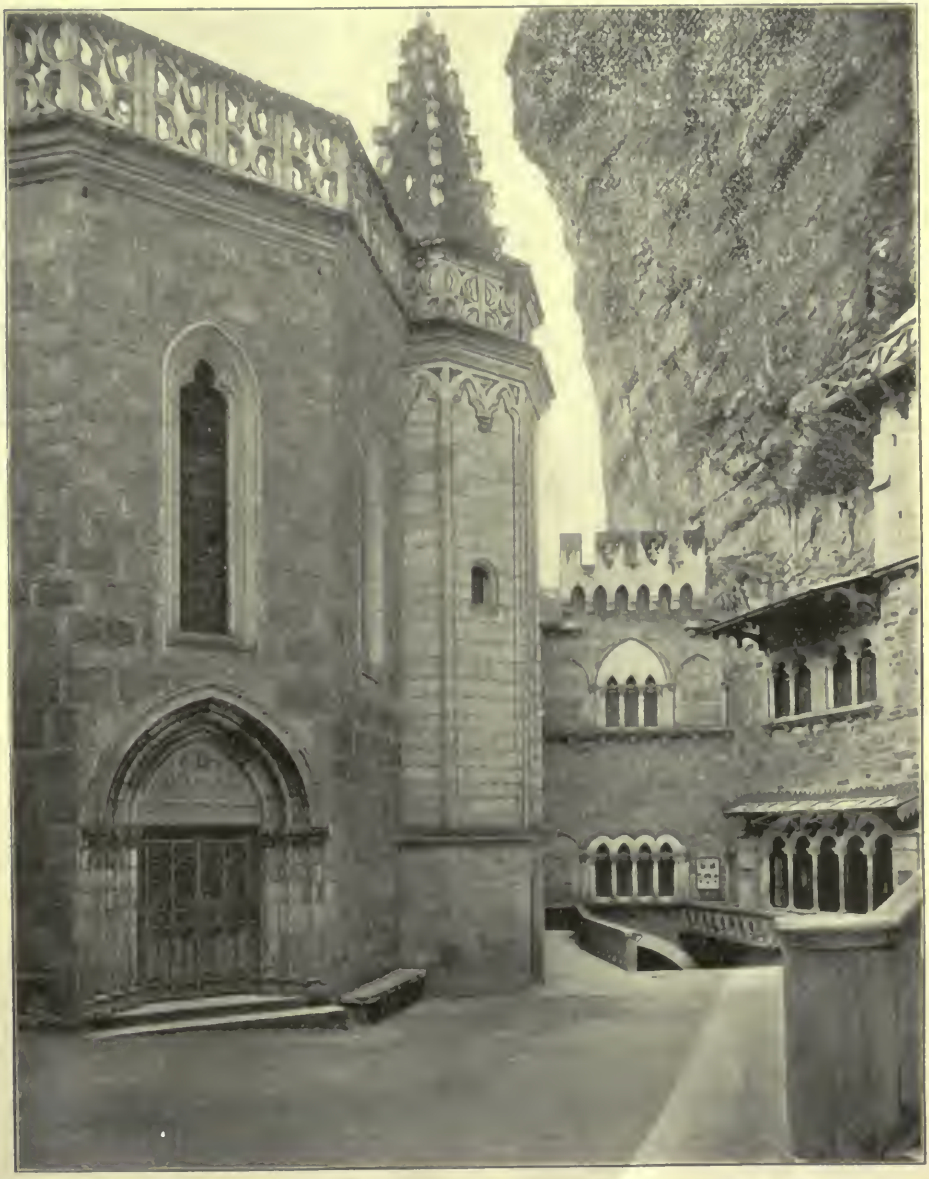
Then began to take place miracles, so wonderful and so numerous, through the

intercession of St. Amadour, that Henry II. of England travelled hither. He retained so vivid an impression of its sanctity, that when gravely ill, he vowed to make a second pilgrimage to the spot to return thanks for his cure, and it was on this occasion that he became reconciled with Thomas à Becket.

Later the body of St. Amadour was deposited in the subterranean church which had been consecrated to his memory, and bears his name to-day.

Let us now make acquaintance with St. Amadour.

The ancient woodwork, of which only two tableaux have been preserved, tell the whole story of the hermit and his Roc, as well as another story, that must



INTERIOR COURT, ROC AMADOUR.

be dear to lovers of the Stations of the Cross, and more especially, to any one (and who has not) who may have coveted the gift bestowed upon the bravest of the holy women: the image of the divine face of our Lord, not indeed on veil or kerchief, but on their heart.

The two paintings so miraculously preserved, confirm the tradition that St. Amateur or Amadour was no other than Zaccheus the host of our Blessed Lord.

The resumé of the story, as told in the tableau, is depicted in a series of inscriptions on the original arches thus:

"I. Zaccheus, owing to his short stature, could not see Jesus in the midst of the crowd. He mounts into a sycamore tree. Jesus beholding him bids him to descend quickly, 'for He intends to lodge at his house.'

"II. Zaccheus became a disciple of Jesus Christ. Veronica, his wife, followed in the suite of Mary. They were persecuted for the faith, but an angel delivered them from the prison in which they had been immured.

"III. An angel commands Zaccheus and Veronica to put to sea, and to land at the first port at which the vessel should touch, to serve Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother.

"IV. Their ship touched at a place called 'Soulac.' There they remain in fasting and prayer. There St Martial visits them and blesses an altar (or oratory) they have erected to the memory of St. Stephen (protomartyr).

"V. St. Amadour, by order of St. Martial, goes on a mission to St. Peter at Rome. Veronica remains in the country of the Bordelais, where she dies. St. Amadour, on his return to Soulac, erects two monasteries, and retires from the world.

"VI. In the year 70 A. D., St. Amadour chooses for hermitage and retreat the Roc, since called 'Roc Amadour,' This Roc was uninhabited and infested by wild beasts.

"VII. The people of the neighboring country were little better than savages. St. Amadour catechizes them and makes known to them the religion of Jesus Christ.

"VIII. St. Amadour erected within the Roc an altar in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This altar, then so humble and since so glorious, was consecrated by B. Martial, apostle of our Lord, who several times visited our saint in his retreat."

An immense tableau depicts the death of the saint, which was made known to him by divine revelation. He begged to be transported to the Chapel of our Lady; there he expired at the foot of the altar.

In the right-hand corner of the picture St. Martial, surrounded by angels, intercedes for his faithful servant.

An angel offers to our Lord, who occupies the centre of composition, the soul of the saint, under the figure of a child, "thus typifying our Lord's love for little children, according to His own words: 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

A second picture shows us SS. Amadour and Veronica at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, holding souvenirs of their work as testimony of their merit before God.

Amadour presents an effigy of the oratory erected in her honor, and Veronica presents the veil with which she so courageously wiped the face of our Lord.

The Latin or Dominican tradition says that a certain high priest, named Volusian, was sent by Tiberias to seek the Prophet and Worker of Miracles, Jesus of Nazareth, and bring Him to Rome, that He might heal the Emperor, who had been stricken with leprosy.

When Volusian reached Jerusalem, our Lord had already been crucified. The envoy was horrified to hear that Pilate had dared to put to death one so remarkable, one who could raise the dead to life, and who might have done so much good to the State. He sought to learn all he could of the Saviour and of His works.

Hearing that He was arisen he made further inquiries, and learned of His ascension. Among those whom he sought was Veronica, it having been told him that she possessed an image of

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAPEL, ROC AMADOUR.

the Thaumaturge. When it was shown him he fell upon his knees. He recognized its power So he resolved to take Veronica with him to Rome, and Pilate also, as prisoner.

"What have you done with Pilate?" cried the Emperor, when Volusian told his tale.

"Brought him to you, a prisoner," was the reply.

"Why did you not put him to death?"

"For fear of offending my august master," was the answer.

Pilate was condemned to perpetual exile, and sent to Ameria in Tuscany.

He was also condemned to suffer tortures as an example to unjust Jews.

The Emperor was cured by looking upon the divine face, imprinted on the veil of Veronica. He wished to place Jesus among the pagan gods. This greatly angered his pagan courtiers.

He placed the sacred veil in a jewelled casket, in his own palace, for a time, and rendered to it divine honors.

After his death Veronica received it once more, and took it back to Jerusalem, whence she set out a little later for Gaul. Tiberius lived a year after being cured of his leprosy.

Under the great arch which supports the two traves, begins the record of the most celebrated pilgrims who have visited the shrine from the earliest times, and the series is continued throughout the other sacred edifices.

Now Roland may be seen offering the weight in silver of his "Durandal," which he has come to redeem. Now his companions in arms bring back the sword consecrated to Mary.

For the pilgrim who has time to spare, it is a fascinating spot on which to recall the quaint pages of Bishop Turpin, that read so like Chaucer or Spenser, in their quaint old French dress.

* * *

Roland traversing France to rejoin his uncle, Charlemagne, who was warring in Spain, came to Roc Amadour to render homage to our Lady

He offered her his most precious treasure, his glorious Durandal, but as he could not deprive himself of its succor during the holy war he was about to undertake, he ransomed it for its weight in silver.

It was very great, this devotion to the Mother of God, which had inspired him to make such a sacrifice, for he loved his sword passionately. He prized it more than the blood he had shed in battle; more than his life, which he risked with a smile.

Charlemagne had crossed the Pyrenees. Roland, who commanded the rear guard with twelve peers and the most valiant cavaliers, camped still in the mountains.

The Gascons, informed by the traitor Ganelon, surprised and surrounded them on all sides.

In vain Roland and his knights performed prodigies of valor. They succumbed under the ever increasing number of their foes.

Then remained Roland alone on the battle plain; tired and worn with great blows given and received, and doleful (dolent) at the death of his noble barons. Full of sorrow he made his way into the wood, at the base of the mountain of Césaire and dismounted from his charger beneath a tree, near a great perron of marble, that was there raised in a pleasant field, above the valley of Roncevaux (Ronscevalles, valley of thorns).

He still held Durandal, his sword.

This sword surpassed all others, bright, splendid and of beautiful form, sharp and so highly tempered that it could neither bend nor break.

Roland, after holding and looking upon it for a long time, began to regret, and bemoan it, as with tears, speaking in this manner: "O sword most beautiful, bright and resplendent, that needs not to be furbished like any other; of fair size and large hilted; strong and firm; white as ivory is thy guard; signed with a golden cross; sacred and blessed by the letters of the Holy Name of Jesus, Lord Jesus Christ, and environed with His strength, who will henceforth make use of thy goodness? Who will have thee? Who will wear thee? As often as I have, by thee, overthrown either Saracen or disloyal Jew, so often have I thought to have avenged the blood of Jesus Christ. My grief will be too great, if unworthy cavalier or idler, have thee after me. I shall have too great a sorrow, if Saracen or other miscreant hold thee and wield thee after my death."

When he had thus regretted his sword, he raised it high, and struck three mar-

vellous blows upon the marble perron before him, for he thought to break it, fearing it should fall into the hands of a Saracen.

What need to write it! The perron was split from top to bottom, and the sword remained without a flaw. And when he saw that he could by no means shatter it he was *trop dolent* (too sad).

Then he perceived a chasm profound. With great difficulty he dragged himself towards it, and making sure that he was unperceived, he flung his sword therein. Then feeling the approach of death, he leaned his back against a tree, and with his face towards Spain, began to think of many things: of the lands in which he had fought and conquered, of sweet France, his own country.

He joined his hands in prayer. Death took him. Saint Gabriel and many other saints bore his soul to paradise.

Charlemagne, aroused too late by the horn of Roland, arrived in all haste, but he found on the field of battle only the bodies of his twelve peers and their valorous companions.

The body of Roland was embalmed in wine and aromatic plants, and transported to Blaye, where it was interred. His cor d'oliphant, or trumpet of ivory, was placed at his feet, his sword suspended above his head. Later the "oliphant" was transferred to the Collegiate Church of St. Seurin, at Bordeaux, and his sword to Roc Amadour.

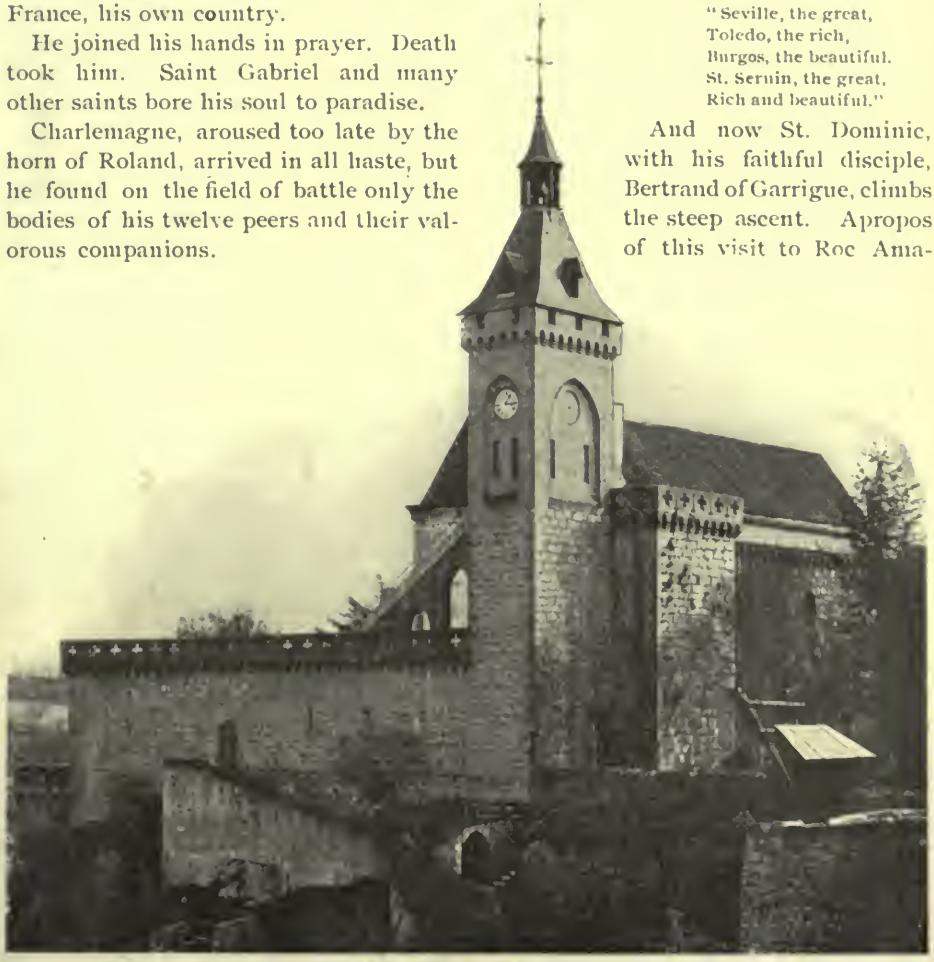
The preux paladin had given it to our Lady, and his noble companions restored it.

Besides Knight Roland we have St. Martial of Limoges, St. Sernin or Saturninus of Toulouse, the fame of whose church surpasses that of all churches, it is claimed.

Mark the saying:

"Seville, the great,
Toledo, the rich,
Burgos, the beautiful.
St. Sernin, the great,
Rich and beautiful."

And now St. Dominic, with his faithful disciple, Bertrand of Garrigue, climbs the steep ascent. Apropos of this visit to Roc Ama-



THE CASTLE, ROC AMADOUR.

dour in 1219, one reads the charming legend in the saint's life, called *St. Dominic and the German Pilgrims.*

One of the most precious ex-votos of Roc Amadour represents Monsieur and Madame de Salignac de Lamothe-Fénelon, at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, offering to her, in its cradle, the child that was one day to become the celebrated Archbishop of Cambrai. They had obtained the infant's cure from our Lady of Roc Amadour, and brought the child to be dedicated to her forever as an act of gratitude and love.

So great was Madame Fénelon's devotion to this shrine, that she desired, by will, to be buried there, and left £3,000 as capital for a foundation. This was in 1691.

The Castle of Salignac was owned from time immemorial by the family of the Archbishop. The famous Jesuit, Odo de Gissey, on the faith of an ancient manuscript, assures us that St. Martial in his journeys through Aquitaine, found hospitality beneath their roof. "Remark," he says, "what benedictions the Lord bestows on virtuous houses; for the race of Salignac is not yet extinct." "What would he have said had he lived to witness the fame and holiness of the saintly Archbishop," adds another historian. In comparison to what might be said of paramount interest in regard to this sanctuary and pilgrimage, what is here set down is no more than the straw that indicates the direction. The pious pilgrim must see the holy site, without doubt the most majestic in all France. He must climb the calvary, and kneel within the grottoes. He must see for himself the interior and the exterior of the seven sanctuaries, each more curious than the other. He must see the ancient window preserved from the flames, and the miraculous bell, that is said to have belonged to St Amadour, and which, according to well attested documents, was known to have rung of itself when sailors in danger on the sea called upon the name of our Lady of Roc Amadour, whose fame was so great that the Bretons erected a sanctuary to Notre Dame de Roc Amadour on the coast of Brittany, near Brest.

Its antiquity is self-evident.

A finely chiselled silver monstrance is also shown as one of the treasures preserved from the pillage of the Huguenots.

The chapels are under the following invocations:

I. Miraculous Chapel of Our Lady.
II St. Michel.
IV. St. Sauveur.
V. St. Amadour.
VI. SS. Blaise and Jean Baptiste.
VII. SS. Joachim and Anne.

The sanctuaries of Roc Amadour were surrounded by tombs. It was a great privilege to be interred there. The bodies of pilgrims were carried a great distance to find sepulture at the feet of our Lady of Roc Amadour. The clergy at one time feared that the privilege was being abused and would have put a stop to it, but Pope Alexander III. declared by a Bull that "Sepulture at Roc Amadour should be left free." Among the tombs of note was that of an English princess.

When the sign or seal of Notre Dame de Roc Amadour commonly called "Sportelles" was worn by pilgrims it procured them a free passage through camps, even in the midst of war. There are only two or three in existence. This seal is also the arms of the Church of Roc Amadour.

An ancient reliquary of gilded wood containing the relics of St. Amadour has been carefully restored and holds the place of honor above the altar in the saint's chapel.

This chapel is always the second to be visited by pious pilgrims. Immediately after paying homage to the Mother of God they descend to pay honor to the first solitary of Gaul.

On our way back to the station we saw the curious road by which we had reached the famous Roc. On the right hand and the left, stone and nothing but stone. From the vast mountain slopes, gray and bare for the most part, we looked to the

INTERIOR OF THE MIRACULOUS CHAPEL, ROC AMADOUR.

fields stretching afar ; they were fields of stone, stone everywhere, hedges, bridges, hills, houses, and yet the road was delightful in spite of its stony aspect. We left it with regret that would have been deeper, perhaps, had not our next destination been the Grottoes of St. Anthony of Padua.

AFIELD.

By P. J. Coleman.

Trouble hence and care begone!
  This rich hour I call mine own.
Here are nobler things, untold,
  Than the grasping after gold.

Want and woe their sorrows lift,
  I am with my soul adrift
Where the buccaneering bees
  Rob the field's flow'r—argosies.

With her vague, illusive smile
  Down yon leafy forest aisle
Spring allures me, gone ere seen,
  Vanishing in coverts green:

Works her ancient miracle,
  Why or how I may not tell;
Understand not, yet perceive,
  Humbly bow and cry "believe."

Tracing her in mead or lawn,
  Who the holy veil hath drawn
From her sacred mysteries,
  Hid from sacrilegious eyes:

Of thy knowledge, say, my heart
  By what thought—transcending art
Doth she work her mighty task!
  Ah! 'tis vain to seek or ask.

Solve me in what magic crypt,
  In old necromancy dipt,
Do the craftsmen of the wold
  Forge the lily's crown of gold!

Of what magic alchemy
  Comes the sweet anemone;
How the spirits of the breeze
  Weave the wood's rich tapestries:

By what wisdom doth the flower
  Know its heaven-appointed hour,
Wakes and wisely thrusteth up
  To the dew its dainty cup;

Working by what weird device
  Doth the bird, with instinct nice,
Build such pensile house in air
  As is shrewdest man's despair.

Peace! to what a petty span
  Shrinks the straitened mind of man,
Musing here, where Nature's law
  Worketh—wondrous things of awe.

Sense or reason strive in vain
  These to compass or explain.
Faith alone can here discern
  Wisdom, ancient and eterne.

Yea! the lowliest weeds declare,
  Trumpet-tongued the sleepless care
Of the Providence whose love
  Hovers o'er us from above.

LEO XIII. AND THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

WHATEVER other attributes history will vindicate to our great Pontiff, Leo XIII., it will surely not deny him that of peacemaker. Whatever criticisms his enemies may pronounce against him as the ruler of Christendom, they cannot but acknowledge that his policy has been conciliatory. This conciliatory spirit has been manifested particularly in his efforts for the reunion of Christians in the East as well as in the West

This sweet spirit of peace characterizes, in an especial manner, the Pope's action towards those Anglicans who have manifested a desire of reunion. The movement towards reunion in the Anglican Establishment was brought about in a remarkable manner. A French divine of somewhat liberal tendencies wrote a book in defence of the validity of Anglican Orders, the tenor of which, to the more conservative schools of theology, appeared to savor somewhat of rashness, as reflecting on the position held by the Church for over three hundred years. The Church, for good reasons, from the very outset, regarded Anglican Orders not even as doubtfully valid. Hence every Anglican minister, who was admitted to the priesthood in the Catholic Church, was simply reordained unconditionally. The fact that the contrary opinion was not at once condemned by the Pope inspired a certain class of Anglicans with confidence in Leo XIII., which resulted in the overtures of reunion made by Lord Halifax and his followers.

Their proposals were kindly reciprocated by His Holiness, and led to the Encyclical *ad Anglos*, in which he only exhorted all Catholics and Protestants to pray for the reunion of all Christians in one fold and under one shepherd. This Encyclical was well received by English-speaking Protestants all the world over. The next step was the appointment of a commission to discuss the validity of Anglican Orders, in which both sides were represented and respectfully heard. The outcome of this discussion has not yet been given to the public, nor is it quite certain that it ever will, as no formal declaration is needed in the matter. It will be a sufficient manifestation of the Church's teaching if she goes on to reordain Anglican ministers as before; and, to judge by all the arguments which the controversy has brought to light, it is not rash to anticipate that the Church in these proceedings has found no good reason to change her policy.

These acts of conciliation on the part of Leo XIII., while they filled all those that were eager for unity with confidence, seemed to foster an overweening hope of compromise in the hearts of those who had little conception of what constituted true unity, and of the nature of true unity Lord Halifax and his party from the very outset displayed profound ignorance. Hence the undue stress laid on Anglican Orders and other side issues, while the great essential points of unity were left out of sight.

This trend of thought among Anglicans is thus described by His Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan, in a letter to the *Times*, on occasion of the publication of the Pope's recent Encyclical: "Some of our countrymen," says His Eminence, "think that corporate reunion may be achieved on the basis of an amicable federation of independent communities calling themselves Christian. Others are for tying up what they call the Roman, Greek and Anglican branches or obediences into one, yet so that each shall be independent of the others. Others believe that corporate reunion

may be attained by professing all the doctrines taught by the See of Rome with exceptions. Others again would regard the Church of Christ as an invisible creation internally, uniting all good men in the bonds of faith and charity, while externally all such bonds are cruelly rent asunder."

To dissipate all those misconceptions and illusions a word from Rome was necessary. Rome has spoken and the phantoms have disappeared. While Mr. Gladstone, in labored phrase, was ventilating his views and speculations—which apparently are identical with those of Lord Halifax—the Pope anticipated them by his Encyclical on *Christian Unity*.

While the former Encyclical was wholly exhortatory, this latter one is entirely doctrinal. It is addressed, not like the former, to the people, but to the body of the Episcopacy throughout the world. It embodies the entire teaching of Scripture and tradition on the constitution and unity of the Church.

The Church is a *visible body*—the visible body of Christ, according to the Apostle—founded by Christ on His Apostles, having an invisible soul. "From this it follows that those who arbitrarily conjure up and picture to themselves a hidden and invisible church are in grievous and pernicious error; as are those who regard the Church as a human institution, which claims a certain obedience in discipline and external duties, but which is without a perennial communication of the gifts of divine grace, and without all that which testified by constant and undoubted signs of the existence of that life which is drawn from God."

The Church is *one*. "Since the foundation and constitution of the Church is a positive act of Christ," says the Pope, "the entire case must be judged by what was actually done," not by what Christ might have done. "But when we consider what was actually done, we find that Jesus Christ did not, in point of fact, institute a church to embrace several communities similar in nature, but in themselves distinct, and lacking those bonds which render the Church one and indivisible after that manner in which in the creed we profess: 'I believe in one Church.'" Of this one body, of which the invisible head is Jesus Christ, the Apostle says: "All the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body; so also is Christ." It is "one body and one spirit." Christ Himself prayed "that they may also be one in us (Himself and the Father), . . . that they may be made perfect in one, that they all may be one as thou, Father, in me and I in thee."

But Christ wished in His Church, not only unity of constitution, but also unity of *faith*: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Hence a living authoritative and perpetual *magisterium* (teaching office) was necessary. "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; . . . and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." "I will ask the Father, and he shall give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you forever, the Spirit of truth." This mission and promise were not destined for the Apostles alone, but for their successors to the end of time. In them—that is, in the Bishops of the Church—this teaching office is perpetuated. "As Christ was sent by God and the Apostles by Christ, so the bishops and those who succeeded them were sent by the Apostles."

To these teachers He promised His abiding assistance and the Spirit of truth, so that they cannot err in teaching His revealed doctrine. Hence arises the obligation of believing without exception whatever they propose to us as revealed truth, according to the teaching of the Vatican Council: "All those things are to be believed by divine and Catholic faith, which are contained in the written or unwritten word of God, and which are proposed by the Church as divinely revealed, either by a solemn definition or in the exercise of its ordinary and universal teaching office."

But Christ made His Apostles and their successors not only the infallible teachers of truth, but also the dispensers of the divine mysteries and the pastors and rulers of His Church. Them He commissioned to "preach the Gospel," to "baptize," to offer the holy Sacrifice "in commemoration" of Him, to "forgive sins," to "feed," that is, to rule His flock. Hence the Apostles and their successors are true rulers to whom the faithful owe obedience. "Therefore" the Pope concludes, "the Church is a *society*, divine in its origin, supernatural in its end and in the means it proximately adopted to the attainment of that end; but it is a human community inasmuch as it is composed of men."

In this society Christ established a *supreme authority* in St. Peter, to whom he gave universal jurisdiction over His church. On Peter He built His Church, as on the *rock* against which the gates of hell should not prevail. To Peter He gave the *keys* of His kingdom. To Peter He gave charge to *feed His lambs and His sheep*, that is, His entire flock. St. Peter He commanded to "*strengthen his brethren.*" This same office and power are inherited by the Roman Pontiffs, the successors of St. Peter.

But also the *bishops*, the successors of the Apostles, belong essentially to the constitution of the Church; for He who chose Peter as the head of His Church chose also the twelve whom "He called Apostles" and perpetuated them in the bishops of the Church, whence they are the ordinary pastors of their dioceses. But whatever power they possess they have received dependently on Peter. "It is necessary to bear this in mind, that nothing was conferred on the Apostles apart from Peter, but that several things were conferred on Peter apart from the Apostles. Christ constituted Peter, not only pastor, but pastor of pastors; Peter therefore feeds the lambs and feeds the sheep, feeds the children and feeds the mothers, governs the subjects and rules the prelates, since the lambs and the sheep form the whole of the Church."

Hence it follows that those bishops who separate themselves from Peter, that is, his successor, *cease to be successors of the Apostles*, being detached from the foundation, segregated from the chief pastor. They therefore forfeit all jurisdiction in Christ's Church. "But the Episcopal Order," says Leo XIII., "is rightly judged to be in communion with Peter, as Christ commanded, if it be subject to and obey Peter; otherwise it necessarily becomes a lawless and disorderly crowd. It is not sufficient for the due preservation of unity of the faith that the head should merely have been charged with the office of superintendent, or should have been invested solely with a power of direction. But it is absolutely necessary that he should have received real and sovereign authority, which the whole community is bound to obey."

Nor does this supreme power of the Sovereign Pontiff detract in aught from the dignity of the episcopate. For the Roman Pontiffs, mindful of their duty, wish above all things that the divine constitution of the Church should be maintained. Therefore, as they defend, with all necessary care and vigilance, their own authority, so they have also labored, and will continue to labor, that the authority of the bishops may be upheld. Nay, they look upon whatever honor and obedience is given to the bishops as paid to themselves. "My honor," wrote St. Gregory, "is the honor of the universal Church. My honor is the strength and stability of my brethren. Then I am honored when due honor is given to every one."

Such is the tenor of the Pope's latest Encyclical on the reunion of Christendom. We regret that lack of space does not permit us to analyze it more fully. While we earnestly exhort all our readers to procure a copy of the English translation and make it a subject of special study, we trust that this present

sketch will enable them at once to perceive the Pope's idea of Christian unity. It is the unity of organization established by Christ on St. Peter, the supreme head of the Church and his successors, and the Apostles and their successors, united with Peter in the bond of subordination and obedience. It is the unity of faith founded upon the infallible teaching office of Peter and the other Apostles united with him. It is the unity of worship, founded on the eternal priesthood established by Christ in St. Peter and the Apostles, and transmitted to us in their lawful successors. This is the basis of true union. Any attempt at reunion on any other lines is illusory.

That is the effect of the Encyclical. It completely dissipates all prejudices and vain hopes, whether within or without the pale of the Church. We trust, then, that those who feel themselves called to treat this question in future, whether in the pulpit, on the platform, or in the press, will seek the basis of reunion, not in their own fancies, but in this magnificent authentic document. Thus they will avoid the unenviable blunder of stultifying themselves and treating their hearers or readers to empty and meaningless platitudes instead of substantial truth.

To judge by the comments of the press thus far to hand, the Pope's Encyclical has been respectfully received and has had the desired effect—the entire dissipation of the vain hopes of those who expected large concessions from Leo XIII. The sentiment of the press and of the public at large—outside the Church—seems to be fairly voiced by the *London Times:*

"Like the Epistle *ad Anglos*," says the *Times*, "this declaration of Papal policy is dignified, temperate, and charitable. But even more than the former utterance of the Roman Pontiff, it makes it clear that in no single particular of doctrine or of discipline will the claims of the Papal See be relaxed to meet the aspirations of what is known as reunion among a section of those bred up in the faith of the Church of England. The Pope leaves those who persisted in misinterpreting his original letter no shadow of an excuse for their delusion. The terms on which alone reunion is declared to be possible are plain and simple. They are a complete and unhesitating acceptance, not only of the primacy, but of the paramount and absolute predominance of the Roman Pontiff over all professing to belong to the Christian Church, the entire submission of the heart and mind, the intelligence and conscience of Christendom to the decrees of the Papal See. . . . Leo XIII. invites those sheep who are not of the fold to listen to his voice and to obey his paternal charity. We know not whether there are any to whom this appeal will seem reasonable. If so, their path is plain enough. But the pretence can no longer be maintained that reconciliation with the Church of Rome does not involve renunciation of the Church of England."

While the Encyclical completely removes every illusion from the minds of those outside the Church, it is hoped that it will also direct the conduct of those within the Church who are actively engaged in the meritorious work of reunion. Here they have a model of zeal, straightforwardness, moderation, simplicity and directness, which cannot fail in the long run to win the respect, confidence and approval of outsiders.

AN ACADIAN HERO.

By M. A. Taggart.

THERE is a point of land in the southern part of Nova Scotia, not many miles from Cape Sable, called Pubnico. It is long and narrow, bleak and unproductive, its waters yielding the support of its inhabitants, but it has a history.

Hither, in 1651, came Phillippe d'Entremont, a gentleman of Normandy, to whom Charles de la Tour, whose lieutenant he was, had given this tract, under the title of Seigneur and baron of *Pobomcoup* — since corrupted into Pubnico.

When, a hundred years later, the expulsion of the Acadians by the English took place, Pubnico shared the fate of the other Acadian settlements. The story of Grand Pré, as Longfellow has made it familiar to us all, is but a picture, and a faint picture of the suffering of each peaceful village.

Grand Pré was burned, and its helpless people scattered in the autumn of 1755; in the spring of 1756 Pubnico was raided, the houses destroyed, and her sons and daughters carried into exile, or driven into the woods.

Among those who shared the former fate was one of the d'Entremonts, descendant of the Phillippe who came with La Tour from France, and through the mother's side, from La Tour himself. With his three sons, Joseph, Paul and Benoni, he was brought to Boston, where three years later he died.

After twelve years had elapsed, the sons, filled with the love and longing for their sterile native land, which the unfortunate Acadian exiles seem never to have lost, made their way back to the strip of earth washed on both sides of its slender width by the sea, which had been Pubnico, and began as their fathers had begun, to found an Acadian village. Their work was successful; their descendants to-day are numerous on the point, living almost exactly the lives of those who returned from exile a century and a half ago.

While the winds whistled through the spruce and hemlock trees outside, I sat in a big Acadian kitchen, its painted floor and ample fireplace as brightly clean as any New England housewife could make it, and listened to the following story of the courage of Paul and Benoni d'Entremont from the lips of Paul's great-grandson.

Thus told and heard it was most interesting, and perhaps even under different circumstances may be worth relating; at least it has the merit of being absolutely true.

* * *

It was a bright day in late November, in the year 1778. Pubnico harbor rippled in the fresh wind, and crisp wavelets broke around the rocks of its many pretty islands.

Paul d'Entremont leaned on his gun, and looked about him with profound satisfaction. Ten years had passed since he, his two brothers, and a few kinsfolk had returned from exile, and already how much had been accomplished. Comfortable little houses shone out white against the dark pines in all directions, gardens flourished as well as soil and climate permitted, and the Acadian village they had dreamed of was assured. Not that all was smiling; they held their land on uncertain tenure, for the English Government had never done more than tolerate their return, and persistently refused the guarantees of ownership and protection she gave to settlers of English blood.

And now that the War of Independence raged in the States, Acadians were doubly unfortunate, being liable to plun-

dering invasions from American privateers, who regarded them as British subjects, which they were, though chiefly as far as penalties, not benefits, were concerned.

Thus unprotected by the government to which they owed allegiance, they yet suffered in her cause at the hands of her former oppressed colonies. An abiding sorrow, too, every Acadian bore in his heart, for some of their nearest and dearest had been torn from them in the expulsion, never to be reunited except by death.

Paul d'Entremont sighed as he looked on his little home, as the thought of his sisters and cousins came to him. They were dragging out an existence of misery, and extreme poverty in Cherbourg, having made their way to Normandy, the cradle of their race, and Paul drew from his pocket a well worn letter, reading again, with tears in his eyes, the following passage :

"My distance from you, my dear cousin, has never removed you from my memory, in spite of the pains, the sorrows and the sickness which I have endured in this country. May it please God one day to permit us to leave it, and give us the grace to rejoin you. This will be the greatest of my desires, and it shall endure as long as I live, because while I am in this world I shall never forget the loss of our country. Ah, well, my dear cousin, it is necessary to hope always in God's mercy ; all is possible to Him, He separated us, He can bring us together again, and place us once more in possession of our goods as we were before, and perhaps in better state, through the changes which have taken place. In this confidence, I am, with perfect attachment, and the most sincere friendship, my dear cousin,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

"Etienne d'Entremont.

"Cherbourg, March 8, 1775 "

Paul folded the letter, and put it slowly back. "Well," he said to himself, "it cannot be long before they receive our last remittance of their share in the skins and silver, which we dug up from the hiding place where they had lain since we were carried off. Benoni must soon return from St. Pierre, and perhaps he will bring us another letter from the Curé." For the exiles communicated with their relatives through the medium of the priest of St. Pierre, Newfoundland, and Benoni d'Entremont was even then away on a trip there, having carried money to be forwarded by the Curé to relieve his less fortunate sisters in Cherbourg.

Paul shook off the melancholy which was succeeding the pleasure with which he viewed his possessions, and had turned to go into the house, when Benoni's little boy came running across the field, shouting :

"Mon oncle, oncle Paul, venez icite," which to this day is the Acadian way of saying *venez ici*.

Paul paused ; he was dignified in deportment, and like most middle-aged Acadians did not permit himself hurry or excitement, so awaited where he stood the child's approach.

The little boy did not share his uncle's calmness. "There is a ship past the mouth of the harbor, she is almost up ; my mother says she is an American privateer," he cried eagerly.

Paul's face changed ; instantly there flashed upon him a realization of the peril which such coming meant to his and his brother's households, of which he was the sole guardian in Benoni's absence.

"Tell your mother I will do my best," he said laconically, and continued his way to the house with quickened step.

To yoke his oxen was the first task, hastily performed. A puncheon of molasses, containing 120 gallons, and valuable in that day and place, he rolled out to his sled, and by a prodigious effort of strength and will got it on unaided. Never had the slow beasts seemed so slow to Paul as the pace of his oxen, as he drove them into the woods, where he

concealed them and his molasses. Dignity was laid aside as he ran back to his home, leaping over fallen timber, and praying all the saints for time.

There was money in the houses, 900 dollars in all, for Paul and Benoni had prospered in trading and fishing, and the invaders would make a good haul if they were successful.

This money Paul stowed away in the walls, and had only just returned from driving the cattle into concealment, when the bronzed faces of the enemy were seen through the trees as they clambered up the shore.

A hasty glance around showed only a piece of cloth left unguarded, and this Paul threw on a chair, ordering a maid servant, whose dullness he hoped would be her protection, to sit on it, concealing it with her skirts.

"It is an old ruse, but may work once more," he said, snatching his guns from the rack, and rushing out of the door, thinking since he could not defend them, being one man against many, the women and children were safer without his presence to inflame his enemies' wrath. For to the credit of these American pirates, for such they practically were, be it said they plundered only, and never laid hands on such helpless foes.

The preparations were completely successful; from his place of concealment among the trees Paul had the satisfaction of seeing the invaders depart empty-handed as they came, and as the setting sun lighted up the mouth of Pubnico's pretty harbor, Paul, with his women folk about him, and his household goods intact, watched the embrowned and patched sails of the privateer as she sailed eastward, leaving for the nonce the little community in peace.

But the chapter of that raid upon the Acadians was not closed, and its sequel was both droll and dramatic.

Five days had passed, and Benoni d'Entremont, returning safely from his voyage to Newfoundland, was passing Lockport in his schooner, the "Bonaventure," when he descried the sails of an approaching vessel. Thinking her one of the fishermen of the region, he lay to, awaiting her coming, glad, after his long absence, of a chance to learn the news of those from whom he had been so long separated.

As she bore rapidly down on him, he saw his mistake, but too late for escape. She was an American privateer, whose captain must certainly be chuckling at the simplicity that had aided the capture of the "Bonaventure"

Surprised as he was, capture was inevitable, and cursing his own stupidity, which made him a victim, almost at his own door, after the perils of his long voyage, Benoni awaited, with what philosophy he could summon, the result of that meeting.

It was not long in coming; the privateer ran alongside the "Bonaventure," the irons grappled the unfortunate schooner, and was instantly boarded, and in the hands of her enemies.

The captain of the privateer laughed long and noisily when he learned Benoni's name and destination.

"Why, we were at your house five days ago," he said. "We found it pretty bare, and being pressed for time could not spend long searching for the stuff we were sure your folks had hid somewhere. However, you've likely got enough that you're bringing home on board this schooner to pay for the loss, and I'm sure, being polite like all Frenchmen, you're glad you met us to make up for the coolness they showed us at your house when you were away."

Benoni ground his teeth angrily at this banter, but made no reply. The captain laughed again.

"Well, never mind; I guess you're somewhat riled now," he said. "Well, men, we don't want these folks, I guess. We'll take the schooner, and we'll take her pilot to guide us, and we'll divide up. Some of us'll go on in our ship, and some of us'll sail around these

"THERE IS A SHIP PAST THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOR."

waters makin' friendly calls on His Majesty's subjects on the *Bonaventoor*, that means *good chance*, don't it? It's a real nice name for this boat, kinder sootable too, an' we'll just sail in nearer shore, an' set Mr. D. Entrymont—I believe you said that was your name—an' his friends out in the water, an' let 'em swim to land."

And this was done. Benoni, cold in body and hot in spirit, reached the shore, from which he could see the "Bonaventure" cruising about with all the hard-earned results of his voyage and labor on board, as well as his friend Kinney, whom they had retained as pilot, and the sight made his blood boil, as he swore to be revenged.

The sun went down in a blaze of glory. It had been a warm day, St. Martin's summer, as the Acadians knew it—Indian summer, as we of American blood say—and the light breeze that had sent in the tide in long, low waves, ceased with the setting of the sun.

The "Bonaventure," overtaken by the calm, anchored for the night two miles from shore. It was an opportunity, and a desperate plan had formed in Benoni's mind.

The Acadian, as the history of the expulsion and all subsequent experience of him shows, is slow, peace-abiding, almost fatalistic in his unresisting endurance of present ills, but when he is aroused, like most slow natures, he is capable of strong wrath.

Benoni d'Entremont, according to the stories handed down to him, was quicker in action than most of his race, nimble-witted, daring, a man of good education for that day, upright, just, and God-fearing, giving all men their rights, and prompt to defend his own.

The plan that he had resolved upon was brave to rashness, the alternative result, success or death. It was, in a word, to row out under cover of the night, board, and recapture the "Bonaventure" while her captors were still sleeping. In this daring scheme only two men were found bold enough to join; these were John Locke of Lockport, and another Kinney, a brother of the pilot detained on the "Bonaventure" to guide her in her new career of pillage.

Undismayed by the smallness of the force, Benoni undertook to carry out his design. The three men gathered on the shore, muffled their oars and launched their dory. But before they stepped on board Kinney and Locke placed their hands in Benoni's and swore to obey him even to death, which indeed seemed likely to await them two miles hence, at the side of the "Bonaventure," rising black through the darkness.

Locke and Kinney silently took the oars, each with his gun at his right hand across the seat, and Benoni placed himself in the stern, gun cocked, eye and ear alert, ready to shoot any one who might appear on deck, for though justice and not revenge was their mission, it was save who can that night.

Without a word, obeying Benoni's gesture guiding their course, the rashly intrepid trio rowed over the gloomy waters.

Their one fear was lest Kinney be left on deck to watch, and they should shoot their friend in mistake for a foe; but this fear was not realized, for the deck was deserted.

Such favorable carelessness can only be explained by the fact that Benoni had brought back from Newfoundland some of the strong run from St. Pierre, which to this day, smuggled into port by sailors, occasionally raised havoc with the temperate folk on shore, unaccustomed to such beverage, and the captors of the "Bonaventure" had celebrated their victory by drinking bumpers of it and were slumbering as only good spirits, and strong ones can make men slumber.

The attack was thus greatly simplified, and the three men made fast to the stern of the "Bonaventure" without being discovered.

Taking their guns in their teeth they clambered up her sides, and then, at a

signal from their leader, sprang on deck with a shout, and noise which seemed to the sleepers below like thirty men, not three.

Rushing to the companion-way, Benoni, in terms far from complimentary, demanded the surrender of all below.

Dazed with the shouts and firing of guns, heavy with liquor and sleep, and thinking themselves overpowered, the crew never dreamed of resisting.

Knowing them to be well armed, Benoni commanded them to hand up their guns, which command was at once obeyed, while cries for mercy from below mingled with the stamping and firing which Locke and Kinney were keeping up on deck, perspiring in their effort to make two men sound like twenty.

"Time enough to talk of mercy when you are before the magistrates," replied Benoni, sternly, stifling his desire to laugh. "Send up Kinney, with hammers and nails, but if any other man shows his head, I'll blow it off."

Kinney responded with alacrity, and nearly fell back in amazement when he saw only his brother, Locke and Benoni.

"Well, I'll—" he began, but Benoni interrupted him. "Tais-toi; shut up! Nail up the companion-way," he shouted. "Here John, Bill, Ned, Jacques, come here and lend a hand. We'll head up the barrel, and take the herring into Shelburne to be salted."

Then, his task accomplished, Benoni and his three friends sat down to wait, with no small joy and pride, for day to bring them wind enough to sail to the shire town, the then most important city of Nova Scotia, to present to the magistrates the trophies of their night's work.

Daylight brought the desired breeze, and the "Bonaventure," whose adventures had certainly been noteworthy in twenty-four hours, weighed anchor.

It was a sight that brought out the citizens of Shelburne, to behold three men conducting, through the streets of the pretty town, three or four times their number, sullen and ashamed when they saw by how few they had been taken.

A consultation among the magistrates as to the fate of the marauders brought out diversity of opinion, but the wish of their captor, Benoni, had weight. He, with true Acadian preference for milder methods, protested against hanging them, as the fiercer, or those who had suffered severely from privateers, insisted upon doing, claiming that it was sufficient punishment to strip them of arms and booty, and let them go free, to find their way back as best they could, to their native soil. This sentence was executed. The invaders were given sixty minutes in which to take themselves off, and the chief magistrate added a timely hint that, if they were found later lingering in the neighborhood, they would be hanged. They undoubtedly preferred the former alternative, for, with this hint, all record of them disappears from this veracious history, nor does the memory of the town of Shelburne hold aught about their violent end.

It was two weeks from the day on which the story opens that Benoni's little son came once more running across the fields, shouting: "Mon oncle, oncle Paul," and again it was to announce a sail. But this time it was no enemy which slowly passed the lighthouse on the east side of Pubnico harbor, but the "Bonaventure," wending her way home in stately beauty, after her stormy northern trip.

* * *

It all happened more than a century ago, but still the schooners from the Great Banks come slowly home to Pubnico; still the waters of the little harbor break with their ripples the long reflections of the solemn hemlocks; still its shores echo to the French tongue; still a remnant of Acadian life remains, and the descendants of Paul and Benoni d'Entremont recall with pride the courage and endurance of their ancestors.

THE SEVEN HOLY SLEEPERS.

By Rev. G. O'Connell, S.J.

THE seven holy sleepers of Ephesus entered into their miraculous slumber when Decius was Emperor, and, during the long roll of the centuries awakened not till Theodosius II., sat on the throne of the Eastern Empire. Pious Catholics have often heard their story, and have often prayed to them when deprived of refreshing slumber. Still, like the story of all the saints, its repetition, far from wearying, ought only to excite our piety anew. Every miracle is worked by God for some sublime purpose. He would show His abhorrence, perhaps, of a certain sin. He would give a public proof of the sanctity of some of His servants, or He would force on doubting minds a conviction of the truth of some doctrine. So this miraculous sleep of our heroes helped to strengthen the faithful to believe in the resurrection of the dead. Let us hear it, then, with a little of the love of its many historians.

I.

Decius was a fierce and unscrupulous devotee of the gods. He had reached the summit of human power by slaying in battle his predecessor, Philip, who himself had murdered the virtuous Gordian, and now he sought to signalize his reign by destroying the Christian religion. In vain six emperors before him had sought the same impious end. Their failure moved him not, and at the altar of his monstrous deities, patrons of every vice, Christians paid in countless numbers with their hearts' best blood for their worship of their crucified Saviour.

As soon as his dreadful edict—"Sacrifice to the gods or die"—reached Ephesus, our heroes were dragged before the Emperor and denounced as Christians. They were seven sturdy brothers, and their names were Constantine, Denis, John, Serapion, Maximian, Malchus and Marcian.

They boldly confessed the faith, but Decius, he scarcely knew why, allowed them a respite of several days, to renounce, if they would, their resolution at the prospect of a horrible death. They employed it instead in distributing all they possessed to the poor. Then, clambering up Mount Celion, they hid themselves in a cavern, to await in peace and prayer the coming of better days.

One evening Malchus stole down to the city disguised as a physician. The news he heard gave him small consolation. Decius was furious at their escape and had given orders that they be hunted down like beasts and be compelled to offer the pagan sacrifice. He had even threatened their parents with execution unless they revealed their hiding-place, but the aged couple could only answer that their sons had divided their goods among the poor and had disappeared.

Hastily buying some provisions, Malchus returned to his brethren, who increased their prayers at the tidings he brought. Tired, by and by, as even the saddest and most fearful will become, they sought relief in slumber. Commending themselves to Christ and His martyrs, they stretched themselves along the stony floor and were soon lost in profound sleep. Little they thought, as their eyelids closed, of the sacred mission God was saving for them.

The soldiers of Decius scoured the country, far and wide, to discover the fugitives. At last they ascended the mountain and entered one of its wildest glens. Here they came upon the half hidden mouth of the cavern.

"Ho, ho!" cried one of the band,

"perhaps the rascally Christians are hiding within; but," he added, hesitating, "night is on us and, by the gods, it were no pleasant task to explore these frowning recesses!"

"If that is their den they shall stay there," cruelly laughed the leader. "Block up the entrance with stones, and let them die in the spot they have chosen."

The inhuman mandate was quickly obeyed. Great boulders were piled across the opening and rolled in deep enough and wedged so securely as to prevent all possible escape. The soldiers then withdrew, and the good Malchus and his brothers were soon forgotten by their persecutors. The Christians, on the other hand, revered their memory as martyrs, not knowing, however, that they had been shut up in the cavern as in a living tomb.

The judgment of God overtook the impious Decius. In a war with the Goths he was betrayed into a great swamp, where he and his army perished miserably. His successor, Gallus, continued the persecution of the Church, and met with an equally wretched ending. Æmilian was emperor only four months, when his troops rose up and murdered him. Next came Valerian, who started a fresh persecution, which lasted three years, and the hand of the Lord fell heavily upon him, so that he was flayed alive by the Persian King Sapor. Two persecutions more, under Aurelian and Diocletian, spent themselves in impotent fury against the Church of God. Thus throne after throne was set up, only to be tumbled again into the dust. New nations arose, and all the face of the earth underwent a mighty change; but the sleepers of Mount Celion slept on.

The illustrious Constantine finally mounted the Roman throne. A flaming cross in the sky, written round about with the Greek words: "In this sign shalt thou conquer," led him to embrace the true faith. With his powerful aid Christianity soon flourished the wide world over; but, alas, the ever active enemy of souls now made fresh assaults against the Church more dangerous than that of bloody persecution. Heresy and schism were now his insidious weapons to rend the seamless garment of Christ, and in the time of Theodosius II., who wore the imperial purple in the East, while Honorius ruled the Western Empire, many men were found who dared to deny the resurrection of the dead.

II.

The stones meantime had already been taken from the entrance to the cavern, where the seven sleepers slumbered. A neighboring farmer had carried them off to assist him in building a stable. Suddenly, one day, the sleepers awoke. It seemed but yesterday that they had lain down, and, unsuspecting the mighty changes that had been wrought in the outer world, Malchus started forth again to buy provisions. His brothers awaited his return in suspense, debating the chances of a change of heart in Decius.

We can easily fancy the amazement of Malchus at all he beheld. Instead of the well-known images of heathen gods, the sign of the cross saluted him everywhere. Instead of pagan temples, reeking with the slaughter of beeves, he passed a Christian church, through whose open portals floated out the chanting of Christ's own canticles. Could he be dreaming, or was he the victim of some unholy spell? He would purchase his bread as fast as possible and fly the place. But this was not so easily done.

Hardly had he entered a store and offered in payment some coins stamped with the image of Decius, when the baker hesitated and began to confer with his assistants in whispers. Had they penetrated his disguise? Would they drag him to the Emperor? He turned in haste to quit the store, when immediately they threw themselves upon him and held him fast.

"You must have found a treasure,"

they exclaimed, "tell us where it is, and we shall share it together. But, conceal it, and away you go with us before the judge."

More bewildered than ever, the youth could make no reply. Enraged at his silence, the bakers dragged him roughly away to the market-place, where a great mob soon surrounded him, and the story of a great hidden treasure spread through the town. Malchus was helpless. No friends were near, and in the excitement no one thought of explaining to him the cause of the disturbance. He might have fared ill at the hands of the mob, had not the news been carried to the Governor, Antipater, and to the Bishop, Martin.

Summoned before these officials, Malchus was ordered to tell where the treasure was, and where he himself resided. In vain he denied that he knew of any money except the few pieces in his purse, and asserted himself a citizen of Ephesus. He was thereupon ordered to name his relations, but in doing so, none such could be found.

"Tell us, then," demanded the Governor, now convinced that the youth was an impostor, "how you came by this money. It bears the image of Decius who died centuries ago. Acknowledge the truth, or a dungeon awaits you."

"Answer me first one question," replied the puzzled Malchus, "what became of Decius, and who is Emperor now?"

"My son," said the Bishop, "Decius was slain in battle against the Goths, and left a heritage of bitter persecution against the Church, which did not desist until the mighty Constantine ascended the throne and gave the Christians peace and power. Our present Emperor is the pious Theodosius the Second."

"Then am I lost for an explanation," continued Malchus. "It seems but yesterday that my six brothers and I fled from the pitiless Decius, and secreted ourselves in a cave on Mount Celion. We fell asleep and only awoke this morning to find all things transformed. Come and discover the truth with me."

The Bishop and the Governor granted his request, full of astonishment, and an immense multitude followed them up the mountain side to the cavern. There, indeed, they were overawed to find the six brothers kneeling in prayer, their faces aglow with youthful health and a heavenly radiance beaming on their countenances.

Their story was told in a moment or two. Its truth was evident beyond all doubt, and the Bishop and Governor and all the people joined the seven martyrs in a pæan of thanksgiving and wonder.

Theodosius himself was speedily informed of the miracle and hastened to the cavern. The moment he entered, the faces of the martyrs waxed as radiant as the sun, and, struck with their supernatural beauty, he embraced them with a transport of fervor.

"To behold you thus awakened," he exclaimed, "is for me as if I were present with our Saviour when He called back Lazarus to life."

"Sire," answered Maximin, "it is indeed to strengthen thy faith that Christ has restored us to life. We seven are but an image of all mankind. As we have risen from our slumber of centuries, so shall every man rise again. Doubt not, therefore, but tell thy people this story, and spread throughout the world thy testimony to the resurrection of the dead."

So saying, Maximin called to his brethren and bade them kneel again in prayer. In this attitude, even while the wondering people were still gazing upon them in awe, they sank sweetly into the slumber of death, to share forever the glory of Him to whose faith they had borne such miraculous testimony.

THE CHURCH OF THE CENACLE.

ECHOES FROM PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

By Rev. Joseph Zelle, S.J.

I.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PARAY.

IF Paray-le-Monial were only a little village of 4,000 inhabitants, of which there are 5,000 similar villages in France, everything relating to its characteristics would soon be told. There would be little need to tell them, for that matter, as they would be of no interest beyond its limits. Some family affairs, lucky or unlucky, some petty domestic or municipal quarrels, some trifling misdemeanors or faults, would complete the chronicle of the little town. One could, doubtless, reproduce, after two centuries, the portrait of the Parodians, as it was drawn in fine Latin verse by Father Francis Vavasseur, S.J.; who came from this part of the country. It runs thus:

In Paray you will find both citizens and sojourners
Not overlearned they, but withal gracious;
Not altogether idlers, yet not over busy;
By no means shining lights, nor ambitioning to be;
Not rich in sooth, but yet enough suffices;
Quite happy they, if lawsuits they avoid and live in peace.

Though not without epigrammatic point, this pen drawing of his townsmen would be too trifling to deserve the attention of the outside world.

Paray, therefore, is of more importance than its inhabitants, at least those of former times. Over this humble and tranquil city hover great memories which a Christian cannot forget. Here Jesus Christ has spoken to the whole world, by the intermediary of a poor religious, as He did in Palestine, by the ministry of His twelve apostles. There is doubtless a difference, but there is also a relation

between them. It is certain that the revelations of Palestine present a universal character, which appears unique in the history of the Church. They open new horizons to all humanity; they trace a complete plan of regeneration for modern society.

The Sacred Heart first manifested itself in this little town, to radiate everywhere as a sun of justice and love. The words of the prophet apply to Paray: "And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel." Yes, beyond those bells that call to prayer, beyond those cupolas that rise towards heaven, we see traced the route, whence shot the star, that is to vivify Christian souls the whole world over.

The luminous train of light stretches out more and more. When it shall have filled the whole earth with its splendor, a new era will have dawned. Paray, no doubt, will have its share in that triumph. But, till then, it must remain the Bethlehem, the birthplace of the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. This is a title that no one can dispute, and it is its glory, if we draw from it the natural consequences. We would say that to this centre it is befitting to attach the movement that went forth from it. This is perhaps more necessary than one thinks, to prevent deviation and errors. Are there not a thousand difficulties already in the way of making known the programme of the Sacred Heart, and having it accepted by men of good will?

Salvation was sought everywhere, while it was to be found only in the social reign of Jesus Christ.

Thank God, there is no more doubt, in that respect, among Catholics not blinded by prejudice. But it is at Paray that these fruitful ideas had their source, and it is still in the calm atmosphere of our sanctuaries that it shines the brightest, and to a degree evident to every soul that knows how to pray and to reflect.

It would be easy to prove that the most successful efforts, made with the view of regenerating the world, and particularly France, had their starting point in the city of the Sacred Heart. A man came there one day, urged by generous aspirations and pious sentiments. He knelt on the cold flagstone before the Altar of the Apparitions. He poured forth the noble desires of his soul, at the feet of Jesus in the Tabernacle. There he felt himself enlightened and encouraged. He heard an inward voice that said to him: "Go, I will be thy strength."

The pilgrim arose, and, in spite of a thousand obstacles, undertook one of those grand works which we cannot help admiring.

This story applies to the Apostleship of Prayer, as well as to the Communion of Reparation; to the magnificent idea of the National Pilgrimages, and to the beautiful work of the Cath-

MONASTERY OF THE CENACLE.

olic Press. These enterprises seemed hazardous and rash. They have succeeded, because the Heart of Jesus has bestowed upon them abundant benediction. What He has done, He will do again, for all who follow in the same way.

CHAPEL OF THE VISITATION.

II.

PILGRIMAGES.

Still the great movement of the masses is not directed towards Paray. It even seems as if it would be less favored than in preceding years. Different causes explain this falling off. France is preparing to celebrate the fourteenth centenary of the Baptism of Clovis. It is rather toward Rheims that looks and hearts are turned. We do not complain of this, for such celebrations can only reawaken in a greater number the idea of the reign of Christ. It is because they put Jesus Christ in His true place, by proclaiming Him supreme Chief, that the Franks formed the most solid and the most prosperous state in Christendom. If we would rebuild the past, we must reconstruct the edifice on this foundation. From that day the coronation city of the kings of France will recall the little city where the Heart of Jesus testified His desire to reign over individuals and over peoples that He might load them once more with His precious favors.

However, Paray-le-Monial keeps its usual pilgrims, its *habitués*. In fact, it has been remarked, that those who come, are, for the most part, those who have been here before. Their faith and love no more tire, than the divine Master tires, of enriching with His graces. Each year considerable groups respond to the initiative of prelates or fervent priests, who make it a duty to bring back their flock at regular intervals, to the shrine of the Sacred Heart. It is a whole district, or a whole diocese which unites in prayer and charity.

May 6, we saw, on its return from Lourdes, the usual pilgrimage of the inhabitants of the Jura, whom a goodly number of Swiss had joined—in all, more than eight hundred persons, of whom some sixty were priests. Among the latter were noticeable several religious, of the celebrated Abbey of Einsiedeln, and the famous hospital of the great St. Bernard. Mlle. Zemp, daughter of the late President of the Swiss Republic, was one of the nurses in charge of the sick pilgrims. It was marvellous to witness the animation and fervor of all these strong and energetic souls. We remarked in their hymns, all vibrating with love, some touching strophes, in form of a dialogue in which Jesus asks

for reparation and honor, and the choir promises them to Him in strongly emphatic terms.

Another very interesting pilgrimage took place May 1. They were the faithful Alsatians; they numbered 600. At their head was a good priest, of whom there are so many in that shred of France torn from the mother country. He came for the fifth time to visit our sanctuaries with his dear companions. It is a twofold happiness for them to tread the old French soil, and there pray to the Sacred Heart. They have strong faith in God's mercy, and also in a better future. When will the mourning banner that adorns the chapel of the Visitation be changed for a trophy of victory? When the Heart of Jesus wills it, or rather, when they deserve it. In the meantime, the fervor and the joy, the wishes and hopes of our "annexed" brothers break forth.

A humble young girl, ignorant of the French language, was seeking some one to whom she could express her pious wishes. We met her by chance, and listened to her plea to be allowed to remain in Paray, to take the very last place in the cloister, as a sister of Blessed Margaret Mary. For she said: "It is good for us to be here!"

According to their noble tradition, dating back twenty-three years, the town and diocese of Moulins will arrive on the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. The brave and pious bishop, Mgr. Dubourg, will doubtless be accompanied by many of his flock; he who is so beloved by the Sacred Heart and knows so well how to make that Heart loved.

From the days of Blessed Margaret Mary, Moulins has known, and accepted, the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. It is, moreover, the first town in France, which erected a church under this glorious title. It deserves to form the advance guard of honor for the great solemnity instituted by Christ Himself.

It is well known that a novena of preparation precedes this beautiful feast so beloved by all. This year the preacher will be Père Paggio, of the Society of Jesus.

III.

RETREATS.

Paray-le-Monial is, of all others, the city of quiet recollection and holy thoughts. The monks of Cluny, by whom it was founded, impressed this particular character upon it from the beginning, and it has only been the more accentuated by the divine manifestations. Where God has spoken it seems that the human voice should no longer echo, save to pray and chant His glory. It is a fact that all visitors are struck by the silence which ordinarily reigns in the little city. Even on days when crowds fill our streets and sanctuaries, there reigns a calm nowhere else to be found, or at least in such a degree.

The city of the Sacred Heart was, therefore, designed for a centre of spiritual retreats, where souls can renew their strength in the living waters of faith and charity, and thus it was that Père Victor Drevon, of whom it may be said that better than any one he understood the role and the destiny of Paray, made known this idea from the year 1874. It should be one of the principal wheels in the powerful organization he created. He made an appeal under this title: "The Apostles of the Sacred Heart of Jesus multiplying at the home of this devotion." We there read: "The numerous pilgrims, who in 1873, came to Paray-le-Monial to pray to the Sacred Heart, desired for the most part to visit those places sanctified by the divine apparitions." The priests, especially, have often expressed their desire to return to draw from the source of grace, and, finding themselves again at Paray, and again feeling a something such as captivated the Apostle St. Peter, when, on Thabor, he cried out, "It is good to be here," a great number of them would have prolonged their stay. They wished

to drink in, as it were, at their ease, and for a longer time, the holy inspirations, so abundant in the chapel of the Visitation. Many laymen also devoted to the practice of good works, feeling the need of being re-animated by the influence of the flames of the Sacred Heart, would have recourse to the same means, would warm themselves at the same hearth.

It is in response to these legitimate desires, and to the need of souls eager to draw water from the Saviour's fountains, that a house of retreats for men at Paray-le-Monial was proposed.

This happy thought was put into execution. The *Maison la Colombière* reunites each year, under the same roof that shelters the precious remains of the director of Blessed Margaret Mary, a goodly number of priests and laymen. Among the latter, humble workmen are the most numerous. *Montceau-les-Mines* has furnished nearly a thousand, whose perseverance is consoling, since it has furnished the elements for a fine congregation of men. Christian journalists have also come, to temper their swords anew, that they may combat more valiantly for Jesus Christ. We have recently had an excellent retreat made by the young men of Clermont, who will themselves be apostles by their example and fervor. Next will come gentlemen of the higher classes. Others will follow who, after receiving the graces of the Heart of Jesus will go forth to carry this sacred flame into different places, for retreats form apostles.

The *Cenacle* of Paray offers the same advantages for women. The religious of the retreat (*Les Dames de la Retraite*) multiply their zealous efforts with ever-increasing success. They invite all classes, the modest workwoman in shop or factory, as well as the great lady of the world. Their object is wholly apostolic : to gain every soul to Jesus Christ.

ENVIRONMENT.

By Rev. H. Van Rensselaer, S.J.

THOSE who are given to philosophizing nowadays on the state of society make what they call environment responsible both for good and evil results. Nor can it be denied that there is a great deal of truth in their assertions. It stands to reason that a person's surroundings must necessarily influence the formation of his character. It is so in the physical order and so it is in the moral order.

Take flower-seed and plant it in different soils, with different exposure and different care, the corresponding results will be different. Of course like every simile this one halts, for we can never start with any two or more infants alike in constitution and temperament, so that the common starting point which we have in the flower-seed is wanting. It is well to note this, for the apostles of the doctrine of environment are apt to ride their hobby to death. It is an important factor in man's development, but it is not responsible for everything. Let us, however, consider it, as it is in our own days, as a power for good or evil, as an ally or an enemy to the spiritual welfare of souls in the mixed society in which all the children of the Church are necessarily thrown in this country and age.

Let us start with a child of Catholic parents and suppose them to be practical, knowing their religion and living up to its rules and regulations. The child is sent to a Catholic school and receives a thorough education, both religious and secular. Regular attendance at Mass, monthly confession and communion are

the prescribed order. We might say truthfully that the influence is wholly Catholic.

The time comes, however, sooner or later, when non-Catholics enter the circle. They may be relations, friends, neighbors, fellow-workers, it matters not, the effect is that the young person gets to know by experience that there are a great many different kinds of Christianity. Perhaps these associates are good types of Protestantism, living up to the teachings of their sect as far as they know how. An impression is made on the young Catholic that these sects cannot be so very bad, since people who belong to them seem so very good. The Catholic does not realize that if Protestants are good, as undoubtedly very many are, it is not because they are Protestants, that is, protesters against Catholic truth, but because being Protestants they have a certain amount of Catholic truth and perhaps have received, if rightly administered, the sacrament of baptism with all the graces to which it entitles the recipients.

This important fact is generally lost sight of, and the good is attributed to Protestants as such, which is a grievous mistake; for to Protestants, as Protestants, should be attributed only what comes to them from their human founders, and not what comes to them from Christ through the Catholic Church, which consequently should of right be attributed to that Church. Thus any true belief in Christ is due, not to Luther, Henry VIII., Calvin, Knox, Wesley and the rest, but to the constant teaching of her who is "the pillar and ground of truth." Whereas the rejection of five out of the seven sacraments, and consequently the erroneous ideas about them, the false teaching about the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the real presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, the Communion of Saints, their veneration and intercession, purgatory and the holy souls, are to be attributed to the archheretics who founded the various sects to carry out their own peculiar views resulting from private and false interpretation of Scripture.

It is hard for the ordinary lay Catholic to be thus just in giving to every one his due; to the Catholic Church credit for all that is good in Protestantism by whatever name it goes; to the sect, blame for whatever error is believed and practised. From failing to do this grave consequences ensue. The Catholic gets to have first a less bad opinion of sectarianism, then rather a good opinon, and finally comes to the conclusion that it cannot matter very much to which church one belongs, provided one does the best one knows how.

This may be a gradual process, and one that goes on almost imperceptibly. Association with people who may have very fine and attractive natural qualities, an excellent education, good manners and social standing, insensibly draws out one's admiration and perhaps respect. Imagine the young Catholic, of whom we are treating, brought into the society of such Protestants. The question of religion, sooner or later, crops up. Some church function may start it. Discussions result. Very often the victory goes to the sharper wit, but to the wrong side. It is always so much easier to object than to refute, to pull down than to build up. Then there are so many things unpleasant to nature, they say, in the Catholic religion. We admit it, and they are in it precisely because it is the true religion adapted to fallen human nature, not of man's making nor selecting, but of God's making and enforcing.

A young Irish seaman brought this out very well in his answer to some would-be Methodist proselytizers in a South American seaport. They approached "Pat" and invited him to join their Church, holding out as inducements that their requirements for membership were so much easier and simpler. He would not have to abstain nor fast, confess his sins nor attend

Mass, and so on, to which "Pat" replied that it was all very true, that their religion was easier and simpler than his, but that if he had had the *making* of his religion as they had had the making of theirs, he would have made it a great deal simpler and easier than even the Methodist religion is. He had hit, with ready wit and Catholic instinct, the salient point of difference between the true Church and the sects. The one was a divine institution founded by Christ, who knew with infallible wisdom what was necessary and best for fallen man in order to restore him to the grace of God, to keep him in it, and finally to enable him to reach heaven. Whereas John Wesley and the rest of the self-constituted founders of sects had undertaken to make religions according to their own ideas, and had engrafted into them a certain amount of Christianity, but distorted by their own false interpretations.

Not every young Catholic, however, has the clear perception of "Pat." Kindliness, generosity, education, social position and philanthropy, make a deep impression on the ordinary mind, which attributes to them a supernatural character which they may really lack.

Then there is a spirit of liberalism abroad, and it is always an evil and lying spirit, for it pretends to do the impossible. It claims to break down mountains, fill in the valleys and make a grand level plain on which all can travel without any difficulty to heaven. Yet Christ Himself denounces the broad way and asserts that His way is narrow, that it is absolutely necessary to accept, believe and practise all that He has commanded and that He will teach through His Church to the consummation of the world The spirit of Christ, being the spirit of truth is necessarily opposed to the spirit of error, as much, St. Paul says, as light is opposed to darkness, and light is wholly intolerant of darkness, which it must perforce exclude.

So when our young Catholic is thrown among Protestants they begin to ask him about his religion, cavil at it, call its teachings into question, ridicule its practices, laugh at its devotions, and pity him for his want of enlightenment in this nineteenth century. They accuse him of bigotry and illiberality. They try to make him feel how restricted he is by church laws, how tied down by priests. On the other hand, they boast how free they are, how nobody has any right to dictate to them, how they are their own masters in religious as well as other matters, as every American has a right to be.

They forget altogether that as citizens they are bound by innumerable laws, national, state and municipal. They lose sight of the restrictions to their liberty imposed by the various departments—Building, Health, Park, Fire and Police. Hence they cannot put up even the smallest addition to a house, to say nothing of erecting a whole building without submitting plans and getting a permit. They cannot neglect the sanitary arrangements of their dwelling without sharp interference from the Board of Health. They cannot sit nor loiter in the public parks during certain times and never can they pluck a flower, though this seems a very slight thing. They have to observe regulations for safety issued by the Fire Commissioners, and they cannot break any law openly without liability to arrest by the officers of the Police Department. They must give notice, under severe penalty, of marriages, births and deaths. An attempt to commit suicide is punishable by fine and imprisonment. And so on and so on. Verily this free and independent American is considerably hampered in freedom and independence when we come down to facts! Yet in spite of stubborn facts, he beguiles himself with the idea that he is his own master in all things, religion included.

We, on the contrary, admitting the necessity of restricting man as a member

of the body politic and social, also are logical enough to see that when the highest interests are at stake, he must needs also be restricted, that is, in religious matters. And we say that as the imposition and necessity of observing the laws of the State do not make man a slave, so too the imposition and necessity of observing the laws of the Church do not rob man of any freedom, which is his by right, but rather help him to attain his end as a man.

For as the State representing God in the civil order, regulates man's conduct as a member of the body politic for his own and other's good; so does the Church representing God in the spiritual order, direct him as a citizen of heaven for his own and other's highest welfare now and hereafter.

So far we have been imagining only non-Catholic influence; what will be the state of the case when infidelity comes on the scene? Yet where can a young man go nowadays without meeting some people who pretend to believe in nothing? How will our young man's faith stand the test of this trial? Of course the infidel always claims to be excessively broad and liberal; in fact this very broadness and liberalness have made him what he is, and that in his estimation is a paragon. From lofty heights of self-satisfaction, he looks down pityingly, if not contemptuously, on the poor benighted beings who actually are not ashamed to belong to a church which has existed for thousands of years, instead of being an up-to-date free-thinker. Free-thinker! Did you ever meet one of the ilk that did any thinking at all for himself, and that did not follow slavishly in the steps of some blatant lecturer, and attempt to give out as second-hand the vapid and unproved assertions, of the aforesaid lecturer? Did you ever meet such an one who had ever read the refutations of his hero's utterances? They protest against all dogma, but are the most intolerant dogmatizers themselves, insisting upon forcing their opinions down the throats of others. They can give no reason, and wax indignant if asked for any. They say, or insinuate, that any one with brains ought to be able to see the truth of their assertions. In fact they would seem to claim the monopoly of brains, and what young man likes to be relegated to the department of fools? So these shallow and conceited fellows work havoc among the unwary. They assume such an air of superiority, and are so extremely condescending, that they impose upon others not only their free views, but their free practices as well. Then mark what a strong ally they have in man's fallen nature with its hatred of restraint and its desire of gratifying its carnal desires. Truly, environment is a mighty factor in our lives!

Our young Catholic has been thrown under the influences we have mentioned. What has been the result? It should have strengthened his faith, the only rock on which he can stand secure in the stormy waves on every side of him. He has the truth and the word of God to prove it against the assertions of men. He has the witness of the noblest and best of the world all through the centuries in support of it. He has within him the conviction of the necessity of supernatural means to uphold his nature and to walk along the narrow way leading to eternal life. He has the memory of the peace of mind he enjoyed when living in the state of grace, when frequenting the sacraments, when assisting at Mass, when faithful to his prayers.

On the other hand, the world with its syren lay entices him, the love of freedom and hatred of restraint allure him, the tyranny of human respect makes him a moral coward. "Don't be narrow-minded. Don't be illiberal. Adapt yourself to the country and the times. Be up-to-date." How much that implies! How much of evil! Up-to-date people think as they like, speak as they like, read what they like, go where they like, act as they like. Yes, but are they

not responsible for it all? Moral responsibility troubles them very little now, but when life is ended and they stand before the judgment-seat of God to give an account of themselves, will their up-to-dateness avail them?

What are Catholics to do when thrown under such influence? They are to show themselves Catholic, actuated by religious principles. The question comes up of going to hear an infidel lecturer. Shall they go? On no account. Why not? The speaker is famous, or rather infamous, he is clever, witty, and entertaining. Perhaps he is. But he is so at the expense of truth, and with the sacrifice of the things they should consider most sacred. They would not suffer anyone to abuse or slander their father or mother; how could they sit calmly and hear the vilest accusations against God and His holy Church, and that too as a means of getting their money?

Next let us suppose the question of attending a Protestant service. Shall they go? There should be no question of it. Of course they say they do not believe in it, but then they are curious and would like to see what it is like. They want to hear the preacher or the music. They know very well that the Church forbids it. Why? Because taking part in an heretical service is wrong, and listening to an heretical preacher is implicitly admitting that he has a right to teach. Then it gives scandal, for Protestants know well that the Church forbids her children to attend their services, and such attendance is an act of disobedience.

I remember how a very devout person, a Promoter, and what is more a secretary of Promoters, came to ask if she might go to hear a certain preacher. "Why do you ask? If it is right to go, you need no permission; if it is wrong to go, how can I give permission?"

"I didn't think it was exactly right, but then I have given my word that I would go and how can I break my promise?"

"It seems to me that it would have been more sensible to take advice before you gave your word. But given or not given, your word cannot stand when it is contrary to the law of God, made known by the Church. A promise to do a wrong thing does not bind, and it is an act of virtue to break such a promise. Fidelity to God must outrank any fidelity to man. Tell the person with whom you made the engagement that you acted without sufficient thought in the matter and that you regret you cannot go. By the way, what sort of a Protestant is the minister you wanted to hear?"

"A Unitarian."

"Unitarian! And you a Promoter, bound to advance the kingdom and the interests of Christ, want to go to hear one who professedly denies the divinity of Christ and consequently opposes His interests?"

"I wasn't thinking about his teaching, but they say that he is a great preacher, and I was curious to hear him. But the chief thing was that I did not like to refuse the gentleman who asked me. You know he had gone to church with me, and this was a sort of return on my part just to encourage him to go with me again."

"But he must know that Catholics are not allowed to attend Protestant services, and he won't respect you for breaking the laws of the Church."

"He does know it, but he thought that I might be liberal and go just once."

"And why not twice and oftener, if it is right to go once? You will never bring him to submit himself to the laws of the Church by setting him an example of defying them. Refuse point blank and show him that you have his soul's welfare too much at heart to risk it by any compromise in matters of faith." She went away convinced but somewhat downcast.

Suppose Protestant friends have invited you to the christening of their baby, can you in conscience go? By no means.

Why? Because it is the question of a Sacrament, the admitting of a child into the Church of God. How can a Catholic countenance a Protestant minister usurping the right to baptize? But the objection comes: even a lay person can baptize validly? Yes, in case of necessity, when a duly authorized representative of the Church, the priest, cannot be had, and the Church herself provides for this case, but for no other. The presence of a Catholic at such a ceremony, would seem to admit the authority of the minister.

Suppose a Catholic is asked to stand as sponsor for a Protestant child, can he do it? The question falls by its own weight. How can a Catholic, apart from assisting at such a ceremony, promise to bring up a child in a religion which he knows to be false? But he is bound by ties of kinship, friendship or business relations to the parents how can he refuse? When there is question of principle how can he hesitate about refusing? Can a man barter his religious convictions to gain the favor of man? Explain the state of the case plainly and honestly and Protestants, though perhaps disappointed, will respect you.

But does not the Church allow Catholics to attend Protestant services on some occasions? She tolerates, when there is sufficient reason, attendance at a funeral or a marriage, because neither has in the eyes of Protestants anything sacramental about them, and the attendance is simply looked upon as a mark of respect or friendship. Of course, it is altogether unlawful to attend a marriage in a Protestant Church, or performed at home by a Protestant minister, if one of the parties is a Catholic. In this case one would be lending countenance to an act of positive disobedience to the laws of the Church by which the Catholic party was committing a mortal sin, and one which is a case reserved to the bishop, and thereby endangering the eternal salvation of the offender and the loss to the faith of the possible offspring.

What if the function were the ordination of a minister, and the person to be ordained was a personal friend? Could one not go just out of friendship, though not believing at all in the ordination? Of all services, this would be the very most objectionable, because in it, one who claims to be a bishop is supposed to give supernatural powers for the work of the ministry and the administration of the sacraments to the one ordained. The presence of a Catholic would imply the recognition of such a bishop's powers, and, consequently, the validity of the orders of the person ordained. When there is a question of such vital principle as this, no friendship could warrant one's presence. How can a Catholic congratulate a newly-made minister? Can a Catholic really be glad that there is one more official upholder and preacher of heresy and schism sent forth against the Church? An enlightened Catholic can no more rejoice at the ordination of a Protestant minister than a loyal American could rejoice at the commission and appointment of a new officer to carry on warfare against our beloved country.

In conclusion, let us frankly admit the difficulties that beset us owing to our environment. Let us convince ourselves that compromises in matters involving religious principles cannot be made. No converts are ever gained by yielding or condescending to their views or by minimizing Catholic truth. It needs no apology. It is our duty to make that truth beautiful and attractive in our lives. It is a false charity which, seeing the blind leading the blind, does not give them a helping hand, but says it does not matter, if they think they are right; which allows them to go headlong into the pit without warning them, because the blind think they are on the right road. We should be, according to Christ, the light of the world. How then can we have even the appearance of condoning error, and thereby mislead those in the dark.

A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST.

By J. M. Cave.

WEEKS passed before Philomena received letters from her father and in the meantime, the busy world of which she was a part, was talking freely of the marriage of the divorced wife of a Russian official. Mlle. de Joncourt learned the whole shameful story ; a gambling party, a winner and a loser, a game "in which the loser was the winner," said they, "for to lose such a wife was incalculable gain."

"He loses nothing," was their reply, "because he had already lost all he had to lose."

"And what about the winner who has lost, according to your theory?" questioned another.

"Who was she?"

"Daughter of an absconding Jew."

"Rich, of course?"

"Not a penny, save her nightly gain at cards."

"And he?"

"Ruined long since."

"Did he know the prize he was playing so desperately for?"

"No; he was purposely deceived by one said to have been a rejected suitor for his daughter's hand.

The lady was described to him as a martyred innocent, ill-treated by a brutal husband, from whom she easily obtained a divorce; and vastly rich in her own right."

"Does she care for him? Will she stick to him?"

"Yes, till she gets a richer catch."

These and like comments told Mlle. de Joncourt the terrible truth, but she kept it from Philomena as long and as completely as she could.

By-and-by a letter came to her. It was with a request for money. "He had been duped, deceived; but, wronged as he was, he would not repudiate the woman he could never ask her to meet."

He humbled himself to ask his daughter's pardon, to implore her pity. "He would not trouble her long, his life was worthless henceforth."

No doubt he felt keenly, this ruined gambler, the disgrace he had brought upon his grand old name. But for his only child his selfish heart had no mercy even then.

The savings went to him, not to Father Stanislas; and Philomena, though drooping, had to work harder than ever. The old uncertainty and trembling became more marked, and with each additional appeal for money, each heart-breaking letter from her father, the sweet lips trembled more, and the skilful hands became less steady and less strong.

"I think Mlle. de Pavlewski must be in love," said a lady to Mlle. de Joncourt. Who was that very handsome gentleman who paid her such marked attention at the Ambassador's soirée?"

Alas, the "attention" had consisted in conveying to the poor girl the fatal news of her father's marriage.

"She was not in love, but she was overworked," was the reply of Mlle. de Joncourt.

Before long it became evident to Philomena that she would be obliged to relinquish out-door lessons and confine herself to one family.

This meant giving up her freedom, her tiny room looking into the court-yard of the dear old church, the daily Mass, the sound of the Angelus morning, noon and evening.

But there was no other resource; her health would no longer bear the strain of so much exertion. The hope that had sustained her was broken.

* * *

One family, in particular, had often urged Philomena to accept a permanent situation with them. They had offered her a high salary, every comfort, and declared that she should be as one of their own family.

Mlle. de Joncourt did not feel assured, that this was for the best; but at least "her child," would be safe; guarded from the criticism of the world, which was loud enough now to reach her own ears.

"Mlle. de Pavlewski," said the critics, "had played too much." They were sorry for one so young and beautiful, to be arrested in what promised to be a long and successful career; but thought her beauty quite "capital" enough for one person, and forgot her for the most part.

She was sorely straitened now, poor Philomena, to meet the demands upon her purse; and there were times when she had to refuse herself even necessaries. She tried to hide this from all, even from "maminka," and succeeded for a time.

A great pleasure fell to the lot of Mlle. de Joncourt about this time.

One day a card was handed to her bearing the name of "Edouard Joncourt de Longueville," and she was told that the bearer was waiting to see her.

Her surprise and pleasure were equally great, when she found, in the handsome young military attaché of the French Embassy, the son of the cousin she had believed dead. Her letter, written with the view of convincing Philomena that she was quite alone in the world, had brought her relations; not very near or close, it is true, but still such as she might well be proud to acknowledge.

The young gentleman assured Mademoiselle that his father had long believed her to be dead, having written so many letters, without receiving any answer.

"The troubled state of Poland would easily account for that," Mademoiselle replied.

"And now," said Edouard, "my father, mother and sisters insist upon my carrying you back to France with me in the spring."

Mademoiselle shook her head and said something about "needing to work."

"We are rich even among the rich," insisted the young man; "my father has been greatly blessed in all his enterprises, and he charges me to say that he has not forgotten whose hand and purse helped him in his college career."

The gentle lady smiled, and again shook her head saying, "I was always too poor to be of much use to any one."

"Not too poor to pay for his tuition for many years," warmly urged the listener. "My father loved to tell us of the cousin who gave up her share of our grandfather's fortune, and went to Poland as governess, that he might go to college and make a career for himself."

"You are very like what he was at your age," said Mlle. de Joncourt, to change the conversation.

But Edouard continued, "I'm charged to bring you to them, by force if necessary; and now it only remains to decide when we shall start."

"I have duties here," sadly answered his cousin, "and ties that bind me. I am not alone."

"May I know the nature of these obstacles?" urged the ardent young man. "Surely they can be arranged, or disarranged, to set you free. Indeed, I dare not hint at returning without 'our cousin Félicie.'"

"My ties here are sacred," she replied; and as briefly as possible she told him as much as was necessary of her beloved Philomena.

"What!" exclaimed Edouard, "can it be possible that that beautiful creature is unhappy? I remember seeing her, and being greatly pleased and attracted by her. Indeed," he added naively, "I cannot forget the impression she made upon me; and have asked several persons how I could obtain an introduction

MLLE. DE JONCOURT . . . . TURNED TO HER COUSIN, AND PRESENTED HIM TO PHILOMENA.

to her. I made it a point to be at every soirée at which she played."

"She receives no one, and makes few acquaintances," said Mlle. de Joncourt, sadly. "Her life has been strangely lonely for one so beautiful and gifted, and yet she seemed happy before this last terrible blow fell upon her—till her father's marriage, and the subsequent news of his unhappiness."

"Could you not persuade her to accompany you to France, Cousin Félicie?"

"She is determined to devote herself to her father, henceforth, as in the past. She lives only for him, and denies herself everything to send him all she can earn."

"How terrible," exclaimed the sympathizing listener.

"You would indeed think so, had you seen the home of her childhood, her noble, beautiful mother, or the once equally noble father. How is it possible that for so poor a pleasure, as a game of cards, any man can sacrifice himself and his family!"

"It is a madness; a disease that is daily driving to suicide some of the noblest hearts that ever breathed," said Edouard warmly. "I see it often in the great world. Young men, otherwise sane enough, with the best and noblest characters, and richly stored minds, sacrifice all for the gaming table. And not only men," he added; "why in this great city, I have met scores of young and beautiful women, the very cream of the aristocracy, some married, some single, who are inveterate gamblers and card players; not only do they give up the midnight hours to that enticing and ruinous occupation, but in many a noble house the players often sit the whole day; even young girls, fresh from their boarding schools, indulge freely in it."

"Yes," said his cousin, "I have seen something of it. Without religious education, there is nothing to prevent the evil; and that is not to be hoped for in this land." She sighed deeply; it was a painful subject.

"What shall I write to my father," pleaded the young man, as he arose to take his leave.

"I will write to him myself," said Mlle. de Joncourt. "In the meantime come and see me often, that through you, at least, I may become acquainted with all my dear cousins."

It was agreed that they should meet on the following Sunday at church.

* * *

Philomena was looking very pale that Sunday morning, as she knelt before the altar; her heart was heavy indeed, and not even the joy of kneeling there, in that loved chapel of our Blessed Lady, could bring back the color to her face.

A pair of dark eyes were fixed intently upon her, in deepest sympathy, and a look, almost as sad as her own, overspread the handsome face of Edouard de Longueville, as he watched her.

She was clad simply in black; very unpretentiously, indeed, but no simplicity, however severe, could make her appear anything but refined and distinguished looking. As she happened to look up, the young girl became conscious of his fixed look, wondered for an instant why a stranger, evidently a gentleman, should look at her so earnestly; then forgot it in her prayers.

As she was about to leave the church, Mlle. de Joncourt joined her. They had been separated by the crowd till then.

"Philomena, why are you so lightly dressed; why have you not your fur coat?" she exclaimed, excitedly. "It is bitter cold, nearly twenty degrees of frost!"

Poor Mademoiselle was frightened out of her usual calm to see her child thus lightly clad on so severe a day.

Philomena flushed and then became very pale. A look of embarrassment passed over her face, for there, close beside her, was the dark-eyed stranger, whose earnest gaze she had seen fixed upon her in the chapel.

"Hush, dear maminka, I will tell you another time," she whispered.

Mlle. de Joncourt groaned audibly; then, recovering herself with an effort, turned to her cousin, and presented him to Philomena.

"He has eyes like yours, maminka, and he is very handsome, and I think he must be very good," she said, when they were alone together.

If Edouard de Longueville had admired Philomena at a distance and in the gay throng, how much more so now when permitted to converse with her, to hear the tones of her sweetly modulated voice, and to watch the ever-varying expression of that speaking countenance.

"Never," he declared to his cousin, "had he met a being so sympathetic, so captivating without a tinge of coquetry, so perfectly harmonious in looks, voice

and manner; so innocently enchanting."

The poor fellow was deeply in love before he knew it. Indeed, he assured his cousin, that he had fallen in love with Philomena at first sight, and that her image had haunted him from that hour.

As to Philomena, she never dreamed that this handsome young officer thought of her at all; and, if he did, she felt no doubt that it was as a poor governess, a dependent, almost, on his cousin's bounty. Her manner, therefore, was simple, gentle, unreserved, and, as their acquaintance ripened, she began to look upon him as a sort of cousin, or brother, especially as "maminka" was in the habit of addressing them both as "her children."

The young man wrote ardent letters to his cousin on the subject of his love. He poured out his whole heart to her, and besought her to advise him, and, if possible, help him in his suit. Long before Philomena suspected his deep attachment, he had obtained the consent of his parents to make her his wife, if he could win her.

When the time came that he could no longer hide his feelings from her, Philomena was utterly surprised. In her humility she had never thought it possible that one so highly favored by fortune in every way could care for her. Had her mind been free from its all-absorbing care for her father, she would no doubt have discovered the state of affairs for herself. As it was, she was wholly taken by surprise.

But the passionate pleading of a pure, loyal young heart, and especially a heart stirred by love for the first time, possessed an eloquence that was not easily resisted.

In vain Philomena pleaded. Her father, her duty to him, his need of her. All her objections were met with the fullest and noblest assurances that her lover possessed enough, and more than enough, for all, and that her father should be always their first care.

"If she could only love him;" that was his prayer. She pleaded for time. "When I hear from papa again," she said, "I will know better what I ought to do—in justice to you," she added, after a pause.

Though her lover pleaded hard for a more satisfactory answer, Philomena would make no further promise; would not admit that his affection was, or could ever be, returned. He was fain to wait.

* * *

The weeks of waiting were long. Letters tarried just when they were most wanted, and Philomena began to be very anxious and that made her look pale and ill. The fur cloak had been replaced by Mlle. de Joncourt, much against her will; she declared that she found fur too heavy. That she had sacrificed the rich sable cloak that had belonged to her mother, Mlle. de Joncourt was well persuaded; but she forebore to reproach her for the unselfish act. She had been weeks without it before its loss was discovered; and Mademoiselle feared that she had already taken harm from the want of it before it was replaced.

Philomena declared that she felt well, and would not admit that anything ailed her.

In her situation she had much free time, and was indeed treated with the utmost courtesy. If she had anything to complain of, it was that she was too little occupied; had too little to do for the high salary she received, the beautiful apartments set aside for her use, and the privilege of a carriage, did she choose to use it; which she never did alone, or without her pupil.

However, Madame la Princesse, constantly assured her "that she valued her influence over her daughter above everything; and that even without the music lessons she felt that she was more than repaid for all that she could possibly give her."

The princess was a gay woman of the gay world. She loved her own freedom,

and believed in being very indulgent to others. "Her own life was all roses without thorns; why should she annoy others?" Flowers, laces, and jewels were the atmosphere in which she lived, and she liked everything in keeping. Superlative luxury and perfection in everything that was hers was her aim and desire.

To have a real countess as her daughter's governess, and moreover, one beautiful, young and highly accomplished, was only fitting. Money could not procure this luxury every day; so Philomena was treated in every way like one of the family; that is to say, surrounded by every luxury.

Madame's daughter was a lovely girl too, but a spoiled one in every way. She did just what her own sweet will suggested, at all times. She was supposed to be studying every known science; that is, professors and teachers of these sciences were engaged for her, but she learned what she chose, which was little enough. What she learned without studying much was to be perfectly graceful, charming, to dress exquisitely, and to speak three or four foreign languages. This seems much, but having heard and practised them from her cradle, she may be more truly said to have caught them than to have acquired them by study.

To keep the shadow of illness from this child was the constant study of the Princess Verkamoff. To have her so watched by doctors, governesses, nurses, and her own sharp eyes, that no illness could come near her, was the one care of her life. Not so much from fond mother love, as, being a thing belonging to her, it must be the very best and most perfect of its kind.

A sickly child, an ailing or ugly child she would no more have cared for than for a torn dress, a cracked vase, or any other precious, but imperfect, object of value. The exterior must be beautiful, the frame sound, to meet her fastidious taste. As to the heart and what reigned there, it gave her not the very least concern. Ideas were always changing, she declared. "If Olga did not like study to-day she might like it next week or next year. If she made grimaces (a thing in very bad taste, she emphatically declared) at her duty to-day, she might take to it to-morrow of her own free will. What was lovely in her own eyes one hour, she laughingly admitted, would be the subject of ridicule the next. "Only do not let the young princess spoil her face by frowns or pouts; let her be gay, happy, and without care. Above all, do not give her any bias, or teach her any fixed principles that might be annoying in the future. Who knows what kind of a marriage she was destined to make. An English duke would prefer a Protestant wife, a French prince a Catholic one, while, should she marry at home, she must be thoroughly Orthodox."

"No, no, beware of bias, it was a dangerous thing." In other words, do everything for the body; never mind the soul, was Madame's law; and she was a very fair specimen of her class.

The very name of any kind of illness, even the most harmless ailments of children, made her shudder; and at the mention of "epidemic," "contagion," she closed her doors to the world, to avoid contact with it, and, if not detained by her duties at court, as lady in waiting to Her Majesty, she fled from the city at once.

* * *

Although no letter had yet come from her father, Philomena allowed herself to see, in the long vista of the future, a great happiness for herself, could she but accept it. And not only for herself, but for him, she thought; because, could she keep him near her, and watch over him, she might withdraw him from the fascinating evil influences to which he was so fatally enslaved.

As she dreamed her pure dream of happiness with him, and the young lover who pleaded so humbly and patiently

for one word, one handclasp that would bid him hope, she smiled through happy tears. Ah, could it be that the future held this in store for her? was this great love to atone for the weary years of waiting; for the long years of slavery, that ministered to a father's disgrace? Could it be?

The poor young head bowed again, the fair hands trembled, and a rain of bitter tears fell on them, as Philomena saw before her the disgraceful picture of the ruined gambler and his notorious companion.

"No! no!" she murmured, "it must never be! Sacred Heart of Jesus, save him from me, from us." That prayer was for the young lover. She arose, with a strange look on her poor, pale face—a look of sudden determination, blended with poignant pain. "I am to blame," she murmured. "Oh, that it may not be too late!"

She dressed herself hurriedly and made her way to the Nevsky. There, at the foot of the cross, she prayed for strength. The duty she had set herself was hard indeed. From early morning she had pondered upon it, and almost missed the last Mass of this, her one wholly free day in the week, in which her young pupil was engaged with other teachers.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when she knelt before the altar and made her sacrifice, and arose strengthened in mind, but wholly shattered in body.

Without breaking her fast, she hurried from church to the house of Mlle. de Joncourt. A sort of fever seemed to carry her there, almost without her own volition.

"What was this restlessness? What had come over her?" she asked herself, as she stood waiting for the servant to admit her. Though the sacrifice had been made suddenly at the last moment, had she not known all along that it must be thus? Had she ever seriously said to herself, or admitted to any one, that it could be otherwise?

She waited, still trembling, in spite of her own reasoning. Mlle. de Joncourt was not at home, said the man-servant, who opened the door. Would Mlle. de Pavlewski enter and wait for her return? She was expected soon.

Philomena declined, and was descending the great stone stairs when the landau, containing Mlle. de Joncourt and two of her pupils, drove up to the door.

They surrounded her, and would have her re-enter with them, for she was a great favorite with all the family, but she excused herself. The young ladies entered, leaving her with her old friend.

"You are not well, my child, my darling. Come in, stay with me, at least a little while," pleaded Mademoiselle.

"No, no, I must go, maminka. I only wanted to kiss you, and make sure that you were well."

"Come in at least for a few moments. I want to speak to you of Edouard; he will be here this evening. Have you no message for him?"

"Yes, yes; I am very forgetful. I came for that too, but I forgot. My head is not quite strong to-day. Tell him, maminka," she put her head on Mlle. de Joncourt's shoulder, and her words were hardly audible, "tell him he must not hope. Be sure you tell him so, though to you, my second mother, my best and dearest, I may say that—I love him. But he must not hope. It cannot be."

She hastily clasped her arms around her old friend's neck, kissed her, over and over again and hurried to the doors. The hall porter had stepped from his place behind the marble columns of the vestibule and closed the great doors upon her before Mademoiselle could stop him.

"Her tears are sacred," she thought; and opening a tiny book of prayers she always carried with her, she touched one of its blank pages to the cheek wet with Philomena's tears. "My heart

misgives me," said the poor lady, "my child is going to be ill."

"Hope," she said to Edouard that night, "though she bade me tell you not; I say hope, for she loves you."

"I will see her to-morrow," said Edouard.

* * *

That night about eleven o'clock Philomena's bell rang. The maid came, only to find her stretched undressed upon a couch. She had kept her room all day, and it only became known then that she had eaten nothing the entire day. Her absence from meals had not been commented upon, for very frequently she had passed her free Thursday with her friend.

When Madame returned from the theatre that night the news of Philomena's illness was announced to her. The family physician was there; the princess sternly regarded him. Knowing her ladyship very well, he dared not trifle with her; knowing her wishes, he had proceeded to take the measures inexorably laid down for such emergencies.

"Has all been done?"

"All."

There had been much telegraphing and signalling with medical police-bureaus for an hour.

"What is it?"

"Diphtheria.'

A cry of horror from the princess, followed by commotion throughout the whole palace.

Half an hour later the family carriage containing the princess and her daughter drove away.

An hour later a hired carriage left the door. It contained Philomena and a hospital nurse.

(*To be continued.*)

TALKS ON ETHICS.

By Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.

"Good or evil in moral matters means agreement with or divergence from reason."
—*St. Thomas.*

WE are looking around for a discriminating standard for a rule of morality, a something wherewith to test our free acts and pronounce upon them as good or bad. Were men as one, regarding man himself and his destiny, this investigation would be needless. If we all thought alike about man we, following the principles already advanced, would reach the same conclusion concerning the measure which decides the morality of his acts. Some with an eye to man's material nature alone will gauge morality according to his material part. Others base their decisions on his spiritual nature exclusively. Others again address themselves to the totality of his being, take him as he is, as a composite entity, made up of body and spirit and therefrom deduce their conclusions. We know what to think of those who declare that we are to examine morality only by man's sensations. If they are pleasing the act is moral, if painful it is bad. Pleasure and pain, such reasoners say, determine morality. We know what to hold about such an opinion. Such a rule is not justified either by fact or by reason. These are actions free yet independent of pleasurable or distasteful sensations. The law we are attempting to discover must be universal in its application, it must regulate every case of responsible action. Outside of the circumference of pleasure and pain lies a large field of human activity. Moreover the degradation implied in, and consequential upon such a law is alarming. It is a law which regards the animality of man simply; it

negatives all loftiness of action; it kills fine impulses and discourages that noble disregard of pain or pleasure, which we and all ages admire in those who lived and died martyrs to duty or to a cause. It strikes at the root of the heroism manifest in family, in filial, in social, in patriotic relations. We might support such a theory were man an animal only.

Another theory is that of the Utilitarians. When usefulness, say they, may be predicated of an act, the act is moral. This usefulness or beneficiality (if I may use the term) of an action, may affect the individual or there may arise two norms, one contending that the utility to the individual, the other that the benefit of the larger number must be the rule. In other words the standard is the happiness of the individual or of the majority. I think this principle is inadmissible. For several reasons we cannot admit private happiness as a moral test. It would misplace the moral centre of gravity; it would pervert the order of things as that order is made lucid by the nature of things. It is the doctrine of egotism, making the universe subserve the intersts of the "I." It is a gospel of selfishness. The disadvantages of selfishness are incalculable. It destroys the social instinct. Regard for man's fellows would be a misdemeanor.

The very idea of uprightness sinks beneath the weight of this theory. The more cunning a man, the better he is—the more clever in reaching his own ends the higher his type of manhood. We should rewrite our dictionaries and review and modify all our definitions. Rascality would mean worth, and sinner mean saint. We would be bound to let out all our prisoners, and why not put our honest men in their places? If a crime were for the advantage of some individual he would be guilty if he were not to perpetrate it. Before the performance of an action I would be obliged to ask: does this benefit me? And if the answer be yes, I must proceed, no matter how many or how much may be damaged in consequence. In the light of this calamitous principle, the consideration of my individual gain must drive juggernaut fashion over the interests of every one else. Pah! As Hamlet said when he put down the skull of Goerck—because, forsooth, it "smelt so."

All this foulness—think of it—in place of the fragrance of the higher virtues, the virtues that make humanity so legitimately and so grandly proud!

What about the rebound of this theory—or rather it's would-be corrective? What about the happiness of the greater number as the norm, determining good and bad in human acts? It will not do. It is inadequate, it is unequal to the task it undertakes. It does not cover the whole area of responsibilities; it legislates for the classes or the masses, but not for both nor for all. Where is its application to the individual man? What is to be my standard for my own actions? How am I to regulate the discharge of my duties to the Deity? The norm is not in sight. How am I to learn what is for the advantage of the majority? What about the rights of the minority? It is a shifting foundation; it is a quicksand. The interests and so the happiness of the majority changes. On what eminence am I to stand, and where is the powerful lens whereby I am to survey "mankind from India to Peru," and make my calculations? The theory is unfit, arbitrary, impossible. It is so vague that we cannot find it, so elusive we cannot grasp it. If that be the law how long is it going to take us to form a moral conclusion? Voting is a moral act. Perhaps not, but for the purpose of illustration, let us admit it. What a time next November a man would have if he could not vote unless he was sure his vote contributed to the happiness of the largest number. Election day would be no more, it would be election year—yes, election century instead. Let me put this question: Is a thing good be-

cause it is advantageous or is a thing advantageous because it is good? Goodness begets advantage not *vice versa*. Hence, if I make advantage the standard, I am preposterous and put the cart before the horse—cause and effect exchange places.

Morality is of more importance than anything else in this world. This is not the utterance of a preacher, it is the view every sensible man holds. In fact it is so true that as many crimes have been committed in the name of morality as in the name of liberty. No matter how vile the doctrine a man propagates it has to have at least some rag of morality upon it. Morality is decency. The man who would proclaim to his audience that he was about to teach them immoral principles crudely as such, would disgust the larger, and the vastly larger, portion of men. If he succeeds at all, it is because he masks his iniquity under the guise of morality. Whence I infer that of all momentous principles that stand first which presents its credentials as the true norm or standard of morality. That there are good and bad actions is beyond cavil. Utilitarians may be aware that there are such, but they certainly as far as we have seen, lay down no infallible rules whereby we may make our inferences secure. "Cui bono" is the question everlastingly on the lips of Utilitarians. What is the use of it?

The Master knew our congenital mercenariness, and so he turned the never changing question in the direction of the unfailing light when He framed it in His words. "Quid prodest": "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" He understood the temptation ever increasing of each one of us to barter, when He asked: "What is it that man will give in exchange for his soul?" Questions both which he left to every man to work out the answer practically for himself. We have seen that there is only one end for man's free activity and that supreme happiness which is shining somewhere or other for him can only be reached by the proper use of his freedom. Whence once more we are led to aver that Hedonism or doctrine of pleasure, nor Utilitarianism, the theory of individual or collective profit has it in its power to light up the darkness with which passion has clouded reason.

We are not fighting windmills, but we are warring against principalities and powers. Morality is not a mental creation. It is not a product of hallucination, it is no fiction. It is a reality. For among the acts of men some are bad, some are good, some moral, some immoral. In such deeds there must be a something that is not in others. That quality we call morality. That morality is not purely speculative, neither is it to be confounded with the physical entity of the act itself. Then what is it, this morality? That it is something, is clear from the fact that men's characters and reputations are determined by what is styled the morality or the immorality of their conscious and deliberate performances. There are acts for which men are censured, punished, disgraced. There are other acts for which men are praised, rewarded, honored. This is so, not now or then, but always; not here or there, but everywhere. What is it? It is not the effect of the mind only, neither is it the act in itself. What is it? Since it is neither one nor the other there is only this refuge left; that real thing, morality, consists in some attitude which the act takes towards something; some relation the act has toward something, some agreement of the act with something, some disagreement of the act from something, some likness or not likeness of the act to something. We have expressed in the line we have taken from St. Thomas and which has headed every one of our talks, that wonderfully pregnant line: "Good or bad in moral matters means agreement with or divergence from reason."

MT. HEKLA.

A JOURNEY ACROSS ICELAND.

By Rev. Jōn Sveinsson, S.J.

(*Concluded.*)

WE were very anxious to reach the Great Geyser, and everything seemed to be in our favor—the weather was superb, there was no wind, and not a cloud visible. We now entered a very fertile country abounding in rich pastures, and flocks of sheep could be seen browsing on the hills and plains. Thus they live during the whole summer in the open air, without any shepherd to guard them, they are only looked after when they approach too near the farms, and then they are driven again to the mountains. Sheep-raising is one of the principal industries of Iceland. More than half a million of these animals feed in the inhabited parts of the country. We meet them everywhere—in the valleys, among the rocks, in the plains, on the highest mountains, as far as the eye can reach, even to the edge of the eternal snows. They are all very fat, which proves that the pastures are very rich, and are all horned—a characteristic feature of Iceland sheep.

After midday, the heat became almost unbearable, both for us and our horses. We found it necessary, successively to lay aside our cloaks, coats, vests, jackets, and thus add a fresh burden to our pack-horses, which were already very tired. The thermometer must have been as high as 86° Fahrenheit, but the heat was not the only vexation; for the lake of Thingvalla does not abound in trout exclusively. Myriads of mosquitoes are hatched on its borders, which fill a great space of the neighborhood with their uncalled-for music. We were obliged to muffle head and face with handkerchiefs, leaving only the eyes and nose uncovered. We met a caravan; every one was as lightly dressed as ourselves. They too had to protect themselves against the bloodthirsty mosquitoes, so that we found out that we

were not the inventors of the scheme. These troublesome insects prevented us from entering into conversation with the men, according to custom. We simply exchanged a "Saelir verid per!" and continued our journey in haste. Here and there the surroundings were charming, and we could not tire contemplating scenes so varied and at times so fairy like. I think one could travel for entire months in this country and ever admire with new delight the magnificent and unparalleled landscapes. Those who have penetrated only a short distance into the interior of the island fancy that there is no variety: but this is decidedly false. The farther you proceed the more you are disabused of this. Every new scene surpasses the preceding and the interest of the tourist is continually kept alive. Of course, this holds true only in the summer months. One of our travelling companions who had crossed Switzerland, Scotland, and Norway, assured us that nothing in these countries can be compared to the natural beauties of Iceland. We met many Englishmen who had visited the island for the third or fourth time, and they told us that they expected to return again.

We continue to ride under this tropical sun. Many a time we had to halt to cool off at some brook before crossing. Finally, after six long hours of riding, we came to a spot which invited us to rest and there we lunched. Unbridling and unsaddling our ponies, we turned them loose upon the pasture, and then sat down in the shade of a gigantic tower of lava. Here we took our meal with great appetite. An hour later we pursued our journey. We were then scarcely half way to our next station. The aspect of the country changed again. We traversed vast plains which stretched out far and wide. At a distance we sighted lake "Langarvatu," which means "lake of boiling springs." It is neither as large nor as beautiful as lake Thingvalla, but it presents a novel feature. Clusters of vapor columns are continually ascending from it into the sky; the Great Geyser cannot be far. We hurry past this region of vapor which betrays no little mixture of sulphur. The overwhelming heat is succeeded by an unwholesome freshness. We hasten to put on again the articles of clothing which we had put off some hours before. The mosquitoes had entirely disappeared. We proceed at full speed. Farms appear in every direction; mowers are busy in the meadows. At every path leading to a house, our horses are inclined to turn, but we can not possibly stop along the road. We strike another river which we must cross. Numberless wild duck are seen everywhere, and flocks of ducklings following their mothers; it was a charming sight.

The sun disappeared behind the glittering glaciers; the fog throws a dark mantle over the surroundings. Our road lies across a kind of pathless desert. Suddenly our horses stop, seem to deliberate, and refuse to proceed. What was the matter? We could see no obstacle. We use the whip freely, but they do not stir; they are trembling all over. We concluded that we were on a dangerous track, doubtless some quagmire, where we might have perished and from which we were only saved by the wonderful instinct of our ponies. We retraced our steps and once on the right path we galloped at full speed, to make up for lost time. Thanks to our faithful steeds, we were saved if not from a certain danger, at least from a great discomfort.

It was 8 P. M., when we reached the foot of a mountain clad in brushwood; the ascent proved to be very tiresome owing to its steepness. The fog grew thicker as we advanced. Before starting our upward march, I hastened to a farm to inquire about the road. "You cannot reach the Geyser to-night," said they, "but you may follow the mountain road, which is good and even. In four hours you will arrive at Brùarà, and after having crossed a torrent you

will come to a farm where you may rest."

I thanked the farmer for the information and wished to leave immediately, but he started, in his turn, to put questions, which I was bound to answer. I then rejoined my companion and we began to climb the mountain. Emerging upon the summit, our horses quickened their pace, and the darker it grew the quicker they ran. At last the darkness became so pronounced that we could not distinguish anything ten or fifteen feet ahead of us. We had to put on our oil-silk suits, for the atmosphere was damp and cold. At the end of a four hours' ride we heard the dull roaring of a torrent; it was the fall of the Brûarâ. We spurred on our ponies and soon arrived at its banks. The river is eighty feet broad. Half way across, it is perfectly fordable, but exactly in the middle is a deep cleft, into which the waters from either side fall, and then in a collected volume roar over a precipice a little lower down. Across this cleft, some wooden planks have been thrown—the only bridge in Iceland—over which we were to gain the opposite bank. Our horses hesitate; never had they attempted such a feat. We had much trouble to urge them on. The bridge, especially, which itself was under water, caused them to fear. However, as they seemed to realize that there was no other way, they crossed the cascade. We were stunned by the noise of the roaring water.

It is midnight; how we long to meet a dwelling! Every now and then we were deceived by enormous blocks of lava, which, at a distance, appear to be houses. After a good half-hour we see a horse, an infallible sign of the neighborhood of a farm. In fact five minutes later we perceived a house and hurried to ask hospitality for the night. Unfortunately it contained no guest's room, nothing but what is called *l'Etuve*, and we could not think of sleeping in it.

In Iceland an *Etuve* is a spacious hall, furnished as in the time of "Harold Haarfager," with big and heavy wooden bedsteads along the walls; the men sleep on one side, and the women on the other. Sometimes a kind of partition separates them, but this occurs seldom. The beds accommodate two or more persons; and no one may occupy a bed exclusively for himself, if more strangers wish to lodge at the farm. As long as there is a place left, visitors are welcome to it. This strange custom dates from the Middle Ages, and was common in most of the countries of northern Europe. The insufficiency of ventilation in these dormitories adds much to the discomfort.

"How far is it to the nearest farm?" I inquired.

"A half-hour's ride," they answered.

As we could not spend the night in the "Etuve" we continued our way. It took us an hour and a half to find the farm of "Vesturhild," a path across the meadows leading us to it. We arrived at last before the house; everybody was asleep. However, they had heard the stamping of our horses and some one came to the window to see what was the

THE GREAT GEYSER.

matter. Curiosity soon attracted many more. I saluted them, saying—

"*Her sè Gud!*" God be with you!

They all answered "God bless you!"

I then asked: "Can you accommodate two travellers for the night?" They stared at one another, deliberated among themselves; finally one of them cried out—

"Do you hail from a foreign land?"

"Yes, from Copenhagen."

The consultation was renewed; several new faces appeared at the window. They looked at us with evident curiosity; we were made a spectacle to the angels and to men. Poor little Frederick was exhausted with fatigue and longing for rest. I feared lest he should fall asleep on the saddle, if we had to go farther, and endeavored to cheer him up. The door finally opened, and a man approached us and said: "We have no guest chamber, but there is still room in the 'Etuve'; if you are pleased with it, you are welcome."

"Is it far from here to the next farm?" I answered.

"Austerhild is at an hour's distance," he replied, "there you will find a luxurious room."

I made up my mind at once; thither we had to push our way, and that without delay.

"Wait a moment," said the farmer. He rushed to the opposite side of the house and soon re-appeared on horseback.

"Give me the bridle of your packhorse, I will accompany you; it is so dark and you do not know the road."

I thanked him heartily and having saluted the crowd at the window we set out in haste. In less than an hour, we arrived at a large and beautiful farm; our guide alighted, climbed the roof and leaning over a small window, he cried with all his might—

"God be with you!" From the interior of the house came the traditional answer—"God bless you!"

He leaped from the roof, mounted his horse and bade us good-bye. I experienced some difficulty in making him accept a few coins for the invaluable service he had rendered us. "We are accustomed to help strangers without payment," said he.

Scarcely had he departed, when a young damsel issued from the house followed by her brother; they approached us, and after the usual salutations, I excused myself for disturbing them in the dead of night. "Never mind," said she, "this is no inconvenience; our parents will be too happy to extend you hospitality; please wait a moment, I will light a lamp." Her brother took charge of the ponies and soon introduced us into the house. We traversed a spacious vestibule and then entered an elegant little parlor, which we left immediately to put aside our cloaks, all saturated by the heavy fog. On returning we were not a little surprised to find the apartment furnished like the parlors of Copenhagen. A fine carpet covered the floor, in the centre a little round table and a sofa, along the walls a library and several pieces of mahogany furniture; everything was scrupulously neat and orderly. It was far past midnight, and as we had tasted nothing since midday, our hostess prepared supper for us to which our hunger gave the relish of a royal banquet. Our beds were gotten ready in two separate rooms. They asked us to choose between down coverlets and woolen blankets; we preferred the latter, for the weather was very mild.

We enjoyed a refreshing sleep, and awoke very late in the day; the sun darted its warm and brilliant rays into the rooms when we opened our eyes. After coffee we set out to admire the beautiful landscape. Before us stretched imposing mountains; beneath, a delightful valley; in the background, glaciers of dazzling whiteness, and in their midst Mt. Hekla crowned with ice and snow. The mountains, glaciers and valleys, had assumed new traits of beauty, owing to the fine weather which

AN ICELANDIC FARM.

followed the fog of yesterday; the air was embalmed with the perfume of wild mountain flowers. On the right we could see Hankadalen and the Great Geyser, smoking and roaring.

We departed from Austerhild in the afternoon, and had been hardly two hours riding when we reached the farm of Lang, situated about 800 feet from the Great Geyser; here dwells Sigurdr of Lang. He is eighty years old, strong and alert for his age. His great kindness to all has become a byword in Iceland. He owns three farms south of the Geyser. Two years ago, to the evident mortification of the Icelanders, he sold the Geyser, which was his property, to an Englishman, for the paltry sum of $15,000. The intention of the purchaser is to surround it with a high wall in order to tax every pilgrim who wishes to get a look at it. Really the Englishmen are shrewd merchants! This explains a rumor we heard at Reykjavik. An agent of an English firm had landed there to make arrangements with the local authorities about building a railway from the capital to the Geyser. A line of steamers would ply conjointly between Liverpool and Iceland. They agreed to pay $20,000 a year for the land, for the space of thirty years, after which the railway would be their property. The work was to be begun in 1895.

As nobody appeared around the house, I dismounted and with a stick struck the wall near the entrance three times. This is, during the day, the conventional announcement of the arrival of strangers; at night, one must climb the roof and shout at the window, "God be with you!" to which comes invariably the answer, "God bless you!" Scarcely had I complied with this usage, when a woman opened the door and saluted us. I asked her whether I could speak to the master of the house; she disappeared at once to call him. I wished to beg Sigurdr to kindly guide us to "Kallmanstunga," a farm situated in the midst of a desert on the opposite side of the mountain before us. It required an eight hours' ride over a great stony sea of lava, during which time not a house nor a blade of grass was to be found.

Our greatest danger, however, lay in the crossing of the thirteen branches of the rapid Jökelelv Hvita. No one dares engage in this undertaking without a sure and experienced guide. But three men can boast of guiding you safely through this dangerous part of the country; namely, Sigurdr of Lang, his son Greipr of Hankadalr, and Gudjön, a farmer of the neighborhood. In spite of his advanced age, Sigurdr is the best of the trio. The gentleman accosted us in a friendly manner. He is a man of a noble and imposing mien, with a snow-white beard. I saluted him; he stared at me without answering, then he bent over a little boy who accompanied him; the child shouted into his ear: "The gentleman salutes you—*Saelir verid per!*"

Sigurdr then said, "Welcome, my friends!"

"I come to beg you," I cried with all my might, "to accompany us to Kallmanstunga!" I had not spoken loud enough, so the child repeated my words. The old man thought a moment and answered:

"I fear I am not able to render you this service, but my son Greipr will most readily accompany you; and if he cannot, I will go with you." He then took me by the arm and asked a thousand questions, to answer which I yelled myself hoarse. When this lung and throat exercise was over, he told the boy to lead us to the Geyser to show us the environs, and then to guide us to Hankadalr where his son Greipr lives.

We were, therefore, to contemplate, for the first time, the Great Geyser. We soon reached the foot of a round rocky hill; from its summit arose thick columns of vapor presenting the appearance of a dozen factory chimneys; the air was impregnated with a nauseous odor resembling sulphurated hydrogen, a great subterraneous noise was heard, like that of boiling water; for the water is always boiling in these immense stone vessels. The boy walked before us showing the way as we ascended to the basin of the Geyser. Our horses began to show sign of fear; they scented the rocks on which they stepped and finally refused to advance. Pricking up their ears, they looked about in great anxiety. We were forced to use the whip to urge them forward, but they only dragged on with great precaution and appeared thoroughly frightened Having reached a certain height we saw before us a round opening about the size of our Amagatoro at Copenhagen, whence escaped a dense vapor which rose to a great height. Our ponies stared at this strange spectacle for a few seconds, when, overcome by fear, they deliberately wheeled around. We could not keep them quiet, so we were forced to dismount and lead them by the bridle. Passing several of these steaming orifices we pushed on till we reached the Great Geyser. The rocks about these geysers are burning hot, whilst the ground around is of the ordinary temperature. These seething rocks produce a hissing sound like steam escaping from an engine. Our horses became more and more terrified and walked as if they were treading on burning coals.

Finally, we reach the Great Geyser. A smooth stone basin, seventy-two feet in diameter, and four feet deep, stood before us, brimful of boiling clear water, which bubbled up more violently in the centre than at the edges. I dipped my finger lightly into it; but even this slight contact left a burning mark. Several scientists have taken the temperature of this water: On the surface it indicates 185° Fahrenheit; at a depth of sixty feet it rises to 250°. We longed to see an eruption of the Great Geyser, but we were sadly disappointed. Our guide wondered at the interest we took in this unparalleled phenomenon of nature. He was born in its neigborhood, saw it daily and had witnessed many a violent manifestation of wrath of this monster. I asked whether it was safe to stay so near the basin, as, in case of an eruption we would have a

rather disagreeable shower bath of boiling water.

"Oh!" he answered, "it does not occur without a warning. Before the water bursts into the air, subterraneous thunders accompanied by earthquakes, admonish you to look for a safe spot which you find in going against the wind." I further inquired how the eruption takes place. He replied—

"The whole mass of water lifts itself up and rises like a column into the air, sometimes 200 feet. This action is repeated four or five times successively. Most of the water falls back into the basin, except in times of strong wind; the rest turns into vapor and scatters."

"When did such an eruption take place?"

"Last night."

"Does it happen often?"

"Oh! the fits are very irregular; sometimes they occur two or three times a day, sometimes once in three weeks; but last spring the eruptions occurred almost every twenty-four hours."

Afterwards we visited the smaller geysers. The most remarkable of these is the Strokr. Its water boils more violently than that of the Great Geyser; so that its groaning and hissing could be heard at a distance. The orifice of the Strokr measures only six feet in diameter. As it has no basin, we could approach to the very edge of its funnel, which is smoothly hollowed out of a red rock, and look down at the water boiling perpetually at the bottom. We found it impossible to lead our horses to this geyser; the noise and vapor made them shiver. After having satisfied our curiosity we directed our steps to Hankadalr,

ICELANDIC PEASANTS

where we wished to spend the night. We forded a river in which our horses got a cold bath, for the water reached to their shoulders. At Hankadalr we gave the conventional sign of three strokes against the wall, which instantly brought out farmer Greipr. He is a tall, strong young man. He received us with the utmost politeness, especially when he learned that we came from his father's house. We were conducted into the guest's room, which was simply furnished and exquisitely neat. Our bedsteads consisted of trunks placed side by

side, the sheets and coverlets were rather rough. Our host served us the best he had. In the evening as we were sitting on the lawn in front of the house, chatting and enjoying the fine scenery, suddenly we saw a man on horseback galloping towards us. We were not long before recognizing old Sigurdr himself, and we rose to meet him Having alighted, the old man affectionately embraced his son. He had come to ascertain whether his son would be able to accompany us the next day to Kallmanstunga. They held a protracted consultation together. It seems that Greipr had never travelled over more than half the road, and we needed a guide who was perfectly acquainted with the whole; for should a fog overtake us on the mountains, we might easily stray from our path and thus be exposed to spend one or two nights without a shelter. It was, therefore, decided that Greipr should ask Gudjön to accompany us, and if he could not do so, Sigurdr himseif would be our guide. After this, he bid us good night and returned home.

A message was accordingly sent to Gudjön, but he was absent; we were forced to stay at Hankadalr the whole of the following day. We profited by this delay to visit the environs and to make a collection of minerals for our museum of Ordrupshoj. This part of Iceland abounds in hot springs, many of which still bear their old Catholic names. Near the farm is St. Martin's spring; the landlady uses its clear and healthy water for kitchen purposes, and she keeps there her kettles and some pans. The good people of the village also come to this spring to prepare their meals, and thus spare wood and coal, the subterraneous fire renders them service gratis, winter and summer. I put a box of canned meat into this boiling water and after a quarter of an hour we enjoyed a good repast. Near this crater, a basin has been dug into which the boiling water flows. Here it soon cools down, and when in winter the water is frozen everywhere else, the cattle come to drink it.

While here we had an opportunity to observe the love the Icelanders have for their horses. At midday the oldest boy went to drive in a dozen ponies in order to feed them on hay. We all left the house with the children. Scarcely were the ponies in sight when they ran to meet them crying out, "Oh, the dear little creatures!" The ponies stepped forward with the greatest care for fear of treading on the children, who hung about them caressing them and calling each one by his name. After the meal, they leaped on the horses and galloped off. One pony did not follow the crowd but ran to the entrance of the house, stuck his head inside and began to stamp.

"He wants his milk" said one of the children that stood near him. The landlady soon appeared with a small pail of sheep milk and gave it to the pony. She told me that she bought the animal when a foal and raised it on sheep milk, to which he became so accustomed that every day, at this hour, he came to the house for it. In the afternoon we visited the greatest waterfall of Iceland, named "Kellegulfoss." Here the river Hvita tumbles its mass of water down a lofty precipice. The roaring of the torrent can be heard from afar, and at several miles distant a column of spray can be seen curling about the fall.

When we returned to the house, Frederick played hide-and-seek with the children; I was really struck by the ease with which children make friends; later on, Frederick organized games of hide-and-seek at every farm we stopped at, to the great joy of the parents and the amusement of the children. Nowhere was he in want of companions, for Iceland swarms with children in this part. Meanwhile old Sigurdr and his son succeeded in finding our guide; he asked five dollars for his service, the usual fee, for he was to lose two days and he had to use two horses on account of the

difficulties and fatigues of the journey. It was decided that we should leave at six o'clock in the morning.

The next day, before leaving, I wished to settle accounts with our host, but he refused all payment, although we had spent two days and two nights at his house. After much entreaty I succeeded in making him accept a small sum for which he and his wife thanked me with many expressions of gratitude. Everywhere in Iceland the good people of the country look upon hospitality as a sacred duty, and treat as best they can all those the Lord sends them. I was grieved to hear that sometimes travellers behave rudely towards their charitable hosts. A landlady said to me: "Oh, the strangers are never satisfied with our services. They complain of not being better treated, and of getting bad food; they accuse us of uncleanliness and of charging too much for their board. Once we asked fifty cents a head; they found the price exhorbitant, and yet we lost a day's work and gave them the best we possessed." These exacting tourists do not reflect on what the least article costs these poor people. Coffee, sugar, flour, oil, in a word, everything, has to be brought from a great distance on the backs of horses.

Between six and seven o'clock we left Hankadalr with five horses. As we ascended the nearest mountain, we saw the Great Geyser in eruption. What a mortification not to be nearer! Our road was now the worst imaginable; sometimes we faced a steep ascent up a high mountain; then a rugged descent into a deep valley; again we cut across a bleak desert strewn with big stones, afterward we climbed another mountain. Thus we trudged along the whole day. We traversed the valley Kaldadal, locked up between two imposing glaciers which skirt the path, so that we rode in the snow. The weather, however, was superb. This slow and laborious locomotion had lasted about fourteen hours when at 9 P. M. we struck an even path on which we could ride at a fair rate. Again we had to slacken our speed to descend into a broad valley. We reached the ford of the river Hvita between one and two o'clock A. M. Our readers will remember that at this season there is no night in this northern region, the sun scarcely goes below the horizon. We gazed in astonishment upen this torrent which hurled its foamy waters over numberless rocks. Our guide stopped, examined the river and said—"It is impossible to cross at this spot; it is too dangerous."

We then skirted the river for a while and made another halt. Our guide tried first to cross the torrent alone with his best pony. In spite of the repeated application of the whip, the poor animal refused to plunge into this icy water; but he finally yielded and walked into the river till the water reached his shoulders. The current dragged him along; suddenly he sank into a hole and his head alone appeared above the surface; he was wet to the belt. Happily the pony succeeded in gaining a footing, but only to retrace his steps. Gudjön betrayed some embarrassment, and proposed to continue along the river until we found a more favorable ford. After a short time we made another trial, but

THE SKOGAR FALL.

without success. The horse could not withstand the current; the ford was too uneven. With much effort and with great difficulty did he succeed in returning. We went further up the river in search of a more fordable place. Our brave guide, fatigued and soaked as he was, did not lose heart. He tried a third time, and was lucky enough to reach the opposite bank. He returned immediately and took Frederick on his own horse; the poor beast had again to fight against the violent current. In the middle of the river he sank into a hole as the first time, but happily extricated himself in a moment. Frederick alighted and Gudjön returned to take me across. He made me mount his horse and he leaped upon mine. We tied the others together by the bridle and he took the lead while I closed up the file. For a while we were carried along by the current, but arrived in the middle of the river we were better able to resist its violence and we touched the bank without any other accident.

More than ever we experienced the strength and safety of our dear little Iceland horses. We were told that these ponies are never drowned, and if the riders know how to cling to them, they need have no fear in crossing rivers; the danger is less than it appears. Those who meet with serious accidents are either under the influence of liquor or rashly hazard a crossing at a place where the torrent is too deep, and where the horses are obliged to swim with the riders on their backs. We traversed the twelve other branches of the river without further incident.

After this we journeyed through a barren pathless desert. Our guide did not know the exact situation of the farm of Kallmanstunga, so we were forced to search for it. To our great joy at three o'clock A. M., we suddenly found ourselves on a fine lawn; we were at Kallmanstunga. We alighted. Our guide climbed the roof of the house and cried:

"*Her voere Gud!*" and the answer came—"God bless you!"

Without delay the door was opened and a cordial reception awaited us. Throughout the rest of our journey we experienced the same cordiality and courtesy wherever we stopped.

We stayed a whole day at Kallmanstunga to rest ourselves and our ponies, as we had a hard and fatiguing journey before us. It is useless to describe our sojourn at Kallmanstunga, as it varies little from the one at Hankadalr.

Our next station was Grimstunga. To reach it we had to traverse the Arnarvatusheide, a magnificent tract of land with great natural beauty, but entirely uninhabited. We were lucky enough to meet two travellers who were going in the same direction—a student of Reykjavik, and an elderly lady. The young man had made this trip several times and he assured us that he knew the road perfectly.

We rose at 3 A. M. Before leaving we asked our host how much we owed him; he answered, $3 75. This was the only place where the price was mentioned. At 4 A. M., we set out, hoping to arrive at Grimstunga about 11 P. M., should there happen no accident. Our host accompanied us for three hours, to direct us to the best ford of the river Nordlunga. Sometimes we beheld immense rocks rising vertically to a height of more than 5000 feet, whose ice-crowned summits sparkled with a thousand fires beneath the rays of the setting sun; then we descried lofty blue mountains, studded with crystal lakes, on which flocks of snow-white swan were sporting. At midday we took an hour's rest on the shore of one of these lakes, into which leaped a magnificent cascade. On resuming our journey our guide, mistaking the path, led us by a circuitous road through a wild desert, so that instead of arriving at Grimstunga at 11 P. M., we arrived at 5 A. M. the following day. The people had already risen when we neared the farm.

The reception tendered us at Grimstunga was most cordial. Our host

AKUREYRI.

helped us to take off our overcoats and our dirty boots, and then offered us a drink of warm milk. Shortly after an excellent breakfast was served, consisting of trout, meat, vegetables, delicious bread and fresh butter, and rhubarb preserves, seasoned with sweet cream. The owner of Grimstunga is a wealthy gentleman and a representative of this part of the island in Congress. Soon after we retired to bed for a well deserved rest. We rose late in the afternoon and felt entirely refreshed. We spent the night at Grimstunga to give more time to our horses to recuperate, because their backs were sore and raw. No guide was henceforth needed as our road lay through the luxuriant plains of fertile valleys dotted with cozy farm houses. I will be brief on this part of my trip lest I prolong too much an already lengthy narrative. The farmers of the North in general enjoy comfort and wealth and can easily afford being generous to strangers. We are glad to say that a large share of that generosity was lavished upon us.

The following day we bade farewell to our kind hosts and entered the picturesque Vastursdal. This valley lies between two chains of mountains; through the centre flows a large river, with numerous houses on its banks. Wherever we turn we can see the mowers cutting the grass on the meadows. We stopped over night at a farm named Karusa. We were cordially welcomed by the owner of the place, a young theological student of the college of Reykjavik, who lives in a fine two-story building. He put a suite of four apartments at our disposal—a parlor, dining-room, and two sleeping rooms, each furnished with a large English bed. This young gentleman and his sister, who keeps house for him, spared no pains to make us feel at home. I intimated that our saddles needed repairs; immediately a saddler was called who did the job very neatly. Before leaving, the hostess gave Frederick a box of candy. Such a gift can only be appreciated when one remembers with what difficulties these articles are procured. No entreaties could make them accept the least remuneration. "Our mother strictly forbade us," said the gentleman, "to receive any payment from those who ask for hospitality." We were not even

allowed to pay for the repairs of our saddles. Later on I learned that this family was in rather moderate circumstances.

After heartily thanking our hosts for their extreme kindness, we set out in company with the young student who wished to guide us to the farm "Huansum" where we intended to pass the night. On reaching Huansum our worthy companion introduced us to the owner of the place who welcomed us most politely. He was a well educated gentleman who had travelled a great deal and was an entertaining conversationalist. Here I slept the first time in what they called a "closed bed." A similar article can be seen in the Museum of Northern Antiquities, at Copenhagen.

Our host's son escorted us a great distance, for we had to cross a chain of mountains. The boy bid us farewell when we could see the farm "Solheimar," our next station. We rode by the side of a charming lake several miles long but very narrow. It reminded us of Loch Lomond, in the mountains of Scotland, with this difference, that the latter is surrounded by beautiful woods, whilst around the former there is no sign of a tree. At Solheimar we were sumptuously entertained.

To-day we were to tread the valley for the last time, first crossing the torrent Blanda, which is much deeper than the Hvita, where we had to undergo so great fatigues, and then riding over a chain of mountains. This stretch would bring us to the farm "Vidimyri," by sunset. The farmer of Solheimar ordered a boy to help us to cross the Blanda. On nearing the bank of the river the boy ascended a knoll and cried with all his might, "ferjà!" *i. e.*, "ferry-boat!" Our guide had to yell again and again before he could be heard. The echo of the mountains repeated without end, "ferjà!" Finally we noticed an old man coming down a neighboring hill and advancing slowly in our direction; he was the ferryman. His voice was very harsh, and his strength seemed prodigious. He placed our saddles and boxes in the boat and then drove the ponies into the river, where they were obliged to swim. Shortly before reaching Vidimyri we found ourselves on the coast facing the isle of Drasig, so renowned for the exploits of Gretta. It is an enormous rock rising perpendicularly above the waves, at a short distance from the shore. There lived for twenty years the outlaw Gretta, and there he was surprised by his enemies and assassinated after a bold resistance. We were treading upon the spot where his head was buried by the murderers.

From Vidimyri we went to Silfrastathir. Between these two farms lies a very deep river having several branches. One of these, called "Héradsvötnin," the horses swam, and we crossed it on a boat; the others, we forded. Once we found it difficult to discover the ford. We saw a little girl on the opposite bank. We called her and inquired where we could cross. She directed her pony to where we stood and told us to follow her. We did so without hesitation, and gained the opposite bank without difficulty. On such occasions the usual word exchanged is "Happy journey"! but in these parts of Iceland, intersected by torrents and rivers, they say: "Good river"! With this wish the girl galloped off. We arrived safely at Silfrastathir and stayed over night

Around Silfrastathir the scenery was beautiful, our path leading us through the picturesque defiles of the Oscnadal. In the afternoon we were rowed over the deep river Horgara which waters the fertile Horgarasdal valley, and came to the farm of Modruvollum, which is well known throughout the country. Madame Stephensen, the lady of the house, gave us a cordial reception. Modruvollum is the most important farm we met on our trip and there is an excellent school attached to it. The children were then in vacation.

Madame Stephensen ordered a servant to guide us to Hjalteyei, our last station. It is a little merchant town situated at the extreme end of the beautiful bay of Ofjord. Here lives Gunnar Einarsson, with his family, the only Catholics of Iceland. If one remembers that they have the consolations of our holy religion but every other year, he will easily conceive the great joy this faithful little flock experiences on the arrival of a priest in their midst. We had eight days to stay with them; a time of grace for these dear brothers in the faith, so abandoned in this forlorn place. The best apartment of the house was immediately turned into a chapel. Every day I said Mass, and preached on the principal truths of our holy religion, and each member of the family approached the sacraments several times with touching fervor. Never shall I forget the kindness and revèrence with which I was treated by this excellent family. I have described the generous hospitality we enjoyed from those who were not of our faith; it would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the affectionate welcome we experienced from our Catholic brethren. It was therefore with reluctance that we tore ourselves away from them on August 23, to hasten to Akureyri, whence the steamer "Thyra" was to take us back to Copenhagen. At Akureyri we disposed of our ponies, which had rendered us such good services. Thanks to our host Gunnar, who accompanied us, we sold them very advantageously. The "Thyra" was late. Gunnar however did not leave us until he had seen us safe on board the steamer.

There we met many of our former travelling campanions, all of whom were much pleased with their stay in Iceland, and the greater number desirous to return again. We related our numerous adventures, and listened with attention to theirs. Our seventeen days' trip on horseback had seemed to us an extraordinary feat, but we stopped boasting when we learned that some of our friends had been three, and even five consecutive weeks scouring the country on little ponies. All looked healthy and were delighted with the benefits they reaped during their short stay in this happy clime. I was very glad to meet an English Catholic priest on board—the professor of canon law and moral theology at Oscott College. Before his trip he suffered so much from insomnia that he was rendered unfit for work. His physician advised him to make an excursion to Iceland, and this completely restored him to health. All the tourists said that there was no place like Iceland to regain health and strength of body, especially if the summer is always as beautiful as it is this year. I am afraid, however, that this is not the case.

Travelling in Iceland has a charm of its own, unknown elsewhere. The daily riding, the varied scenes, the objects of interest —all break the monotony and routine experienced in a trip by rail. Even Scotland, with its mountains, lakes and forests, has lost by the introduction of modern comforts, and by the profuse description of every nook and corner. Here you travel always in the open air, behold remarkable scenery, and are continually led from surprise to surprise. Frederick and I could judge of the difference between these two countries, having extensively travelled together over Scotland, the preceding year. There we travelled in comfortable cars, steamboats carried us across the lakes, tramways took us up the mountains and everywhere sumptuous hotels with all their luxuries were opened to us. In Iceland there are no hotels, no railways, no steamers, no noise nor smoke, except the low grumbling of the geysers and the vapor of the hot springs. You breathe the purest and most invigorating air and enjoy the greatest liberty. You start and stop where you please, you rest as long as you please; there is no ticket to be bought, no time-table to be followed, no darkness to be dreaded, for the sun does not set in summer. As for

food, you get your provisions beforehand, moreover, you are always warmly welcomed by the good people of the country and invited to share their frugal repast. Sometimes you may lunch sitting on a green knoll, and for drink you have the purest water in the world, for the spring water of Iceland, as a Danish physician affirms, is so remarkable for its purity and health-giving properties that it would pay to bottle it for transportation. In many locations it has a strong taste.

We steamed out of Ofjord Bay August 26th, and coasted for several days stopping at half a dozen harbors and fiords to receive passengers and merchandise. Every night the firmament was illumined by the splendors of the aurora borealis. Among the passengers we counted about a hundred inhabitants of the Faroe Islands, who, after fishing on the coasts of Iceland for two months, were returning home. They were a jolly set, full of good humor; and every evening they sang some of the touching national melodies for which their country is famous.

At the Faroes I again visited the old lady at Hvidernaes, celebrated Mass in her house, and gave her holy Communion, though the captain allowed me scarcely more time than at our first visit. From the Faroes we sailed to Edinburgh; thence to Copenhagen where we landed September 6th, late in the evening; at half-past ten we boarded the train for Klompenborg and at midnight reached home—our college at Ordrupshoj.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

WORK OF SPIRITUAL RETREATS.

ABOUT this time every year thousands of priests and religious retire from their parochial, scholastic and missionary duties, and devote themselves in solitude to the exercises of what is called a "Retreat." From time to time during the year these retreats are given to the laity, men and women, in houses set apart for this special purpose, and it is gratifying to note that that they are growing in favor with all classes.

To one who is familiar with these exercises, nothing is more amusing than the vague notions which even Catholics commonly entertain of them. It is an instance of the perplexity that often arises from making more of the name or of the circumstances connected with a thing than of the thing itself. Many pious persons have attended missions given in our churches, who would be surprised to learn that, when rightly given, a mission embraces much of the substance of a retreat.

The very name "retreat" suggests withdrawal from active pursuits; the circumstances in which a retreat is usually made, particularly the solitude, cloak it about with mystery. Unfortunately, most people associate activity with some bodily exercise, or with the variety and distraction attendant upon external dealings and intercourse with others. Hence, the erroneous impression that a spiritual retreat is a time for idleness, monotony, *ennui*, or else, for something so mysterious, singular or esoteric as to be suited only for men and women in peculiar circumstances.

It would not be so bad if it were only an error people make about retreats; the pity is that they conceive a prejudice against them, and even go so far as to misjudge those who go into retreat, simply because they are ignorant of its real nature, or, what is far worse, because in this, as in other sacred matters, they regard the perverted notions so eagerly propagated by the enemies of everything truly Catholic.

One would think that before forming any opinion about a retreat, the simplest thing would be to make one. Opportunities are plentiful and pressing invitations are given to all. But, here again, the wells are poisoned. People plead mystery, and they are begged to penetrate the mystery, to make a retreat and judge for themselves. "No, indeed," they rejoin; "the mystery is impenetrable." And then comes out the old Protestant objection to the retreats given by the founder of the work of retreats. When the early Calvinists and Lutherans could not hinder the wonderful results of the retreats given by St. Ignatius and his companions, they

sought to deter people from making them by ascribing their virtue to the craft and cunning of the author. Similarly some misguided Catholics will persist in believing and saying that a retreat is a series of reflections which covertly but infallibly brings the one who makes them around to the views of the one who suggests or directs them.

Then there is that well-meaning class that has a great respect for retreats as well as for those who make them. Indeed, their respect is entirely too great; it amounts to a reverence which keeps them from trying the benefits of a retreat for themselves. They think that it is good for priests, for religious, before deciding one's vocation, before changing one's state in life, or engaging in any serious enterprise, as a preparation for death, or when one feels moved to repent thoroughly of the past, and lead a perfect life in future.

We might go on enumerating the erroneous views that are so prevalent on this subject, but those we have just mentioned suffice to show how necessary it is to pray for the object of our General Intention this month, the work of spiritual retreats. When we recall that it is prayer which, from the very beginning, has made not only Catholics, but even many Protestants, appreciate these retreats rightly, we may pray with renewed confidence that they may find with all classes the favor they deserve.

What is a retreat? To answer this question properly we must put it in the form of our title, and ask, What is the work of spiritual retreats? A retreat is nothing if not work, downright, serious application of every faculty of the soul and body, a work so intense and absorbing that every other must be set aside, so jealous of distractions that it must be done apart from our usual business or social associations. Hence the name retreat.

Now when St. Ignatius first proposed the exercises that have since been commonly adopted as the best for spiritual retreats, he did not call them by this name. He entitled them *Spiritual Exercises*, and those who are most experienced in giving them, have always adhered to his title for the same reasons which led him to adopt it. There were retreats in his day, as in our own, that meant anything but wor ; and these retreats were spiritual besides. Pietism, and Molinism, and similar errors had taken hold of men of the highest intellect, deluding them into the belief that the most perfect religious actions became possible only when the human faculties reached a state of rest. The insidious seed of Calvinism, that later developed into Jansenism, had already been sown even in Catholic minds, and poor human nature, always so inert in the exercise of its supernatural life, was growing more inert still when some felt, by their election to grace and glory, they did not need to act, whilst others, by their doom to sin and perdition, felt they could not act well if they would.

This inactivity is the great drawback in all spiritual life. Either men do not exercise their spiritual faculties at all, or they apply some of them only to the exclusion of the others. It follows that they lead a material life, or, at most, an intellectual one: they use their minds for thinking, but their wills remain idle. They study what is good and true and beautiful with an æsthetic, not with a moral interest. They like to see good in others, they do not care to embrace it themselves. Active and wide of range as their thoughts may be, they are always ineffectual. They never take hold of a proposition and push it to its conclusion; they never grasp a conclusion and apply it to themselves, or as we term it, make it their own. Their minds may be occupied in a way, but not so diligently as to draw their hearts into the work. They do not "consider in their hearts," to use the words of the prophet Jeremias, and therefore "with desolation is all the land made desolate."

How true that was when the spoilers

of the fifteenth century came upon all the ways of the wilderness, to keep the terms of the prophet, leaving desolation everywhere in their path! Who that was considering in his heart, that had any interest in his religion, could have been deluded by their pretence to found a church? How could the millions have been misled by them, if only the majority of their rulers and pastors had had their hearts in their religion? Because there was no one considering in his heart, the frantic leaders of the revolt against the Church could confidently appeal to reason to accept the vagaries they were arbitrarily and whimsically substituting daily for the eternal truths of religion.

By long indulgence in a spiritual torpor men had gradually grown helpless. Their very nature craved for a proper exercise of the supernatural life to which it had been elevated, but they had grown too sluggish and dull to recognize in the so-called reform the impious revolt that it was.

It was to restore men from this torpor to a full use of the natural faculties God had given them, that St. Ignatius was inspired to write his *Spiritual Exercises*, and this is why the name exercises is preferable to the name retreats; because it signifies that reform, or a true conversion to God, is not something that can be done by merely running away from temptation, but by working and fighting the temptation until it is overcome; neither is it something that can be done for us, but something each man must do for himself; not a task that we can accomplish in herds or by proxy, but an individual, personal work, that must be brought about in each man by the exercise of every faculty that can contribute to man's true welfare, or, what is the same, God's reasonable service.

It may seem idle to some to dwell so much on the work to be done in a retreat, or on the meaning of the word exercises. When an Intention similar to this was recommended to our prayers four years ago, we were fortunate in having an article from the most genial of all our contributors, the editor of the *Irish Monthly*, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., on the force of these two very words, Spiritual Exercises. His contribution on that occasion, printed in our number for September, 1892, cannot be read too often by those who wish to know what a retreat really implies. In the course of his remarks, he is humble enough to tell us that he had many years before planned a word-for-word study of the book written by St. Ignatius, but that he had never gone farther than these two words. To the mind of some such an admission might imply inconsistency, but to one who reflects and appreciates what it is to master these words, as Father Russell had mastered them, it was quite enough to ensure at least the proper disposition and spirit necessary for the Exercises, if not a word-for-word knowledge of them all.

Volumes have been written on the Exercises of St. Ignatius, which are nowadays the substance of all retreats properly given. The Rev. Henry Watrigant, S.J., has collected them into a library, which makes what he terms "a mountain of literature." Not to speak of the commentaries, histories, controversial works and systems of asceticism that have grown out of the one small volume left us by the saint, there exist several thousand books of meditations more or less correctly adapted from his for the use of retreats. Excellent as these books are, and useful for those who know how to use them, to the general reader they give but a faint, if any, idea of the Exercises, and they rarely serve the purpose for which St. Ignatius intended his book. It is all very well to read them and even hear instructions on them, to speculate and moralize about them; but all this is precisely one of the abuses which St. Ignatius sought to repair in writing them. There is no lack of pious reading, instruction, moralizing, but what men need is not the pas-

sive, but the active acceptance of God's truth, and this the Exercises are meant to give.

All the books of meditation and all the commentaries based upon the Exercises of St. Ignatius are useless, nay, they may be hurtful, in so far as they will surely distract us from the real benefit we are seeking, unless we shall have first mastered the force of their title, and put ourselves in a disposition to work out our own conversion. The difference between the Exercises and every other method of asceticism is that they aim at making the simplest truths the sole principles of our belief and maxims of our conduct. Now a principle is any leading truth so well grasped that it sinks deeply into our souls and gradually influences our thoughts and views of things; it becomes so much our own, it recurs so naturally at every new turn or effort we make, it abides with us so closely, it exerts such a vital action on our conduct, prompting our motives, directing our will, repressing disorderly appetites, restraining mere impulse, and, above all, chastening our imagination so effectually, that it soon stamps a new and lasting character on our lives. It is to furnish us with true Christian principles that St. Ignatius wrote his Exercises; it is to acquire these principles that we are urged to make his Exercises in a spiritual retreat.

It would be interesting to continue this topic, and to go into detail about the manner in which principles are embraced one after another, from the first which is the starting point of all, the knowledge of God as our Creator and Last End, to the last, which is the highest aim of Christian perfection, the love of God as our All. Every exercise brings home to us its own: the meditations, inculcating, in turn, the grounds of sorrow, hatred of sin and fear of punishment, resolutions of amendment and hope in God's mercy; the contemplations, fixing in our minds the vivid and ineffaceable image of Christ, the great principle, in so much as He is the beginning and end of all things for the Christian, for with Him come naturally the principles of self-denial, poverty, humiliation and suffering that make the Christian's life; the examinations of conscience, based as they are upon the principle of vigilance, the *watch ye always:* the rules against scruples; the method of knowing by what spirit, motive, influence, we are led in all things; the principle for choosing a state of life or effectual means of reform. Not an hour goes by but some new principle is brought before us vividly and in such a way as to excite our interest, our devotion, our eager co-operation in every detail, and by every faculty of mind and heart and sense, with the special graces poured out upon us during the holy exercises of a retreat.

It is no wonder that those who have once made a serious spiritual retreat feel that it has left a lasting impression on them. It has brought them face to face with the solid realities of life, made them probe beyond the veil which hid their own consciences from themselves, urged them not to stop until they had gone down to the very roots of the disorder, worldliness and sin of their past; taught them to detect every false motive, and to strip every specious pretext of its cunning disguise. There was an old-school teaching about grace, not much in fashion nowadays, that explained the conquests of grace over human wills by the pleasure men found in accepting it. In simple words, according to this theory, men resisted temptations, because, by grace, it became a pleasure to do so. It is idle to debate whether there be anything that can make it pleasant to resist temptations of every sort, but it is indisputable that some things can render it very hard to give way. One and the chief of these is a serious spiritual retreat. Make the soul once master of the principles that lead it to put God and His divine Son, His glory and His kingdom above every other consideration in life, and it must struggle

against its very nature to prefer itself to God, Satan to Christ, hell to heaven. Now these principles are mastered in the course of a retreat.

Why try to describe them when even those who spend eight, ten and thirty days, and return to make them year after year, profess that each new retreat opens up new thoughts, and brings home to them the old principles with a freshness and a strength they had never experienced before? Why spend time explaining them in a way that must be abstruse for those of our readers who have never had the good fortune of making them, when the easier and more impressive way of setting forth their virtue is at hand in the history of their marvellous fruits? Who will estimate these, either in quantity or in quality, from the time of the first rich harvest reaped by Ignatius himself in his companions down to our own day. What shall we compare with them? We are often appalled at the extent of the desolation brought upon Christian Europe by the revolt of Luther and his followers. What would it have been but for the retreats which St. Ignatius introduced not only to save or redeem people from heresy, but also to inspire great or influential churchmen or statesmen to renewed efforts of zeal in behalf of those under their charge?

Historians of the Protestant revolt are fond of telling how the losses of the Church in Europe were counterbalanced by its gains in the pagan countries evangelized by the sons of St. Ignatius. None but angels, who keep the records of eternity, can compare the spiritual gains in souls due to the exercises of St. Ignatius with the losses caused by our arch-enemy, Satan, through his agents of revolt and licentiousness. And yet the comparison bids fair to be favorable to us. Be it remembered that the greatest fruit and highest commendation of the *Spiritual Exercises* are not only the eulogies they drew from their worst enemies, nor even the warm words of praise pronounced by so many Popes, from Paul III. to our own reigning Pontiff, but their adoption by saints of every character and station, by nearly every religious order, and by members of the secular clergy distinguished by their holiness, as the best means of instituting true reform in every rank of Christians.

St. Vincent de Paul, along with his fellow priests, gave the exercises to 20,000 persons in twenty-five years. Well could he testify that: "Of all the means God had given men to reform a disorderly life, none had produced more signal, extensive or marvellous results than the Exercises." St. Francis de Sales wrote that, even in his day; "the Book of Exercises of St. Ignatius had converted more souls than it contains letters." St. Alphonsus de Liguori quotes St. Charles Borromeo and the saint just mentioned, together with three great masters of the spiritual life, one of them since beatified, in favor of the Exercises. To St. Charles we owe the statement that the book was more to him than all his great library, repeated in substance by Leo XIII., when telling the priests of Carpineto that once he had discovered in the *Spiritual Exercises* the solid sustenance he had been seeking, he had never put the book aside. But why go beyond ourselves for favorable testimony? There is not a Director who has to explain this Intention to his people that cannot testify from personal experience to the benefit of a retreat spent in making the Spiritual Exercises.

Now the object of this general intention is notto have the Exercises made more frequently by priests and religious. Thank God, that point is already secure. The object of our Holy Father is to make all classes of the laity embrace any opportunity afforded them of making a spiritual retreat. We have just read of their fruits and commendations; we all know our particular needs. Who is there that lives from year to year without some trouble of conscience, some disorderly motive or habit, some difficulty of mind or heart, be it of doubt or

diffidence, in the service of God? Who is there that is always entirely at ease, and free from scruplesand spiritual delusions? Who has always his imagination under control? Who can be fully satisfied with what he knows of Christ? Who is there that grasps the principles of eternal life as strongly as he grasps the principles of temporal life? Blessed are they that have the opportunity and seize upon it. It is a sure way of knowing and following the will of God, and of entering upon immortal life.

The real object of this General Intention is to obtain by our prayers that the houses adapted for such spiritual retreats be multiplied throughout the land. As yet we are not blest, as other countries, with a number of such houses. Besides the few we mention in our Director's Review, there are many convents and religious houses in which individuals or small parties of "retreatants" can go through the Spiritual Exercises under proper direction. In France, Spain, Ireland, Canada and other countries such private retreats are very common. In the first named country the houses for these retreats are so arranged that all classes of men or women can assemble together at stated times for this salutary work. Now they come together as fellow sodalists, at another time as members of a special profession; workingmen, soldiers from the barracks, sailors, all can have the benefit of these retreats. For some years past, the Promoters of certain Centres have been making retreats in common, regularly in houses set apart for them, and the French *Messenger* very frequently commends the spirit of zeal which results from this practice. If, for lack of opportunities, we may not imitate them, we should, at least, pray that we may soon enjoy the same facilities, and do our best by advocating *triduums* and retreats in common in our churches to make up for what we sadly lack at present.

The great benefit of making these private retreats is that we can derive from them the advantage of having a Director at leisure to guide us. In the missions and retreats we are called upon to make in our churches, we must be content with the ordinary exercises, which, after all, are suited to the average requirements of each parish or society taking part in them. Then, if the parish be large, there is a necessary hurry about our confessions that leaves very little time for the special advice of a confessor. In private retreats not only can the exercises be multiplied and adapted to each particular soul, but the direction in and out of the confessional can be made to meet each one's needs. This is of the highest importance in the task of reviewing the past, of putting the present in order and of choosing a calling or rule of life for the future.

Our prayer, then, is that all may appreciate, and that as many as possible may embrace their opportunities for making a spiritual retreat. Some of these opportunities we mention in the "Director's Review," p. 783. May they be multiplied, and may Directors, fully competent, be provided for this work! May the Holy Spirit, in answer to our universal prayer, pour out the spirit of "grace and of prayers" on the work of spiritual retreats, which is the greatest of all means for perfecting and propagating the practice of prayer!

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular, for the work of Spiritual Retreats.

THE·READER·

EFFORTS at remedial legislation for denominational schools have almost simultaneously miscarried in the British Parliament, and in the Legislature of the Dominion of Canada. After protracted discussion of the English Bill for the aid of Voluntary Schools in the House of Commons, it was found that nobody was pleased with it, and the Government consequently abandoned it after the second reading, to be taken up anew at the next session. Nobody seems to regret it, as the draft was involved, and contained much that was objectionable and discriminating against denominational schools. The present policy, as recently outlined in public speeches by His Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan, His Grace, the Duke of Norfolk, and Mr. John Dillon, M.P., is to submit a bill containing only a few clauses, securing complete equality of rights to religious schools.

Mr. Dillon puts the question in a very few words. "What is it," he says, "which Catholic schools want, and which the denominational schools require? They are only two or three very simple points, which really cover the whole ground of their claim. They want equal financial treatment as to education grants, the abolition of 17s. 6d. limit, and one or two other trifling matters. Having this, the rest of the great bill is a matter of comparative indifference to the Catholic schools, and I do hope that one of the results of the great experience we have had will be that when the problem is again faced, it will be with a short bill, and a bill which is really concerned only with the true needs and wants of Catholics and the other religious classes of the country."

The Remedial Bill in the Dominion Parliament had likewise passed the second reading, when a dissolution of Parliament was forced, and a general election held on the issue of the Manitoba School Question. Had the campaign been fought on that issue alone, there is no doubt but the cause of separate denominational schools would have triumphed; but the French Liberals of Lower Canada, under the leadership of M. Laurier, raised other political issues, which threw the Manitoba School Question in the shade, pledging themselves in the meantime to bring about an amicable settlement of the latter. Meanwhile the Catholics of Manitoba continue to suffer under the educational disabilities inflicted on them by a majority of Orangemen. What M. Laurier, who now leads the Dominion Government, will do to redress their wrongs remains to be seen. There is, however, reason to hope that the new liberal government will at an early date bring about a settlement, which will secure their constitutional rights to Catholics without seeming to infringe on the rights of the Provinces.

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Another bill has recently been introduced in the British Parliament for the amendment, explanation and extension of the educational code in Ireland, which contains many objectionable features. At a recent meeting of the Irish Bishops, held at Maynooth College, a vigorous protest was issued by their

lordships condemning these features of the bill.

The bishops first object against the omission of the conscience clause, which opens the way to the proselytizing of Catholic children. Another serious objection to the bill is the unjust distribution of the school funds. "We regard the terms offered in this bill to denominational schools," the bishops continue, "as not much less than an affront. In denominational, that is, religious schools, it is proposed to pay 10s. ($2.50) per head, whereas, in ordinary national schools a sum of £2 0s. 10d. ($10.20) is paid for each child. Is not this imposing a penalty on religion? If the school is fit to be recognized and paid at all, on what principle is its payment cut down to one-third of that of other schools without any reference to the quality of its work? Is not this the very grievance of the voluntary schools in England—that they are paid inadequately because they retain their independence in religious teaching?" In regard to compulsory education their lordships say: "We are ready to give compulsion a fair trial, but if our Catholic schools, particularly in the towns and cities, are excluded from all participation in the public grants for education, then we are convinced that all attempts to enforce compulsion would be doomed to failure, and might stir up very angry feelings in the people.

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While these great national struggles for Catholic education are going on abroad, we Catholics of the United States quietly submit to the inevitable. The non-religious (not to say godless) public school is in possession, so that, if we wish to preserve the faith of our children, there is nothing left us but to educate them at our own expense. Thus we are educating well nigh 1,000,000 of Catholic children free of cost to the State, and saving the exchequer between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 of dollars yearly, besides bearing one-seventh of the burden for public education in the United States. How long this iniquity is going to last no man can foresee. So far it has been borne with resignation, almost without a murmur, by bishops, priests, and people. Unprecedented sacrifices have been made for Catholic education by our Catholic people Our Catholic schools are multiplying from year to year. There is hardly a week that we do not read of the inauguration or dedication of a new Catholic school. Despite the efforts made by the enemies of Catholic education to discredit our schools, there was in the past year an increase of nearly sixteen per cent in the attendance of Catholic schools over the preceding year.

Wherever the pupils of our Catholic schools were allowed to compete with those of the public schools, they have shown equal, or even superior, proficiency in the secular branches of learning, in spite of the fact that, owing to their crippled financial condition, they must in most places labor under great disadvantages. The confidence of Catholic parents in our Catholic schools is therefore well founded. We have every reason to be thankful and even proud of their efficiency.

Nor is this to be wondered at. Our Catholic teachers, as a rule, are recruited from the best and most intelligent element of our American society—not from the very wealthy, who are likely to be demoralized by luxury, nor from the very poor, the development of whose mental faculties may be stunted by hardships and want, but from that middle class who represent the energy and intelligence of the country. For the most part they enjoy all the facilities desirable for a good mental training. They have good traditions, and the experience of centuries to back them. They are entirely devoted to their work; they have no other concern but the welfare of the pupils intrusted to their charge. They have adopted teaching as a life-long profession, many of them bind-

ing themselves by special vow to that profession. They do not, as secular teachers generally do, use their profession as a stepping-stone to a more honorable and lucrative position. It would be strange, indeed, if the pupils of such teachers should fail to be proficient in any branch of scholastic studies.

It is not, however, for the sake of their superior efficiency in the secular branches that parents intrust their children to Catholic schools, but on account of the one thing needful—religious training. It will not do to train the head and the hand at the expense of the heart and the spirit. To separate religion from education, to use the words of Leo XIII., is to execute the judgment of Solomon on the child—to cut him in twain. The advocates of secular education say to the parent: Take you the trunk, let us take the head of the child, and we care not whether God or Beelzebub takes the soul. The child is divided; there is no harmony in its development. The spiritual faculties and the sense of morality remain dormant or become entirely extinct. The better part of education is neglected; its purpose is frustrated. What will it avail the child to become proficient in all secular learning, if he incurs the loss of faith and innocence, and thus makes salvation all but morally impossible to himself.

How different is it in our Catholic schools? There we have no division of the child. All its faculties are equally developed—the mind, the heart, the imagination, the religious instincts. Without any detriment to the physical and intellectual culture—on the contrary, greatly to the furtherance of mental growth—the child is taught to know and love and serve God, "to live soberly, justly, and godly in this world." As piety is useful for all things it cannot but be conducive to progress in learning. This is the experience of Catholic teachers all the world over. In this lies the secret of success of pupils and teachers in our Catholic schools.

In our Catholic schools not only are our children taught to know their religion, but they are taught likewise to practise it. They are brought up in a Catholic atmosphere. Religion and its practice becomes natural—as it were, a second nature — to them. They are taught religion and Christian virtue not only by word and precept, but chiefly by example, which is the best teacher. They continually see in their teachers the highest exemplar of Christian virtue —the poverty and obedience of Christ, and angelic purity, strengthened by religious vows and consecrated by the sanction of the Church. They see before them the highest ideal of heroic self-devotion, contempt of the world and union with God, as far as it can be realized in this life. Hereon are based the convictions of Catholic parents, who refuse to sacrifice their children to the Moloch of secular education.

These convictions of Christian parents are growing with the spread of true religious spirit. Intelligent Catholic parents are beginning to see through the transparent fallacies that used to be advanced in favor of the public schools. Few public men nowadays would venture to launch out into rhapsodies of praise of "our glorious public schools," as in days gone by. Or, if they did, they would be sure to earn the scorn or ridicule of the more intelligent of their listeners. This growing intelligence of Catholic parents augurs well for the future of our Catholic schools in the United States. We wish them a glorious re-opening this month!

Consecration of the Tyrol to the Sacred Heart.—A century ago the Tyrol was officially and publicly consecrated to the Sacred Heart by a solemn vow. At that time the province of the Tyrol was menaced on three sides by the French revolutionary army. The inhabitants feared not only for their nationality, but also for their priests, churches and convents, if they should fall into the hands of the sacrilegious soldiers. They were not prepared for war; they had neither fortresses, arms, nor army. A pious bishop suggested recourse to a vow to celebrate every year all over the country the feast of the Sacred Heart on the Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi.

The twenty-six members of the Council for the National Defence subscribed the vow June 1, 1797. Two days later, on the feast, the first celebration took place at Bozen. The Emperor Francis II. afterwards approved the degree, but ordered the solemnity to be kept on the Sunday following the feast. The pious confidence of the Tyrolese was well founded, and the invaders turned aside. Napoleon, after the capture of Milan, marched south. The mountaineers had time to fortify the passes. When the Austrian army was driven back by Napoleon to the Tyrolean frontier, the Tyrolese repeated anew their act of consecration, and, strong in their faith in the power of the Sacred Heart, they repulsed the enemy and compelled them to evacuate the territory. Two weeks later a treaty of peace was signed and the Tyrol was safe. Ever since have the Tyrolese been true to their vow and this centennial year they celebrated with unusual splendor the feast of the Sacred Heart.

Authentic Likeness of St. Helen.—At a recent sale in Paris of rare Roman coins, collected by a Mr. Montague, one was of special interest. It was a coin which bore the likeness of the Empress Helen, wife of Constantius Chlorus and mother of Constantine the Great. Consequently it dates back to the end of the third century. Until now no authentic likeness of this great Christian matron was known. Yet what claims she has upon our respect and veneration! To her we owe the finding of the True Cross. She was the builder of those superb basilicas over the Holy Places in Palestine. Is it not to his mother's faith and influence that we are indebted for the first Christian Emperor? She is held in special honor at Treves, her native city. There she transformed her palace into a cathedral, which is probably the most ancient church now existing intact. She enriched it with many and precious relics, the chief of which is the seamless robe of our Lord, commonly known as the Holy Coat, which she brought from Jerusalem, and which has made Treves famous all over the world. It is no wonder then, that the National Library of Paris bid high for the unique and precious coin which bears the effigy of St. Helen. The price paid was 6,000 francs or about $1,200.

Unconscious Homage to our Lady.—In a village of Protestant Holstein a strange custom has existed from time immemorial, for which no reason could be given. Persons, after partaking of the Lord's Supper in the parish church, while returning to their seats would, without exception, make a profound reverence towards a certain spot in the wall. Lately the church was renovated, and when the whitewash daubed on by the vandal reformers was removed, some very fine frescoes of the Middle Ages were disclosed. At the spot in question was a beautiful representation of our Lady. Thus unconsciously were the villagers honoring the Mother of God.

Baptism of a King.—In the days when Catholic princes are becoming scarce, it is good to hear of accessions. Ndega, King of Ushirombo, has lately received baptism at the hands of Father Gerboin, a missionary. The new Christian took the name of Francis. Although dignified by the title of king, Ndega is only a

chief in Central Africa. His example will probably be followed by many of his tribe.

Leo XIII. and Mgr. Yussef.—Mgr. Yussef, the Greek Melchite Patriarch, lately sent an address of congratulation to the Holy Father. After expressing the appreciation of the Orientals for the exceptional kindness and paternal solicitude of Leo XIII. for them, he said: "The most recent concessions made in order to facilitate the union of our separated brethren have had, and are having, a most happy success, for within the brief period of the past few months more than 6,000 souls, returning from schism to the bosom of the Catholic Church, in Syria and Palestine, have been distributed into over twenty missions, already organized and equipped with schools and churches in course of construction, and with priests. This movement is constantly on the increase, and needs but the fruitful blessing and benevolent interest of your Holiness."

La Nacion Eucaristica.—Such is the beautiful title given to the Spanish nation for their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Father Kenelm Vaughan, writing in the *Tablet* in behalf of an English pilgrimage to the Cathedral of Lugo, in Spain, among other interesting things, gives the following reasons for the above-mentioned title: "Those who have visited the Lugo cathedral and taken part in the perpetual worship that has been given to the Blessed Sacrament within its venerable sanctuary for the last thousand years in expiation of the sin of Prisciliano; those who have visited Valencia and witnessed the special cultus given to our Lord there in the Corpus Christi Church of the Blessed Jean de Ribera; those who have seen the unique and imposing ceremony of the 'Baile de los Seises,' (the dance of the six acolytes) that takes place during the Octave of Corpus Christi in honor of the Blessed Sacrament within the sanctuary of the magnificent cathedral of Sevilla; those who have visited the Spanish cities and seen how general is the devotion of the forty hours' prayer and adoration; those who have been to Dorcia in Aragon, to Alcala of Henares, and to the Escurial and venerated in these places the miraculous forms; those who have studied the Spanish every-day religious practices, the Spanish liturgy, and the Spanish art in their relation to the worship of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, all must recognize the right that Catholic Spain has to the glory of being called the Eucharistic Nation."

Jules Simon.—This great Frenchman is an instance of a self-made man. He won his way to the front rank of fame by his talents and industry. He passed from the local schools in Brittany to the Ecole Normale, where he became in time professor. He wrote on Plato and Aristotle in relation to the conditions of the laboring classes. Later on he turned his attention to politics, with varying success. He was a member of the French Academy, and during the last twenty years of his life he devoted himself chiefly to literary work. He was a contributor to the *Temps*, the *Figaro*, and other papers, and was remarkable for the charm and purity of his style. For a long time he was among the foremost enemies of the Church. But the extremes to which the anti-clericals went disgusted him, and he strenuously resisted M. Ferry's bill for the suppression of non-authorized religious congregations. He used his influence in trying to prevent the government from eliminating all mention of the existence of God in the teaching of the primary schools, and bitterly opposed the divorce bills. He was a Breton and the old faith revived in him. He became reconciled to the Church, received the last sacraments, and died with the crucifix on his heart. His funeral took place in the church of the Madeleine, Paris.

The Ruthenian Jubilee.—Ruthenia was a province of Poland, which, in the iniquitous partition of that country was divided between Russia and Austria. The third centenary of the reunion of the Ruthenian Church with the Holy See occurred on December 23. The number of Uniat Ruthenians, who are partly in Austria and partly in the Russian Empire, is estimated at 3,419,380.

The Holy Father has given a proof of his good will by raising Archbishop Sembratovich, Metropolitan of Lemberg, to the Cardinalate.

A permanent memorial of the third centenary will be the new educational institute for boys, under the patronage of St. Josaphat, Archbishop of Plock, and martyr for Catholic unity, whose feast Leo XIII. extended a few years ago to the whole Church.

Another memorial of the great event will be a Ruthenian version of the Bible. Hitherto there has been no correct version approved by the Church.

APOSTOLIC·WORKS·

ST. JOSEPH'S WORKINGMEN'S UNION.—

An association of this name flourishes in Marseilles. As there are a great many beneficial societies in that city to aid the material needs of workingmen, it was thought well to provide them with one which without neglecting their material, would provide for their spiritual wants.

When the late Father Tissier, S.J., took charge of the association he was determined to hold out greater material inducements than any of the existing non-religious societies, in order to draw a great number under his influence for the good of their souls.

Accordingly he set himself to the task of raising funds and thanks to pious and generous benefactors he was enabled to offer the following advantages.

1st. The members of St. Joseph's union shall pay only six francs a year, being a smaller annual fee than in any other society.

2d. In case of sickness, the member shall not pay for the doctor's visits nor for the medicines prescribed; he shall also receive the weekly sum of three, six, or eight francs according to his grade in the union.

3d. After twenty years of satisfactory membership, if the member shall become incapable of earning a living, he shall receive a yearly pension of 200 francs.

These advantages seemed great to the workmen of Marseilles, and consequently 1,200 were soon enrolled. The church attached to the residence of the Jesuit Fathers is crowded every Sunday evening by the members of the union.

As the chief object is to benefit the workmen spiritually, great care is taken about the admission of candidates. No one is accepted without undergoing an examination in regard to his manner of life and dispositions. Moreover, a strict watch is kept over them, and any one who is guilty of anything likely to give scandal is at once admonished. If he does not show evidence of regret and purpose of amendment, he is at once expelled.

In order to keep alive the spirit of religion the workmen are expected to attend every Sunday an instruction suited to their needs and followed by Benediction. So much did Father Tissier make of attendance at the Sunday evening meeting, that he made fidelity to it the condition of receiving the benefits of the union. So, if without good reason any one absented himself, he lost his right to the sick benefit and pension. Besides the meeting every Sunday, there is a general Communion on the first Sunday of every month. Usually there are between 300 and 400 who approach the altar.

Every year a retreat takes place ending on the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph. The Bishop of Marseilles is in the habit of presiding at the close of the retreat.

Of the 1200 members of the union about three or four die a month. The Father in charge, who visits the sick frequently, records that not one has died without having received the sacraments in excellent disposition, though many had led very careless and indifferent lives before joining the union.

When we consider how widespread infidelity is in France among the working classes, we cannot but admire the zeal and the practical common-sense which combined to form St. Joseph's union. Of course the pecuniary advantages seem absurdly small to Americans accustomed to receive and spend large sums of money.

Why would it not be well to organize Catholic workingmen's unions in this country on the same lines as that in Marseilles and other French cities? It has succeeded there where it is much harder to reach the people and where irreligion is all too common. The wisdom of the serpent is seen in the monetary attractions, the prudence of the dove in the care of the souls of the members.

It is true that there are several beneficial societies already organized for Catholics, but none distinctively for workmen.

PIOUS ASSOCIATIONS AGAINST THE USE OF FOUL TALK, WORDS, AND UNBECOMING JESTS, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF MARY IMMACULATE AND ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.—

In our days when improper subjects are so often discussed by young people, and when such freedom of speech is prevalent, it may be well to call attention to an association which was founded with a view of regulating both the matter of conversation and the language.

Boys and girls begin young to talk about matters the existence of which it would be better if they did not know. Their ears become accustomed to improper language used by their elders, and naturally they pick up the expressions. It is startling to hear from almost baby lips low slang and even profane and indecent words. As the boys grow up they fancy it is manly to speak as the men with whom they are thrown speak; hence they adopt their way of talking, and soon fall into their way of acting as well.

As a safeguard against the moral perversion caused by licentious conversations and pleasantries, Father Basile, S.J., some thirty years ago formed an association whose members bind themselves: (1) to abstain entirely from the use of improper words and conversations, and, as far as it is in their power, to prevent others from indulging in them; (2) to receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist on the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, the Purification, the Annunciation, the Assumption, the Nativity, and the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, and on the feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga or on the Sunday within the octave of his feast; (3) to pray every day for perseverance in their holy resolutions, by reciting the following prayers: in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, the *Hail Mary* with the invocation, "Blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary," and in honor of St. Aloysius, the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary*, and the *Glory be to the Father*, etc.; (4) to wear the medal of Mary Immaculate as a sign and a profession of the promise they have made to the Blessed Virgin.

In an audience granted on September 7, 1865, Pope Pius IX. gave his approbation to this Association and permission for its establishment by any priest with the consent of the Ordinary of the diocese. It is not necessary that it should be erected canonically in order that its members may gain the indulgences granted to it, since it is not, properly speaking, a confraternity.

Indulgences.—Pope Pius IX. granted to the members of the Association who comply faithfully with the foregoing obligations: 1. A Plenary Indulgence, on each of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin mentioned above, and on the feast of St. Aloysius, on the usual conditions.

2. A *Plenary Indulgence* once a month, on the same conditions. 3. A Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death. 4. An indulgence of 300 days, when the members recite the prayers mentioned above under (3). An indulgence of 300 days, every Sunday, for reciting five times the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary* and the *Glory be to the Father*, etc. An indulgence of 100 days for every prayer and good work done in the spirit and for the objects of the association.

THE CHURCH IN DENMARK.—

Religious liberty in Denmark dates from 1829, when the constitution was adopted. The only Catholic church then existing was that of St. Ansgar, for the benefit of the foreign Catholic Ambassadors at Copenhagen. With the promulgation of the constitution the missionary work of the Church began. In 1860 there were 600 Catholics in the capital, attended by four priests, and there was one parochial school with seventy pupils. In 1896 there were 6,000 of the faithful and 1,000 children in the Catholic schools. With the increase of Catholics the number of churches has also increased, so that in Copenhagen there are five dedicated respectively to St. Ansgar, St. Joseph, the Holy Rosary, the Sacred Heart and the Josephdal church. There are also about fifteen other churches or chapels in Denmark. They are attended by thirty priests, of whom half are Jesuits; the latter have two colleges in Copenhagen and Ordrupshoi The Sisters of St. Joseph began their work in Denmark in 1857 and there were four in number; there are now 170 of them with six convents. They are engaged in teaching and nursing. There are also Gray Sisters at work. There is a steady movement towards Catholicism, and about 200 converts are received every year. A large number of these belong to the nobility and not a few ministers have renounced the Lutheran established Church.

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

IRELAND.—The following items are from the Irish *Messenger:* "Kilmyshal, County Wexford.—Having seen in the *Messenger* last March (1895) an invitation to join in the Novena of Thanksgiving about to be commenced in April, we thought to ourselves we are not going to be left behind in gratitude to the Sacred Heart. It was introduced to the school children, and not only was it taken up warmly by them, but also by all the members of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart; in fact, there was a regular congregation in the chapel every First Friday. Upwards of sixty children joined in the Novena, and the devotions on the First Friday were made as attractive as possible. The statue of the Sacred Heart was decorated with flowers and lights, there was music and singing at Mass, and after Mass a hymn to the Sacred Heart was sung. The children also wore their ribbons and medals of the Sacred Heart. Altogether, it was most edifying.

"Out of the large number of people and children who commenced the Novena there were only three or four who did not succeed in finishing it, although most of them live two, and even three, miles from the church. And it was a remarkable fact that no matter how severe the weather was preceding the First Friday, that day was certain to be fine. We all unite in thanking the Sacred Heart for all the great blessings the Novena has brought down upon us, and through it hope to obtain the greatest of all blessings, the Twelfth Promise—the grace to die a happy death."

"Loretto Convent, Eutally.—The Apostleship of Prayer was established here on the seventeenth of March, 1886, and we have enrolled a large number since then. The First Friday of the month is the General Communion day at Eutally, and on that occasion each month we have a sermon, followed by benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which the solemn Act of Consecration of Children to the Sacred Heart is renewed by all our pupils.

"On the eve of the First Friday petitions are regularly sent to the church of the Sacred Heart, and we have had striking answers to them. Among others, I may mention that of a child who begged for prayers for the grace of a happy death for her father, who was a Catholic, but who had for many years neglected the practice of his religion. When he was dying, his son-in-law, who happened to be a Protestant, was summoned to his bedside. Strange to say, the first thing the young man asked was if he had received the last Sacraments, and on the aged father replying, 'What was the use, as he no longer believed in such things,' his son-in-law went to the parlor and brought from thence a large crucifix, which he placed before the dying man, asking him if he could look at that image and still say that he did not believe. The old man's heart was touched, and he sent for a priest, who gave him the last rites of the Church and closed his eyes in peace.

"Let us give another instance. A lady whose children were pupils here asked prayers for her husband's restoration to health. Unaware that he was not a Catholic, a Badge of the Sacred Heart was sent to him. It seemed to give him pleasure, and he asked if he might not also have a picture of the Sacred Heart. His health was not restored, but he was received into the Church before he died.

"It is a common practice at Eutally for the children to say the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary daily for a certain time to obtain special requests, and many and many a Mass has been said for the holy souls in thanksgiving for favors being obtained."

JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.—No doubt THE MESSENGER will be glad to hear of our efforts to honor the Sacred Heart this month, and of the success with which they have been blessed. Eight years ago our island was consecrated to the Sacred Heart, and though the results were wonderful, yet unfortunately some had

lost their first fervor, so it was thought that a good way of rekindling the fire would be to renew that consecration.

A solemn novena in preparation was commenced in the Cathedral of Kingston on June 3. We had service each evening, consisting of prayers, sermon and Benediction. The nine offices of the Sacred Heart were the subjects chosen for the sermons, the prayers each evening corresponding with the office; the Fathers preached in turn. A great many followed the exercises regularly; even Saturday night, which is a very busy time for most of our poor but pious Associates, could boast of a fairly good attendance, thus proving that there are to be found those who are true "lovers of the Sacred Heart (the office for that night being the "lover.") Daily Mass was also well attended throughout the novena.

With the eve of the feast came a great rush of work for the Fathers; all the afternoon, up to time for service, they were kept busy in the confessional; even during the service there was a steady flow, and then a big crowd till after ten o'clock. The sight the next morning was gratifying; about 800 received Holy Communion,; yet it must be acknowledged there should have been very many more. There was High Mass at 6.30 o'clock, and immediately after the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The Adoration was kept all day by the Franciscan Sisters and the Promoters with their Bands, and in the evening was the public Reception of twenty-two Promoters and 163 Associates. All during the novena names had been given in for admission to the League.

Bishop Gordon gave Pontifical Benediction, during which the solemn act of Consecration was renewed. The sight of all the Promoters, about seventy, kneeling with lighted candles around the altar rails during Benediction, was indeed calculated to inspire fervor.

But we did not finish our June celebration with the Feast. The children had yet to have a day of their own; the Feast of St. Aloysius being eminently suited for them, particularly when we remember that the very first possible Feast of the Sacred Heart kept by Father de la Colombière fell that year (1675) on June 21. On that afternoon, therefore, a special children's service was held, and they consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart under the patronage of the Angelic Youth. For two weeks previously the schools were visited, and the pupils and teachers interested in the work. The Sisters and teachers set to making banners, bannerettes and scrolls for the occasion, and their hearts went with their hands.

On Sunday afternoon at 2.30, all the children of the different schools met at the Franciscan Convent, but an hour or so before that the church was surrounded by a crowd, who seemed quite indifferent to the broiling sun, in their eagerness to see the children enter the church. The gates were closed, and no adult was allowed within until after the children had taken their places when, as but little space was left, the building was crammed, and many had to be contented with remaining in the church-yard. At three o'clock the innocent voices were heard in the beautiful hymn of reparation: "Like a strong and raging fire," etc. The procession started from the Franciscan Convent, headed by the Cross-bearers and altar boys; the little fellows and those of the public schools were next, followed by the banner of St. Aloysius, and the members of his Guild, wearing their sashes; then came the boys from the different schools. The first place among the girls was taken by the pupils of the Academy of the Immaculate Conception. The badge attached to the broad red ribbon made a fine show against their black dresses. The delegation from Spanish Town had seats opposite to these, and was quite a contrast, having white dresses, and the blue ribbons of the children of Mary. Beautiful banners were dispersed all through the procession and quite a number of bannerettes and scrolls. Besides the Kingston schools, children came from St. Catherine's, St. Francis, and some few even from White Hall, which is five miles away. The pupils of the Sisters of Mercy were also present in great force, and the gathering may truly be said to be the representative of our schools. A very appropriate address was given by Father Coleman on the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Then came the Consecration, when the 1470 children present repeated, phrase by phrase, the words of the Act. Thirty-six boys were received in the guild of St. Aloysius. Then we closed with Solemn Benediction, after which the procession returned to the convent. There must have been jubilation in heaven that afternoon, for St. Aloysius himself has revealed that the "devotion of children to the Sacred Heart gives joy to the saints in heaven."

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Monthly Intentions.

Letters with intentions do not fall off in numbers during the warm weather. The columns in which they are acknowledged keep constantly growing. It should be noticed that no mention is made of such letters when they contain other matters that call for acknowledgment through the mails. Very soon we shall have to adopt some other means of acknowledging letters with intentions, or the list would grow beyond all bounds.

Intention Blanks.

The letters with intentions contained many thanksgivings last month. No doubt prayers were more fervent and multiplied during the month of June. Letters with thanksgivings are always desirable, but letters containing special intentions only should be handed to Local Directors or their secretaries, or deposited in the intention-box, if there be one, at the several Local Centres. We cannot engage ourselves to count and recommend any intentions but those that come written on the regular blanks, of the sizes 6 x 5 inches, or on the larger ones, 17 x 14 inches.

Intentions Recommended.

What happens to the Intentions sent to the Central Direction? First of all, they are put on the altar in the private oratory, where the Fathers in charge of the work say Mass daily; next, they are recommended at all these Masses; in due time they are counted and entered upon the calendar, which is published monthly in the *Pilgrim*, *Decade Leaflets* and large *Calendar of Intentions;* finally this summary is sent to the Director General of the League in Toulouse, France, and placed on the altar recommended at the Mass said for them daily, and then forwarded to Lourdes, to be prayed for there. Take notice, however, that all this is done only for intentions that are regularly forwarded through Local Directors or their Secretaries, not for intentions sent to us directly, unless there be no means of sending them in the proper way, *i. e.*, through Directors or those appointed by them.

Recent Aggregations.

The lists of Recent Aggregations and of Promoters' Receptions have been very large since June last. Naturally the work of the year should result in a number of Receptions, and June should bring a number of Aggregations. It is not too early to begin preparation for the December Receptions. The great preparation is the choice and training of worthy Promoters. League Directors everywhere have been expressing their gratitude for the chapters on the formation of Promoters now appearing in their own special League organ, the *League Director*. The fruit of this gratitude ought to appear in the number and character of the Promoters who will be received in December.

General Intentions.

Much interest was aroused by our sketch of Iceland and the General Intention on the same mission last month. A continuation of the sketch will keep alive this interest in this new enterprise of zeal. The notice of the late Encyclical ont he unity of Christians will serve to urge on our prayers a matter that has been often recommended to us. It is very proper that we should not lose sight of the subjects of our General Intentions even after they have been recommended. The chief object in recommending and in explaining them at so much length is to make us feel a vivid and abiding concern about them, insomuch as they are among the things that concern the Heart of Jesus.

MESSENGER Contents.

Looking back over the pages of this MESSENGER, one finds it hard to imagine the Promoter or Associate who will not find some, and even many topics of great interest. Iceland, Poland, France, Austria, Acadia, all furnish subjects for sketch and romance; the notice of the latest Encyclical, the article on "Environment," the verse and the variety of topics treated in THE MESSENGER depart-

ments proper offer reading matter as attractive as any subscriber can wish, and as helpful as any devout Associate can look for.

League Hymnal. THE MESSENGER is almost the only magazine that has not sounded the praises of our new hymnal. The selections we give in our advertiser speak very highly of it, but its eulogies by our private correspondents are even more numerous and flattering. Judging from the number of Centres that have called for it, League music will soon give the League devotional exercises a distinct and uniform character. The choirs will use the hymnal; for the congregation, whether its members join in the singing or not, the League devotion and the special reprint of the hymns, without music, supply the words so as to enable all to follow the services more attentively and profitably.

Spiritual Retreats. The topic of the month is, of course, our *General Intention*. If one of the chief fruits of a retreat is an increase of zeal, what a beneficial thing it would be for all, or, at least, for many of our Promoters to make the spiritual exercises. Who can measure the great results they would have to report after such an experience. In France such retreats are growing quite common. Several Centres combine together and send a number, if not all of their Promoters to the House of Retreat. If this is not as yet possible with us, why cannot every Centre organize a special *triduum*, or even a week's retreat, with spiritual exercises, morning and evening, in the church or council-room. These devotions would give some knowledge of what a real retreat would be like. Those who wish to know more about them can interrogate their Local Directors. There is not one of them who cannot describe in detail the routine of a retreat and tell of some wonderful results of divine grace in the course of its exercises.

Houses of Retreat. Where shall we make these Spiritual Retreats you speak of? Ask your League Director, your confessor, or any priest, and you will be properly directed. Many convents and religious houses receive "retreatants," to use a convenient term, even though they are not Houses of Retreat. Some have regular accommodations for this purpose; for instance, among others, St. Regis House, West 143d Street, New York City, St. Michael's Villa, Englewood, N. J., and Manresa, West Park-on-Hudson, N. Y., all three for women; whilst men may go to the Abbey of Gethsemane, Ky., St. Michael's Monastery, N J., St. Alphonsus' Convent, St. Louis, Mo., and other Redemptorist houses: to the Carmelite Hospice at Niagara, or to Manresa, Keyser Island, Conn. The work as pursued at this last mentioned place has suggested the beautiful letter of commendation from Cardinal Satolli, lately published in our pages.

Late Publications. Naturally the month of August claimed much of our attention for the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y. Two publications in behalf of this sacred site were issued by us last month. A *Shrine Manual* of devotions for pilgrimages and for the different religious services held at the Shrine has been compiled from sources that were familiar to Father Jogues, and which were selected because he made them his favorite devotions. The *Album* is a precious souvenir not only of the Shrine, but of the chief places of interest near Auriesville. The natural beauty of the scenes presented, not to speak of their historical interest and religious associations, would make it well worth having. Both these publications are on sale at the Shrine or at our office, 25 cents each copy, the proceeds to go to the benefit of the Shrine.

Christian Education. Our readers will remember that at this time last year, by request of pastors and Directors, was reprinted the *General Intention* for July, 1895, on *Christian Education*, for general circulation. Several thousand copies were then distributed by various local Centres, with much profit to their respective congregations. This tract has lost nothing of its timeliness, as the circumstances will be the same this year at the opening of the schools as they were last year—the same difficulties, the same prejudices, the same indifference, the same opposition. This excellent little paper on *Christian Education* meets all those difficulties in a solid and conciliatory manner. It should be put in the hands of all Catholic parents and others interested in Catholic education before the re-opening of the schools. It may be had from this office at $1.00 a hundred, with a reduction for larger quantities.

BOOK·NOTICES·

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE AT THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By Johannes Janssen. Translated from the German by M. A. Mitchell and A. M. Christie. In two volumes: Vols. I and II. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 8vo. Pages 354 and 302. Price $6.25.

All genuine lovers of history in the English-speaking world looked forward with interest to the publication of an Englsh translation of this truly epoch-making work of one who is acknowledged by those competent to judge to have been the first historian of our age. Some years ago an attempt was made by an English publishing house to bring out a translation, and one volume was issued; but the translation proved to be so intolerably bad, that it had to be suppressed and the project was abandoned. It is all the more gratifying to observe the interest which greeted the present translation.

The two volumes before us comprise only the first volume of the German original. They are little more than an introduction to the history proper. They treat almost exclusively of the state of German culture at the close of the Middle Ages, that is, in the second half of the fifteenth century.

The subjects treated are of absorbing interest in themselves; and the author brings such profound and accurate knowledge and consummate skill to his task that his work may be said to read like a novel. He it was who undertook the gigantic task long contemplated by his illustrious teacher Jacob Boehmer, to re-write the history of his country. He has not lived to complete the work, but his mantle fell on one who is in every way capable of executing his great design—Ludwig Pastor, the well-known author of the *History of the Popes*.

These volumes independently of the rest of the history are of very special interest, as they give a complete presentation of the state of civilization in Germany immediately before the Reformation. They treat of such topics as the invention and spread of the art of printing; the elementary and religious education of the people; humanisn, universities and other higher schools; architecture, sculpture, painting and engraving; music, poetry and general literature; the social and economic state of the country; the political conditions, constitution and laws of the Holy Roman Empire; its relation to foreign nations, and so forth.

This first issue of the translation is very inviting indeed. The volumes are magnificently gotten up, well printed in clear type on fine thick paper, substantially and handsomely bound. What with the interest attaching to the subject, and a translation which is, in the main, idiomatic, we think that they cannot but prove very interesting to the average cultured English reader.

Those acquainted with the original, however, will find many regrettable features in this instalment of the translation. First, the title, whether by the fault of the translators or of the publishers, is misleading. One who knows no better will be led to think that he has before him the entire work of Herr Janssen in these two volumes, whereas he has only an introductory volume, giving merely a pen-picture of the intellectual, moral and social conditions of the country at the end of the fifteenth century. Then, the title is not *History of the German People* AT *the close*, *but* FROM *the close*, *of the Middle Ages*. In fact, *a history* AT a certain time is an absurdity. The same mistake is made in the very first sentence of the translation. By a mistranslation of the particle *seit* the effects of the invention of the art of printing are thrown in the first half of the fifteenth century instead of the second half—rather a serious historical blunder. Another thing which every scholarly reader will regret, is the omission of most of the author's references. The grand feature of the work is that it is based on original research. The author relates the history in the words of his informants, and is always careful to give the references so that any one who wishes may

consult them for himself. This is a scholarly work written for scholars, and we believe that neither translator nor publisher had any right to deprive students of those valuable references, and the work itself of one of its truly erudite characteristics. What we wanted was Janssen's History, wholly and entirely, without curtailment and without additions. Over 400 original works formed the groundwork of this volume besides the numerous other works only incidentally cited; and of all those we learn hardly anything. We do not know whether the author is quoting an original manuscript or the most recent ephemeral pamphlet or magazine article. Moreover, some of the references that are given are altogether unintelligible, as, for instance, the foot-note Vol. I, p. 10.

A comparison of the translation with the original cannot but "make the judicious grieve." We are not informed from what edition the translation is made. We have before us the first edition of the German, and we must candidly confess that unless the author has entirely rewritten this volume, it has been treated in the most arbitrary manner by the translators. No attempt has been made to reproduce in the English the quaintness of the many quotations, which form the most charming feature of the original. Pregnant and expressive passages are carelessly slurred over. The meaning of others has not been reached or rendered at all. What, for instance, are we to understand (Vol. I., p. 383) by the heading *Topical Poetry?* In another heading we read "elementary" instead of "intermediate" schools.

Despite these serious drawbacks, we regard this part of the work as eminently readable and useful for its own sake. But we trust it will yet undergo a thorough revision, and that these defects, and many others that might be pointed out, will be avoided in the rest of the work. We are fully aware of the difficulty of rendering a work of this kind in our language. But the greater the difficulty, the greater is the responsibility of translators and publishers. A debt of justice is due even to a deceased author; and while we should be sorry, by any remarks of ours, to deter even one from reading this translation, yet we are bound, in justice to the great historian and to the public, to pronounce it a very inadequate and defective presentation of a truly great work.

MEMORIAL OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF RT. REV. STEPHEN VINCENT RYAN, second Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y. By Rev. Patrick Cronin, LL.D. Buffalo: Buffalo Catholic Publication Company. 1896. 8vo. Pages 141. Price $1.00.

While a complete life of the late Bishop of Buffalo is awaited the Rev. Father Cronin has put the many friends of the deceased under a great obligation by compiling and publishing this beautiful memorial. It contains a large number of documents that will be read with interest, and will be a cherished memento of a good and holy bishop.

THE BIRTH OF THE RAINBOW. By Rev. P. T. Carew. Newark, N J.: $2 per dozen, Single copies, postpaid, 25 cents.

This patriotic drama is based on the Venezuelan incident, and is carefully elaborated so as to permit of the effective use of national costumes, pretty dances, patriotic songs and artistic tableaux. It will be appreciated by teachers preparing school entertainments.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

OUR OWN STORY and other Tales. By Rosa Mulholland. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers. 16mo. Pages 250.

MARCELLA GRACE. By the same author. New illustrated edition. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 358. Price $1.25.

THE CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER. By F. v. Brackel. Second Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ARE ANGLICAN ORDERS VALID? By J. McDevitt, D.D. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker. New York: Benziger Brothers.

CHRISTIAN PRIESTHOOD. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. THE CHURCH AND LABOR. Four lectures by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B. THE MISSION FIELD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By His Eminence, Cardinal Moran. DOES THE POPE CLAIM TO BE GOD? By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. THE LAY FOLK'S MASS BOOK. POEMS ON ENGLAND'S REUNION WITH CHRISTENDOM. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C SS.R. London: Catholic Truth Society.

BOOKS AND READING. By Brother Azarias of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Fifth edition enlarged. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 170,602.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.— A priest is thankful to the Sacred Heart for means obtained to build a church, when it seemed impossible to succeed. The matter was recommended to the League several times with a promise of publication.

A daughter returns thanks for the conversion of her father, who had not been to Mass or confession for over fifty years. He died on the First Friday after having received the last sacraments.

A sister offers her thanksgiving for the conversion of her two sisters. They had been baptized as infants, but owing to their mother's death had been brought up by Protestant relations. After thirty-four years they have returned to the true faith. This is an encouragement to persevere in prayer.

A little girl thanks the Sacred Heart for restoring her father's health. He was dangerously ill and had been anointed. She pinned the Badge and Promoter's Cross on him and he recovered rapidly.

A Catholic man, in danger of death, refused to see the priest. Every effort was made to change his determination, but without any effect. Finally he consented to say the Morning Offering. A few days later he, of his own accord, asked for the priest, received the sacraments, and died a peaceful death. Publication was promised.

The conversion is recorded of a father who refused his consent to have his children become Catholics. Strange to say, the wife, who is a Methodist, had them secretly baptized, at which he was very much displeased. His change is attributed to the prayers of his children and of the League.

A woman, who had been sick for years, was sent from home for change of air, but returned, as she thought, to die. A Promoter called on her and explained the League devotion to the Sacred Heart. She earnestly desired to be enrolled, and in a few days was able to walk to the church, and heard Mass for the first time in four years.

A young man ruptured a blood vessel in his head. The physicians were unable to stop the flow of blood, which continued for four days. They told the family to be ready for his death, which might occur at any moment. Publication and two Masses of thanksgiving were promised. He is now well.

Spiritual Favors :—A remarkable vocation; grace of receiving the Sacraments by a person in trying circumstances; removal of a Protestant father's objection to his child making her First Communion; the averting of a threatened disgrace to a family; restoration of reason to one insane, so that he was able to receive the sacraments before his death which occurred shortly afterwards; and many other favors not specified.

Return to religious duties :— Of a man after an absence of twenty years: he joined the League and the next day went to confession; of a woman long neglectful; of two young men: one after two years, the other after five years; of a whole family that had fallen away; also of many others.

Conversion :—Of an infidel; of a Protestant who had belonged for many years

to a secret society; of a young man; of a mother and the consequent preservation of the faith of her young children; of a young Jewess; and several other conversions.

Favors through the Badge:—Recovery of a child from serious illness; cure of sore throat; relief of a child who had terrible pains from an injury to the stomach; recovery of a baby; cure of a child very ill with congestion of the brain and bronchitis; cure of a man desperately ill with pneumonia, the Badge, Cross and Lourdes water were used; instant cessation of a dangerous fever in a child; complete restoration of a child's health; great relief for a consumptive from pain in the lung; the Badge was applied to the deformed leg of a three-year-old child, born a cripple. she is now able to walk a little and contiuues to improve; an Associate fell down from a great height, and his case was pronounced hopeless, but his Promoter applied a Badge and he recovered on the First Friday; recovery of a Protestant young man desperately ill with pneumonia; reform of one who had lived a very wicked life and the grace of Baptism; cure of a severe case of rheumatism; and other favors.

Favors through the Promoter's Cross:—Speedy relief from a severe attack of indigestion; cure of a tumor; recovery from a severe accident to the eye, the Cross was dipped in the liquid with which the eye was bathed; instant relief from severe pain in the stomach; and other favors; cure of an earache; a child who was expected to die from a serious illness was cured by applying the Cross; two cures, one of which had been pronounced incurable by physicians; and other favors of various kinds.

Cures:—Of a person whose life was despaired of; of a young woman, without recourse to an operation; of the mother of several small children, who was dangerously ill for ten weeks: at the ending of a novena through Blessed Margaret Mary she began to recover; relief from a terrible mental trouble; of a young man after an unfavorable operation; of a person afflicted with rheumatism; wonderful improvement in health; entire disappearance of a tumor on the last day of a novena; recovery of a man whose mind, the physicians said, was gone forever: after a novena of Masses he recovered completely; restoration to health of a daughter after the promise of a monthly Mass for a year; of a person who had lost his reason; relief for a mother troubled with neuralgic rheumatism for over twenty years; of a husband who, according to the physician, had only a few hours to live.

Various:—Success in a great undertaking; news from an absent friend; relief in a temporal matter causing great anxiety; partial recovery from a great difficulty; many successful examinations; satisfactory settlement of business which threatened loss of property; reconciliation between a brother and sister; happy result of a lawsuit to force a religious community to pay taxes; an almost impossible temporal favor; the leasing of ground long lying idle; reconciliation of estranged friends; increase of pupils; favorable turn of a very important business transaction; three young men were about to be sentenced to five years' imprisonment, when the judge changed his decision and released them, a Promoter had just promised a Mass of thanksgiving if such were the case; vindication of one falsely accused of theft; and many other favors obtained from the Sacred Heart through the intercession of our Lady under various titles, St. Joseph, St. Anthony and other saints.

Employment and Means:—Increase of salary; unexpected means to pay taxes; extension of time for paying a note; payment of debts of two years' standing; speedy obtaining of a position after promising a Mass for the holy souls, publication and the keeping of the Holy Hour; means to meet just demands, recovery of a sum of money supposed to be lost; means to pay rent and buy food through St. Joseph; unexpected money to pay large debts.

Preservation:—Of a person in danger of a sudden death; of students from a contagious disease, out of eighty-four cases some of which had been despaired of by the doctors, not one proved fatal; of a household during a great calamity; of a person during an ordeal which nearly cost the loss of a position; of a corn crop threatened by long draught, a novena of Masses in honor of St. Joseph was promised, and after the first Mass the rain came, although fair weather was predicted by the weather bureau.

PROMOTERS·RECEPTIONS·

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (May 20 to July 20, 1896)

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Diplomas and Crosses.
Albany	Frankfort, N. Y.	SS. Peter and Paul's Church	20
Alton	Springfield, Ill.	Immaculate Conception "	5
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Thomas' "	1
"	Leonardtown, Md.	St. Aloysius' "	13
"	St. Inigo's Manor Md.	St. Inigo's (S J.) "	1
"	Washington, D. C	St. Aloysius' (S.J.) "	20
Boise City	Wallace, Idaho	St. Alphonsus "	3
Brooklyn	" "	St. Agnes' "	6
"	" "	St. John's (C. M) College	6
"	" "	Mercy Convent	6
"	" "	Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church	12
"	" "	Our Lady of Victory "	2
Charleston	Columbia, S. C.	St. Peter's "	3
Cheyenne	St. Stephen's, Wyo.	St Stephen's Indian Mission	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill	Chicago Industria School	9
"	" "	St. Columbkille's Church	7
"	" "	Holy Family (S J) "	21
"	" "	Holy Name Cathedral	7
"	" "	Holy Rosary Church	19
"	" "	St. Sylvester's "	8
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	St. Patrick's "	3
Cleveland	Massillon, O.	St. Joseph's "	1
"	Toledo, O	Ursuline Convent	2
Dallas	Sherman, Tex.	St Joseph's Academy	1
Davenport	Solon, Iowa	St. Mary's Church	5
Denver	Denver, Col.	St. Patrick's School	1
Detroit	Chelsea, Mich.	St. Mary's Church	2
Dubuque	Eagle Grove, Iowa	Sacred Heart "	4
"	Sioux City "	St. Mary's School	5
Halifax	Halifax, N S.	Lasalle Academy	3
Hartford	Danielsonville, Conn.	St. James' Church	11
Kansas City	Burlington, Kans.	St. Francis Xavier's "	1
Kansas City	Pilot Grove, Mo.	St. Joseph's (O.S.B) "	3
La Crosse	Prairie du Chieu, Wis	Sacred Heart (S.J.) College	1
Lincoln	Aurora, Neb.	Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church	14
"	Hastings, Neb.	St. Cecilia's "	3
Little Rock	Fort Smith, Ark.	Immaculate Conception "	4
Louisville	Louisville, Ky.	Assumption Cathedral	5
"	New Haven "	St. Catharine's School	1
Milwaukee	Westport, Wis.	St. Mary's of the Lake Church	7
Natchez	Vicksburg, Miss.	St. Paul's "	4
Nesqually	Everett, Wash.	Our Lady of Perpetual Help "	10
"	North Yakima, W sh	St. Joseph's (S.J) "	5
Newark	Chatham, N. J.	St. Patrick's "	14
"	Hohokus, "	St. Luke's "	9
"	Paterson, "	St. John's "	2
"	Ridgewood, "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel "	4
New York	Kingston, N.Y	St. Joseph's "	1
"	New Brighton, N. Y.	St. Peter's "	1
"	New York, N. Y.	St. Andrew's "	40
"	" "	St. Anthony's "	1
"	" "	Catholic Sailors' Reading Room	2
"	" "	St. Francis of Assisi Church	1
"	" "	Holy Innocents "	3
"	" "	Holy Souls "	6
"	" "	St. Lawrence's (S.J) "	14
"	" "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel "	1
"	" "	St. Patrick's Cathedral	10
"	" "	Sacred Heart Convent	9
"	White Plains, N. Y.	St. John Evangelist's Church	1
Ogdensburg	Port Henry "	St. Patrick's "	6
"	Watertown, "	Notre Dame "	15
Oregon City	Eugene, Oregon	Purification B.V.M. "	11
"	Gervais, "	SS. Gervase and Protase "	4
"	St Paul, "	St Paul's Academy "	8
Peoria	Ottawa, Ill.	Mercy Convent	7
Philadelphia	Lenni, Pa.	St. Francis de Sales Church	25
"	Manayunk, Pa.	St. John's "	1

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Diplomas and Crosses.
Philadelphia	Nesquehoning, Pa.	Sacred Heart	Church	1
"	New Philadelphia, Pa.	Holy Family	"	2
"	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Charles Borromeo's	"	10
"	" "	St. Edward's	"	3
"	" "	St. Elizabeth's	"	42
"	" "	The Gesu (S.J.)	"	25
"	" "	St. Joseph's	"	28
"	" "	Our Lady of Mercy	"	14
"	" "	St. Peter's	"	10
"	" "	SS. Peter and Paul's	Cathedral	103
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Church	15
"	" "	St. Stephen's	"	14
"	" "	St. Vincent's	Seminary	10
"	Pottsville, "	St. John the Baptist	Church	5
Pittsburg	Beatty Pa.	St Xavier s	Academy	1
"	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Paul's	Cathedral	15
Portland	Bangor, Me,	Mercy	Convent	2
"	Portland, Me.	Immaculate Conception	Cathedral	26
Providence	Fall River, Mass.	St. Mary's	Church	20
"	Pawtucket, R. I.	Sacred Heart	"	3
"	Providence "	Assumption	"	6
"	" "	St John's	"	26
"	Valley Falls "	St. Patrick's	"	9
Richmond	Newport News, Va.	St. Vincent de Paul's	"	2
"	Richmond "	St. Patrick's	"	5
St. Augustine	Jacksonville, Fla.	Immaculate Conception	"	2
St. Louis	Hannibal, Mo.	Immaculate Conception	"	3
"	Millwood, "	St. Alphonsus	"	4
"	Normandy, "	St. Ann's	"	7
"	St. Louis, "	St. Alphonsus (C.S.R.)	"	8
"	" "	St. Bridget's	"	10
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's (S.J.)	"	22
"	" "	Holy Name	"	14
"	" "	Immaculate Conception	"	10
"	" "	St. John s	"	1
"	" "	St. Lawrence O'Tooles	"	2
"	" "	St. Matthew's	"	1
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	4
"	" "	Sacred Heart	"	4
"	" "	St. Teresa's	"	2
"	St. Paul, "	St Paul's	"	2
St. Paul	Fairfax, Minn.	St Andrew's	"	9
"	Montgomery, Minn.	Holy Redeemer	"	4
Salt Lake City	Salt Lake City, Utah	Cathedral		7
San Antonio	Cuero, Tex.	St. Michael's	Church	1
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal.	St. Brendan's	"	7
"	" "	St. Rose's	"	7
Savannah	Augusta, Ga.	Sacred Heart	"	1
"	Macon, "	St. Joseph's	"	7
Scranton	Hazleton, Pa	St. Gabriel's	"	36
"	Wilkes-barre, Pa.	St. Mary's	"	8
Springfield	Adams, Mass.	St. Charles'	"	1
"	" "	St Francis'	"	4
"	Fitchburg "	Presentation	Convent	12
"	Gilbertville, Mass.	St. Aloysius'	Church	6
"	Lee, "	St. Joseph's	Convent	2
"	Pittsfield, "	St Joseph's	Church	31
"	Worcester, "	Sacred Heart	"	8
Syracuse	Camden, N. Y.	St John's	"	11
"	Oswego, "	St. John's	"	1
"	Utica, "	St Agnes'	"	18
"	" "	St. John's	"	10
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	3
Vincennes	Indianapolis, Ind.	St John's	"	4
"	New Albany, "	St. Mary's	Academy	7
"	St. Mary's, "	"	"	5
"	Shelbyville, "	St Joseph's	Church	2
"	Terre Haute, "	St. Ann's	"	17
"	" "	St. Joseph's	"	8
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	7
Wheeling	Wheeling, W. Va.	Mt. de Chantal	"	3
Wilmington	New Castle, Del.	St. Peter's	"	6
Winona	Wabasha, Minn.	St. Felix's	"	1

Number of Receptions, 141. Number of Promoters, 1215.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from May 20 to July 20, 1896

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Diploma.
Alton	Altamont, Ill.	St. Clare's Church	July 14
"	Franklin, Ill.	Sacred Heart "	July 2
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Elizabeth's Church	May 22
Boston	Dorchester, Mass.	St. Margaret's "	June 18
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Holy Family "	June 12
"	College Point, L. I., N. Y.	St. Fidelis' "	June 21
"	Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.	St. Stanislaus' "	June 21
Brownsville (V.A.)	San Patricio, Texas	St. Patrick's "	May 21
Buffalo	Somerset, N. Y.	" "	June 28
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Charles' "	June 5
"		St. Monica's "	May 26
Cleveland	Collinwood, Ohio	St. Joseph's "	June 29
"	Euclid, Ohio	St. Paul's "	June 29
"	Toledo, Ohio	Home for the Aged (Little Sisters of the Poor)	June 5
Columbus	Mingo Junction, Ohio	St. Agnes' Church	May 28
Dallas	Oak Cliff, Texas	St. Joseph's Orphanage	June 1
Detroit	Anchorville, Mich	St. Mary's Church	May 22
"	Deerfield, Mich.	St. Alphonsus' "	May 26
"	Detroit, Mich	St. Joseph's (Male) School	May 23
Dubuque	Brighton, Iowa.	St. Mary's Church	June 20
"	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Immaculate Conception "	June 23
"	" "	St. Patrick's "	June 6
Erie	Erie, Pa.	St. Peter's Cathedral	June 29
"	Mercer, Pa.	All Saints' Church	June 28
Fort Wayne	Fowler, Ind.	Sacred Heart. "	June 3
Grand Rapids	Cheboygan, Mich.	St. Mary's "	June 2
"	Merrill, Mich.	Sacred Heart "	July 3
"	Parnell, Mich.	St. Patrick's "	June 23
Harrisburg	Sunbury, Pa	St. Michael's "	June 4
Hartford	Terryville, Conn.	Immaculate Conception "	May 23
Helena	Kalispell, Mont.	St. Matthew's "	June 29
Kansas City, Kansas	Cherryvale, Kansas	St. Francis Xavier's "	June 29
" " "	Purcell, Kansas	St. Mary's "	June 11
" " "	Weir City, Kansas	St. Anthony's "	June 4
La Crosse	Hammond, Ind.	Immaculate Conception "	May 25
Lincoln	Seward, Neb.	St. Vincent's "	June 25
Little Rock	Brinkley, Ark.	St. John Baptist "	May 29
Louisville	New Haven, Ky.	St. Catharine's "	May 23
Milwaukee	Alverno, Wis.	Franciscan Sisters of Charity Convent	June 1
"	Eden, Wis.	St. Mary's Church	June 6
"	Milwaukee, Wis.	Immaculate Conception "	May 26
Monterey and Los Angeles	Ventura, Cal.	San Buenaventura "	June 29
Nesqually	Walla Walla, Wash.	St. Patrick's "	May 23
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Elizabeth's Hospital	June 12
"	"	Mission of the Immaculate Virgin.	June 29
"	"	St. Joseph's Church	June 29
Philadelphia	Easton, Pa.	" "	June 15
"	Philadelphia, Pa	Our Lady of Lourdes "	June 14
Pittsburg	Connellsville, Pa.	Immaculate Conception "	June 15
"	Pittsburg, Pa	St. Agnes' "	May 26
San Antonio	Yoakum, Texas	St. Joseph's "	July 2
Scranton	Wilkesbarre, Pa.	Holy Saviour "	July 18
Syracuse	Oneida, N. Y.	St. Joseph's Church "	June 17

Aggregations, 53; churches, 46; cathedral, 1; institutions, 4; convent, 1; school, 1.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Angelus	344,605	11. Masses heard	220,635
2. Beads	478,313	12. Mortifications	173,272
3. Stations of the Cross	55 440	13. Works of Mercy	70,631
4. Holy Communions	83 675	14. Works of Zeal	75,986
5. Spiritual Communions	414,512	15. Prayers	5,18 ,163
6. Examens of Conscience	231,103	16. Charitable Conversation	45,266
7. Hours of Labor	673,084	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	78,890
8. Hours of Silence	275.261	18. Self-conquest	170,324
9. Pious Reading	109,915	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	378,935
10. Masses Celebrated	6,449	20. Various Good Works	261,257

Special Thanksgivings, 821; Total, 9,323,637.

LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from June 20 to July 20, 1896, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Mobile, 24, 29, GO. 16.

ARIZONA.

Phoenix, 6.

ARKANSAS.

Helena, 11.
Eureka Springs, 13.

CALIFORNIA.

Alameda, 15.
Eureka, 14.
Los Angeles, 25.
Los Gatos, 15.
Marysville, 28.
Menlo Park, 24.
Oakland, 20, 14.
Petaluma, 20.
Riodell, 10.
Riverside, 27.
San Andreas, 4.
San Bernardino, 22.
San Francisco, 25, 10, 15, 16.

COLORADO.

Animas, 16.
Colorado Springs, 22.
Denver, 25, 27, 6, GO. 11, 15
Durango, 25.
Georgetown, 26, 18.
Las Animas, 28.
Leadville, 15.
Trinidad, 11.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 17.
Baltic 24.
Bethel, 30.
Danbury, 1 30.
Derby, 13.
Greenwich, 2.
Hartford, 21, 23, GO. 29, 30, 10, 19.
Keyser Island, 20.
Meriden, 24
New Hartford, 30.
New London, 24, 19.
Norwalk, 19.
Ridgefield, 20.
Sandy Hook, 24.
Stamford, 13, 14. GO.
Terryville, 6.
Thomaston, 18.
Waterbury, 11.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 21, 25, 28, 29, 7.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 22, 23, 25, 26, 28, GO. 29, 1, 2, 3, 6, 11, 17, 16, 19.

FLORIDA.

Armstrong, 6.
Jacksonville, 20.
Key West 20, 24.
Palatka, 6.
Pensacola, 18.
Port Tampa, 19.
Saint Leo, 2.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta, 19.
Bainbridge, 25.
Macon, 29, 7.
Savannah, 9.

IDAHO.

Boise City, 2.

ILLINOIS.

Alsey, 23.
Alton, 25, 5.
Aurora, 30. 2.
Beardstown, 25.
Belleville, 13.
Bloomington, 14, 18, GO.
Bradford, 18.
Charleston, 18.
Chester, 26.
Chicago, 21, 23, 25, 5, 6, GO. 7, 10, GO 16, 17, 18.
Decatur, 6.
Dwight, 2, GO.
Effingham, 29, 28, 5.
Feehanville, 30.
Freeport, 4.
Joliet, 1 , 13.
Ladd, 26.
Liberty, 6.
Lincoln, 7.
Lostant, 26.
Morrisonville, 16.
Newton 17.
Ottawa, 16.
Pana, 26.
Peoria, 26, 14, 15, 17.
Prairie Du Rocher, 8.
Quincy, 25 29, 9.
Rockford, 29, 13.
Sainte Marie, 20.
Springfield, 14, 17.
Streator, 30, 7.
Wenona, 14.

INDIANA.

Fort Wayne, 7.
Green Castle, 29.
Hammond, 23.
Lafayette 4
Madison, 22.
Notre Dame, 20, 27.
Prescott, 7
Saint Mary's 18.
Seymour, 22.
Shelbyville, 24.
Terre Haute, 14

IOWA.

Brooklyn, 15.
Cedar Falls, 2.
Council Bluffs, 25, 10, GO. 12, GO.
Davenport, 3.
Dubuque, 23, 24, 27, 17, 19.
Eagle Grove, 11.
Elma, 20.
Emmettsburg, 11.
Hiteman, 24.
Iowa City, 24, 19.
Keokuk, 17.
Lawler 29.
Le Mars, 9.
Mount Pleasant, 4.
Sioux City, 15.
Solon, 15.
Vinton, 24.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 9, 14.
Kiowa, 20.
Leavenworth, 15.
McPhers n 27.
Olathe, 24.
Paola, 17.
Osawatomie, 6.
Saint Paul, 29.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green, 6.
Calvary 15.
Covington, 1, 9.
Earlington, 11.
Fancy Farm, 11.
Frankfort, 8.
Knottsville, 13.
Lebanon, 6.
Lexington, 16.
Louisville, 26, 29, 10 18.
New Haven, 2
Newport, 16.
Paducah 7.
Springfield, 27, 19.
Stanley, 9.

LOUISIANA.

Baton Rouge, 14.
Cottonport, 9.
Marksville 15.
New Orleans, 20, GO. 2 11, 14, 16, 17.
Shreveport, 15, 16.

MAINE.

Portland, 28, 19.

MARYLAND.

Annendale, 29, 1.
Annapolis, 28, GO.
Baltimore, 20, 23, 25, GO. 26, 29, 30, 2, 3, GO. 9, GO. 13, 14, 16, 18, 19, GO.
Bryantown 18 GO.

MARYLAND (con'd.)

Chapel Point 25.
Chester, 17.
Clements 12, GO.
Collington 16.
Cumberland, 9, 10.
Emmitsburg, 22, 14.
Frederick, 27.
Glyndon, 8.
Great Mills, 15.
Libertytown, 16.
Morganza, 17.
Mount Saint Mary's, 17.
Mount Savage, 9.
Mount Washington, 30.
Newport, 17.
Oxen Hill, 17.
Pomfret, 3..
Sykesville, 8.
Urbana, 11.
Woodstock, 3, 18.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington, 1.
Adams, 17.
Amherst, 16, GO. 17.
Beverly, 24.
Boston, 20, 22, 27 28, 29, GO 30, 5, 6, 8, GO. 14, 15, 16 18, 19.
Canton, 29
Cheshire, 13.
Everett, 20.
Fall River, 8, 14, GO.
Gilbertsville, 13.
Holyoke, 30, 3, 8.
Hopkinton, 16.
Lawrence 30.
Lee 8, GO.
Lenox, 27.
Leominster, 15, GO.
Lowell, 6, 13.
Malden, 30.
Mansfield, 18.
Marlboro, 18.
Maynard, 6.
Newburyport, 13.
Northampton, 6.
North Brookfield, 20, 21, 1, 18.
Peabody, 3.
Pittsfield, 30, 4.
Salem, 1, GO. 13.
Springfield, 29, 6.
Waltham, 18.
Westfield, 5.
Winchester 9.
Winsted, 11.
Worcester, 23, 26, 4.

MICHIGAN.

Ann Arbor, 7.
Battle Creek, 10.
Beacon, 27.
Chelsea, 4.
Detroit, 24 28, 15.
Escanaba, 23.
Grand Rapids, 7.

MICHIGAN (con'd.)
Grosse Ponte, 14.
L'Anse, 24.
Lexington, 23.
Manchester, 13.
Manistee, 10
Manistique, 27.
Marquette, 9, GO.
Mount Clemens, 6.
Mount Pleasaut 14.
Oakgrove, 14
Petoskey, 13
Port Huron, 2, 17.
Saginaw, 11
Wyandotte, 28.

MINNESOTA.
Carrollsville, 15.
Collegeville, 30.
Duluth, 23.
Emmons, 16.
Faribault, 23.
Graceville, 20.
Kilkenny, 27.
McCauleyville, 30.
Minneapolis, 7, GO. 17, 18
Rochester, 22, 17.
St. Paul, 25, 27, GO. 28, 29, 1, 9.
Stillwater, 30, GO. 17, GO.
West Duluth, 7.

MISSISSIPPI.
Canton, 29.
Greenwich, 22.
Muldon, 10.
Shuqualak, 18.
Yazoo City, 3.

MISSOURI.
Arcadia, 19.
Booneville. 17.
Cape Girardeau, 14.
Clyde, 1, 29.
De Soto, 18.
Florisant, 26, 16.
Gleucoe, 8.
Independence, 23, 29 16, 17.
Joplin, 24.
Kansas City, 28. 7 11, 19, GO.
Moberly, 27, 12.
Montrose, 18.
Nevada, 13, GO.
Norborne 26.
Normandy, 23, 25.
Poplar Bluff, 6
Rich Hill 2.
Saint Charles, 19.
Saint Joseph 2, 13, GO.
St. Louis, 21 22, 26, 28, GO. 29, 2, GO, 4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 13 15 6 17.
Saint Paul, 14.
Springfield 17
Ste. Genevieve, 25.

MONTANA.
Fort Benton, 25.
Jocko, 24.
Kipp, 3
Livingston, 10
Saint Ignatius, 24.
Saint Xavier. 22.

NEBRASKA.
Alliance, 21.
David City 6.
Lincoln, 17.
Ogallals, 29.
Omaha, 21, 10, 15.
Prague, 15.
Rulo, 6.
Sidney, 16.
South Omaha, 23.

NEVADA.
Carson City, 25.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Franklin Falls, 6.
Keene 17.
Manchester. 4, 19.
Salmon Falls, 1, 2, 7.

NEW JERSEY.
Atlantic City, 20, GO. 23, 29, 8 GO 18, 19.
Bordentown, 18.
Camden, 29, 4.
Chatam, 17
Hackensack, 25.
Jersey City, 23, 24, 27, 2.
Millville, 7.
Moorestown, 8.
Mount Holly, 29
Newark, 20, 25, 30, GO. 13
Norristown, 30.
Orange, 23, 1
Paterson, 30, 18.
Raritan. 29.
Short Hills, Somerville, 18
Summit, 17.
Treuton, 17

NEW MEXICO.
Albuquerque, 21. GO. 7.
East Las Vegas, 21.
Las Cruces, 12.
Santa Fé, 22, 23.

NEW YORK.
Albany, 30 16.
Amsterdam, 29.
Andover, 18.
Averill Park, 1.
Babylon, 15.
Belle Isle, 0.
Belmont, 11.
Binghamton, 27 29.
Brooklyn, 20, GO. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30 1 5, GO. 7, 14, 15, 17 GO. 18, 19.
Buffalo 26, 7, 14, 15, 16.
Cold Spring, 6 7.
Coney Island, 3.
Cornwall, 7.
Dunkirk, 29
East Arcade, 29.
East Quogue, June 20.
Far Rockaway, 25.
Frankfort 25.
Galway, 25.
Glen Cove, 29.
Hastings, 29.
Haverstraw, 29.
Hoosick Falls, 18, GO.
Hornellsville, 1.
Horse Heads, 18.
Hudson, 15.
Ilion 5.
Ithaca, 15.
Jamestown, 6.
Johnstown, 10.
Keeseville, 17, GO.
Kingston, 23, 1.
Livonia Station, 29.
Millbrook, 20.
Montgomery, 3.
Monticello, 21, GO.
New Brighton 10.
New Rochelle, 10.
New York, 20, 21, GO. 22, 23, GO. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, GO 29, 30 GO 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 7, 8, GO. 9, GO. 11, 14, 15, 16, GO. 17, 18, 19, GO
Ogdensburg, 20.
Oswego, 27, 3, 13, GO. 18, GO.
Peekskill, 20 23.
Philmont, 28.

NEW YORK (con'd.)
Piermont, 30.
Plattsburg, 1, 20.
Port Chester, 16.
Port Henry, 29
Port Richmond, 2.
Poughkeepsie, 25, 4, 15, GO
Prince Bay, 20.
Rheims, 29.
Rhinebeck, 29.
Rochester, 30, 8, 15, 18.
Sag Harbor, 20.
Sing Sing 18.
Stapleton, 2
Syracuse, 24, 29, 19.
Taberg, 29.
Tarrytown, 1.
Thornaston, 18.
Ticonderoga, 24.
Troy, 30. 1.
Utica, 17. 18.
Victoria, 8.
Waddington 22.
Wappinger's Falls, 29.
Washingtonville, 11.
Watertown, 6.
West Troy, 23.
Whitehall, 29.
White Plains, 3, 10.

NORTH CAROLINA.
Asheville. 29.
Belmont, 7 16, 17.
Raleigh, 19.

NORTH DAKOTA.
Fargo, 26.

OHIO.
Bellefontaine, 3, 18.
Canton, 24. GO 19.
Cincinnati, 30, 1, GO. 6, 8, 17.
Circleville, 1.
Cleveland, 22, 29, 13, 16, 18.
Columbus. 17.
Dayton, 25, 29, 1, GO. 15, 18.
East Liverpool, 22, 29.
Edgerton, 1.
Elyria, 12.
Gallipolis, 13.
Greenville, 11.
Kenton, 2.
Lakewood, 20.
Lancaster, 27.
Lima, 4, 18.
Lorain, 29.
Louisville, 8.
Lowellville, 17.
McCleary, 1.
McClutcheuville, 15, GO.
Mount Saint Joseph, 10.
Mount Vernon, 27.
Nelsonville, 10.
Newark, 2.
Newport 20.
New Straitsville, 29.
Nottingham 3.
Oberlin, 13.
Portsmouth, 17.
Reading. 17.
Salineville, 22, 3.
Shepard, 21.
Springfield, 29.
Toledo, 15, 17, GO.
Youngstown, 23.
Zanesville, 1, 5, 1.

OREGON
Baker City, 14.
Mount Angel, 23.
Portland, 6, GO. 15.
Saint Paul, 25.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Allegheny, 23, 8.
Altoona, 24, 29, 30.
Athens, 20, 18.
Beatty, 13.
Bedford, 17.
Bellefonte, 21.
Bristol, 16.
Brookville, 13.
Butler, 24.
Carbondale, 14
Chest Springs, 19.
Clarion, 29.
Coylesville, 25.
Denny, 16.
Derry Station, 16, 17.
Doylestown, 17.
Dravosburg, 15.
Dudley, 2.
Dunmore, 14.
Dushore, 6.
Ebensburg, 23, 11.
Elam, 10, GO.
Erie, 24, 3, 17.
Freeland, 17.
Freeport, 17.
Gallitzin, 30.
Grafton, 4.
Hanover, 29.
Harrisburg, 18.
Hazleton, 25.
Hollidaysburg, 1.
Houtzdale, 13.
Huntington, 18.
Jenkintown, 20.
Jermyn, 1.
Kane, 6.
Lancaster, 9.
Latrobe, 29.
Lebanon, 28.
Littlestown 6.
Loretto, 25.
Lucinda, 30.
McKeesport, 23. 25
McSherrytown, 2, 18.
Meadville, 30
Media, 8.
Millbrook, 20.
Mount Carmel, 15.
Norristowu,
Oiyphant 16.
Philadelphia, 20, 21, 22, 23, GO. 25, 26, 28, GO. 29, 30, 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, GO. 12, 15, 18, 19.
Pineville, 25.
Pittsburg, 22. GO. 24, 25, 27. 29, 30. 1, 2, 8, 17.
Pittston, 30.
Plains, 25.
Pottsville, 26, 29, 14, GO.
Reading. 21, 29.
Renovo. 29.
Rosemont, 17.
Saint Clair, 30.
Scranton, 22, 26, 30, 16, GO.
Steelton, 19.
Towauda, 16.
Turtle Creek, 22.
Tyler, 9.
Wayne, 22.
West Chester, 3, GO.
Wilkesbarre, 26, 30, 12, 14
Williamsport, 7.
York, 23, 1.

RHODE ISLAND.
Central Falls, 10.
East Providence, 23, 13.
Newport, 28.
Pawtucket 17.
Providence, 29, 14, 19.
Rumford, 15.
Valley Falls, 6.

Acknowle lgments from South Carolina and other States will be made next mo ith.

QUEEN OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

(Sassoferrato.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. OCTOBER, 1896. No. 10.

THE WANDERER.

From the Greek of Theophanes. Ninth Century. By C. W. Barraud, S.J.

WANDERING where no star can shine
Through the land of Death and Sin,
Fallen, lost—'tis thine, 'tis thine
By thy prayer, my soul to win.
Mother of my God, behold,
Kneeling in thy sight,
How my trembling heart grows bold,
Ceaseth all my fright,
And to thee swells forth my strain,
The one maid without one stain.

Lo! I have fooled mine hours away,
Left no evil deed undone;
Bitterly I groan this day
'Mid the woe my crimes have won.
Mother thou, of Christ, my God,
In my deep despair,
Waiting but the judge's nod,
Hear, oh hear my prayer.
Show thy love, thy mercy show,
Since through thee all mercies flow.

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By ill-living have I brought
Death eternal on my soul.
'Tis as one plague-smitten, fraught
With foul poison, nothing whole.
Lady, He who raised the dead
Took His life of thee,
At thy tender bosom fed;
Then give life to me,
That I may forever raise
Hymns triumphant to thy praise.

Sick with sorrow and deep guilt,
Virgin, in thy sight I lie.
Thou canst heal me if thou wilt;
Healing dwelleth in thine eye.
Say one word, one little word;
Breathe one prayer for me;
For my God, my King, my Lord,
Man was made of thee.
So shall I, if thou befriend,
Share His Kingdom without end.

THE CAUSE OF FATHER JOGUES.

THE Church begets holiness and esteems it above every treasure. It is her constant aim to cultivate it in her children and her great glory to record their saintly deeds from the annals of the past. Time does not efface them from her memory, because when memory is prompted by love it is always unerring and far-reaching. The love of the Church, like that of Christ her spouse, is undying; her memory of ages past is as sure as her memory of yesterday.

Thousands of souls have died in the lowly walks of life, full of merits before God, but unknown to their fellow-men. In life they were not called upon to take a prominent part in the affairs of this world; after death there would seem to be no reason why special notice should be taken of their virtues. At times, it is true, the very humility and hidden life they had cultivated has been glorified, as in the case of St. Alexis, by a special revelation from God. However, in the ordinary ways of Providence, those souls are usually chosen for honor after death whose lives have been remarkable among their fellow-men. Naturally enough, it is the benefit derived from their example of philanthropy that has determined men to have them exalted to the honors of the altar.

It is proverbial that it requires a long period of years to bring about this exaltation of a soul departing this life in repute for holiness. Even when all is

clear as to the heroism of their virtues, and certain about the miraculous favors required to manifest the power of their intercession, so many years must intervene between their death and the decree of their beatification that the one who takes up a cause at the start can rarely hope to bring it to a conclusion. Meantime, so great is the labor required, and so vast, in most cases, the expense incurred, that one is tempted to frame the proverb: "It needs a saint to make a saint," for it surely requires the spirit of a martyr to have one who lays down his life for the faith declared a martyr, and some of the heroism of a saint, to prove another's title to be venerated as a saint.

It is, therefore, easy to see how in the course of a process of beatification delays can occur that may prolong the process indefinitely; sometimes so long as to necessitate its being taken up again from the very beginning; and at other times long enough to dishearten and even exhaust the patience of its advocates. It is certainly no slight test of a soul's repute for holiness, when the tradition concerning it is so strong as to inspire other souls, even after a lapse of centuries, with the desire to have it beatified and declared worthy of public worship. This is a remarkable fact in the case of Father Isaac Jogues and of several of his companions, so remarkable, indeed, as to be one of the strongest proofs of his heroic virtues in life and of his death in the odor of sanctity.

While Father Jogues was still alive he was regarded by all who knew him intimately as a saint. In recording this estimate of him, we must remember that it was not formed, as our own is apt to be formed, by the heroism he displayed during his two years of captivity among the Iroquois. Many a stolid Indian bore like tortures as calmly as the missionary, though more through their own motives of pride than through his motive of self-sacrifice. Many a white trader, too, in early colonial days stood brave and defiant under most brutal torments; in fact, several of Father Jogues' companions suffered with him just as keenly as himself, and yet they are not proposed as worthy of beatification. The virtues that made Father Jogues' companions and superiors look upon him as a saint were the obedience, the patience, the self-sacrifice, the fortitude, and the devotion which made them feel so sure of his constancy under every trial, that they never hesitated to entrust him with the most arduous missions, and they were never surprised that he should fulfil them with constancy unto death and under tortures even worse than death.

When his superior was choosing him as a minister of peace to the Mohawks, he noted in his relation for that year that the mission he hoped to found amongst them he would name Mission of the Martyrs. "If we are permitted to conjecture in matters that seem highly improbable," he added, "we may believe that the designs we have formed against the empire of Satan will not bear fruit until they are irrigated with the blood of martyrs." When a third time Father Jogues must go to the Mohawks, it would seem that he was the only one his superiors and brethren could think of as suited for the "Mission of the Martyrs." Such an estimate of his virtues they could have had only after witnessing in him, during all his religious life, the spirit of a martyr. His superior's conjecture was justified; only blood could sow the seeds of faith among the Mohawks. His choice of Father Jogues was justified. He chose him for his martyr-like spirit. He could quite naturally, therefore, write, on hearing of Father Jogues' death: "We may regard him as a martyr before God."

That this view of Father Jerome Lalemant was not singular or short-lived is clear from the fact that, some years later, one of his successors, Father Paul Raguenau, thought fit to include the traditions concerning Father Jogues among the

collection which was drawn up, not only to preserve the memory of such men as Brebeuf, Garnier, Daniel and Gabriel Lalemant, but to provide materials for the process of their beatification should it ever be instituted. Each of these memoirs is attested by Father Paul over the signature of his secretary, Joseph Poncet. This, then, is the first step taken for the beatification of Father Jogues, and fortunately this collection of

THE SHRINE.

memoirs exists to-day, certified by one who knew its whereabouts during the suppression of the Society of Jesus, and who witnessed its return to its original owners.

All the memoirs and lives we have of Father Jogues were written with this one purpose, to preserve the memory of his virtues, heroic sufferings and death for the faith, and to gather together the material that might serve for the process of his beatification. It was this purpose his superiors had in view when they had Father Buteux put together all he had heard from Father Jogues himself concerning his tortures and slavery among the Iroquois. It was this same purpose that led Abbé Forest, a Jesuit of the last century, to write the biography of his townsman; and with a like purpose Father Felix Martin made use of the manuscript of Abbé Forest, which the French Revolution had prevented the author from publishing, in preparing his excellent life of Isaac Jogues. Finally, the distinguished translator of this life, Dr. Gilmary Shea, made his work one of devotion. It was only one of very many tributes of the great historian to the Apostle of the Iroquois, whose generous self-sacrifice he loved to record, though the story of his sufferings pained him so much that his manuscripts still

THE ALTAR AND PIETÀ.

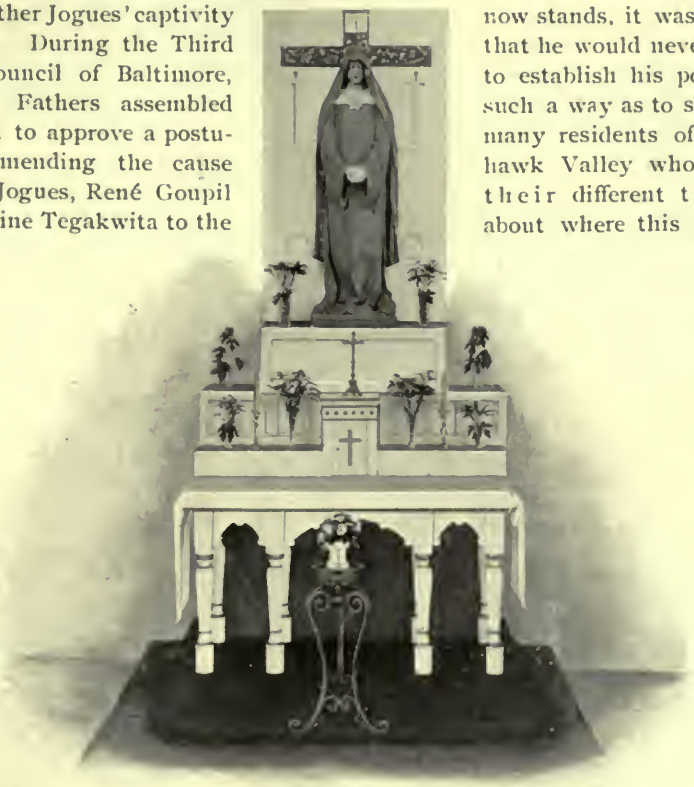
bear evidence of the tears he shed when composing them.

It is clear, then, that at no time since the death of Father Jogues has the project of having him some day declared Blessed been forgotten. It is noteworthy, besides, that in all the eulogies pronounced on him and on his many fellow missionaries, heroic as all of them were, he has always been classed with those who are singled out from the others for their distinguished sanctity. So characteristic and predominant is his sanctity in all he does, that it compels the admiration even of men who think a Jesuit cannot be sincere. According to Parkman, he is one of those whose character the pressure of Loyola's system intensified, without debasing, one who was so good that, even the violence done by that system to the noblest qualities of manhood, joined to that equivocal system of morality which eminent casuists of the Order have inculcated, could not make a whit less conscientious or religious.

If documents and historical eulogy of every sort were enough to establish the sanctity of Father Jogues, they could be furnished in abundance—so abundantly that the difficulty would be not in securing them but in selecting from their splendid testimonials to his merit. They are not enough, howsoever important may be the part they must play in every process of beatification. In a case like that of Father Jogues, in which it is impossible to furnish traditional evidence of his repute for holiness, either before or after death, the written testimony of authors and compilers from his day down to our own must be used to show that he practised all the theological and moral virtues in an heroic degree, and that his suffering and death were patiently and freely met for the interests of our holy faith. But the mere dry statement made from these sources is not the only, or in every case the most convincing, argument in behalf of a cause. What is also in demand, and what naturally appeals strongly to the judges in a process of beatification, is the popular sentiment which such documentary evidence should produce, the sentiment of great regard for the sanctity of the soul in question, and the sentiment also of a great desire to have that soul honored on our altars.

It speaks well for the cause of Father Jogues that such a sentiment springs naturally even from a slight acquaintance with the manner of his life and sufferings and death. No sooner had the scholars who best knew the documents pertaining to his career prepared his biography for popular reading than an eagerness to know more about him was apparent everywhere. The short sketches published in pamphlet form, the monthly notices in the *Pilgrim of our Lady of Martyrs*, the circulars issued from time to time, the excellent short

biography written by Father F. Rouvier, of Mongres, France, all have been in great demand. Written as they were with the intention of arousing popular interest, it was soon found that even before they had appeared there was a disposition to read them, and this disposition has been increasing ever since their first appearance. Much of this interest is due, no doubt, to the familiarity of many of our priests with the story of Father Jogues' captivity and death. During the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, when the Fathers assembled were asked to approve a postulate recommending the cause of Father Jogues, René Goupil and Catherine Tegakwita to the Holy See, they did not need to inquire either about the merits of these three servants of God, or about the motives which should prompt every Catholic to wish for their beatification.

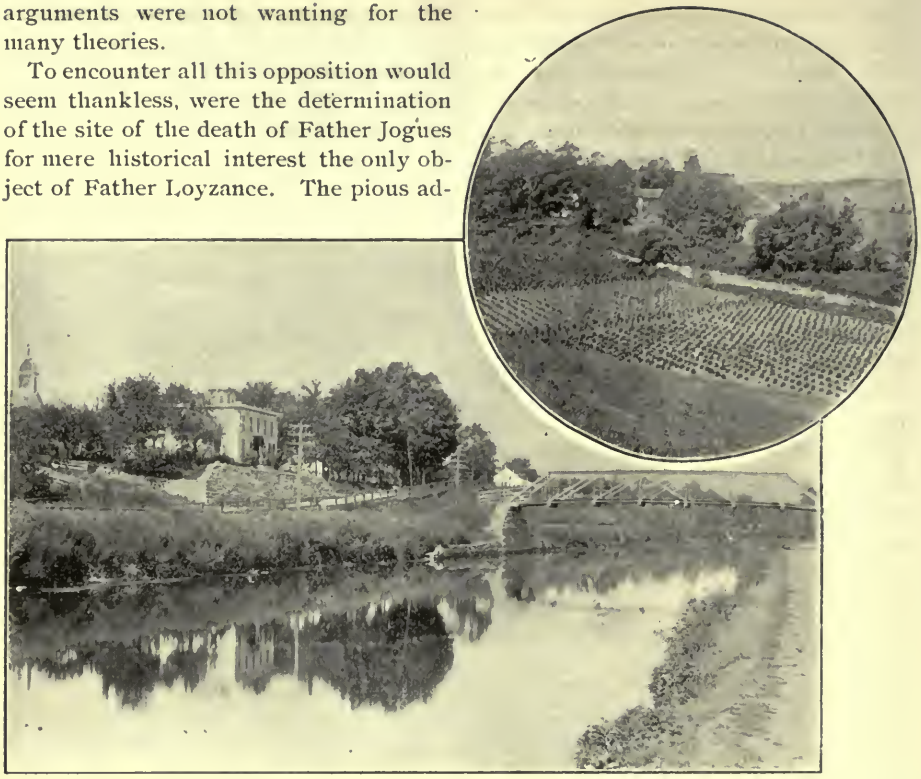


STATUE OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

What has most advanced the cause of Father Jogues the past twelve years is the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs which has been erected on the site of René Goupil's and his own martyrdom, which site was also the birthplace of Catharine Tegakwita, whose cause is associated with theirs. When the Reverend Joseph Loyzance, then of Troy, N. Y., first thought of finding the place consecrated by the memories of these heroic souls, his project was considered by many a hopeless one. Even when by the use of maps, and by the aid of the distinguished topographer, General John S. Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., he succeeded in locating the site where the Shrine now stands, it was thought that he would never be able to establish his position in such a way as to satisfy the many residents of the Mohawk Valley who had all their different theories about where this site must be. In the first place, not all could have access to the maps of the old Indian villages as they were located at different intervals from 1635 to 1684; nor could all have the benefit of the personal direction of General Clark in their several researches. Even could they have availed themselves of all these aids, the convictions that had grown with years would naturally be hard to shake, the more so that plausible

arguments were not wanting for the many theories.

To encounter all this opposition would seem thankless, were the determination of the site of the death of Father Jogues for mere historical interest the only object of Father Loyzance. The pious ad-



A SCENE ON THE CANAL.

mirer of the first pioneer priest of New York State had a higher object in view. To his eye of faith it would be a great achievement to discover the spot hallowed by the blood of a martyr; but this discovery seemed to him desirable only in so far as it would help to bring about the solemn declaration that Father Jogues was truly a martyr in spirit as well as in the manner of his taking off. To help on this result the site of his death must be made a means not only of making his heroic life and death better known, but also of inciting pious souls to a confidence in his favor with Almighty God; or, at least, to the desire to prove by their prayers the power of his intercession. As is well known, two things which seem, at first sight, to be mutually contradictory, are required before a cause of beatification can be introduced. It must first be proved that no worship has been paid to the servant of God whose cause is presented, and then it must also be shown that miracles have been performed in answer to prayers made through their intercession. As in every other detail of a process, in these two points also is the investigation most searching. How, we ask, obtain a miracle unless we induce the people to pray, and that fervently, in the way that makes prayer most acceptable to God, the prayer that calls for miracles, united prayer. And how shall we have them do this without leaving them under the impression that they are to some extent worshipping those whom the Church as yet forbids us to worship?

The difficulty is not so great as it appears to be at first sight; but like many difficulties that are easy to answer, it may be very hard to meet in practice, explain as you will the distinction between public veneration, which is forbidden, and private veneration, which is

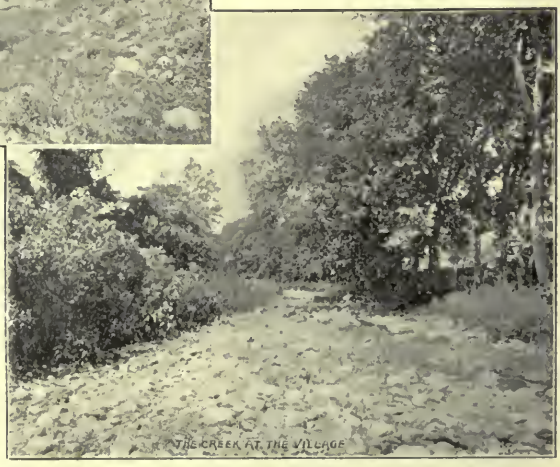
allowed; insist, as much as you can, on the right we all have to ask any departed soul to intercede for us, so soon as one of God's servants is proposed as being possibly worthy of beatification, it is hard for some pious minds to treat with that soul as with ordinarily faithful souls, and it is hard to prevent them from acting or speaking as if they might publicly venerate the soul in question. It was a wise plan, therefore, of Father Loyzance to erect, as the only place of worship at the site of Father Jogues' death, a shrine in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs, securing in this way our Blessed Mother's favor on the cause of those who had hallowed, whether by their life or death, the soil of the old Mission of the Martyrs, and preventing most effectually any tendency to worship publicly those whom the Church has not yet presented to our worship.

Now in this country we are so unacquainted with the true nature and object of a shrine, that we are apt to expect too much or to obtain too little of the benefits of which it should be a medium, simply because we overlook or ignore its real purpose. The great Shrine at Lourdes has led many people to think that a Shrine must necessarily be a scene of frequent and striking miracles. Indeed, it is quite common to meet with people who imagine that, when God sees fit to grant a miracle in answer to the prayers made through the intercession of Father Jogues, it will surely take place at the Shrine at Auriesville. It will not do to answer that the miracle which finally determined the canonization of St. Berchmans happened not at his Shrine in Diest, but in our own country in the diocese of New Orleans. It would, it is true, be natural to look for special favors at the place where so much piety is shown, but the many remarkable favors reported as granted in other places through the intercession of Father Jogues and his companions should correct our belief that the Shrine

ON THE WAY TO THE RAVINE.

must necessarily be a place of miracles. A place of marvels it surely has been, both in the temporal and spiritual order, but as yet no miracles that we know of have lately been granted through the intercession of those whom we seek to have beatified.

In his excellent life of Isaac Jogues, Father Felix Martin narrates several wonderful answers to prayer made with a view to having the power of this servant of God made manifest to men; but it would serve no purpose to present these in his process at this late day. If God wishes to have Father Jogues beatified, He will surely manifest his power; if men wish to hasten this manifestation they must do all they can by their prayers and by their zeal for his cause in every way to deserve that he should extend to them the power of his intercession even by a miracle. "What can we expect from the martyr," wrote Dr. Shea in one of his private letters, "if we treat him so shabbily." True enough; how can we look to him for a miracle until we do something proportionate to such a favor.



But there are no relics! The implication is that there can therefore be no miracles. Now, one of the most frequent experiences in the course of a process of beatification is the discovery, or what comes to the same, the identification of the remains of the one to be beatified. In many instances this discovery is made in such a singular way as to be regarded itself as miraculous. Relics of Father Jogues do not exist, unless we regard his manuscript as such. His body was thrown into the Mohawk; his head lies buried near the village palisades, we suppose, because it had been placed on them the evening after his murder.

The remains of Catharine Tegakwita still exist, and are kept carefully by the Abbé of the parish in which her reservation is still maintained, and the site of her tomb is known, and many and remarkable are the favors ascribed to the use of the relics and to prayers said at the tomb, at which descendants of her tribe may be seen kneeling frequently on pleasant Sunday afternoons. The bones of René Goupil were buried in the ravine which falls back of the old Indian village line, a short distance from the Shrine grounds. They were buried by Father Jogues, who hoped one day to enrich some Christian soil with the bones of this martyr Of course they have not yet been found.

What honor they would receive could they be discovered may be judged from the value set upon a stone which lies in the ravine, and which popular credulity at one time sought to invest with supernatural virtue.

When Father Jogues, previous to the burial of the body of René, was obliged to hide it from the young Indian braves, he put it in the stream, fastening it against a large rock, around which the waters flowed, by piling upon it smaller stones. Now, it happens that there is a large limestone in the depths of the ravine, just where the stream-bed formerly lay, and because it was natural, when the ravine was first identified as the burial place of the young martyr, to say that this may have been the large stone described by Father Jogues, it was soon taken for granted that it must have been the same, and immediately it was treated as a relic. Fragments were broken off and passed around, and kept sacredly, and even steeped in water to try their curative powers. Cures were soon attributed to it, and the demand for more fragments became so great that it was necessary to fence round the stone, encage and padlock it, lest its popularity should be the cause of its utter disappearance.

Strange to say, Catholics were not the only ones to ascribe such virtue to this stone; non-Catholics also began to look upon it as a preternatural agent, partly out of respect for what they thought the Catholics believed, but chiefly because of the superstitious tendencies of our nature, which are common to all men, even to unbelievers. Now, God can make use of the lowliest and simplest of His creatures as a means of exercising His almighty power; and the soil of certain

IN THE RAVINE. THE ROCK.

spots consecrated by the blood of martyrs, or even the bark of the trees, have been used as a medium of His divine influence even to the extent of miraculous results. There is no reason why the ravine, so hallowed by the burial of the young and saintly hero, René Goupil, and by the devotions of his companion in sufferings and death, should not thus become a place and source of miracles, if God wills it; but to encourage or even lightly to permit a belief more or less superstitious to be spread abroad about it and acted upon, would do great damage to the cause of both Father Jogues and René Goupil. The Church, which is so slanderously accused of fostering superstition, is, on the contrary, most jealous of it, and severe with her children who give way to it.

The truth is, miracles and, in most cases, relics, though most important as a cause of this kind proceeds, are in the beginning of the process only secondary in importance compared with the statements that must be prepared on the virtues of the souls to be beatified, on their repute for sanctity, on their strict orthodoxy in doctrinal and moral writings and teachings, on their Christian-like deaths, on the popular belief in their salvation and extraordinary power of intercession, and, finally, on the rigor with which every attempt to cultivate them by public worship has been discouraged and frustrated.

It may sound strange, but this very tendency to venerate publicly a servant of God not yet beatified, is one of the strongest proofs of his sanctity, and yet it must be checked under the penalty of losing his cause entirely should it be encouraged or permitted. As we have mentioned in the case of René Goupil, so an episode in the cause of Catharine Tegakwita will show what vigilance and sternness this requires. Born at Ossernenon, now Auriesville Station, Catharine moved with her tribe first to Gandawague, the present village site of Auriesville, and next to Caughnawauga, now Fonda, where she spent most of her life. The spring which marked the site of the old Indian village soon became known as the Tegakwita Spring. Its waters are still running, and it was a harmless thought to use them for drinking, but it was not so harmless to think of sending them here and there as being likely to show curative powers. Yet still some thought of doing this, all on the strength that Catharine must have frequented the spring when she went to draw water for her household. Happily, this did not last long, and people now look more to the saintly maiden herself and to her virtues than to any of the material things associated with her memory.

It should be clear from all that has been said that the cause of Father Jogues has not yet been formally presented to the Holy See. Petitions have been made by the Bishops both of this country and of Canada to receive his cause favorably when it shall be deemed proper to present it, but this only means that the highest dignitaries of the Church in these countries concur with the clergy and laity in the conviction that he lived a saintly life and died a martyr's death. It means also that they appreciate the great benefit it would be to our piety to have him declared Blessed. Meantime the same conviction has been growing among the laity, and it has led them to appeal to his intercession with greater confidence, and to judge by many letters of gratitude they write with greater proofs of the favors God grants through his servant. These are some of the results of the work done for his cause since 1884, when active interest in it was renewed, and they are important: they lend additional weight to documents and testimonies that have been collected with more energy during that time, and urge on us the need of a speedy presentation of the cause to Rome.

By the appointment of a vice-postulator the early preparation of this first

process is assured. The Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.J., whose familiarity with the archives relating to the history of Father Jogues and his companions, has been appointed to this charge and he will assume it at once. All the evidence of Father Jogues' virtues must be sifted, all his writings examined, and all the traditions about his sanctity and his death for the faith investigated thoroughly, before the Bishops, who will be deputed must in turn be examined with the closest scrutiny, in order that every possible human means may be employed to assure us that Father Jogues is worthy of the honors of our altars.

This then is the present state of the cause of Father Jogues. Everything seems opportune for the preparation and speedy presentation of his cause to the proper ecclesiastical courts. This is the most important of all the measures thus

TEGAKWITA'S SPRING AND CAYUDUTTA CREEK.

to judge in the case, will consent to transmit this first process to be examined by the congregation of Rites. While all the erudition of postulators and advocates shall be thus employed in establishing the proofs of his title to our veneration, the faithful generally will be praying for the corroborative testimony of miraculous intervention on the part of God in answer to prayers made through his servant, which testimony of miracles far taken. All that has been hitherto done will help to a favorable reception of the cause when presented, but they are by no means essential for its introduction. The publications, the shrine, the pilgrimages in behalf of the cause, might be done away with to-morrow, but the preliminary process of presenting it could and must be prepared. It can be prepared, moreover, without any detriment even before the relics of those who

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are to be beatified are found, or before any first-class miracles are accredited to them. It would not do, however, to give up what has been of such aid to the work in the past; nor is it too soon to pray and to pray fervently for the miracles required before the final decree of beatification. Accordingly, while the preliminary process is being actively prepared, renewed efforts must be made to publish still more about the servant of God in question, to increase the pilgrimages to the Shrine in number and in fervor, and to multiply the prayers which shall finally draw down God's benediction on the undertaking even to the extent of a miracle.

With the cause of Father Jogues, that of René Goupil, his companion, and of Catharine Tegakwita, who was born on the site of their martyrdom, will be combined. And with this triple cause, that of Father Jogues' companions, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel and Garnier, who died on Canadian soil, is also to be united. No true Catholic will ask why we should be so anxious about the beatification of these great servants of God. It is for us a family as well as a national affair. To the men and women who made the beginnings of our history Catholic we owe unceasing gratitude; to the most distinguished of them who make our entrance and first foundations in America a splendid record of heroism and saintliness we owe a devout remembrance that can never rest satisfied until it shall be permitted to manifest itself in public veneration. Divine providence blessed our soil with the miracles of grace that made a Jogues, a Tegakwita, a Brebeuf. It has worked the miracle of compelling even biased non-Catholic minds to proclaim their esteem for these heroes in terms so reverent as to sound almost like those of religious worship; the same divine providence can and will, in answer to our prayers, attest what it has done in sanctifying their souls, by miraculous proofs of the glory to which their sanctity entitled them.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

By E. C. S.

THE great iron-bound prison gates clanged together behind Anthony Greyson and he stood in the clear October sunshine a free man once more. Free to go whithersoever he would—"the world was all before him, where to choose"—and free to rid himself, if he could, of the odium that attaches to one who has spent six months in gaol for theft.

As quickly as he could do so, he got away from the neighborhood of the prison and walked into the heart of the city, trying vainly to rid himself of the impression that he still wore the parti-colored convict dress and that everybody was eyeing it curiously. When a man has been living in a sort of waking nightmare for six months it is not easy for him to return to realities all at once. Beyond the fact that he was a straight, well-set young fellow, with a rather good-looking face, there was no reason that any one should take particular notice of him; yet it seemed to his sensitive imagination that the public was leagued in a conspiracy to stare him out of countenance, and at last he bought a daily paper in self-defence and went into a restaurant to read it while he discussed the chop that his new-found freedom had given him an appetite for.

Passing by the news, he turned to the advertising columns and began to look over the "wants."

He had to find work, that was imperative, for he had only five dollars in his pocket, the result, by the way, of a collection amongst the prison officials, who had thus testified their admiration of a prisoner who had never given them a moment's trouble. The question was, how was he to get the work? Times were hard and character he had none, except the one he had earned in gaol, which was not likely to avail him much. "I don't care," he said to himself doggedly, as the difficulties of his position grew more and more clear to him. "I am not a thief, I didn't steal that pocketbook, and I'm not going to let six months undeserved imprisonment take the grit out of me. Let me see; here is an 'ad.' for a bookkeeper, I'll try that, and another for a checker in a railway concern; I'll try both."

Having paid for his meal, he went out into the streets again and made his way in the direction of the establishment where a bookkeeper was desired. In spite of his assertion that he didn't care, he did care very much, indeed, and his spirits sank lower and lower as he neared his destination. It was a large dry goods store, and when he stated his errand he was ushered into an office at the back of the store, where a stout, elderly gentleman was laboriously adding up a formidable looking ledger.

"Humph! want a job at bookkeeping, eh?" said the stout gentleman, climbing pantingly down from his high stool and surveying Anthony from head to foot. "What is your name, young man; and where did you work last? Let me see your references."

Anthony turned scarlet, and his heart, low enough before, sank lower and lower. "I—I have no references, sir," he said slowly, a sickening sense of hopelessness taking possession of him. "I worked last for C. H. Wayington & Sons, but I left their employ under—under extraordinary circumstances and—and," he hesitated, stammered, and then broke out desperately: "The fact is, sir, I was accused of stealing a pocket-book that belonged to Mr. Wayington and—"

"I don't think you need say any

more, young man," said the stout gentleman, severely. "I remember the case very well. Mr. Wayington is a friend of mine, and I heard from his own lips the story of your base ingratitude to him. I wonder that you have the audacity to apply for any respectable position. You may go, sir."

His last words fell upon the empty air, for Anthony was already half-way through the store, his face white as ashes and his hands clenched hard. He had thought he was prepared for humiliation, but the reality was not what he had pictured it.

Sick at heart, indignant and trembling with anger he reached the street and walked deliberately to the railway office, where a checker was wanted.

"You advertised for a checker," he said to the straw-hatted, shirt-sleeved individual, who eyed him from the midst of a pile of freight.

"I did," answered the other, removing a pencil from beneath his teeth. "Had any experience?"

"Some—in a wholesale house."

"What's your name and references?"

"My name's Anthony Greyson, and I have no references. I've just come out of gaol, after serving six months for a crime I didn't commit. Will you give me the job?"

The man looked at him aghast for a moment, then raised his arm and pointed to the door. "Git," he said, laconically.

Anthony turned on his heel and left the office, the hot flush of excitement that had borne him through, slowly dying away. He had acted without discretion, and he knew it. In the shirt-sleeved one's place he would probably have done as that individual had.

He wandered on aimlessly for some time, wondering bitterly if in all Montreal he was not going to find any soul charitable enough to give him a chance to earn his bread honestly.

"I won't go to any one under false pretences," he said to himself resolutely. "Whatever comes of it, I'll tell the truth. There shall be no after-claps if I manage to get a situation."

He was passing the big church of Notre Dame while he was thinking, and just then the mid-day angelus rang out. He mounted the steps, went in and passed down the side aisle toward the chapel of the Sacred Heart, as he had been wont to do in bygone days. The great picture behind the altar, with its life-like figures of the Redeemer and the humble Visitandine whom He chose as the apostle of His divine Heart, had always possessed an attraction for him, and half unconsciously he found himself kneeling before it now. Everywhere he had been that day he had felt himself a stranger and an outcast; here he was not so. He was at home once more. The odor of incense, the soft light that fell through the painted windows, the crimson lamp that swung gently before the altar, and, above all, the tender face of the kneeling nun and the transfigured countenance of the Saviour, wrapt him round with an influence that drew him out of himself and his misery. Elsewhere he was an alien, a criminal, a prison-stained ingrate, unfit to associate with his fellows; but here he was the well-beloved son, the dearly prized soul for whom that tender Heart was opening itself that he might take comfort and find therein renewed courage. A mist covered his eyes, and he hid his face in his folded arms. When he looked up again his cheeks were wet.

For many years he had been an Associate of the League, but it is doubtful if he ever knew the meaning of that wonderful devotion until that October morning.

Poor fellow, he needed all the faith and courage that came to him in that hour. His first experiences in seeking employment were only a sample of what was to come. Day after day he tramped the streets of Montreal, answering advertisements, asking for work; always with

the same result. No one wanted a discharged convict. Some were civil, some were gruff, some laughed in his face; none would have anything to do with him.

Meanwhile his five dollars melted rapidly away, though he lived on one meal a day and slept in lumber yards and sheds and empty railway cars.

His clothes began to look shabby and his boots were almost worn out from constant walking. He grew gaunt and hollow-eyed from hunger—poor fellow, he had the voracious appetite of youth and nothing to satisfy it with—the commonest and humblest work was refused to him—but why go on with the heart-breaking recital?

The time came when he was without a cent and had been for two days without anything to eat save a piece of stale bread that he had begged from the niggard charity of a thrifty housekeeper. What it cost him to ask for that morsel only himself knew.

The month was drawing to a close and already the air savored more of November than October, when he made his way down one night to the wharf; weak, shivering and famished with hunger.

The navigation season would soon be over and the great coaling company was getting in its stock as fast as possible. The coal shutes were busy day and night unloading the steamers that replaced each other as fast as they could be emptied, and every available man was working as many hours out of the twenty-four as he had strength to do.

"For God's sake give me a couple of hours' work," begged Anthony of the foreman. "I am starving, man."

"Very sorry, but I can't employ non-union men," answered the foreman, wiping his grimy face on his sleeve. "The whole bilin' of 'em would go out on strike if I was to take you on. Here's a quarter out of my own pocket though; go and get something to eat, it's the best I can do for you."

He bustled away in answer to a call of: "Here you, Tim Flanagan, where are you?" and Anthony turned away and went nearer to the edge of the wharf where a pile of lumber made a shadowy corner. Here he sat down and looked dully out over the surface of the river, scarce conscious that he held the price of a meal in his hand. He had reached the deepest depth and there was nothing left for him but starvation or the gaol again. Nothing? He looked at the water dancing along, a silver pathway of ripples under the golden moon. Why starve when here was a way out of the difficulty? All he had to do was to slip down softly behind the pile of lumber and let himself gently into the water. A little splash—the men were too busy to notice it—a few choking breaths and all would be over—the hunger, the shame, the misery and degradation. A few days later a swollen, disfigured body would be washed up somewhere, there would be a hasty inquest, a hastier burial and then, and then—stay, was there not something more?

The lights in the French village across the river swam and danced before his eyes; the red and green signals on a passing steamboat stared at him like fiery eyes, and the rumble of a coal train behind him filled his ears with thunder. Would the day of judgment be a scene of confusion like this? His hand went swiftly to his brow in the Sign of Him at whose name every knee shall bow, and staggering to his feet he turned away from the treacherous, moonlit water and went feebly toward the town again, an unspoken, agonized prayer to the Heart of Jesus welling up from his soul.

As he toiled slowly up the road that led cityward he met a procession of people hurrying down to the ferry and, the sidewalk being narrow, stepped off into the roadway to make room for them. The street just at that part ran under a railway bridge and was in deep shadow, so that when his foot touched something soft he could not see what it was and

was about to pass on, but a faint instinct of curiosity made him pause and pick up the article he had stepped on. The moment his fingers touched it he knew it was a pocketbook and hurrying into the light he examined it at the nearest lamppost. It was full of papers and keys, and in one pocket there was a roll of banknotes—a noble find for a starving man!

He turned the contents over and over eagerly, and at last came upon a visiting card bearing the legend: "Auguste N. Leduc;" low down in one corner was written in pencil "No. — Sherbrooke Street"

He hesitated for the fraction of a moment, then closed the pocketbook, snapped the elastic band around it and hailed the first electric car that passed.

Twenty minutes later he was being shown into the library of a handsome residence on Sherbrooke Street. "You wished to see me?" asked the grave, thoughtful-faced man who turned from his desk to speak to him.

"Is this yours?" asked Anthony, producing the pocketbook abruptly.

Mr. Leduc's face lit up. "Indeed it is," he exclaimed in a tone of relief. "I dropped it somewhere down by the wharf this evening and was just preparing an advertisement for the morning paper." He took the pocketbook from Anthony, and begun to turn over the contents and select a note from the bundle. "You work on the wharf, I suppose?" he queried, with a comprehensive glance at the young man's shabby apparel

"I don't work anywhere just at present," was the reply. "I cannot get any work to do." As he spoke a faintness came over Anthony, and he involuntarily placed his hand on the back of a chair to steady himself.

"You are weak—ill!" exclaimed the other, rising in alarm and forcing him to sit down. "You are not well, eh?"

Anthony looked up with a smile that was meant to be cheerful, but was only piteous. "I have not eaten anything for two days," he said wearily; "I am afraid I am starving."

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Mr. Leduc, hastening to his desk and touching an electric bell. In a moment a servant appeared at the door. "A glass of port wine, Cécile, and quickly," ordered her master.

The maid tripped away and returned within a few moments with the wine. Mr. Leduc met her at the door and took it from her. "Prepare some supper in the dining-room at once," he said briefly, "something substantial Cécile." Then he brought the wine to Anthony and made him drink it.

"You are better now?" he said, as the color came back slowly to the young man's face.

"You are very kind," murmured Anthony gratefully. "Eh bien! and why not, my friend?" demanded Mr. Leduc, smilingly. "I think the obligations are on my side; there were six hundred dollars in that pocketbook. Now we shall have some supper and you will stay here to-night, my housekeeper will find you a bed. To-morrow we shall see what can be done in the way of providing you with a situation."

"You had better hear my story first, Mr. Leduc," said Anthony quietly. "It may cause you to change your mind." Then he told it, slowly and deliberately. Mr. Leduc listened patiently, shading his face with his hand. When Anthony had finished, he looked up and said thoughtfully: "You have been most unfortunate, but I do not believe you were guilty. A man who is honest when he is starving is not likely to have been dishonest when he was prosperous. I know Mr. Wayington very well; he is a good-hearted man, but very obstinate; and of course appearances were against you. I do not pretend to say how his missing pocketbook came into your trunk, but I am quite sure *you* did not put it there. God is good; perhaps the guilty person will yet confess. In

WHY STARVE WHEN HERE WAS A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY?

the meantime, what can you do? Can you write shorthand? Yes? Very good! I am in need of a stenographer, you are in need of a situation; what could be more convenient?

Anthony tried to stammer some words of thanks, but Mr. Leduc silenced him and led the way to the dining-room, where such a supper was spread as the outcast had not seen for many days.

Dame Lecours, the merchant's housekeeper, looked somewhat taken aback when told to prepare a chamber for this very dilapidated looking guest of her master's, but she felt reassured when he addressed her in the very best French, and thanked her courteously as she was leaving him.

The next morning a difficulty arose. Anthony's clothes were scarcely in keeping with his improved fortunes. However his benefactor had not forgotten the fact, and before the young man had time to realize his embarrassing position, Mr. Leduc's valet appeared with an armful of clothes belonging to his master.

"Monsieur Leduc's compliments, and he hopes the garments will serve until monsieur has time to call upon his tailor."

Anthony was somewhat slighter than his new-found friend, but the clothes fitted very well, nevertheless, and Mr. Leduc scarcely recognized him when he came downstairs, so much improved was he in appearance.

"One thing I must prepare you for," said the French gentleman kindly, as they walked down-town together. "It will not be long before some one recognizes you, and you may be made to feel uncomfortable, but you must be brave and live down your trouble. Remember, *I* hold you innocent; and remember also that *le Bon Dieu* can dissipate the clouds when it shall seem good to Him to do so. Are you—pardon me—a Catholic?"

"I have that happiness," answered Anthony, simply.

"That is good—you have, consequently, many motives for faith and patience. Here now is the office; follow me."

For about a week all went well. Anthony's frank good nature soon put him on terms of good fellowship with his brother clerks, and he seemed on the high road to happiness once more, when all at once the clouds lowered over him again. One morning he went into the office, and not a voice returned his cheerful salutation. Everybody seemed too busy to notice him. "It has come," thought Anthony, hanging up his hat and walking into Mr. Leduc's private office, where a desk had been placed for him.

Mr. Leduc himself arrived about an hour afterward, and he was scarcely seated when the head clerk from the outside office brought in a paper and laid it before him. He glanced at it, and then looked up with a frown on his usually calm face.

"Send them all in here," he said, sternly.

A moment later half a dozen of his employees stood before him, most of them looking decidedly uncomfortable.

"I understand from this petition," he said in French, tapping the paper, "that you object to the presence of an employee of mine. Now, I want you all to understand that I am perfectly well aware of Mr. Greyson's history; that I knew what I was about when I employed him, and that I intend to keep him in his present position until he leaves it of his own accord. If any or all of you are not satisfied with my arrangements, you are at liberty to send in your resignations. You may go."

The little knot of clerks made their exit with an alacrity that would have amused Anthony had he not been overwhelmed at the moment with shame and mortification. Mr. Leduc looked at his crimson face and smiled. "Come, come, this will not do, *mon ami*," he said reprovingly, but there was genuine sympathy in his eyes, nevertheless. "It is only what I warned you of. You must have courage, courage. Oh, yes, they will perhaps send you to—to—how do you say it?—to Coventry, eh? But never mind, the lane that turns not is long, is it not? Now we will not speak of it again. Here is a batch of letters, let us get them out at once."

After that Anthony found his path a little thorny. None of the protestors

sent in their resignation, but they all combined to cut him dead and he could not help feeling it acutely. "I don't think I'd be so hard on any of them if our positions were reversed," he thought more than once; and indeed it is probable he would not, for his was one of the rare natures that would rather raise a fallen brother than trample on him because he was down.

Once or twice in the days that followed he was tempted to give up his position and leave the city; but the knowledge that his story would certainly pursue him sooner or later deterred him. The stigma that clung to him was only to be removed by years of honest industry—unless indeed, which seemed unlikely, the one responsible for the original wrong should confess it and so clear his character.

Almost imperceptibly his nature broadened and deepened under the adverse circumstances that surrounded him.

From an easy-going, pleasure-loving youth he developed into a thoughtful, serious-minded man, to whom the world was worth exactly its real value and nothing more; he had seen beneath its surface and the lesson thus learned, had, without embittering him, cured him of many illusions.

He had always been a practical Catholic—indeed uncommonly so for a young fellow who had been his own master from the age of eighteen—but his piety had been of a dutiful sort. It was the right and proper thing for a Catholic to go to church on Sundays, to observe days of abstinence, and to receive the sacraments several times during the year, and he had been careful to observe all these points—would have felt uncomfortable had he not done so—but his religion had not entered into, and become the best and dearest part of his life as it was now doing. He had not dreamed that it could fill to overflowing the vacancy made in his existence by the withdrawal of a pharisaical world; but it was doing so daily and he rejoiced at the discovery.

Truly his tribulations had not been in vain. Happiness and prosperity, fair fame and the respect of his fellows might all be his in the future, but he would never again be in danger of placing a fictitious value upon them.

Then one day his faith and patience were rewarded. Mr. Leduc came to him with a newspaper and pointed out a paragraph which ran thus: "If Anthony Greyson, late of Wayington & Sons, will call at the General Hospital he will hear of something to his advantage."

"Take your hat and go at once, my boy," said the merchant kindly; and Anthony hurried off, the prey of contending hopes and fears.

When he reached the hospital he was shown up into a ward that a glance revealed to him was occupied chiefly by consumptives. A nurse met him as he entered and when he told her who he was she led him to the end of the ward where a screen was drawn around one of the beds.

"The person who advertised for you is in there," she said, and returned to her duty, leaving Anthony to announce himself to the invisible patient.

He walked softly around the end of the screen and found himself face to face with a man who had been a fellow-clerk in Wayington's; but so worn and emaciated was he that Anthony was a full minute before he recognized him.

"You have come at last, I am glad," said the sick man with difficulty. "I was afraid you had gone away."

Anthony took one of the shadowy white hands in his own and pressed it sympathetically. "I had no idea you were here, Preston, or I should have come to see you sooner," he said kindly. "Is there anything I can do for you?" The shock of seeing an old acquaintance in such a condition had made him forget momentarily the peculiar circumstance that had caused the meeting.

"You can't do anything for me except grant me your forgiveness," answered the other feebly. "It was I who took Wayington's pocketbook — I who put it in your trunk when I found detection inevitable, and I who let you go to gaol when a word would have saved you. It was to tell you this that I advertised for you. I suppose I ought not to expect you to forgive me, it was a terrible wrong; but if you knew what I have suffered since, I don't think you would find it in your heart to let me go into eternity unforgiven."

The beads of moisture stood around his brow and lips and he closed his eyes as he spoke. Perhaps he dreaded reproach or invective.

Anthony sat as if turned to stone. In all his speculations as to the identity of the one who had planned his ruin, he had never once thought of Gilbert Preston. It was not in human nature not to recall the misery, mental and physical, that this man's cowardly act had been the cause of inflicting upon him, and it all recurred to him with the vividness of a flash of lightning. But the memory and the feelings it evoked lasted only long enough to remind him that he would one day need a generous pardon himself and there was no trace of anger in his face or voice as he leaned over and wiped the perspiration from the face of the dying man, saying gently at the same time: "I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven myself. Are you strong enough to tell me how it happened?"

Preston opened his eyes and looked up, an expression of relief struggling with shame in his poor thin face. "You are very generous, Greyson," he said weakly. "Thank God, I had the courage to speak; it has taken a load off my mind. Yes, I will tell you how it happened. I had got into trouble — gambling debts; and the fellow I owed them to threatened to write and tell Mr. Wayington if I did not pay up by a certain date. You know the sort of a man the boss was; he'd have turned me out there and then if he'd known the rig I was running and that would have meant ruin to me. I was desperate — didn't know which way to turn — and that very day Mr. Wayington left a wallet on his desk with five hundred dollars in it that he was about to take to the bank. So many of us were passing in and out that I fancied the suspicion was not likely to fall upon me more than another and I put the wallet in my pocket and went out to lunch as usual, taking the opportunity to run round to my boarding house and hide the money before going back. When I returned to the office the place was in an uproar. The money had been missed and old Wayington was raving about like a madman. Everyone had to submit to being searched, as you no doubt remember; but as half of the staff had been out for lunch of course the search was useless. You have reason to remember how *that* afternoon passed and the misery everyone was in. Well, as soon as five struck I hurried off home and secured the wallet and was just about to set off with it to pay my persecutor when I heard strange voices downstairs and looking over the balustrades I saw a detective coming up; a man I knew very well by sight, as it happened.

"It flashed upon me at once that Wayington had set him to hunt down the thief before the money should have been got rid of and I felt myself in a trap. He would certainly not let me go until he had searched my room and myself thoroughly. My heart died within me and I looked about for a means of escape. Your room, you remember, was next to mine, and had two doors; one leading into the hallway and the other into my room. I knew you never locked either, and so I slipped back into my own room, passed into yours, and threw the wallet into your trunk, which was standing open. Then I went back again and met the detective as he entered my room.

"Of course a search followed. He

went into every nook and cranny, and searched me from head to foot—I am sure he suspected me for I must have looked guilty—of course he found nothing to reward him. Then he went into your room and I went with him. He hunted nearly everywhere before he went to the trunk, and I was hoping he would not touch it, for it did not look a likely hiding place with the lid flung back the way it was. He did go to it however and—and—you know the rest.

"There was no one to prove that you had not visited your room since morning—the street door was open all day and you might have gone in and out a dozen times without being noticed—so your only defence broke down and you were punished for my crime while I stood by and held my peace. When I think of it I wonder how you can forgive me."

He paused exhausted, and Anthony gave him a spoonful of wine. "Don't say any more about it," said the latter, sadly, "you didn't do it through spite or malice, but just to save yourself. Let it go now, it is all over and I am none the worse, thank God."

"You *shall* be none the worse, for I have put a written confession in the hands of the doctor who attends me, with instructions to publish it as soon as I am dead," said the sick man, feverishly. "I meant to die without trying to see you, but I could not. I dared not face the next world until I knew you had forgiven me. Surely God will not refuse what His creature grants. Do you think He will?"

"God never refuses to hear the penitent sinner," said Anthony, reverently. "Have you—have you seen a clergyman?"

He felt diffident about asking the question, for Preston was not of the household of faith.

The sick man shook his head wearily. "What good can they do me?" he asked. "Read a chapter of Scripture and extemporize a prayer; I can do that myself. If I had time enough left me, I'd study up your religion. It must be immensely comforting to you Catholics to believe that the Lord allows His ministers to assure you of forgiveness, so that you won't go out of life in a state of uncertainty. But I'm too late for that now, and must take my chance."

"Not at all, if you are thoroughly in earnest," said Anthony, eagerly. "Since you don't care to have one of your own ministers, will you have one of mine?"

"If you think he can help me, bring him by all means," said Preston. "Who knows, perhaps he may be able to give me back the peace of mind I lost twelve months ago, when I wronged you so terribly. Do you know, Greyson," he added, with the ghost of a smile, "I think you are responsible for the disease that is taking me off, because I went to the dogs altogether after that time. My sin didn't avail me much, after all, for old Wayington gave me the bounce before you'd been in gaol a month. Heigho! What a hand I've made of myself. But go now, like a good chap, and bring one of your priests to me; he may be able to patch my poor soul up a bit before it sets out on its long voyage."

The anxiety in his sunken eyes gave a denial to the seeming flippancy of his words and Anthony went away with a warm thrill of exultation in his heart. Surely to help this poor storm-beaten derelict into port was a revenge worth having!

Half an hour afterward he returned in company with a gray-haired priest, whom thirty years of missionary labor had familiarized with all the weaknesses and frailities of poor human nature. A man who had been all things to all men that he might gain them to Christ.

Leaving the Father with the dying man, Anthony sought out the hospital authorities and arranged with them to remove him into a private ward, where he and the priest could have access to him at all hours. This done he went

away, treading upon air, to recount to his kind patron all that had befallen him.

Mr. Leduc congratulated him warmly, and then marched out to the other office and informed the clerks that Mr. Grayson's character had been cleared of all stain, and that they should know the name of the real criminal before long.

It was, however, nearly a fortnight later before Gilbert Preston passed away, comforted and sustained by the Sacraments of the Church, into which he had been brought almost by a miracle. Friends, old and new, flocked around Anthony Greyson when his innocence was established, and Mr. Wayington would fain have had him back at almost double his former salary, but Anthony was faithful to the interests of Mr. Leduc, to whom he felt he was under obligations that he could never repay.

Years have passed since then and the one-time convict is now a prosperous merchant, distinguished amongst his fellow merchants for honesty and integrity, but especially known by those who know him best as an ardent and zealous promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in whose honor his life and fortune are spent.

POPULAR EDUCATION IN GERMANY BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

By Rev. James Conway, S.J.

IT is very generally accepted outside the Church that there was nothing but utter darkness—ignorance, illiteracy and barbarism—particularly in Germany before the so-called Reformation. A cursory reading of the excellent work of Johannes Janssen, the first volume of which has been recently published in our language, shows the period immediately preceding the Reformation to have been one of unprecedented literary and scholastic activity.

There was, of course, no such thing as public schools, in our sense of the word, in those days. But there were the great universities; there were numerous intermediate schools; there were common schools, pious foundations supported and patronized by the parents of all social grades, in which reading, writing and other elementary branches were efficiently taught.

The grade of popular education may be gauged, in the first place, from the number and quality of the books issued from the printing press — then in its infancy — before the beginning of the sixteenth century. Though many works have been entirely lost by the ravages of war and the fanaticism of the Reformers, we have still extant about 30,000 works printed before the year 1500. As many of these works consisted of several volumes — among them many folios — we may estimate the number of volumes at between 75,000 and 100,000—a considerable library—the production of the press in less than half a century.

Many of those works within the same brief period went through an incredible number of editions. One hundred editions of the Latin Vulgate version of the Bible were printed before the year 1500. Twenty different translations of the Scriptures into different dialects of the German language were published in numerous editions during the same time. One publishing house issued fifteen editions of the German Bible before the end of the fifteenth century, and another issued nine editions in ten years (1479–1489).

Prominent among the first publications of the printing press were the writings of

the Holy Fathers of the Church, and other ecclesiastical writers and scholars in the Latin tongue. There were, however, among them also a considerable number of books of devotion and popular instruction, books for family reading, hymn and song books, and so forth—all in the German language.

A contemporary writer, who lived before the year 1479, says that in the district of Utrecht alone in his time more than 100 convents of nuns had in their possession German books for public reading and private edification. "Both gentle and simple," he adds, "both men and women, in this whole district, have German books, which they read and study."

Among the books of edification the *Following of Christ* held a very conspicuous place. Before 1500 it was issued in ninety-five editions in various languages. It speaks volumes for education, that the pedagogic works of Jacob Wimpheling, a reputable author of that day, were printed in thirty editions within twenty-five years.

While we have ample records on universities and middle schools at this period the information on common schools is rather scant. Yet we have sufficient data to show that these were very numerous, well conducted and well patronized—in short, that popular education was widespread.

There was, of course, no compulsory education in those days, but the duty of parents to send their children to school was urged as a part of the Christian law. Thus we read in a popular catechism, published in 1470, among the duties of parents: "They should send their children to school at an early age, to virtuous teachers, that they may learn to dread sin, and that they may not learn any evil or sin in the streets." Nor should the parents resent it when "the teachers punish their children for evil-doing." In another book of instruction of 1478 the children are taught that their teachers "are their spiritual parents;" that their services cannot be repaid "with gold or silver."

Besides reading and writing, it was the duty of the teacher, as we find written in another popular book of those times, "to instruct the children in the Christian doctrine and the commandments of God and of the Church. They are to supply whatever the preachers cannot effect in their sermons and other instructions, and lend these a helping hand."

In the little town of Wesel there were in the year 1491 five elementary teachers, who taught the boys "reading, writing, reckoning and ecclesiastical chant." There were also separate schools for girls. So, for instance, in Xanten, in the year 1497, there was a girls' school, under the direction of an estimable lady trained for this profession by the "Brothers of the Common Life," with eighty-four pupils, partly from the nobility and partly from the rank of common citizens. As a rule, every village in the empire had its elementary school, and even in the country places schools were to be found within a radius of a few miles.

The esteem in which the teaching profession was held may be judged from the salaries which were paid them, which, though they may seem small in our times, were then comparatively high. Their chief resources were the school fees paid by the parents of their pupils. But, besides this, they received liberal grants from the community. In a little place called Weeze, near the present Dutch frontier, the schoolmaster received from the community four florins in cash, twelve bushels of rye, eight bushels of wheat, eight bushels of oats, and sixty bundles of straw, besides a free house and a kitchen-garden of one-third of an acre, and the free use of an acre of meadow land. Besides, each pupil had to pay a school fee of five stivers in winter, and three in summer. Moreover, he received perquisites for church services, amounting to two or three florins yearly.

To appreciate the amount of this salary, we must bear in mind that at that time you could purchase for one florin 100 pounds of beef or 110 pounds of pork.

In the village of Goch an elementary teacher, besides a free house, school fees, and other perquisites, received eight florins in cash yearly, while the secretary of that municipality received only five florins, and the two burgomasters had to share between them the same paltry sum. In some places, as Culmbach and Bayreuth, the yearly salary of a teacher was seventy-five gold florins. This was a very liberal remuneration, when we consider that a young nobleman with his private tutor could at that time live in good style at one of the great universities at the annual expense of twenty-six florins, including boarding, lodging, clothing, college fees, and extras. The ordinary village schoolmaster was better paid than the chief architect of the Cathedral of Frankfort or the Majordomo of the Court of the Palatinate, and that on the principle that the schoolmaster deserved best of the community.

Hence a contemporary writer says: "The instructors of youth should be held in the same esteem as the civil authorities; for they have to undergo hard toil and labor, to keep and nurture the children in Christian discipline and order. As long as they do this they deserve our esteem, love and support."

However, the school, at best, is only a supplement to the family, which was ordained by God for the education of children. The school supposes family education, and its work is completed by the family. The character of the school work is to a great extent dependent on the common consent of parents. As are the families, therefore, so will be the schools and the general education of the people. The true basis of education, then, is the Christian home. We cannot, therefore, form a just estimate of the state of education in any time or place without determining the nature of the home influences under which the children grow up.

The historian of the German people supplies us with ample data on home education in Germany before the Reformation.

A popular work of the time gives us an insight into the sentiments which actuated Christian parents. "The hope of the Church," it says, "is particularly the youth. Therefore all religious instruction should begin by exhorting parents to educate their children in Christian discipline and morality, and to make their homes the first school and church for the little ones. . . .

"Christian mother, when thy child, who is the image of God, rests upon thy bosom, make the sign of the holy Cross on his forehead, lips and breast, and as soon as he can talk, pray with him, and make him repeat the prayer after thee. Thou shouldst bless thy child, teach him the creed, and bring him to confession at an early age, and teach him also what is required to make a good confession. . . .

"Father and mother should set their little ones the example of a holy life, and should bring them on Sundays and holydays to high Mass and sermon and vespers, and also bring them to Mass often on other days."

Another similar religious manual says: "The parents should teach their children the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary* and *Creed*, and other points of this manual in the German tongue. *Item*, they should, moreover, teach them to honor Mary, the Mother of God, their guardian angels, and all the saints. Morning and evening they should bless the children, and should teach them at night to kneel down before their beds and thank God. . . . *Item*, they should teach them these things from childhood, for when they grow old they become awkward, so that they neither can, nor will do what is good. . . . Moreover, they should teach them to say grace before

and after meals, to thank God, and to be temperate in eating and drinking, and to behave well in the street. . . . *Item*, they should dress plainly and not haughtily. They should be taken to church, to hear Mass, vespers and sermon, and taught how to serve at Mass. . . .

"The Christian home ought to be a Christian temple, particularly on Sundays and holydays, when all — father, mother, children, man-servant and maid, old and young—should assemble to praise God, pray and read pious books, but none the less sing, play and make merry. . . . Especially on those days, more than at other times, the parents should give their children the nourishment of Christian instruction by giving alms, by all works of mercy, by forgiving the evil deeds and insults of their neighbors. Thus they will set the children a good example that will not be lost on them."

Another writer of note exhorts the head of the family on Sunday afternoon to attend the sermon with his household, and after his return "to sit down with his good wife and children and servants, and ask them to repeat what they remember from the sermon, and then to repeat what he himself remembers. At the same time he should examine them on the ten commandments and the seven deadly sins, and the *Our Father* and the *Creed*. Then he should treat them to some refreshments, and sing a good song about God or our dear Lady, or something about the dear saints, and make merry with his little folks." So the house-father should sanctify the Sunday afternoon. The same author urges also the obligation of hearing an entire Mass and attentively hearing an entire sermon on Sunday morning.

Great stress was laid alike on the preaching and hearing of the word of God. Sermons were preached in all the churches in the morning at Mass, on Sundays and holydays, and in the afternoon at vespers. The hearing of the sermon on Sundays and holydays was so enforced by the Church, that the neglect of being present at an entire sermon, no less than the absenting one's self from Mass, was regarded a grievous sin. Those who left the church before the end of the sermon were to be reported to the bishop, and were in some places punished with excommunication.

All sermons to the people were preached in the vernacular, though the published sermons that come down to us from those times were in the Latin tongue. This custom of writing and printing sermons in the learned language of the schools probably gave rise to the widespread prejudice that in those days sermons were preached to the people in a language they did not understand.

The esteem in which the word of God was held in those times is shown also by the great number of endowments of pulpits in churches and chapels throughout the empire. The object of these endowments was to secure the most learned and eloquent preachers in the country, and give them the means of applying themselves entirely to the study of the Fathers of the Church and of the word of God, and thus preparing themselves for the arduous duty of preaching.

Their duties were by no means those of a sinecure. In virtue of the stipulations of the charters of endowment, they were bound to preach on all Sundays and holydays of obligation, on the Fridays (sometimes daily) during the holy season of Lent, and on other festive occasions. During the advent season, also, sermons were preached in the churches several times a week. The attendance at these sermons seems to have been very considerable. A writer of the beginning of the sixteenth century informs us that in the city of Nürnberg there was a great concourse of people at the sermons, although the word of God was preached in thirteen churches at the same time. The attendance in large churches sometimes reached four or five thousand.

The most conspicuous among those foundations was that of Strasburg, which was held for thirty years by Geiler von Kaisersberg, probably the most eloquent preacher that Germany ever produced. To this pulpit was eligible only "a man of approved morals and virtue, eminent in doctrine and the art of preaching. He had to preach on all feasts and solemn occasions; besides on all Sundays after dinner, and daily during Lent."

The character of those sermons, as may be gathered from the specimens that have been published and handed down to us, was instructive and interesting, however quaint and naive the execution may appear to our modern taste. The favorite themes were those portions of the Scriptures which are read in the liturgy of the Church. A running commentary on entire books of the Sacred Writings, however, after the manner of the Holy Fathers, was no uncommon thing. Erasmus, a rather severe critic of his time, acknowledges this. He says: "In many churches it is customary that the parish priest explain the whole gospel, or the epistles of St. Paul, to the people in an ordered series of sermons." Three or four, or even five, of the sermons were devoted to the explanation of each of the commandments, as the subject demanded.

The religious instruction of the people was, therefore, thorough, and was based principally on the word of God, as interpreted by the Church. The preaching of the Gospel was conducted on the model of the Apostles and of the Fathers of the Church—chiefly by the living word. Where the Gospel was so efficiently preached, and where there existed such a high appreciation of the word of God, the people could not but be well instructed in their religion.

However, we have still another evidence of the eagerness of the people for religious instruction—the extraordinary number of sermons, instructions on the Christian doctrine, and other religious books, issued from the press at this time, which show a wide demand for religious information and edifying religious literature. Hundreds of such works are still extant from this period, of which there is hardly one that had not gone through several editions before the end of the fifteenth century. The sermons of the Dominican friar, Johann Herolt, for instance, were published in forty-one editions (certainly no fewer than 40,000 copies) before the year 1500. A very favorite kind of family reading, for which the Germans have preserved a predilection to this day, is the *Postille, i. e.*, a popular exposition of the Epistles and Gospels and other parts of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and of the various feasts and seasons of the ecclesiastical year, such as many American Catholics have become familiar with in the excellent and popular work of Father Goffine.

The summaries of Christian doctrine and duties, corresponding to our catechisms, were numerous and widespread. They are remarkable for thoroughness, accuracy, simplicity, and above all for that unction which true piety alone can inspire and appreciate. Many of them might serve as models to this day. Add to all this the popular songs and hymns, which still form one of the grandest features of German literature Those undying "folksongs," which are falsely attributed to Martin Luther, but date from the time of which we write, or from an earlier period, were in themselves the outgrowth as well as a potent factor of an advanced civilization.

The wonderful activity of the printing press, therefore, the number and quality of the elementary schools, the condition of family life, the methods of Christian instruction, and the character and quantity as well as quality of popular literature at the decline of the fifteenth century—all go to show that Germany before the Reformation enjoyed a high degree of popular culture. On the other hand, the Reformation brought the terrible curse of war and want on a peaceful, cultured and contented people.

A BHUTIYA VILLAGE.

BUDDHISM AND LAMAISM.

By Rev. C. Bouckhorst, S.J.

IN these distant parts, whither my Superiors sent me to labor among the heathen, whilst glancing over papers and periodicals from Europe and America, I have occasionally come across the terms Buddhism and Buddhists. It would seem that a certain group of men, enemies to Christianity and enemies to God, are trying in Europe and America to uphold what they term the one true religion of humanity, a system of universal brotherhood, a substitute for what they love to characterize as a superannuated worship of a non-existing Deity.

They give out that they owe their religion to the East, that it flourished from time immemorial in India, that it spread thence all over Asia, that to-day it counts among its adherents the vast majority of the population of the globe, and that, judging from the progress achieved, it is sure of gaining over the rest of the world, and bids fair to triumph over Christianity itself.

Its teachings, they say, surpass in sublimity those of Christ; in fact they assert that Christ borrowed some of his best precepts from Buddha. Its practices commend themselves by their high moral tone and their perfect adaptability to the wants of men; and to it, it is alleged, the Catholic Church owes several of its ceremonies and rites.

To us, who live side by side with Buddhists and know something of their sayings and doings, such utterances appear more like the ravings of madmen than the expression of conviction on the part of men of culture. With the history of early Buddhism on the one hand and various accounts of modern Buddhism in Ceylon, Burmah, China and Japan on the other, and especially with Buddhism under our eyes in the garb of Lamaism

in Tibet and Sikkim, we are able to form for ourselves a correct idea of what Buddhism is in itself, what its tendency is, and what its influence is on the moral character of the nations that have chosen it as a guide.

We purpose, therefore, to give a brief sketch of primitive Buddhism, to describe its actual manifestation in Sikkim, to account for the noticeable divergences, and lastly to discuss some data in connection with the numerical strength of the Buddhists in the world.

I.

To Buddhism can hardly be conceded the merit of originality. In its essence it is but one of hundreds of national protests, embodied in one great man and representing the aspirations of the freest and boldest of the period, lodged against the degrading yoke of Brahminism, the dominant religion in India. Such protests have rung in the ears of the all-subduing Brahmin at stated times from century to century in the long course of ages; but one and all, after reviving for awhile some smouldering hopes in the hearts of the many classes of the oppressed, have finished by being absorbed in the huge, irregular, many-sided system of Hinduism.

In its constituent elements Buddhism is a mere copy of Hindu beliefs and Hindu practices. It inherited from the parent stock that placid elasticity which accommodates itself to all tastes and passions, to all conditions and nationalities; and whereas in India mutual concessions and tolerance at last set at naught its *raison d'être* as a scheme of opposition to the Brahmins, it succeeded on the same principle in surviving in several neighboring countries. Nevertheless, so blended do we find it everywhere with the local forms of worship as to be, in our opinion, hardly deserving of the common appellation of Buddhism.

Numerous are the legends grouped around the central figure of Buddha, its founder—as numerous in fact as the sects that worship his memory. These legends, with little or nothing in common with one another, leave us to grope our way in the dark in search of some positive information.

It is recorded that *Sakya-muni Gautama*, called subsequently *Buddha* (the wise one), was born in 557 B.C. in old Kapilavastu, a city situated north of Benares, at the foot of the Nepal Himalayas. He was son and heir to Suddhodana Gautama. A philosopher by birth, if not by education, he is said to have begun at an early age to revolve in his mind the all-important problem of man's destiny. This problem at that time was mooted throughout the civilized world—in Greece by the disciples of Pythagoras, in Persia by Zoroaster, in China by Confucius. The scene of misery and wickedness displayed on all sides by a corrupt world deeply impressed Gautama and brought him earnestly to seek a remedy for the evil. At last he resolved to abandon wealth and honor, kith and kin; and, as many in India had done, and were to do thereafter, he fled from the haunts of men and penetrated into the desert to live a life of austerity and meditation.

For six years he applied himself to master the various systems of philosophy propounded to him by Hindu ascetics. He practised fasting, abstinence, and other singular austerities. But nothing of all this brought peace to his mind; nothing gave the longed-for solution. Surely not the then prevailing Brahminic form of religion.

Brahminism, as evolved at that time out of the primitive Vedic nature-worship, consisted of an agglomeration of idolatrous sects and different schools of thought, without unity, without temporal power, and without popularity. The literary language was exclusively Sanskrit. In it all religious hymns were written, and these were thus rendered incomprehensible for the multitude. Their propitiatory sacrifices had become so numerous and taken such vast proportions as to drench the whole peninsula

with blood. The ritual enforced on those occasions was so intricate and trivial as to exasperate the nobles, who were taught that victory and immortality were to be extorted only at this price from the jealous gods.

The masses were groaning under the iron yoke of caste. The Brahmins alone, these cunning mutterers of old formularies, worshipped as emanations of the divine intellect, reigned supreme, glutted with the life-blood of nations. These were the inventors and inexorable expounders of the inequalities of birth between man and man. These were the rulers that laid down the tyrannical laws binding both king and kuli (laborer) to the minutiæ of caste duties. These were the extortioners of the poor man's wages, and the cruel oppressors and violators of womanhood.

BHUTIYA LADIES.

Therefore, turning his back on the Brahmins, Gautama began to evolve a system of his own, which he felt confident would solve the problem so long engrossing his mind The legend would have that supreme knowledge dawned upon him under the Bodhi-tree, or Tree of Wisdom, at Gāyā in Behar.

This tree still exists behind the old Buddhist temple; or rather the tree is perpetuated in new trees planted in the decayed stem of the old. The temple is attributed to Osoka, the Constantine of Buddhism, who flourished about 250 B.C.

In the light of this knowledge, our philosopher, now risen to the dignity of a Buddha, is said to have discovered that the existing religious and social structure was no longer to stand, if his countrymen were to be spared utter ruin. Boldly then did he rise against his former teachers, proclaiming the equality of all men, the aptitude of all to rise to the dignity of an ascetic, and the possibility for women to associate with men in the pursuit of perfection.

Other novel doctrines were framed. The pantheism of the Brahmins, viewing this universe as a diffused portion of the Supreme Being, to be finally reabsorbed in Him, was cast aside. Men were no longer to have their destiny moulded by aught else but themselves. Practical atheism was set up and egotism was to be the sole rule of action. All atoning sacrifices became meaningless, and every man was to bear in his present existence, as well as in his future ones, the full consequences of his deeds. Since life is synonymous with suffering, and since the thirst for life is the root of this suffering, the sooner a man frees himself from the bondage of concupiscence, the sooner he reaches that state of non-suffering, inaction, non-existence—the most coveted *Nirvana*.

What, then, is this *Nirvana?* In its formal negative sense it supposes the destruction of passion and of action; it

is a goal to be reached through many succeeding existences, by constant efforts in the practice of the *Rules of Life* laid down by Buddha. These consist in right vision, right thoughts, right words and right actions, all of which are applicable to all men. Four are reserved for ascetics: namely, right living as a recluse, right application to the study of the law, right memory of the law, and right meditation. In its positive sense *Nirvana* conveys seemingly no meaning at all, for Buddha professed invincible ignorance on the subject, and hence it has been inferred that he denied the immortality of the soul taught by the Hindus.

On the other hand, more stress was laid on another Hindu doctrine, namely that of the transmigration of souls. The present position of man on the ladder of life is determined by his doings in preceding existences. He now pays the penalty or enjoys the reward of his former actions, and his actual merit or demerit will have as effect to accelerate or delay the final annihilation of his wordly existence. Man, therefore, is to abstain from all disorders and impurities as from the causes of all suffering within himself; he will furthermore practise poverty, inaction, benevolence and abstract contemplation, for these will release him from all troubles arising from his dealings with the world.

Like all other Indian reformers, Buddha entrusted the spread of his doctrine to a body of holy mendicants, both male and female, called respectively *Bikshus* and *Bikshunis*.

For forty years Buddha travelled about in the garb of a beggar, visiting in turn most of the kingdoms of India, triumphantly received by princes and potentates, welcomed by all classes, and loved by the poor and the outcasts. He died probably in 477 B.C. at the age of eighty years.

The preaching had begun in 522 B.C. at Benares, and within the space of three centuries it gained supremacy in India, a supremacy based on tolerance and persuasion. A branch developed in Cashmire in the first century of our era, and spread thence onward to China, Corea, Japan, Cochin-China, Formosa and Mongolia. This branch is known as North Buddhism. Another branch flourished in Ceylon and sent forth offshoots that took root in Burmah, Siam, Java and Sumatra. It is called South Buddhism.

Let us now consider the causes of this wide extension. Owing to its indifference with regard to the Deity, Buddhism found it convenient and easy to amalgamate with all forms of religion. Moreover, where it met with deeply rooted national or foreign, pagan or Christian, customs, it did not reject them, but adopted them, although under a distorted shape, and for its own purposes. Besides it spoke, it appears, of brotherly love, pardon of injuries, benevolence and equality—words that seemed to announce the dawn of salvation to the weak and the needy. Finally, we may point to the egotism and pride so natural to man. Buddhism knew well how to flatter these passions. Not God, but *I* am the object of all my aspirations. *I* work out my perfection. If *I* misbehave, *I* shall atone for it. No one need *I* serve or supplicate. A less perfect life must necessarily follow on a sinful one. *I* may possibly have to go up and down the ladder of perfection, but in the end *I* shall achieve my salvation through my own endeavors and struggles.

However, in India the Brahmins persevered in their calm and studied opposition to Buddhism. Violence may hardly be said to have been used to any extent. Yet before the beginning of the twelfth century of our era they had succeeded in banishing their rival from the continent. The victory was on the side of the partisans of caste distinctions, as we missionaries know but too well. Internal decay, disunion, and, above all, the absence of a personal deity, may have contributed considerably to the disappearance of Buddhism in India. But although the trunk died in the land

where the seed had been sown, n t so the branches grafted on mouldering stems in neighboring countries. There Buddhism has for centuries given signs of life and growth, and such was the case in and beyond the hills where we are established at Darjeeling.

II.

We have not alluded in the preceding to the material structure of Buddhism. Gautama had bidden his hearers only to lead good lives and not to trouble themselves with gods and sacrifices. But a religion, or whatever you may call it, without tangible practices, ceremonies and the like, is repugnant to man's dual nature, and as such could not last. Consequently, we read that in the course of time more external practices were borrowed from the Hindus. Exterior homage began to be paid to the remains of pious people. Monasteries became sanctuaries, images of Buddha appeared on altars and in processions. Bells, beads, and other implements of worship were introduced, and obelisks were erected above a supposed tooth or bone of the great founder. These visible tokens of the presence of Buddhism are yet existing, and we have them under our eyes here in Sikkim. These relics we see glittering in beautiful silver or gold cases on the breasts of Bhutiya ladies. We have heard the peal of these bells.

A GROUP OF NATIVES.

We have seen these beads gliding through the fingers of so-called priests and of laymen. We have visited these monuments and these temples.

But let us describe all this in order, not omitting the peculiarities that make the genus Buddhism the species Lamaism.

Sikkim is a small country lying on the southern slopes of the Himalayas, north of Calcutta. Forty miles journey

from the plains brings the visitor into the heart of the little kingdom, of which part is under British government, part under British protectorate. Within sight of the eternal snows of the Kinchinjunga, among the old forests that crown the heights as yet unabsorbed by the ever advancing wave of tea gardens, one meets here and there little villages of a singular aspect. The huts and the hilltops in the immediate neighborhood are surrounded with high bamboo poles, planted in clumps or in rows. To these bamboos are attached long pieces of cloth, on which mysterious formulas and emblems are printed. The bushes, too, above and below the dwellings, present the curious sight of a thousand strips of colored cloth and paper floating in the breeze. The approaches to monasteries (and there are about thirty-six in this little district) are characterized by longer and denser rows of these "prayer flags" or luck flags, and more strips on the adjoining shrubs

The most conspicuous figure in a Buddhist village, or about a monastery, is naturally the *Lama*, *i. e.*, the priest, monk, hermit, sorcerer, exorcist, astrologer, or whatever you wish to call him, after one of his numerous professional capacities. From one end of the Himalaya Mountains to the other, from Mongolia in the north, down to the British possessions in the south, the Lamas exercise their spiritual and at times temporal ascendency. Their true home, or rather ecclesiastical State, is Tibet, their chief centre, Lha-sa, the capital. A head-lama, called *Dalai-lama*, a supposed incarnation of a demi-god, holds sovereign sway. The Emperor of China is their supporter and legal protector.

Lama monasteries (Gompas) are scattered all over Tibet and obtain for it the name of Country of Prayer. Monasteries are also met with in Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim. In the hill panorama, which in clear weather we have under our eyes, we can descry up to ten Gompas known to us by name. Their inmates are very numerous. Moreover, begging Lamas live and thrive everywhere. Sikkim, that counts only 31,000 inhabitants, of whom 20,000 are Hindu Nepalese immigrants, 6,000 Lepchas, and 5,000 Bhutiyas, possesses a thousand Lamas, mainly supported by the two latter tribes.

It is nothing rare to meet one of these Lamas along the roads, nor is it difficult to accost him, for he is on the whole a peaceful, kindly being. As we stop to address him let us take a full survey of the man. His skin is olive-tinged; his eyes have a tendency to obliquity and are almond-shaped; his cheek bones are high and wide apart; his forehead broad and culminating in an almost conical shaven skull; the nose is substantial, and hair on upper lip and chin very scanty. A dark red gown having long sleeves with wide cuffs wraps his broad-shouldered form; a colored belt girds his loins and keeps so much of the long gown tucked up as to display the bare feet and ankles. With a smile on his face and amiable gestures, he gives you to understand that he would like to converse with you on the topic of religion. For indeed in this matter he is allowed to treat you as his equal. In fact he fancies that his dignity, science, and preternatural powers bridge the gulf between him and the European "Lama." With much self-complacency does he expose his own system, and with no less politeness does he declare himself ready to learn something about the Catholic religion.

One of the questions which might interest us has reference to the way of recruiting Lamas. The Lama institution is very popular among the Bhutiyas of Sikkim. As the eldest son is destined to perpetuate the family name and property, the rule is that the second son in every family be devoted to monasticism. A certain amount of reflected honor attaches to a family which has produced a Lama.

Between the ages of eight and ten

years the boy-candidate is brought to the neighboring monastery by his father and presented to the abbot. If the boy pleases the latter, a senior relative already incorporated among the Lamas is called upon to be his tutor, and this tutor receives from the boy's father a present of tea, eatables and beer.

As a probationer the child is little more than a private schoolboy under the care of his tutor. After two or three years' training, during which corporal chastisement is freely administered, the boy, if not hopelessly stupid, is admitted among the novices.

"THE ABBOT."

The novice or *Grapa* is now for the first time brought under monastic rules. He is ceremoniously shaven, takes vows, dons the habit of a monk, and receives a religious name On this occasion the father or guardian is required to prepare for all the monks of the monastery a feast of food and beer. After a few months another present of a pig or a bullock, a cargo of beer, a load of dried grain, and two bricks of Chinese tea must be made. Besides this, each monk of the monastery may claim from the novice's family one rupee in cash. This goes at times to make a round sum as the number of monks reaches in some cases more than one hundred.

As a novice the boy owes his tutor implicit obedience; to him he has to hand over any share he may receive in the offerings of money or alms made to the community. Moreover, his relatives must often come to visit him, and pay their respects to the tutor, and bring presents of cooked meats and so forth. Meanwhile the novice has to learn by heart several books on worship, magic and morality, and until he succeeds in passing a severe examination on these subjects he has to perform menial offices, such as serving tea and soup to the monks during the intervals of service in the temple. Although a monk is at liberty to devote himself to sciences and arts, such as astrology, medicine, painting, yet he is, as a rule, solely intent on exercising his memory so as to be able to recite without the help of a book the whole ritual. For in this case he will be

much more popular and sought after as a family priest, which is a paying business, and the goal to which most of the monks aspire.

Besides the regularly trained Lamas, there are found also what we would call intruders. One of our neighbors appears to be of the latter kind. Some years ago he succeeded in gathering some money by dint of work and economy. To put this to good account he resolved to abandon his trade, to buy for himself a Lama outfit, to surround his hut with prayer-flags and profess sorcery. However, as he thought, the people of the *Basti* (hamlet) had not much confidence in his newly acquired powers. In order to obtain the necessary degree of influence, he devised a pilgrimage to a renowned temple in Nepal. He told us himself that the journey would take two months going and coming on foot. He disappeared and in due time returned in a considerably altered appearance. Nothing was wanting now. A costly Tibetan dress, visits of fellow Lamas, the practice of contemplation, mysterious airs, and, above all, a continual practice of prayer, sufficed to make him pass for a genuine Lama. As a sorcerer it is he who is mostly consulted in all cases of sickness, ill-luck, danger of impending calamities, and the like. As a priest he is called upon to perform funeral rites at the interment or cremation of deceased persons.

The description of a Lama would be altogether inadequate if no mention were made of a singular instrument that accompanies him everywhere, namely, the famous prayer-mill called *mani*. Whether at rest or on the march; whether seated within doors or squatting on his verandah; alone or in company; in the throng of the bazaar as well as in the solitude of the temple; whether silent, talking or laughing, the Lama holds and swings in his right hand a kind of toy. It consists of a cylindrical box, with an axle passing through the centre, and having underneath a handle and above an ornamental knob. A short piece of bamboo encloses the axle within the box, leaving space enough for several long sheets of paper covered with prayers to be rolled round it. The box opens and shuts freely. On the outside there is a little brass or leaden ball fastened by a little chain. It has for object to accelerate and regulate the motion of the mill. The whole is sometimes artistically wrought in silver or gold. Such is the Lama's most familiar implement of

KINCHINJUNGA AND DARJEELING.

prayer, and not without reason. For he is an individual who ought to be found in prayer at all times, not that at all times he feels the need of imploring the assistance of a Supreme Being; no, as a matter of fact he is very little concerned about the Deity, but the mysterious formulas which he makes use of are so many *mantras*, or charms, that, to the popular mind, possess the *intrinsic* power of driving away evil spirits. The articulation of these formulas, or the waving of their printed representation, have for effect, moreover, to diffuse a spiritual virtue that cleanses from sin, protects from danger, increases personal perfection, reduces the cycles of re-births, and hastens the acquisition of Nirvana.

There is something peculiarly strange about the fascination that has seized the mind of these people. A mysterious syllable, a sigh, a gesture, a movement; nay, a sound, a flutter of the prayer-flag, a turn of the prayer-mill, possesses for them the power of a spell that overrules all causalities. Hence the hand prayer-mill, the *vade mecum* of the Lama, that cause the pious devotee to move in an atmosphere of sanctity. Hence those numerous flags that exhale good luck. Hence those shreds on the bushes. Hence those water-mills, prayer-barrels, and a hundred other clever contrivances that, in one way or another, turn or swing prayers, and so multiply in a wonderful manner merit and virtue.

The most renowned of the sacred formulas is rendered as follows in Sanskrit: "*O mani padmi hum!*" O thou flower of the lotus, hum! So deep and mysterious is this sentence that no living creature can fathom or analyze its meaning. European scholars have proposed several explanations, but the Lamas, who pretend to know better, shake their heads and declare all such attempts vain. They themselves are little concerned about the meaning of spells. The saying is popular and resounds through the whole of Central Asia. Numerous monuments, called *Mendongs*, bear in rudely carved characters the mystic sentence. Pious Buddhists repeat it some thousands of times a day; and to count the number they make use of sets of a hundred and eight beads (thengna). This rosary, if not gliding through their fingers, hangs from their neck at all times.

(*To be concluded.*)

ST. WILFRID OF YORK.

AN ENGLISH ULTRAMONTANE OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

By M. Townsend.

FIFTY-ONE years ago William Henry Faber startled the English Church with his life of St. Wilfrid, a work so far in advance of the position then held by Anglicans that the storm of indignation which it caused once passed, the book itself seemed to pass from men's minds, and it was with difficulty a copy could be found in New York from which to take the extracts we give.

No sketch can do justice to the work itself, written in Faber's most winning style, with earnestness of soul and singleness of purpose in every line. It is a ringing, soul-stirring call to unity with Rome, and it is hard to realize that it came from a leader in the Anglican party. No wonder the Oxford movement influenced the noblest minds when such fearless seekers after God's truth were among them.

In Bowden's life of Faber there is a phrase which tells with keen emphasis the sad difference between *then* and *now*—unconsciously perhaps but none the less true for that—"*Faber was Leader not Spokesman.*" To-day scores of men are found in the English Church who write and speak and argue for corporate reunion with Rome, but they *lead* not onward. Their plea for reunion simply means *sanction from Rome to stay where they are.* To them *reunion* does not mean *conformity* with Rome. The attitude taken by F. G. Lee and others of his like, reminds one painfully of a man, who, convinced that his own note is of little value, endeavors to get an endorsement which will make it good. Such transactions often succeed in the world of commerce, but Rome has never endorsed and never will endorse error.

In each successive century holy men have not been wanting to uphold at any and at all costs the truth as delivered by Christ to Peter in its whole integrity as did St. Wilfrid in the seventh. We believe a study of his life-long labors will be timely and wholesome to both Catholics and Protestants, and we recommend Faber's book as one that meets our needs of to-day most singularly.

St. Wilfrid was born probably in the year 634. Little is known of his parents save that they were of noble blood. His childhood was rendered so unhappy by the unkindness of a stepmother, that, with his father's consent, he left home at the early age of twelve years for the court of King Oswy, where he was graciously received. Queen Eanflede soon became interested in the studious, lovable boy. She placed him under the care of an aged nobleman, who, weary of the world, had decided to become a monk, and so it came about that Wilfrid's boyhood was passed, not in a court as he had elected, but in the monastery of Lindesfarne, where he grew in wisdom and grace, winning the love of all the brethren by his humility and obedience.

But, as Bede says, "he was a quick-sighted youth," and as time went on he became aware of the fact that many ancient Catholic customs were neglected, and he saw that the one thing to do was to go to Rome, and there learn the perfect way of serving God. Faber says, in speaking of this turning point in Wilfrid's career, "To look Romeward is a Catholic instinct seemingly implanted in us for the safety of the faith." The monks not only approved his design but urged him on to its fulfilment, a striking indication of the Roman spirit in English monasteries of that date. The queen, at all times Wilfrid's friend, despatched him to her

brother the King of Kent, desiring him to "Send the boy to Rome." While at this court Wilfrid met a man well skilled in ecclesiastical matters, none other than the Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Honorius, and learned from him that the Psalter in use there was not St. Jerome's improved version but the old one still used by preference at Rome.

"This was enough for Wilfrid. He made all haste to forget St. Jerome's version and learn the old one. What a task! To go on saying the psalms for years, weaving the very inflexions of St. Jerome's version into his heart, and then to lay it aside and learn a new version and steer clear of his old remembrance during recitation—this must have been a task many would have never compassed at all—but it was a labor of love; it brought Wilfrid more into contact with Roman things. This was the Roman feeling in a little matter, but it was the same feeling which was the life of his actions afterward."

The keen sympathy these lines betray reveal the struggle already begun in Faber's mind as he contemplated a possible future when *he* would have to lay aside a version dear to his heart and adopt another, of which, after his conversion, he wrote in such memorable words, that we cannot refrain from recalling them here.

"Who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives in the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how to forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is a part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose grotesque fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters and the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him out of his English Bible. It has been to him all along as the silent, but O, how intelligible, voice of his guardian angel! . . . And all this is an unhallowed power! . . . As it is, there is no blessing of the Church along with it; and who would dream that beauty was better than a blessing?"

Would to God such love of our Mother and her homely language swayed men's hearts to-day!

But to return to Wilfrid of the seventh century. King Erconbert, who seems to have entertained a warm affection for the ardent youth, detained him, much against his will, at the Kentish court; but, finally, after four years, allowed him to depart on his Romeward course. At Lyons, the archbishop St. Delphinus, received him very kindly, even offered to adopt him, promised to give him his niece in marriage, and obtain for him a post of distinction in the government. Wilfrid replied, "I have vows, which I must pay to the Lord. I have left, like Abraham, my kindred and my father's house to visit the Apostolic See, and learn the rules of ecclesiastical discipline, that my country may make proof of them in God's service, and I would fain receive from God what He has promised to them that love Him, an hundredfold now, and then eternal life, for leaving father and mother, houses and land."

So he once more turned his back on the allurements of the world, and set out, with the Archbishop's blessing, on a vocation which clearly came from God.

At Rome, as at Canterbury and at Lyons, he found warm friends. The Archdeacon Boniface, secretary to Pope St. Martin, took a special interest in him, instructed him in Roman customs,

and dictated to him the rules of ecclesiastical discipline. The Pope, St. Martin, learned the cause of Wilfrid's coming, gave him audience, bestowed many marks of favor upon him, and dismissed him with blessing and prayer when his visit was ended.

On his homeward journey he stopped for several years at Lyons. A persecution was raised against the Church in that city, and Wilfrid narrowly escaped martyrdom by the sword, to be reserved for a longer and nobler conflict in his native land. Nine bishops were put to death, among them his friend St. Delphinus. Wilfrid went with the saintly old man to the scene of torture, and was calmly awaiting his own turn, when the persecutors discovered that he was an Englishman, and thus his life was spared. Reaching England, whither he hastened after the burial of St. Delphinus, he found Alfrid, the king's son, anxious to adopt and follow the Roman customs, but King Oswy opposed the change. Alfrid, who seems to have been at this time attached to our saint, gave him land and money to found a monastery, and, moreover, bestowed the monastery of Ripon, in Yorkshire, upon him.

As Abbot of Ripon, Wilfrid, who was now ordained, soon became noted for his humility, his austerities, the miracles he performed, but most of all for his goodness to the poor.

He took part in the Council of Whitby, which was held in the year 664, and his learning and influence aided no little the important decision which was reached in regard to the observance of Easter. St. Wilfrid represented the Roman party, and Bishop Colman was spokesman for the opposition. King Oswy and his son Alfrid were present.

Bede relates in quaint and simple style the controversy that took place. The decision of the Council was that the Church should conform to the Roman customs. This was a great step towards the fulfilment of Wilfrid's mission. "In his speech he laid open the true disease of England, the disease which was then drawing it onward to the brink of schism, . . . which plunged it into that depth later, and has hitherto retarded its penitence and self-abasement. . . . Nationalism must result in the meanest form of bigotry, and as being essentially demoralizing must be a fearful heresy in theology."

In this same year an awful pestilence carried away, among many others, the Bishop of Lindesfarne. The bishopric was offered to Wilfrid, who, while humbly accepting the charge, made the condition that he should be sent into France to receive an *undeniably* canonical consecration.

During Wilfrid's absence some enemies poisoned the mind of the king against him, and as his stay in France was quite prolonged, this was made a pretext for nominating another to his see. On his return, he found his throne uncanonically occupied by St. Chad. He made no protest but retired quietly to his monastery, satisfied that this step was the one God asked in the interest of the Church for the moment. Several years after, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Theodore, in making a general visitation, discovered the wrong that had been done, restored St. Wilfrid to his see, deposing St. Chad, who obeyed his superior with such promptness and humility that he earned the hearty approbation of St. Theodore, who determined to set him over some other see when the opportunity should present itself.

Though history is silent as to the reason, we next hear of St. Wilfrid as Bishop of York. Here, as at Ripon, he earned a great reputation for sanctity. He built many churches, preached constantly, visited the poor, and worked many miracles. His humility was so great that he always travelled on foot, until forbidden to do so by St. Theodore, who insisted that he should ride when going upon long journeys.

At the death of King Oswy, his son

Egrid was raised to the throne. The queen, St. Etheldreda, had, by her husband's consent at the time of their marriage, lived a life of continence with him. Later on, when he wished to change her purpose, she appealed to the bishop, and through Wilfrid's influence the king reluctantly gave way to Etheldreda's wish, the marriage was annulled, and she retired to a monastery. The king now married Ermenburga, a vain, haughty, vindictive woman, who did many things unbecoming a queen, and St. Wilfrid did not hesitate to tell her so in plain words. The indignant queen lost no time in attempting the removal of one who had thwarted her evil passions. She taunted the king with being the second man in his kingdom, kindling anew his resentment toward Wilfrid.

A chance of revenge was at hand. St. Theodore, at a synod, where for some reason Wilfrid was not present, decided to divide the See of York, sending Wilfrid to the old See of Lindesfarne and installing Bosa in York. This he could not do, canonically, without the consent of St. Wilfrid, which was not asked. When notified of this strange step, Wilfrid consulted the neighboring bishops, who advised him to resist. Accordingly he appeared before the king and council, quoted the canons of the Church, which forbade all such change until the bishop of the diocese should have publicly defended the rights of his see, and reminded the king that monarchs could not, without sin, take ecclesiastical authority on themselves at all. He received for answer that, although there was nothing against him, the decree of the archbishop would be carried into effect. Upon this Wilfrid decided to lay the case before the Holy See. "O blessed See of Rome! was never charm spoken over the tossings of a troubled world like that potent name of thine. What storms has it not allayed! What gathering evils has it not dissipated, what consummated evils has it not punished and undone, what slaveries has it not ended, what tyrannies, local or world-wide, has it not broken down, what smooth highways has it not made for the poor and oppressed, even through the thrones of kings, and the rights of nobles, and the treasure-chambers of narrow-hearted commonwealths! Rome's name spoken by the widow or the orphan, or the unjustly divorced wife, or the tortured serf, or the persecuted monk, or the weak bishop, or the timid virgin, have there not been ages when emperors and kings, and knights and peers, trembled to hear it in their far-off strongholds? All things in the world have promised more than they have done, save only the little, soon-spoken name of Rome, and it has ever gone beyond its promises in the mightiness of its deeds; and is not, then, that word from God?"

So Wilfrid started the second time for Rome; severe storms drove the ship he sailed in to the coast of Friesland, and there he was obliged to remain for many months; but he turned the accident to good account, converting many of the pagan inhabitants of that country, during his stay among them. In Rome he was received with great distinction, and the case which brought him was decided in his favor. At the time a council of more than one hundred bishops was assembled in the Eternal City to condemn the Monothelite heresy, and St. Wilfrid was chosen to represent the English Church, but to these honors bitter pain and humiliation soon succeeded; on his return home, the king charged him with having obtained the Pope's decree by fraud, and committed him to prison. He was consigned to the care of a most cruel jailer (whom he subsequently converted), cast into a dark cell, loaded with chains, and insulted in every possible way. The king and queen, who were travelling through the kingdom, frequently sent him messages to the effect that his rights would be restored, if he would admit he had obtained the Roman decree by bribes and false representation; but Wilfrid ever answered

that he would lose his life rather than subscribe to what was false or say aught in disparagement of the Holy See.

Queen Ermenburga, continuing her royal progress, was, soon after, taken alarmingly ill at Coldingham Monastery; the abbess predicted that if the king would restore St. Wilfrid's property and reinstate him in his see, his queen would recover. The king would not listen to this; the abbess then asked at least for Wilfrid's release from prison, with permission to leave the country. Egrid reluctantly consented, the queen did recover, and it is good to be able to say of this woman that on the death of her husband she retired to a monastery where she died penitent.

On his release from prison, the Bishop of York with a few faithful followers prepared for exile. He settled in the kingdom of the South Saxons, where he remained five years. Meanwhile King Egrid died, unreconciled to the holy bishop, and in the same year St. Theodore died. Some months before his death the archbishop sent for St. Wilfrid, besought his pardon, and named him his successor in the See of Canterbury. Wilfrid assured the archbishop that past differences were all forgotten, but declined the honor offered, saying the choice of a successor must be considered in proper assembly. Theodore continued to urge compliance with his request in vain. Surely never did Wilfrid better prove his lack of personal ambition. Had he so willed he might now have mounted the throne of Canterbury most honorably, yet he only asked that Theodore should send letters to his friends, requesting them to restore a portion of his possessions, according to the decree of the Holy See. St. Theodore's letter to the Mercian king is so humble in its simple directness that one is tempted to call the error happy which called forth such noble repentance. Theodore speaks of Wilfrid as "A holy bishop who has long possessed his soul in patience, in imitation of Christ our Head, with all humility and meekness; . . . who these many years has been obliged to live among pagans, in the conversion of whom he has served our Lord with great effect."

Surely such testimony should clear Wilfrid from the charge of haughtiness and arrogance brought against him by his enemies—if indeed it were needed.

The letter procured his restoration to his see, but he found his former friend Alfrid, who now occupied the throne of Northumberland, a changed man, and from the first the sad alteration showed even under the surface of a kindly welcome. Alfrid saw that Wilfrid would never lend himself to State experiments upon the mind of the Church, and he soon determined that it would be preferable to have some one of a more pliable disposition in the Monastery of Ripon, and so notified the saintly bishop, who refused to retire, but was finally deposed by trickery.

Though he was over seventy years of age, he set his face Romeward once again, travelling on foot a great part of the way, his firm faith in the Holy See as steadfast as when he took the same road so many years before. Again he was victorious, and the king was ordered to restore his see; but Alfrid was sullen, and refused to receive the Pope's decree from Wilfrid's messenger. The latter had scarcely left the royal presence when Alfrid was seized with a fatal illness; before breathing his last he commanded his successor, for his soul's sake, to make peace with the bishop.

In Faber's treatment of this period of Wilfrid's life, there is a passage on statecraft and statesmanship, with an allusion to the spirit of St. Ignatius, which is so apposite to recent events, that we regret that want of space will not allow its reproduction here. We would call attention to the whole chapter as one of interest to every thoughtful and spiritual-minded man.

The new king Eadulf laughed Alfrid's death-bed repentance to scorn and ban-

ished St. Wilfrid. He did not triumph long, however, for within two months he was deposed and slain. Osred, Alfrid's son, succeeded to the throne. Bertwald, Archbishop of Canterbury, called a council on the Nid, and said *Rome must be obeyed*, but Wilfrid, humble and worn out, resigned his bishopric. His battle was won; he had not fought for *himself* but for *a principle*. He asked only for his abbeys of Ripon and Hexham, and they gave him what he asked. Here among the friends he loved and who loved him so well, he lived for several peaceful years, and in the seventy-sixth year of his age he was called to his reward. His life-work was accomplished. "Wilfrid made no secret of what that work was; the thorough Romanizing of the Northumbrian Church. . . . It may be said he failed, for in the end he gave up his bishopric. The saints never fail, yet they ever seem to fail. They fight for a principle and that principle is embodied in certain ends, and God's will is that those ends should ever give way and break under them, lest they should, in *the end*, forget *the principle*, cry victory too soon, and leave a *Divine end* incomplete. He fought for Rome, he pledged himself in youth to Rome, Rome came to him in a shape he did not expect, in sufferings; and sufferings led to appeals, and appeals to fear of Rome; he fought not for York, but for Rome; and so he left York where he did not find it, chained to St. Peter's chair."

The revolution of the sixteenth century seemed to undo his work, still in view of the numerous conversions of late, the reawakening of Catholic life and spirit, the renewal of many Catholic customs, such as pilgrimages to holy places and sadly mutilated shrines, may we not hope that some time England may again be chained to the chair of St. Peter and regain that lovely title she once so proudly bore, "The Island of the Saints?"

A HYMN FOR AURIESVILLE.

By J. E. U. N.

Queen of Martyrs, meekly bearing,
In thy grief, all martyrs pain,
With our hearts thy sorrows sharing
We would join thy pilgrim train!
Weeping, up the sacred hill
To thy shrine at Auriesville.

Treading reverently and slowly
Up that hill of blood and tears;
Where those martyrs pure and holy,
Tortured were, in other years;
May their faith our cold hearts thrill,
Blessed ones of Auriesville.

For the name of Jesus hated,
For His sign, despised and slain;
Yet by love inebriated,
Longing only souls to gain;
Knife nor scourge, their zeal could chill,
Martyred ones of Auriesville!

Queen of Martyrs, we beseech thee
Show thy power in this place;
Grant the earnest prayers that reach thee
And obtain us every grace,
Asked (according to God's will)
Through the elect of Auriesville.

A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST.

By J. M. Cave.

(*Continued.*)

EDOUARD called the next day determined to force an avowal from Philomena's own lips. To urge her by every argument in his power, to yield her happiness into his keeping.

Oh, how impatiently he waited for the opening of those great barred, and double-barred, princely doors, that shut her away from him.

They opened at length.

"Mlle. de Pavlewski?"

"She is not here."

"When will she be at home?"

"She has gone away."

"When will she return?"

"She will not return."

"Where has she gone?"

The man shook his head, and looked impatient to close the door. A gold piece brought the hurriedly whispered answer, as the door closed in his face.

"Taken to the 'bolnitza'" (hospital).

"The hospital! My God, what hospital?" cried the young man, with horror and surprise.

The closed doors gave no answer.

He beat upon them and rang the bell, and called, and beat upon them again, with all his strength.

For a long time, an eternity of anguish for him, no answer. Then an upper window opened, and a piece of paper fluttered down to him.

Novaya Hospital.

That was all.

The house was closed. The family had fled the moment Philomena's illness had been announced, and half an hour later she was transported to a hospital, outside the city, accompanied by a hospital nurse. The servants left in charge, had received strict orders to hold no communication with any one; all information needed was to be obtained only through the police.

How desperately the poor young man worked that day to gain admittance within the walls of that horrible building, who shall say?

"Not possible before three o'clock," they told him.

At three o'clock the doctor who signed the permits was not to be found. All day he was driven about, from one offi-

cial to another; until night closed he was held, hoping hourly for admission; then the gates closed and he stood outside; battling, as best he could, with his desperate grief.

Nearly frantic with anguish, he hurried to his cousin. The horrible news thrilled her with grief and fear, but where he had failed, she found a way, and together, at dawn, they stood before the hospital door; the paper that authorized their admission signed by a name that had to be respected, and obeyed without demur.

The official to whom it was addressed looked at it and them, but made no sign; moved not from his post. Edouard thought, and even then he was waiting for the usual bribe, and laid some gold coins on the table.

"Quick," he said, in a hoarse voice, "Quick, take us to her!"

The man turned way.

With a low heart-broken cry, Mlle. de Joncourt fell senseless; she had seen the expression of the man's eyes and understood all.

But Edouard would not understand. With a quick movement he seized the man by the throat, "Quick, I say again," he shouted, "I will see her; are you ready to lead the way," and he shook him with desperate force.

The man, though he was a powerful fellow, made no resistance. He saw the madness of despair in the young man's eyes, and he was powerless to help him.

They had come too late. Already the yellow hospital coffin held all that remained of the bright being they had so loved.

Philomena had died the morning after her admission to the hospital. As no friend came with her or claimed her body they had buried her the next day, in the ground set apart for strangers, in the cemetery not far from the hospital for contagious diseases, where she had died.

But for her fears for the young lover poor Mlle. de Joncourt must have died. To save him she did her best to control her bitter grief.

"Why should she thus mourn?" she asked herself.

"She would soon go to her darling, and she was at rest." She pressed the tear-stained leaves of the little prayer-book, her last souvenir of her beloved child, to her lips in anguish too deep for words.

A hard duty was pressing upon her. The duty of telling the wretched father that his devoted child had gone to her last home. How could she do it!

Edouard de Longueville was utterly overwhelmed by the terrible blow. Happiness so near, and the cup dashed from his lips, in such a way. He had been so happy, had promised himself so much. Philomena had inspired him with a feeling of intense passionate love. Her rare and admirable character, her touching and exquisite beauty, her utter unconsciousness of self, and above all, her spirit of devotion to her duty, and her rare and ostentatious piety had heightened this feeling into something far exceeding human love. Love and reverence were strongly mingled in his thoughts of her.

The hours in which the joyful words of his cousin had repeated themselves over and over again in his heart, seemed like some wild dream. In them he had said, "She will be mine; she loves me," and dwelt upon the promise, till his pulse thrilled with love, and his heart was subdued with gratitude. "What shall I render to Thee for all Thy mercies," had been his glad, grateful cry.

"Oh, she could not be dead! She could not be lost to him! He must find her. There was some fearful mistake. How could she thus disappear and leave no trace; without one farewell word, quit him forever?"

With unreasoning persistency, he continued to wonder about the house where she had lived, and the hospital where "they said" she had died.

"What proof had he of her death?

Perhaps there was some mistake. Cruelty there surely was ; perhaps there was foul play too ; for how could she, that noble and beautiful one, high born, and high bred, how could she have been thrown into the ditch, from a hospital bed, like the veriest beggar, or the refuse of the street ! ''

His blood boiled with indignation and wrath, and he madly sought vengeance for so fearful a crime, if it could be true that she was really dead.

At every step of his inquiries he was met by stolid officials, not one of whom would acknowledge any responsibility. '' All had been done according to law.''

'' To law,'' he cried. '' What law could send a young and beautiful lady, like any pauper, to such a place as Novaya Hospital, at midnight and alone ! ''

'' Pardon, not alone. By special request of the Princess Verkamoff an experienced nurse had been sent for the patient.''

'' Where was she, this experienced nurse ? ''

'' At the hospital.''

When at length Edouard succeeded in seeing this nurse, he heard from her lips the narrative of that terrible night.

He had some difficulty in opening her lips ; she had been prejudiced against the friends of the dead lady, who, it was whispered, had made trouble and declared the hospital authorities guilty of her death.

'' I accuse,'' said Edouard, '' those who thrust her from their door.''

His haggard face, sunken eyes and agonized expression touched the woman's heart ; and she told him freely all she knew.

* * *

The narrative of Philomena's last hours was quickly told. '' I was sent,'' said the nurse, '' from the hospital in a closed carriage, to the house of the Princess Verkamoff on the night of Thursday, January 25, to bring a patient here. The night was intensely cold, and there was no moon visible. The streets through which I passed were nearly all well lighted. The family physician was wating for me to give me some instructions, before I saw the sufferer. He said she was very weak ; had some difficulty in breathing, and considerable fever. He had not made a thorough examination, knowing, that whatever the illness was, the patient must go to some hospital. He had applied for a bed at every other hospital in the city, and they were all full ; so he had no resource but to apply here. He thought there might be heart trouble, but there was throat trouble, too, and that would authorize her being received by us, here. The doctor placed an envelope in my hands containing a sum of money ; it was to be given to the sick person when she would be well enough to leave the hospital ; for the Princess and her daughter would be away, and the Prince was abroad. Their house therefore would be closed.

'' I was to do all that the patient wished, to carry out her desires in every way, chiefly that she was not to be subject to the ordinary rules of the house during convalescence, and I was not to insist upon her wearing hospital clothes. That is why I did not change the garments she was in,'' said the nurse, apologetically, '' when I prepared her for the hospital.

'' I found her a beautiful young person indeed, in a very elegant room. She was lying on a couch, dressed in a white, loose gown, and her hair was in two long braids, very long and very thick. She was not asleep, but her eyes were closed.

'' I said I had come to take her where she would be well taken care of.

'' She asked if she was very ill, and I told her she would be better soon, no doubt.

'' She held her left hand to her side and was very pale, indeed. I asked her if she could walk a little. She said she could, but when she got on her feet, she fell back, fainting. I bathed her forehead and hands with aromatic vinegar,

that I found in a dressing-table in the room, and after some time she recovered a little, and looked bewildered. She could not stand. Then we carried her down stairs, well wrapped in blankets from her own bed.

"In the carriage she moaned several times, but I think she was not wholly conscious. She said several words that I could not understand. The jolting of the carriage roused her often, but each time she lay back, moaning. Her head was on my shoulder all the way. I was very sorry for her. I thought she had no friends; that she was a foreigner, I knew, for she spoke Russian, imperfectly. Well, I did all I could for her. As soon as she was in bed, the house

THE HAND THAT HID HIS FACE COULD NOT HOLD THE FLOOD OF TEARS THAT FELL.

doctor came. He said almost the same as the other doctor, 'very weak, heart trouble, and perhaps sore throat,' but he did not trouble her to examine her throat then, she was too exhausted. He is a kind man, and he forbore for her sake. He told me what to do, gave me a mixture that I was to administer every hour, and went away, promising to come in early, and if I wanted anything before morning, I might call him, he said.

"The young lady sank into a sleep after the mixture, and I sat by her, not sleeping, because I was interested in her, poor thing. She did not sleep long. When she opened her eyes and saw me close by, watching her, she looked surprised, and by and by made, as it were, a motion that she wanted me to come near. She was very weak. I asked her if she wanted to drink; she shook her head a little. She held something tightly, all the way here, in her right hand. She wanted to show it to me, and I helped her, because she seemed to wish it. It was a little red box. 'My mother's hair is here,' she whispered, 'and a relic; promise not to take them from me.'

"I said I would not.

"'Never?' she asked again.

"I said 'never,' that she might sleep in peace.

"'And if I die?'

"I said that I would see that they were not taken from her, but that she must not think of dying. She would be better in the morning. I thought so too, though she was as white as a corpse then, and very weak.

"After that," said the nurse, "I gave her the mixture once more. After dozing a little, she became very restless, talked in a language I could not understand, but the words 'father,' 'mother,' occurred frequently, and she called me several times, 'maminka,' or something like that, as I bent over her. Almost the last word I understood was 'maminka, tell him,' the rest I could not catch, though she seemed to expect me to answer her.

"After the third dose she became quiet, and I thought she was sleeping; in her sleep, if sleep it was, she seemed to be repeating words of prayer, for I heard the names 'Jesus,' 'Mary,' more than once; but she was not restless, not agitated. About four o'clock I opened the shutter of the window opposite her bed. The morning was dark but the light of a street lamp was reflected on the window. She saw it, for when I came to the bed afterwards I saw her eyes, large and very bright, fixed upon it.

"'Morning, morning,'" she said, in a feeble voice.

"I smoothed her pillows, made her as comfortable as I could; asked her if she wanted anything, but she made no answer; her eyes were still fixed on the light. I sat down by the bed, but I suppose I dozed then.

"When I went to her again it was just five o'clock, or a few minutes past only, and she was lying as I had left her, her left hand on the coverlet, her right clasping the little reliquary. She was dead then, but I did not know it. I stood looking at her, admiring her, she was so wonderfully beautiful; and it was some time before I became conscious that she was not breathing. Then I rang the bell; the doctor was just coming up the stairs, of his own account.

"'I thought so,' was all he said. 'Heart failure.' The nurse could not go on for some time. Her listener did not move, but the hand that hid his face could not hold the flood of tears that fell heavily on the stone floor of the hospital hall.

"There is hardly any more, sir. I kept my promise. They left the reliquary in her hand; it is there now, and the beads we found in the pocket of her white dress we placed on her breast in the coffin.

"No orders, no instructions had been given for notifying any one. The Prin-

cess never thought the dear young lady would be taken away. There was no one at the house to ask for information, so they let me prepare her, with the help of another nurse, for the grave. It was done in such a way that the Princess might be pleased on her return; for she is one of the patronesses of the house. She is very generous to all hospitals. We dressed her in her own white robes that she wore when I brought her here, and I followed her coffin to the grave myself, a thing not generally allowed.

"For the destruction of her personal effects we are not responsible here," said the nurse. "It was the command of the Princess that everything in the apartments of the young lady should be burned. It is the law in cases of diphtheria; but the house doctor here thinks it might have been avoided in this case; of course he does not wish to go against the family physician, but he has inscribed 'heart failure' on the register, as cause of death in this case."

Edouard heard nothing of this last explanation; he was looking into that new-made grave. He saw the white robe, the long silky tresses, the chaplet lying on the still heart, the white hand clasping the reliquary, and the sweet pale face of his darling

He had never called her so in life except in his own heart; he might say it now aloud, but what use was it? She could never respond by the tender smile or gentle voice.

It was all over, his brief, bright dream. He would go back to France leaving his youth, hope, and courage by that poor lone grave.

* * *

But Mlle. de Joncourt could not rest while her darling's body lay in that hospital ground. Both she and Edouard made every exertion, used every means in their power, to obtain permission to remove the remains of their loved one to some Catholic Cemetery. The authorities were inflexible.

A Novena of Masses was begun for the repose of Philomena's pure soul; Mlle. de Joncourt was about to dispatch the mournful tidings to the Count, when an event, so strange, so wholly unexpected, occurred, that only strong faith could credit it.

Where was the Count while his only child lay dying? In one of Warsaw's gilded saloons, brilliant with a thousand lights and filled with gay Russian officers, seated before a gambling table, as was his wont.

The Count de Pavlewski had been looked upon for years as one of the pillars of the place. No one had ever had much occasion to fear him or be jealous of him. He had rarely won, and never any considerable amount; while his losses had been exceedingly great, as all the world knew.

Within a few weeks, however, his luck had changed, to use a hackneyed expression. He had begun to win steadily, and often large sums; and the habitués of the place had remarked it; and remarked, too, that he seemed to play with less ardor as a winner, than when, as a loser, his estates were slipping away with every deal of the cards. He felt himself humiliated by his gains. His proud old Polish blood stirred with something like shame, when his hand closed over his winnings; and he always withdrew with less proud step when he carried away any considerable gain.

His new wife was not now with him. She had gone, it was said, to visit a relative who was dying.

One night the Count had been winning largely. He would have withdrawn, but dared not, lest it should appear that he wished to retire with his winnings.

The play ran high, and although he played almost negligently he continued to win. He began to feel strangely restless; he could not follow the game; though he threw his cards mechanically and was quite indifferent for his own sake whether it was loss or gain (he would have preferred the former) his

"run of luck" continued. He became more and more agitated and longed for midnight that he might throw up his cards.

He himself could not account for this abstraction, this indifference, amounting almost to insensibility; as if his mind and spirit were under the control of a strange superhuman force that was drawing him, without his own volition, in an unknown direction. His senses were under a spell; involuntarily he caught himself listening. "For what," he would have asked himself, had there been time. But he was obliged to follow the play, in spite of the strange influence, distraction, confusion of minds, or whatever it might be called.

The lookers-on remarked it, and mistook it for deep combination or calculation, on his part, admired the supposed premeditated plan that he was following, and marvelled at the results of what was mere hazard as far as he was concerned.

As the hours of the great clock rang out solemnly for midnight he suddenly started up and flung down his cards.

What had he heard in their thrilling tones? A voice, he could have sworn, for the response was on his lips, but he checked it. The company looked at him with surprise, as he stood an instant, irresolute. He seemed unconscious of them, and listening still for a few seconds, then hurried away without farewell or word of excuse; leaving his winnings unclaimed. The company waited a little for his return; all wondered, but none could explain his strange conduct. "Had his luck turned his brain?" they asked. Stranger things had come to pass.

The Count hurried down the brilliantly lighted stairs of that gorgeous marble hell, and along the streets to his home; he himself could not tell the reason of his haste or of his action.

What did he expect to find there? A letter, a dispatch; his wife suddenly returned? He could not have told himself, but the voice he had heard, that had called him, was not her voice; it was the voice of his daughter.

There was no letter, no dispatch, no living presence. All was still in the suite of rooms he had occupied since his unhappy marriage.

He had not written to Philomena in so many long weeks because he was winning fabulously. Not needing her, he had neglected her. He would not write, he told himself, until he could tell her of recovered wealth.

Still he was not anxious, not troubled, not longing for her—not regretting her. For all that, something connected with her had cast a spell over him.

* * *

He would break this spell. He sat down and began a letter to her, telling her "that he had been very much occupied," "that some unexpected funds had reached him," "that he thanked her for her letters and her loving care for him." Some one knocked at the door.

It was only the man-servant, to take his master's orders for breakfast, as he was in the habit of doing each night. After his exit, the count sat in his high-backed arm-chair, in an easy position. He would finish his letter next morning, he thought. It was already late, and he was tired.

Unconsciously he began to doze, thinking himself wide awake, and still speaking to the servant or listening to his report of the day. As the man withdrew, he perceived that a visitor entered; a tall figure, in black from head to feet. The Count waited for the visitor to speak, but he waited in vain. He tried to speak himself, but could not; neither could he see the face of his visitor. He began to feel very uncomfortable. Could it be his wife come home in this uncanny way? At first he thought it was, for she was tall and slender, as this shrouded figure seemed to be. But no, that could not be; he felt that it could not be. Was it Philomena herself? No, no; she would have been in

his arms or kneeling at his feet long since, looking with such loving, tender eyes into his face.

The love of Philomena was the sure test by which he would know her. He knew he had only to call, and her spirit would respond to his from any distance. He now remembered the tones of the voice he heard at the card-table; he seemed to hear their echo yet—yes, it was surely the voice of Philomena. He had been about to answer it; perhaps he had, he was not quite sure. In any case it was her voice that had moved him to leave the company and return home, and nothing had come of it save this visitor, who would not speak. Thus, between dozing and dreaming, his thoughts ran on.

He became restless and uncomfortable, the figure was approaching him. The black garments were slowly falling away from the head, and now he saw plainly the face of his visitor—the warning face that tradition said was sure to be seen by his race, when death was about to claim any of its members: the figure of death. He did not fear it, but it subdued him, and prepared him for something more, of which it was but the prelude. He covered his face with his hands to shut out the warning vision. When he removed them the apartment was flooded with light, the black figure had vanished, and on a low couch was a figure in white-flowing garments, that he knew at once, and that had no terror for him—the wife of his youth. He thought the sight of this ever idolized being had no terror for him, and yet a great awe fell upon him, though this was a vision he well knew. He gazed upon the vapory robes that enfolded her, upon the long, unbound hair that veiled her face from his sight—the beautiful silken tresses he had been so proud of.

She seemed to be looking down at something lying on her knees; something all white, too, all enshrouded in the same vapory snow-white veiling. At what can she be thus gazing, so long and fixedly? What means the sorrowful droop of the bowed head? Hush, she moves, forestalls him; as, like a thief, he is about to steal softly to where he can look upon her face.

She moves, puts back the long tresses and the cloudlike veil, and turns towards him slowly, slowly, and the veil that covers the burden on her knees is lifted too. And he sees—the dead face of Philomena.

With a terrible cry the Count awoke, and started to his feet.

"She is dead," he cried, "she is dead! and I am her murderer." He sank upon his trembling knees, and raised his trembling hands, and a great agony shook him, and he was filled with a wild terror, a maddening fear.

"Philomena," he cried, lifting again his trembling hands in supplication, "if this is not true, and thou art still alive, my future shall be all for thee. Never again, my darling; never again, child of my beloved Madeleine, will I leave thee; I swear it. Philomena, Philomena, my child of light, how have I tortured, perhaps destroyed thee."

He arose from his knees, and rang the bell. "What time does the first train leave for St. Petersburg?" he asked of the servant, who came hurriedly to answer the startling peal he had sounded.

"Make all things ready; I go by the first train."

* * *

It seemed as if that journey would never end. Only that he assured, or tried to assure himself, from time to time, that he was acting on superstition and not on certain knowledge, he felt that he could not have survived it. Hurrying on as swiftly as steam could bear him, he passed in review his wasted life, his selfishness, his engrossing passion for the degrading pleasures of the gaming table; the ruin he had brought upon his beautiful gifted child and himself. He thought, too, of what might have

been. That noble child married to one worthy of her, her life and his, honored and peaceful, in the land and home of their ancestors. He thought of the old castle, now ringing with the merriment of strange voices; of the neglected grave of the lovely young wife of his youth. He saw again the home of her childhood, that should have been the proud possession of her child; thought of the strangers installed there too, and then he saw once more the white form clasping Philomena in its arms, gazing tenderly down upon her dead white face, and mournfully upon him, and fain he would have called down, then and there, heaven's vengeance upon himself. It was more, almost, than he could bear. What punishment could he invoke upon himself, what voluntary penance inflict, for the wrong he had done them, and for his own wasted life? He dared not pray. The enormity of his guilt seemed to cast him headlong into the bottomless pit of despair. "She may yet live, and I may yet atone," he thought. Then he remembered that he could make no atonement. "Could he give her back the home of her youth and the grave of her mother, could he give her back that other home of which he had robbed her, only to hand it over to a stranger, to lose it in a mad hour, at a game of cards?" He cursed his folly.

"No, he could not atone."

But then he remembered how she loved him. How she had pleaded with him "to stay with her, to be poor together. Poverty with him, better than luxury apart," she had pleaded, with dewy eyes, and supplicating voice; and he had thought the moments long, while she thus pleaded, until he could quit her for the company of —— the thought of the woman he had wedded in an evil hour goaded him almost to desperation.

Had he known then for certain that Philomena lay in her coffin, he would have dashed headlong from the flying train and added suicide to his other crimes.

"But she could not be dead," he told himself. "He would soon see her, and clasp her to his heart; on his knees he would ask her pardon, and she would smile upon him, and in the matchless sweetness of her voice and smile he would forget the agony through which he was now passing. How could he have been so blind and indifferent."

(*To be continued.*)

THE AMSTERDAM PILGRIMS ASCENDING THE HILL TO THE SHRINE.

THE AURIESVILLE PILGRIMAGES.

"WHAT excellent judgment the Indians had in selecting sites," is the verdict that springs to our mind, as we stand on the Shrine land at Auriesville. We are looking down on the valley of the Mohawk, and how beautiful it is! But its beauty had little to do in influencing the savages to select it. Not that they lacked the sense of the beautiful, but that usefulness would naturally take precedence.

Here they were near the river which in those days was a highway of travel. Though shallow for the most part, it was deep enough to bear their birch-bark canoes, while from its waters they could get fish for food. Standing on the highland they could get a view of a long sweep of country, and so guard against any sudden attack of an enemy. Doubtless much woodland has been cleared since those days, and fertile meadows have replaced the primeval forests, but the general aspect of the landscape must be much the same.

As we follow with our eyes the course of the Mohawk to our right, we see a beautiful bend in the river, and then the houses and barns of Fort Hunter, about a mile and a half away. There is an old suspension bridge here leading to Tribes Hill. It was one of the earliest constructed and considered quite a marvellous piece of work in those days. It is so narrow that only one team can go over at a time. It appears much better at a distance, which, as in so many other cases, lends enchantment that vanishes on a nearer approach. Tribes Hill was so called because it was a

favorite place of rendezvous for councils. Here it was, in fact, that the fate of Father Jogues was discussed and decided in his favor. Unfortunately, or shall we rather say, fortunately, the holy man had gone to his reward before the decision reached Ossernenon, and when the messenger arrived he saw the bleeding head of the missionary impaled on the palisade of the village.

A far more picturesque bridge of stone arches crosses the Schoharie Creek shortly before its waters empty into the Mohawk. This bridge is an aqueduct, for it carries over the Erie Canal at this point. The Schoharie answers to the description Father Jogues gives in his account of the burial of René, and so helps to determine the site of Ossernenon.

If we turn our eyes up the Mohawk, from our stand on the Hill of Martyrs, we are first attracted by a little group of houses about a quarter of a mile away. It is the village of Auriesville, called in Indian times Gandawagué. It is only a hamlet now, without any promise of increasing.

If our sight is far-reaching, and we look higher up the river, we can see Fonda on the other side of the Mohawk, connected with Fultonville by a bridge, which, as in the case of that at Fort Hunter, appears well in the half-tone of a photogravure. Near Fonda is the site of the village of Caughnawauga, where Catharine Tegakwita lived for some years after the tribe had moved, first from Ossernenon (Auriesville) where she was born, then from Gandawagué. In this neighborhood they still point out a spring which they call Tegakwita's spring, and from which she is said to have been in the habit of drawing water.

THE LANDING OF THE FONDA PILGRIMS.

Times have changed since the days when the swiftest mode of travelling was in canoes up the Mohawk, and now our eyes are constantly distracted from the beauty of the scene by almost continuous trains rushing along on each side of the river. The shrieks of the locomotives remind us of the warwhoops of the savages that once resounded there.

We still see a sort of connecting link between the ancient and modern ways of travel in the canal which stretches out at our feet. In strange contrast to the swiftly speeding engines with their long trail of cars is the team of horses

or mules dragging slowly and painfully the heavy and clumsy barges. However, electricity will soon be the motor used on the canals, so that their waters will vie with the steel of the railroads.

They tell us at the little country hotel that all the year round there are visitors at the Shrine, not a steady stream of them, for it is well known that there is no resident priest there except for one month in summer, but those who happen to be passing by cannot resist the representation. The people of the neighboring towns and villages are very devout to our Lady of Martyrs, and this is a hopeful sign for the developing of the devotion.

We noticed one day, when the morning train came in, an old woman alight. She was a type of the olden days with a neat frilled white cap under her bonnet and a shawl folded over her shoulders. She had come fasting in order to be able to receive Holy Communion at the Shrine. We asked her how old she was,

FONDA PILGRIMS LEAVING ON A CANAL BARGE.

desire to offer their petitions or thanksgivings to the Queen of Martyrs. Were there a residence and a priest in attendance the number of pilgrims would doubtless be great. The season opens with the feast of St. Ignatius, father in God of the heroic Jogues and Goupil, and the holy sacrifice is offered in the sanctuary erected on the ground hallowed by the blood of these servants of God. From this day on, the pilgrims begin to come daily. Of course on week days few can spare the time, but on Sundays there is always a goodly

for there was no indiscretion in the question, as she had evidently reached the age when a woman is rather proud to be old since she bears her years well. She said she was *eighty-four!* It would be, she thought, her last visit and so her last opportunity of receiving there. But we could not agree with her, as she showed no signs of decrepitude.

Another day we met on the road, about a mile away from Auriesville, two old ladies on foot. We wished them good day but got no response, whereat we set them down for very bigoted

SERMON TO AMSTERDAM PILGRIMS IN THE RAVINE.

persons. To our surprise, some time later, they made their appearance at the Shrine. "Why! are you Catholics?" we asked. Just think, they had walked eleven miles along a dusty road in that memorable torrid week so fatal to life. There they were ready after it all to make the Way of the Cross. One of them was over *seventy* years old and the other was far from young. It was a pilgrimage of thanksgiving on the part of the elder for the conversion of her husband to the faith. He had died lately, but had first made his submission to the Church, and so in gratitude the widow had come to offer thanks, joy struggling with grief.

Not a day in August passed without pilgrims coming on foot from a distance fasting. This meant a real spirit of sacrifice in the sweltering weather we had in the early part of August.

The feast of Our Lady's Assumption is the red-letter day at Auriesville. How beautiful the sanctuary looked. Loving hands had embowered the altar in graceful palms, their mass of green relieved here and there by bright geraniums, roses, carnations and sweet peas. How devotional was the sight of the Pietà in these surroundings. A rich-toned bell, the gift of a devoted pilgrim, was to be rung for the first time, in honor of the Queen of Martyrs, on the day of her triumphant entry into heaven. The event of the day was the pilgrimage of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality of St. Mary's Church at Amsterdam.

A little after ten o'clock in the morning came the train with its pious throng, led by one of the Fathers of the Central Direction of the Apostleship of Prayer. The Sodalists formed in ranks and marched up the hill singing the Litany of Loretto. When they reached the Shrine Mass began, during which the choir sang hymns in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Most of the members of the Sodality were fasting in order to receive Holy Communion. Many brought bouquets to adorn the sanctuary. There were some five hundred pilgrims in all, which was a large number, considering that it was a week day, so that many were obliged to work. The Stations of the Cross were made at one o'clock, which implies a good deal of sacrifice for those who were exposed to the scorching

sun, as they moved slowly from the old Mission Cross round and up the hill to the Calvary.

Then, reciting the Rosary as they went, they proceeded to the Ravine. Here the rustic pulpit was used for the first time by Rev. John W. Dolan, the pastor of St. Cecilia's Church in Fonda. He sustained his reputation as one of the leading orators of the Albany diocese by an eloquent discourse on the apostolic spirit of the Church, as exemplified particularly in Father Isaac Jogues and René Goupil. It was a unique spectacle—the beautiful wooded glade for a temple, the bright sunlit sky overhead, the attentive audience, some seated on the grass, others on fallen trees, others standing, and the ringing voice of the speaker stirring up in their hearts a love for the faith that alone produces martyrs.

The sermon over, they paused for a few moments before the newly erected Grotto, in which the statue of the Queen of Martyrs now stands, and recited the litany. Then in all haste they returned to the sanctuary for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, permission for which had been cordially granted by Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke. All the pilgrims took part in this impressive ceremony, the choir singing the *Pange Lingua* preceding the Blessed Sacrament and four of the pilgrims carrying the handsome canopy, the generous gift of some faithful Philadelphia friends of the Shrine. Two altars of repose had been set up and adorned, one in the old Shrine, where now are hung paintings of Father Jogues, René and Kateri, the other at the foot of the cross on the Calvary. At each of them Benediction was given to the kneeling worshippers, and also on the return to the sanctuary. Who that took part in such a procession can ever forget the impression made! It is during this ceremony that those who come for special favors are instructed to pray for them most fervently.

Owing to the short time allowed by the West Shore schedule to pilgrims who come from points east, the programme of exercises must be carried out somewhat hastily. It speaks well for the pilgrims from St. Mary's, Amsterdam, that this haste never creates disorder and never detracts from their piety and devotion. So often have they visited our Lady of Martyrs that it has become like a Shrine of their own. To their zealous pastor is due a frequent memento from every pilgrim to Auriesville for the interest he has shown in the work of the pilgrimages and cause even before the site had been identified.

Some pilgrimages are remarkable for fervor; others, while not lacking fervor, are more remarkable by the numbers.

Sunday, August 16, was to be the day of

THE TROY PILGRIMS AT THE CALVARY.

THE TROY PILGRIMS IN THE PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

our Lady's triumph, for a great pilgrimage was expected. At a quarter past seven in the morning the pilgrim trains from Troy began to arrive. Three came in succession, twenty-eight cars in all. Mass was being said for those living at Auriesville when the sound of the Litany of our Lady sung alternately by men and women was heard. Up the hill they came, with crossbearer and acolytes in the lead, a seemingly endless line of pilgrims following two and two. Tears filled our eyes as we saw the inspiring sight and heard the strains in Mary's honor. Very many were fasting.

In due time the regular train from Amsterdam came in bringing hundreds of people, and having left behind at least 200 for whom no accommodation had been provided. Later on two barges heavily laden with passengers were towed down the canal from Fultonville, and in their wake was a steamer with more pilgrims. In the meantime omnibuses, carryalls, buggies, buckboards and farm waggons had been arriving, to say nothing of those who walked, so that, according to the estimate of one of the trainmen, used to calculating crowds, the number of persons on the Shrine grounds was about *5,000!* To this inspiring congregation Very Rev. Father Pardow, S.J., preached at the conclusion of the last Mass. The Gospel of the day was the parable of the Good Samaritan, and furnished a setting for the picture of the holy missionary, who 250 years ago had followed on that very ground the example of *the* Good Samaritan in ministering to the poor savages wounded and despoiled by sin.

The other exercises were the same as on the previous day only the great number of worshippers enhanced their impressiveness. From one spot of interest to another that vast throng moved about in perfect order, needing no police or special discipline to manage them. Down the narrow defile leading to the Ravine and back again, the choir chanting the Litany of our Lady as they moved past her Grotto, nearly 4,000 pilgrims walked, not all Catholics, at this exercise, as the afternoon always brings a number of our non-Catholic neighbors to the grounds. What a spectacle for men and angels to see the multitudes walking in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament and kneeling on the green sward to receive the Master's blessing.

Among the pilgrims was a poor little boy on crutches. We could not help pitying him, but his mother told us that he had been a helpless cripple from hip disease, unable to walk at all, until on his return from a visit to Auriesville last year, for the first time in his life, he was

able to put his feet to the ground. She hoped that a fuller restoration might be granted this year.

A young man came all the way from Western Pennsylvania in thanksgiving for what he considers his cure of consumption, for which the ablest doctors, whom he had consulted in various places were powerless to give any remedy. He had then appealed to the Queen of Martyrs, and was heard. He left a substantial proof of his devotion in a generous contribution to the Shrine, although he was only a hard-working mechanic. Other men came from Maryland, Ohio, and an old veteran from Maine to ask our Lady's help. Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn, New York and Chicago were also represented.

Who, that has been privileged to witness such a magnificent evidence of faith as seen in a pilgrimage, can fail to deny emphatically that the ages of faith have passed. No greater proof of the hold of the truths of the Catholic Church on the hearts of her children can be given. Is it a wonder, then, that the prayers of the faithful are heard and answered, and that our Blessed Lady intercedes powerfully for her devout clients.

It is most gratifying to record that for eleven years that pilgrimages have been made to Auriesville, nothing like a worldly spirit has ever manifested itself. In one or two instances an attempt was made to combine the piety of a pilgrimage with the merriment of an excursion, but that was not so much the fault of the people as of their leaders, and, once our attention was called to the abuse, all subsequent attempts were promptly checked. The property was purchased dearly as a sacred spot, by aid of the hard-earned money of Catholics in every part of the country, and even could it have been our purpose to turn it to any other than a sacred usage, justice to the wishes of our benefactors would have kept us from doing so. Those who have visited other shrines have all remarked how singularly free Auriesville is from every attempt at the trafficking, amusements and other abuses that offend the pious visitors to other shrines, and it must be our endeavor to maintain this character of the pilgrimages at all costs.

Not only are the faithful bent on having Auriesville kept sacredly as a place of pilgrimage, they also show a disposition to rival, if the term be permitted, the piety shown in pilgrimages in other parts of the Catholic world. Nothing seems too hard or too much for them. Sacrifices of money given in alms to the Shrine, sacrifice of vacation but too often sadly needed after the year's labor, fasting, punctuality at the exercises, patience with the elements and with the crowds, tractability, good nature, and a grateful sort of enthusiasm when all is over—all go to show they are real pilgrims, and that it only needs the proper direction to renew on our own soil the piety, if not the marvels, of Lourdes.

THE UTICA PILGRIMS MAKING THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

All this is the more consoling because as yet Auriesville has not the claims that miraculous shrines have to the sacrifices of their visitors. Thus far, it would seem that the pilgrims are doing all, venerating our Lady's Shrine and honoring the memory of the martyrs who died there, without receiving in return the answers to prayer that distinguished other places of pilgrimage. Remarkable answers to prayer have never been wanting either at Auriesville or wherever devout clients of our Lady of Martyrs have urged their petitions. Even were there no such remarkable favors on record, the pilgrimage would still be accomplishing their chief purpose which is twofold, viz : the advancement of the cause of Father Jogues, René Goupil, Catharine Tegakwita, and the increase of piety by affording an extraordinary means for its exercise. How well the pilgrimages have advanced the cause of Father Jogues and his companions, may be judged from the wider knowledge of their lives and title to beatification, from the confidence with which favors are sought through their intercession, and by the contributions from all sources to help forward the work on their cause. How effectually Christian piety is promoted both by the pilgrimages and other means taken to advance the cause, was never more manifest than during the pilgrimage which came from Utica, Sunday, August 23, though it is only one instance of what has frequently happened at Auriesville on a smaller scale.

For nine days before the day chosen, the members of St. John's parish, Utica, attended devotional exercises in their church in preparation for their pious journey to the Shrine. Rev. Dr. Lynch, their pastor, had organized their pilgrimage under the auspices of the League, and the first thought of the Promoters was to provide a banner which should be carried in procession up the hill and left in the Shrine sanctuary as a memorial of the occasion. In spite of the heavy rain which fell as the pilgrims left Utica, the two sections of the pilgrimage train carried 850 devout pilgrims, under the direction of Dr. Lynch, and one of the priests in charge of the Shrine. From the station to the brow of the hill they marched in procession, the choir singing hymns to the Blessed Virgin all the way. During the Mass and after, two priests were occupied giving Holy Communion to about 500 who had come fasting. The first Mass being over about 9:30, a second Mass

A GROUP OF UTICA PILGRIMS.

was said by Dr. Lynch for some of the Utica pilgrims who had not yet heard Mass, and for about 200 others who arrived by the West Shore train from Albany. After Mass Rev. James Conway, S J., preached a sermon on the gospel of the day, exhorting the pilgrims to the confidence of the lepers who came to our Lord to be healed, and to the gratitude of the one who came back to give him thanks. The choir then sang the *Magnificat* for fine weather, as much by way of thanksgiving as by petition, as the clouds were already breaking. Their prayer, together with the good nature with which they had faced the rain all morning, obtained for them dry weather enough to take part in some, if not in all, the services usual at the pilgrimages.

At half-past one the Way of the Cross was begun, Father O'Sullivan leading the pilgrims, who by this time numbered nearly 1200. At the head of the procession was carried a relic of the true Cross, with which a blessing was given after the Stations from the Calvary. From the Calvary to the Ravine, all marched in ranks four deep, Dr. Lynch leading reciting the *Rosary*. In the Ravine a hymn was sung, and Father Wynne explained the origin, nature and object of the Shrine and pilgrimages; then the *Litanies* were intoned before the grotto, and all returned to the Shrine reciting after Dr. Lynch the beads of the Seven Dolors. A return of the morning's rain made it advisable to omit the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, as also the ceremony of blessing the new bell. After Benediction pious articles were blessed; the rain ceased just as the pilgrims began to leave by the first section of their train, which left at 4:30, a beautiful sun lit up the valley, and those who were departing as well as those who still lingered on the hillside felt that they had had the best fortune of all true pilgrims, beginning in disappointment and ending in joy. St. John's, Utica, St. Mary's, Little Falls, and the many

MEMORIAL BANNER OF THE UTICA PILGRIMAGE.

other neighboring parishes from which the pilgrims had come, should have many a blessing in reward of the piety they manifested at Auriesville.

The beautiful banner that stands near our Lady's altar as a memorial of their coming recalls very pleasant memories to those who dwell awhile near the Shrine. Our Lady has a memory, too, and we often call on her to remember all her devout clients at Auriesville!

We have spoken of those who dwell near the Shrine during the month of August. Their pilgrimage is one of frequent prayer and devotional services. Morning prayers after the daily Mass; the Way of the Cross at 10:30; a visit to the Ravine, the Holy Hour, or some similar exercise about four o'clock; the *Rosary* and night prayers at 7, make up a day of devotion which, however, in no way interferes with the proper rest or relaxation some come to seek. *The Manual*, which recalls the various devotions practised by Father Jogues in this same holy place, renders it easy to lead a life of prayer in such a way as to make it a rest for body and soul.

A CONVERSION THROUGH THE BADGE.

A SISTER OF MERCY sends the following account, together with an extract of a letter to her from a well-known non-Catholic physician of New York. She tells why he belongs to the League.

He was accustomed to wear a badge of the G. A. R. on his vest, as he had been surgeon in the army. During one of his visits I noticed that for the first time he did not wear it. I remarked its absence and asked if he would wear my Badge, as he had left that one off. "Certainly," he replied. Thereupon I went and got him a Badge of the League of the Sacred Heart. I showed him the Morning Offering, and knowing his many charitable deeds, pointed out their great value when offered through this medium. Knowing the aversion non-Catholics usually have to the Sacred Heart, I explained it as the symbol of the interior sentiments of the God-man. He held the little thing in the palm of his big hand and said: "I do not know why people should object to it, I think it is a sweet emblem," and he carefully placed it in his card-case.

Some time after, he called and explained his long absence by his travels over the United States with a patient. He said: "I would like another of those little prayers as I have lost mine. I have been faithful to it. Do you know," he added, "that little Badge saved my life, I firmly believe." I asked him how it was. He said that during his travels he had attempted to get off a train before it had fully stopped; not seeing another train coming from the opposite direction. He was thrown down between the two trains, and, being a portly man was in great danger of being run over by one of them. He said while lying thus he felt he owed his safety to the Badge of the League that he carried in his pocket.

I enclose extracts from the Doctor's letter:

"No subject has ever taken a fuller possession of my thoughts and study than the development of the thoughts you suggested years ago. I most fully believe that the Roman Catholic faith is the true and only pure Christianity. My eyes have been opened in a mysterious way; my gaze is so strongly fixed upon these great truths, that nothing can change my mind. Now for the first time the story of the cross has a meaning and reality about which there is not a single doubt. I never knew the comfort of being so thoroughly at rest. I will illustrate my feelings toward the Church by this incident. A lady had for her guest at her country home an Indian. After dinner she suggested to him to walk out on the lawn. Not finding a seat she thought suitable for him she called an attendant to get a chair.

"The Indian said no, and immediately reclined upon the ground. Pointing to the sun, he said, 'The sun is my father; the earth is my mother—I'll rest on her bosom.' I want the Catholic Church for my mother, and rest on her bosom.

"Every objection I ever had to the Catholic Church has been swept away. Its feasts, its fasts, its indulgences, relics, traditions, are all right if the Church has ordered them. She is nearly 2000 years old, is always young, knows the whole earth, speaks all languages; why should a miserable being like myself question her wisdom? I think no Catholic to the faith born knows the pleasure of a convert—there is such a sense of certainty, all doubts swept away—a comfort that is not found elsewhere."

The Doctor has had the happiness of making his profession of faith, and of being received into the Church, which he so highly and justly appreciated.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR OCTOBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY ROSARY.

NO month could be so well chosen for this Intention as the month of October, which for the last thirteen years, owing to the exhortations of our Holy Father, has been set apart for practising devotion to our Lady by the recital of the Rosary. Naturally, Promoters and League Associates generally will be called upon not only to set the example but also to induce others to attend the Rosary devotions, and it is highly proper, therefore, that while working they should pray; prayer is needed to prosper our efforts, and no prayer succeeds so well as that which is proved sincere by work.

Prayer is always needed when there is question of leading even one soul to perform one good action. It is needed more especially when the good action is to be repeated, and when we are striving to acquire a virtue by such constant exercise of goodness. It is never more needed than when the good thing sought for is more a gift freely given by God than the ordinary grace which He deigns to extend to our human efforts as if we were in some way entitled to it. Devotion is such a gift, a gift that we can cultivate once we have obtained it, but which must come in the first instance freely from the hands of God. It is, in its general sense, any increase of faith, hope and charity, or, what is the same, any renewal or advance in a disposition to serve God, any readiness to do His will, any strengthening of the ties that bind us to Him. It is, therefore, a confirmation of our religious sentiments, and as these, in the first instance, come freely from God, so, too, must devotion be His free gift; this is why we are to seek it so earnestly by prayer.

If prayer be needed to obtain devotion in its general sense, much more is it necessary for obtaining and for inducing others to seek any special devotion. Take, for example, this very devotion of the Rosary. Before we can hope to have many practise it, we must first remove the singular prejudices, which even some Catholics have against it, and then we must make all, even those who are well disposed towards it, realize that they can never acquire it, or derive the proper benefits from it without constant prayer to this end. This then is the work and the prayer that our General Intention calls for during the month of the Rosary and it is this we shall endeavor to explain.

It is not easy to forget the popular simile between the keys of a piano and the *Hail Marys* of the Rosary, but it is very useful to bear it in mind as an answer to the fault found with this devotion for its constant repetition and monotony. The keys have each their distinct notes, which when combined produce melody so varied and harmony

so rich that the ear can never tire of them. So it is with the *Hail Marys;* every one that is piously said must awaken different sentiments in the heart, and when woven together into a crown, they naturally create religious impressions so new and so elevating that it must be a dull mind indeed that would complain of their monotony. There can be no monotony in saying the same thing over and over again day after day to those we love, nor any dread of fatiguing others by repeating what we know they are glad to hear. An agreeable salutation can never become monotonous. Every new mood in which we find ourselves and every new set of circumstances lend a new meaning and force to our words, which those who know our hearts can detect and appreciate. Our Lady knows our hearts, and pleased as she was with the Angel's salutation, the first time she heard it as a message from on high, she cannot but be pleased each time that we repeat it in memory of the great honor paid her by the Almighty and in testimony of our desire to know more of her great dignity.

A great master of eloquence used to say that the best way to grasp a truth, and to make others grasp it also, is by repeating it over and over again until its sound and sense becomes familiar to our faculties. If this be true of ordinary simple truths in the natural order, it is true *a fortiori* of the most sublime truths in the supernatural order. When such truths are stated in the most concise form, repetition becomes doubly necessary as well to impress them more deeply on our minds, as to make us dwell with more leisure and with more active interest on the details or consequences suggested, but not always expressed, and which add greatly to their significance. We might say the *Hail Mary* once and think over it for the ten or twelve minutes that it requires to say the beads; but how few minds there are that can think for fifteen minutes on any definite subject? How few of those that can are willing to do so. Be the ability or willingness ever so great, how few can say even one *Hail Mary* without distractions, or grasp even a portion of its meaning, until by dint of repetition they have made it like an abiding thought or sentiment in their lives.

But why use the beads? Why not say a number of *Hail Marys* without attempting to count them, or, if the number should be determined, why not use any other means of telling them? Before St. Dominic's day, and long after his death in certain places, the Rosary was said without the use of beads, and on the other hand, beads were long in use as instruments of prayer, before the Rosary, as we know it nowadays, came to be a common practice among Catholics. The saintly Robert of Winchelsey, Archbishop of Canterbury speaks of telling his *Aves* on his fingers, and old engravings as well as ancient documents make it clear that beads differing in number and form, were used to count *Pater Nosters* as well as *Aves*. In fact, bead originally meant prayer, and as it was customary in very early days to use little grains or stones as a means of reckoning the number of prayers, the term bead or prayer was gradually applied to the grain or stone. In other words, the instrument of prayer, which we call Rosary or beads, came to express, or stand for the prayer itself for which it was used.

This transfer of the word signifying prayer to the object used while saying the prayer, and the universal custom of calling a string or chain of stones by the name of beads, show how natural and proper it is to count our *Hail Marys* on our beads, in the present way of practising the devotion of the Rosary. The beads are an external sign of our prayer; they are something to occupy our hands while our hearts are engaged in prayer, thus making our senses work as well as our heads. In this simple way the whole man, body and soul, displays his devotion to our Lady of the Rosary. The beads are a reminder of the devotion,

even when not in use. Not only were they employed for counting the *Aves* in good old Catholic days, but they were worn as ornaments and treasured as heirlooms, bequeathed in wills, and made over as precious presents to the great ones of the earth. To Catholic piety the beads are precious still; if not displayed as ornaments, they are borne about and fondly used. No better use can be made of them than to say them fervently for the Catholic, who is not simple enough to honor them for the same reason that we should honor any pious object.

The simplicity of true Catholic piety loves the Rosary or crown of roses on which the 150 *Hail Marys* are devoutly counted. No dutiful Catholic will be without his beads or small crown of five decades. He may not be able to put in words the philosophy of the devotion; he may not know why a definite number of beads have thus been strung together; but he knows to some extent the theology of the *Hail Mary* and of the mysteries of the life and death of Christ, which are usually commemorated with each decade. The *Hail Mary* speaks to him of the Immaculate Conception, of the divine maternity and of Mary's patronage over us all in life and in death. The *Our Fathers* make him repeat our Lord's own prayer, and each mystery brings back vividly some scene from His life on this earth. The charm of it all is that the doctrine sinks into his mind, not through the dry and laborious way of the brain, but through the heart. A son is repeating his mother's titles to love and veneration; an exile is calling on his Star of Hope against the dread day of his return to seek admission to home and country. What must be the void in the heart that has never recited a *Hail Mary!* What a stranger in his own household the Catholic must be who does not say it constantly, by practising the devotion of the Rosary

During the past half century this devotion has become more popular among Catholics than ever before. If we do not hear of bequests and foundations for the support of men and women, or of young boys and girls to recite our Lady's Psalter so many times weekly, or the beads a given number of times each day, if we are not suffering persecution, as our fathers did in penal times for the practice of the Rosary, we are witnessing everywhere the spread of the devotion to an extent and with results never before contemplated. This has been brought about by confraternities of the Rosary, and by the practice known as the living Rosary and the perpetual Rosary, both of which practices until fifteen years ago, were greatly advanced by our own Promoters in France, in England and in this country, and are even still advanced by the Daily Decade of the 2d Degree. Nothing, however, has so much favored the devotion of the Rosary as the action of our Holy Father for the past thirteen years, in encouraging it by his repeated encyclicals, making it the matter of daily devotional exercises every October, granting special indulgences for attending these exercises, raising the grade of the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary, appointing for it a proper Mass and office, and adding to our Lady's titles in the Litanies that of "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary."

It is no new thing to speak of our Lady of the Rosary, as our frontispiece from the painting of Sassoferato shows. The Feast of the most Holy Rosary is really that of our Lady under this title. In fact, so popular has devotion of the Rosary ever been in the Church, that some speak of devotion to the Rosary as they would speak of devotion to our Lady in whose honor the Rosary is recited. What is new about this title is that Leo XIII. has decreed that it should be inserted in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, an enactment of far greater import than the addition of a new title to those of an earthly queen or empress. It means that our Lady's latest honor is

our devotion to her Rosary, and that this has become so widespread and so well established as a practice of the Church that it sufficiently expresses a universal tribute of esteem to make it a common title under which Catholics all over the world can address her. It means further that, by the recital of the Rosary, the faithful generally have had enough proof of our Lady's power to attribute to her the name of Queen with the special title to our devotion in this favorite way.

For fully six centuries the Church has recommended the devotion of the Rosary as a means of destroying heresy and of obtaining relief in her pressing necessities. Ever since St. Dominic used it as a successful remedy for the evils caused by the Albigensian heresy in the south of France, it has been offered by the Sovereign Pontiffs as a sure means of obtaining our Blessed Mother's powerful protection when great calamities are upon us. It has become a commonplace among Church historians to attribute the repulsion of the Turks from invading Europe to the efficacy of this devotion, which Pius V. so earnestly urged at the time on the Christian army and on the faithful whom he could address at Rome and elsewhere. A similar victory is ascribed to the same devotion under Clement XI. Our own Holy Father had not long to wait for answers to the prayer of the Rosary which he began in 1883 to propagate so zealously. As early as 1887 he could point to splendid answers to this prayer made by the universal Church. Glorious things had begun to happen in his reign. He has not ceased to triumph, nor have his enemies ceased to meet with adversity. His triumph is ours, and with him we may justly refer it all to our Lady and her Rosary.

It is not strange then that so many means have been devised for inducing the faithful to take up this practice, or that such rich indulgences should have been bestowed upon it. Even were it vastly more difficult, were it less blessed with indulgences, had we never experienced its efficacy, or had we no special needs or favors to ask for, its very simplicity and beauty and the great help it gives to our faith and to our religious spirit should make us eager to cultivate it and to make it a daily custom. It brings home to us in the most homely way the great mystery of our religion, the Incarnation of the Son of God. It makes us realize what this mystery means for us, that Christ became really man. It does this by impressing on us that He was born of woman as we are, and that He is, therefore, flesh and blood like ourselves. It is God's own way of reaching our minds through our hearts. The argument is all in the one word mother, and in the fact that this one word expresses so well, viz., the fact that to be with us and one of us the Son of God took flesh and was born of the Virgin Mary, full of grace, blessed among women, and blessed in the fruit of her womb, Jesus.

To make all Christians know, respect and practise this devotion of the Rosary is the object of our General Intention.

Since the Daily Decade gradually leads our Associates to take up the Rosary itself, we should begin by giving our special attention to this. Extend the membership of the 2d Degree; see that those, who have already engaged to say their Decade, keep faithful; induce them, for October at least, to say the beads from time to time; bring as many as possible to the Rosary devotions. What the League does for the Rosary, the latter in turn will do for the League.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular, for the devotion of the Rosary.

THE·READER·

IN our last issue, reviewing the condition of our parochial schools, we noticed a very considerable increase in the attendance over last year. This is very consoling and speaks well for the future of Catholic education in this country. A glance at the annual catalogues of our Catholic colleges and universities reveals very satisfactory results in higher Catholic education as well. The standard of studies, to judge by the programmes, is generally high. Our better colleges are acknowledged to be at least on a par in scholarship with our great national universities, while the test for graduation in some of our Catholic colleges is decidedly higher. The various chairs, we presume, are filled by efficient teachers. The attendance, too, considering the bad times, is as good as might be expected, and the number of graduates seems to be on the increase.

However, there is no denying the fact that, with one or two exceptions, our colleges are all greatly hampered financially. They have no endowments; they have to subsist on the fees paid by the students and some small charities offered by the faithful. Were not their staffs in most cases made up of religious, who profess poverty and consequently draw no salaries, they could not subsist at all. What is saved in salaries has to go towards outfit and improvement of the institutions so that there is little possibility of enlarging and perfecting most of our Catholic colleges. From all indications they will have to continue to struggle for existence for many years to come.

We have not been taught to expect better treatment and better patronage for our Catholic colleges, and, such as they are, we are not only satisfied with them, but we cannot help admiring them. They are doing a noble work, and they are doing it well, against great odds. They do not, as a rule, pass round the hat. They are satisfied with the patronage of Catholic parents, and act on the principle, that those who would give a higher education to their children should also bear the expense of it, that the children of wealthy Catholics are not an object of charity.

All they ask, then, for the present, is the patronage of well-to-do Catholic parents. If they do the same work, as we have said, and do it as well as the great Protestant universities, which have millions yearly at their disposal, they have a right to expect that Catholic parents will send their children to them in preference to Protestant or secular colleges. The more they are patronized by Catholic parents the more efficiently will they be able to do their work. This is the mere secular or business view of the matter.

* * *

Yet we regret to say that they have been thus far very poorly seconded in their efforts. They have a goodly number of pupils, it is true; but there is a great number they ought to have and have not. We are not able to quote statistics in this matter, but making a rough estimate from what we have learned from private sources, we judge that in the three great universities of New England alone (we take them as an

illustration) there are not less than 1000 Catholic students in the Arts Department alone, to say nothing of professional and special students. On the other hand, in the Catholic colleges of New England, which are in every way equal to these, from a secular point of view, there are not quite that number.

This is phenomenal, and we are inclined to ask the cause of a fact so abnormal. The first cause, we regret to think, is the ignorance and pride of wealthy Catholics. Many of those good people have had no education, or at most a very imperfect education, themselves. Consequently they do not see the danger to faith and morals that their children are incurring in these Protestant institutions. A course, or a few sessions, at Harvard or Yale is, in their estimation, the highest ideal of an American education. They have the ambition to have their sons educated in the same schools as the sons of Doctor and Lawyer and Senator So-and-so. That gives them social standing, they think. So to Harvard they shall go, whatever may be the consequence. Of course, money is no consideration, and they are willing that their sons should sport from one thousand to two thousand dollars a year at Harvard, while they might have a better education for them at from three hundred to five hundred dollars in a Catholic college.

There is another class of wealthy Catholic parents who contribute largely to the number of Catholic students at Protestant and secular universities, and who are more to be pitied than blamed. It is those whose boys, from defective home education, have proved unmanageable in Catholic colleges. For these there is nothing to fall back on but the Protestant college with all its academic freedom, or the house of correction. Their parents cannot leave them altogether without an education. So hither they will go, where they will have ample freedom to sow their wild oats. We are inclined to think that not a few of the Catholic students at Protestant universities are drawn from this unfortunate class, who do little honor to the Catholic cause, and to the institutions from which they had to be removed.

There is, however, another cause, probably the most potent, for the great concourse of Catholic young men at Protestant universities which we approach with some reluctance. It is the unreasonable and fulsome laudation of these institutions by so-called "distinguished" Catholics—lay and clerical. These well meaning men, are never done commending the liberal spirit of our great American centres of learning. A short-sighted or liberal Catholic press looks upon any notice from them as a tribute of honor to the Catholic religion. Articles are written on "Catholicism at Harvard," the "Catholic Sons of Harvard," and what not. And the country is made to believe that Harvard (we speak by way of illustration) is the place for our Catholic young men. There they have their Catholic club, or their own Greek-letter fraternity. They can have their own co-religionists, the most eloquent in the land, to address them within the very precincts of their college. All this is looked upon with favor by the university officials from the president down. Harvard, then, is the place for our young men, and to Harvard they shall go.

Of course, the university authorities look on all this with favor, while they laugh in their sleeves at the gullibility of Catholics. All this is drawing water on their own mill, and consequently, the officers of these universities give a courteous and a cordial reception to our Catholic prelates and other ecclesiastics, if invited by the Catholic fraternities of their respective institutions. In the clever administration of President Elliot of Harvard, we would venture to say that there has been no more diplomatic move than the invitations extended by him to Catholic speakers to deliver addresses at Harvard, and the great cour-

tesy he has shown to such speakers. From his own standpoint he deserves great credit for it. He has decidedly gained his object. It is a well-known fact that since this policy has been inaugurated, the attendance of Catholics at Harvard has increased at least four or five hundred per cent.

* * *

Is it true, then, that our Catholic young men are safe at the Protestant universities? We shall say nothing of the young women (their number is small) who attend Protestant women's colleges, as most of these are as good as lost to the Church anyway. The answer to this query is plain. They cannot but suffer in many ways.

First, they suffer by defect. If religion is ignored altogether they are deprived of those elements in education and true culture which are most important, and without which no education can be complete. What is science without God? What is the knowledge of creation without the Creator? How can true intellectual culture and refinement exist without any knowledge of, or belief in, things spiritual, moral and supernatural, which form the highest element in human knowledge? How can true strength of character be obtained if the highest standard of morals is public opinion, or the sense of the majority?

But to say nothing of religion, the most important element in secular education is philosophy and history. Now, the fact is that there is hardly any serious attempt made to teach philosophy outside our Catholic colleges, and if there is, what is taught is not philosophy (which ought to be truth), but wild speculations and theories, based on atheism or agnosticism, and leading to materialism. Experience shows also that history has never been understood nor taught, and cannot be taught, by Protestants, as a class. A few individuals have risen above the prejudices of Protestantisms; but these individuals are few, indeed, and far between. Thus Catholic students in Protestant institutions, in the best case, are deprived of the best elements in education, whether religious or secular.

Moreover, if we consider the study of art and literature, what can it be without religion? Divest the poetry of Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, or even that of Homer and Virgil, of the religious element, what remains of it? Dry bones, and nothing more. The very essence of it is lost. The same is true of painting, sculpture and architecture, all of which are religious in their origin and development. For the Agnostic there can be no true art. Art has no meaning for him. Art has no soul, no substance to him, because, according to his principles, he cannot rise to the contemplation of what is unseen in it. Every piece of art must be to him an empty sound, a mere form, or a meaningless structure. And if this is not always the case with infidels, it is because their instincts are better than their principles. How much, then, is lost to the student of art and literature from the neglect of religion in his special department? What a gaping void exists in his education!

But this is only the negative view of the matter. Shall we suppose that the university professor will confine himself within the strict lines of secular instruction? Shall we imagine that he will never trench on religious topics? Will he ignore in history and literature the most powerful motives that have ever actuated the conduct of man? Can he abstract from religion in philosophy? If so, he must be a poor specimen of a teacher. The historian who does not enter into the causes of facts is no historian; the literary critic who does not search into the motives of characters and actions in literature is no critic; the philosopher who does not inquire into the last causes of things is no philosopher.

The fact will be, then, that the university professor cannot help discussing

religious topics, whether he will or no, and that he will, consciously or unconsciously, impress his own peculiar errors and prejudices on his pupils, and ten to one they will return from the Protestant university with their minds full of errors which they can never correct, and doubts which they cannot solve. If a student has gathered any ideas of philosophy from his college course, they are sure to be wrong. He has been taught to venerate as sages those who, basing all philosophy on doubt or nescience, ignore the data of common experience and common sense. He has learned that creation is a myth, that man is the descendant of the ape. His ideas of Christ have been taken from Renan, Strauss and Schoppenhauer. He has heard that the Church has been the foe of enlightenment and the fosterer of slavery. He has listened to the recital of gruesome horrors of the "Dark Ages." He has been taught that Protestantism brought enlightenment and culture and progress into the world. He has heard the history of every Catholic country misrepresented. He would be more than humanly wise or brutally stupid, if all this made no impression on him. Add to this the entirely Protestant environment, pride and human respect, from which very few are altogether free, and the many other frailties to which university students are not strangers, and then say, what is the probability that your Catholic young man at twenty-two, after spending four years at a Protestant university will come forth unscathed? He would be an angel if he did.

But is it generally angels we send up to those institutions? Angels, indeed; but rather of the fallen kind. They are, as a rule, youngsters who never set foot in a Catholic school, who never had any religious instruction except what barely fitted them to make their First Communion, whose home education has been in many cases flagrantly neglected—the plastic stuff of which perverts are generally made.

* * *

With this condition of things before us, we may be permitted to submit two questions: First, can Catholic parents entrust their children to be educated at American Protestant universities? Secondly, can Catholic orators and writers, with a good conscience, continue to panegyrize those institutions as a safe and proper place for the education of our young men? We leave the answer to the wisdom of those whom it concerns.

Catholic parents, it seems to us, should be exhorted, in season and out of season, to send their children to those Catholic colleges, which are officially acknowledged to be at least on a par with the great universities of the country. There is no lack of such Catholic colleges, as we could easily point out, did we wish to discriminate, as we do not. These colleges, it is true, have not the same facilities as the great universities that have millions to back them; but with all their disadvantages they do the same work in secular education and do it just as well. Besides, they give a sound course of philosophy, which in a secular or Protestant university is simply an impossibility. This should be brought home to ignorant parents. Education, high as well as low, is a part of our Gospel; and woe betide us, if we fail to preach it! Catholics must be made to understand this, else Catholic education in America is a lost cause, financially and otherwise. Make our Catholic population understand the importance of Catholic education, and, as in days of old, we shall soon see amongst us noble institutions proudly rear their spires toward heaven, and their halls crowded by the youth and genius—the hope of our country and our Church.

Movement for the Canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary.—Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, has lately gone to Rome to present to the Holy Father a petition signed by 270 Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, begging him to hasten on the necessary procedures for the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary.

Blessed Curé d'Ars.—All admirers of the saintly Jean-Baptiste Vianney will rejoice at the decree lately promulgated by the Holy Father, which declares that the venerable man practised virtue in an heroic degree. The decree was read before the Pope by the secretary of the Congregation of Rites, Mgr. Tripepi. His Holiness appeared much interested, and at the conclusion of the reading he spoke feelingly of the Venerable Curé d'Ars and expressed the hope that many blessings might be showered upon the French nation in consequence. The postulator of the cause of Beatification, Father Cazenave, of the Foreign Missions, Paris, then thanked the Holy Father for his approval of the decree.

Honors for University College, Dublin. — In our days when so many Catholics are inclined to speak disparagingly of Catholic colleges in comparison with the Protestant ones, it is wholesome to read the results of the recent examinations of the Royal University, Dublin. They have shown the superiority of the Catholic training, although the Protestant colleges are richly endowed and splendidly equipped. The Queen's College of Belfast and University College of Stephen's Green, Dublin, have long been rivals, but this year the Catholic College has obtained twenty more distinctions in the two examinations for matriculation and first and second arts than Queen's, besides holding in both examinations the first places in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and natural philosophy, thus proving the all-round excellence of the teaching in University College.

Disinterested Testimony to Catholic Mission Work. — The following accounts taken from the *Illustrated Catholic Missions* give interesting views of mission work in parts of Asia and Africa.

Mr. Foley, secretary of the Indian Protestant Mission, writes an answer to an inquiry as to the progress of the faith in China, India and Ceylon to say that the outlook for heresy was never so dark as at the present hour. "The Jesuits are advancing by leaps and bounds in the four provinces of Tonquin, 100,000 converts, 150 priests, and 170 schools under the Jesuits alone . . . in western, eastern and northern Cochin China. The Romish advance is still greater . . . at the present time in China and Corea more than a million and a half converts, with 1,000 priests, 8,000 schools, irrespective of schools and convents . . . in India and Ceylon the strides of Romanism are startling and unprecedented." So far the wail from Asia.

Rev. J. P. Farler, of the Universities Mission to Central Africa, writes in a late number of *Central Africa* from Masasi as follows: "And now I have the same criticism to make about Masasi that I made about Newala—that is to say, I deplore the utter absence of any industrial work, or any plantations of gardens and orchards.

"I do not see how you can effectively raise man's spiritual life unless you raise his bodily life to correspond with it. The whole day, and every day, is entirely devoted to school work, religious instruction, and church services.

"How much wiser are the German Roman missionaries who have settled near Masasi. After building their houses they have set to work to make plantations for growing their food, gardens for their vegetables, and orchards for their fruit. Up to the present time they

devote the whole day to industrial work, with the exception of one hour for religious and secular instruction. And yet their missions are generally successful missions.

"They have a much larger staff at their station than we have at any of ours, and *they have several lay brothers, trained agriculturists*. It is not easy for a priest in charge, or for his assistant priests, to do this work. Neither have they the training for it; but could not some of our young laymen, instead of being sent to a *Missionary College* to get a smattering of theology, be sent for two years to a *market gardener* to learn his business? Then they would really be useful.

"I should like to see gardening, blacksmithing, and carpentering, considered a *necessary* part of the equipment of any central African Mission station, and I think the lack of industrial training for our young converts a great mistake in the working of our Anglican Missions in Africa."

Of course our readers will see that this is not the only mistake in the working of the Anglican Missions in Africa and elsewhere. The ministers try to find reasons for the sterility of their work. They overlook the real reason, that heresy is not the truth, and consequently its teachers have not the converting power nor the humanizing influence that comes from the true faith. Besides, these representatives of Protestantism are simply salaried officials, for the most part married men, having their wives and children to look after, and are usually men neither of great intelligence nor education, for missionaries are generally drawn from the class of ministers, who for want of posts are unsuccessful at home, cannot get a call to a pulpit, and so volunteer for the missions where home societies guarantee very comfortable salaries; whereas the Catholic missionaries are men who work simply for the love of God, make sacrifices of every kind and are carefully selected for their intelligence and virtue.

Pope Day and Washington —"Pope" Day in America was an adaptation of a celebration held in England on Guy Fawkes' Day. Dr. Richard H. Clarke gives the following in the *American Catholic Quarterly*:

"The Puritans of New England brought with them many such English customs and observances; but how could they hold holidays in execration of Guy Fawkes for plotting against the life of King James I., when they themselves had actually been guilty of cutting off the head of his son, King Charles I.? What were they to do? Now, as they hated something worse than a king, and that was the Pope, the Pope was made to take the place of Guy Fawkes. So they turned Guy Fawkes' Day into Pope Day, and celebrated it on the same day, the fifth of November.

"The celebration was conducted by a disorderly procession, carrying in an open wagon an effigy of the Pope, accompanied usually by an effigy of the devil, or sometimes even of some additional well-known but obnoxious public personage of the day. . . . In classic Boston this unseemly custom was sacredly observed, and the procession, after parading through the streets, traversed the Common, and there distinguished guests were ignominiously burned on the Common or on Copp's Hill. . . .

On Pope Day, in 1775, Washington and the Continental Army, in which were a number of Catholics from Maryland and Pennsylvania, were occupying Boston. A rumor of the preparations that were being made in the army for the usual celebration reached the ears of Washington. He was indignant at such an insult to the Catholic soldiers of the patriot army, and at once issued from his headquarters, and had posted through the camp, the following military order:

"'November 5.

"'As the Commander-in-Chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture, at a time when we are soliciting and have really obtained the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause—the defence of the liberty of America. At this juncture and under such circumstance, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these, our brethren, as to them we are indebted for our late happy success over the common enemy in Canada.'"

These patriotic words of Washington sounded the death-knell of Pope Day.

APOSTOLIC·WORKS·

SPECIAL WORK OF VINCENTIANS.—

The *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly*, in the August number, has an excellent article on the above subject. It lays down clearly and forcibly that the aims of the conferences are not limited, as some members would seem to think, to weekly meetings, visits and almsgivings. These indeed are important and should not be omitted, but there are many other things to be done. "The society [of St. Vincent de Paul] has a broader scope. It is a missionary organization. Its field of action is not restricted to distributions of food and clothing, nor is it limited in its aims to a mechanical and inanimate method of blending the religious with the corporal." . . .

Of course every conference is not so situated that it can undertake any more than the routine work, but there are undoubtedly some in which special works could be easily and profitably entered on.

The Superior Council of New York, in consequence of the consideration given the subject at the late convention, has made a good beginning by adopting the work of looking after Catholic deaf mutes. As a means of keeping them together, it was found advisable to have club-rooms for them. Such a club, the Xavier Deaf Mute Union, had in fact been in existence for some years, having distinct branches for young men and women. But as the existence of this club was rather precarious on account of finances, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul generously assumed the responsibility. Suitable rooms have been secured and the outlook is very promising.

Some people may say, what is the need of such a club? Those who ask the question do not understand the matter. There must be some way of collecting the deaf mutes together, and of keeping them interested. As they live quite isolated from one another, it is necessary to have some place where they can meet. Naturally enough they are fond of meeting those bound to them by a common misfortune, and consequently sympathetic. Much has been done for them by Protestants, but little or nothing by Catholics. Hence many lost or were losing their faith, for many were trained in Protestant institutions, and so knew little about their religion.

Although a certain amount of good can be done by the weekly meeting on Sunday afternoon for religious instruction given in signs, still more frequent intercourse is desirable in order to keep a hold on them, and to have them associate with fellow-Catholics. For this reason the club rooms are essential.

We hope that this move of the Superior Council of New York will be imitated by Councils all over the country, especially in the larger cities, where there must be a sufficient number of deaf mutes to warrant such a step being taken in their behalf.

The same Superior Council has lately given its powerful patronage to another special work, and one of paramount importance in New York. It is that of an association to provide free club-rooms for poor boys. The work hitherto has been entirely in the hands of Protestants, who have a network of free clubs encircling the city, and who thus gain influence over the coming men. Of course they claim to be non-sectarian, but every intelligent Catholic knows what that means. Under this specious guise of broad-mindedness and liberality they entrap the innocent and unwary. They provide for the physical and intellectual development of the lads by their gymnasiums, reading-rooms and classes, but the spiritual training is either neglected or else carried out on anti-Catholic lines. It has been a standing menace to the Church for some years.

At length steps have been taken to counteract it Half a dozen young men, members of Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, put their heads together for the purpose of founding an association,

which they fondly hope will spread over the city, and even the country. It was the grain of mustard seed which they were sowing, and some people might think them presumptuous in their expectations of its power of increase, but then they realized that this increase comes from a higher power, which, however, does not lend its aid unless "Paul plant and Apollo water." They are not prophets, but they have faith and confidence begotten of faith. Strong in this confidence, they laid a petition with a memorial before the Superior Council. They needed the moral support of the great Society of St. Vincent de Paul, as well as financial support. They did not doubt their ability to interest enough earnest people in the work, which appeals so strongly to all who know the privations of poor children, but they felt that if they had the patronage of the society that the cause was assured. Were it only a private enterprise of a few young men, the public might look askance at it, shake their heads, and say that there was no promise of its stability, and that money thus spent would be wasted. But when they could point to the adoption of their undertaking by such a representative and authoritative body of men confidence would be at once inspired.

Moreover, His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, has given his most hearty approbation. He hailed the movement with delight as the means of supplying a crying need. He immediately determined to issue a pastoral letter to recommend the work to the zeal of his clergy and promised to visit the club-rooms.

With encouragement from so high an authority in the Church, and with the support of the Superior Council of St. Vincent de Paul, the projectors of the "Catholic Boys' Association" secured a loft 90 x 20 feet on West Thirteenth Street, and on September 8 opened the doors for the entertainment of the boys. They have acted prudently in keeping down expenses, and in providing only necessary articles. A reading-room with books, magazines and papers is one of the features. Another is the gymnasium with the ordinary appliances. Before long drills will be instituted and a band formed.

Moreover, in order to train the boys to save some part of their earnings or spending money, there will be an Extra Cents' Fund established, commonly known as the Penny Provident Fund.

Such savings banks have been used to great advantage by those who frequent the various working boys' and girls' clubs, which exist in various parts of the city. The benefit of inculcating early habits of thrift cannot be overestimated. Owing to neglect in this matter hard-earned money is thrown away right and left on useless if not harmful objects.

Even before its opening, as soon as the news of the projected association was bruited, members of Conferences in three different parts of the city expressed their desire to have similar clubs for the boys of their neighborhoods. Thus is there promise of a great association having affiliated clubs in every section of the city. Animated by the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul, their patron, the young men propose to take entire charge of the running of the clubs. This requires much self-denial, as it will mean the devoting of their evenings to the work, but it is to be a labor of love and not of hirelings May it grow to the greater glory of God and the good of souls!

The following letter was sent spontaneously by the Archbishop to Mr I. E. Rider, President of the Catholic Boys' Association:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
452 Madison Ave.

NEW YORK, August 29, 1896.

MR. I. E. RIDER,

My dear Sir: As I expressed to you *viva voce*, I also repeat in writing, that I think your project of establishing "Catholic Boys' Clubs," will do great good to our young boys at the very period of their life in which assistance is most needed. Hitherto our Catholic boys, after leaving school and before attaining manhood, have been left to shift for themselves, and experience proves that a very large number of them drift into organizations in which their faith has been imperilled, and in consequence of which they themselves have become lukewarm, if not entirely neglectful, in the practice of their religion.

I hope, therefore, that God will bless your efforts, and that our clergy will see that the plan proposed is feasible and capable of being introduced into many parishes of the diocese. A little later I will send you a small contribution to encourage you in your efforts.

Meanwhile I remain, with kind regards, Very faithfully yours,

(Signed) M. A. CORRIGAN, Abp.

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

CANADA.—The League in Canada is in a most flourishing condition and shows great vitality. It is now spread through the entire Dominion and, as we have been credibly assured, comprises nearly 1,000,000 Associates. It consists of two separate Head Centres, one for the English and one for the French speaking congregations and communities—each Head Centre having its own Director, its own *Messenger* and other League prints in its own language. The Rev. Father Jones, S.J., is the Central Director and editor of the *Messenger* for the English-speaking branch, and the Rev. Father Nolin, S.J., for the French. The French Head Centres have large and flourishing Centres also in the United States, attached to the French churches, particularly in New England. The Canadian *Messengers*, English as well as French, are excellently edited, and have the great merits of being interesting, popular and cheap, and thus suited for the widest circulation. They are steadily gaining in circulation through the activity of zealous Promoters. The following items from the Dominion will be of general interest :

LONDON, ONT. — The feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was most appropriately observed in this city. In the Cathedral, Masses were celebrated at 7 and 8 o'clock, at either of which the members of the League approached the Holy Table in large numbers. In the evening, at 7:30, Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was given. His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor, occupied the throne, assisted by a number of the local clergy. Immediately before Benediction His Lordship addressed the congregation, thoroughly explaining the aims and objects of the League, which organization, he said, was a most efficacious means of promoting devotion to the Sacred Heart, being especially blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII., for that purpose. He particularly impressed upon the members the desirability of a faithful performance of the pious practices of the League; thereby, he said, they would prove themselves worthy of the title of Associates of the Sacred Heart League.

TORONTO.—On the occasion of the feast of the Sacred Heart a series of interesting and solemn celebrations was held at St. Michael's Cathedral, this city. The services began on Sunday with a meeting of the cadets of the League of the Sacred Heart in St. John's Chapel at 7:30 P. M. The cadets are becoming famous, amongst other things, for their choral singing, and enliven their meetings with some stirring hymns. On Wednesday evening a solemn *triduum* in preparation for the Feast of the Sacred Heart was opened by Father Ryan, with beads, sermon and Benediction. This *triduum* was for all, but was especially intended for the men and boys, who were to make their quarterly communion on Sunday. On Friday, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Mass was said at the beautiful altar of the Sacred Heart, and an unusually large number of women and children approached Holy Communion. All these devout communicants became fervent and zealous apostles, and the gratifying result was a splendid turn-out of the Men's League for their quarterly Communion, at the 9 o'clock Mass on Sunday. The week's services were brought to a close with solemn blessing and distribution of League Crosses and Badges on Sunday evening. The very large attendance at this closing exercise showed the deep and earnest interest the people of St Michael's take in this beautiful devotion. Rev. Dr. Treacy conducted the evening service, and Father Ryan, after a few words of explanation, blessed and distributed the Crosses and Badges. In the course of his remarks Father Ryan said, that as the Catholic Church is organized faith, organized doctrine, so her sodalities, confraternities and leagues may be said to be organized devotions. The League of the Sacred Heart is one of the largest and grandest of these organizations. Its total membership is now nearly

30,000,000. According to statistics now being collected, it will soon count 1,000,000 members in Canada alone. In this splendid showing Toronto will have no reason to be ashamed. The names on the League register of the Cathedral parish alone now run up to much more than a thousand. But this organization is not distinguished by its number but by the apostolic zeal of its members, and especially of its Promoters. That this zeal might continue to increase with increase of membership, he exhorted all to be regular in attendance at monthly meetings and faithful to their League devotions. The service closed with benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Canadian *Messenger* gives the following statistics, proof of the prosperous state of the League:

In the ecclesiastical province of Halifax: Centres, 107: names inscribed, 51,431, of which 10,518 for the 3d Degree; Promoters, 1,646; subscribers to the *Messenger*, 2,612.

In the ecclesiastical province of Montreal: Centres 208; names inscribed, 207,613, of which 48,759 for the 3d Degree; Promoters, 3,631.

UNITED STATES (GERMAN CENTRE).—One of the very best of the thirty-five *Messengers* that come to this office from various parts of the world, is that of the German Centre of the United States under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers, Cincinnati, Ohio. It combines reliable information and instruction with solid piety. It speaks volumes for the sound Catholic taste of the readers as well as for the piety and tact of its editor and contributors. A glance at the Treasury of Good Works recorded in the August number might be a revelation to many. While the number of German Associates is much smaller than that of our English-speaking Centre, we find that the aggregate number of good works performed by them for the intentions of the League is much higher than ours. Under the heading "Angelus" alone there are nearly twenty-nine and a half millions, while under the same heading we have not quite half a million. This is characteristic of that German piety, which never and nowhere neglects the *Angelus* and *Grace* before and after meals. Our Associates should take a lesson from them in this matter.

COLOMBIA.—There are at present in Colombia 200,000 Associates. Every month 13,500 *Rosary Leaflets* are distributed. *The Messenger* has 2,600 subscribers.

ISLAND OF MAURITIUS.—There are on this island 49 Centres with 274 Promoters.

AUSTRALIA.—The Australian *Messenger* issues every month 23,000 copies.

IRELAND.—The Irish *Messenger* has 61,000 numbers in monthly circulation, and 11,500 *Decade Leaflets* are distributed.

PORTUGAL.—The Central Direction of Portugal has issued a little book, important on account of the official character of the documents contained in it. It is entitled *The Portuguese Episcopate and the Apostleship of Prayer*. It opens with an approbation from the Papal Nuncio, and then follow approving letters from nineteen Archbishops and Bishops addressed to Father Benedict Rodrigues, Central Director, on occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the League in the Kingdom of Portugal. All are unanimous about the great good effected by the Apostleship, and recommend a fitting celebration of its silver Jubilee.

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

A Badge Counterfeit.

A counterfeit of the League Badge means something more serious than the injustice of infringing on our copyright of the same. Indeed, our only reason for having the design of the Badge copyrighted is to prevent cheap imitators from putting on the market a badge which, being wrong in design or material, cannot be the proper medium of the indulgences attached to the Badge when made properly. An enterprising Newark firm has attempted lately to turn the Badge into the all-absorbing button. Along with the samples they are sending about is a letter from the Ordinary of the diocese, approving not their counterfeit of the League Badge, but their object in spreading pious emblems. Of course, this general approbation is taken for an approbation of their counterfeit. Now, the Brief granting the Indulgence to Associates for wearing the proper Badge determines both design and material, and celluloid is not the material. To print *100 days' Indulgence* on improper material is to publish a spurious Indulgence. To issue such a button to all sorts of customers, whether League Associates or not, is also wrong, since the Indulgence it announces is for League Associates only. We trust our Directors will denounce this fraud. There is plenty of room for honest trade in pious emblems without resorting to illegitimate methods.

An Abuse of Charity.

There is another abuse that our Local Directors may not know of, though our Associates know it very well. We refer to the constant appeals that are being made to individual Associates for building chapels and shrines to the Sacred Heart. A circular is drawn up, some sort of affiliation is promised with an association organized for the purpose, frequently without the consent of proper authorities, then a League Badge or other print is enclosed in the envelope, and all this is addressed with a plea in behalf of the Sacred Heart for money to aid in the enterprise. This is not fair. Many a Local Director finds it hard enough to meet the running expenses of the League and would never hope to have even a modest shrine of his own. Why not let charity begin at home in this as in every other case? These circulars would do a good work if they would suggest well disposed receivers to consider that a chapel, a shrine or something in honor of the Sacred Heart would be more desirable in their own Centres.

Providence *vs.* A Dilemma.

But for some experience in recording the answers of Providence to the prayers of our Associates, we should be in a queer dilemma when we are asked one day to pray for one party and the next day for the other party interested in the present Presidential campaign. Both petitioners are, of course, sincere, and both are doing the very best thing in looking more to Providence for a solution of the question than to human ingenuity or eloquence. Meantime, we recommend both intentions, taking for granted that both applicants ask for prayers, not so much for their individual benefit as for the common good, and that both recognize how Providence can bring about prosperity even in spite of human measures and legislation which they deem wrong or inadequate to our present needs.

Our Colleges and Convents.

College and convent catalogues usually tell what ought to be, or at least what is aimed at, if not what has actually been achieved. The course of studies may not always, for lack of means and teachers, be in accord with the prospectus, but the rules are generally kept as they are set down. In fact, most Catholic schools of every grade publish rules of conduct more as a matter of form than as a ground of appeal when pupils misbehave. The spirit is everything in our schools; the letter very little. As a general thing the devotions, pious societies, retreats and other means of preserving a good Christian spirit among our students are abundantly employed in our colleges.

One catalogue publishes its Apostleship of Study régime and regulations. The League Director of the institution assures us that it created a new spirit among the boys. Similar testimony comes from other sources where less publicity is given to what happens during the scholastic year. The beginning of the year is the proper time for inaugurating the Apostleship of Study and the catalogue mention of its officers and of the members who merit decorations is a great incentive to study and good conduct.

Newspapers *vs.* Truth.

Truth is not extensive enough for our large Sunday newspapers, and so they must resort to falsehood. To provide novelties the reporters must invent, and it were well if the reporters only were to blame. It would seem that those who purchase not only their talent, but their morality also, are still more to blame. The Sunday newspaper is becoming the greatest enemy of a Christian Sunday. One would think that, "Keep holy the Sabbath" means at least to avoid crime on that day above all others; but that seems to be the very day chosen by the large Sunday papers to break the eighth commandment. An instance in point is the publication of a letter to the editor-in-chief of one of these sheets, signed by the Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, who had never addressed or signed such a letter, and who had never even given the information contained in that letter to a reporter of the *Journal*, for this was the paper that resorted to such a means of filling up three or four of its 400 or more columns.

Promoters in Vacation.

Promoters should be Promoters everywhere, even when they cut away, as in vacation time, from the regularity and routine of a well managed Local Council. The October *Pilgrim* will contain an account of what some League Promoters effected at the Summer School during the successful season just closed. No doubt much of their zeal was due to the example and energy of the devoted President of the School, who is also an excellent League Director, and who enters with his whole heart into everything he undertakes. It speaks well for the Summer School, though it does not need this recommendation of its true Catholic spirit, that from the very start its members have manifested this devotion to the Sacred Heart.

The Summer School.

"A good programme," "good attendance," "more and more homelike," "more and more serious," "the lecturers more and more interested," are some of the comments a non-attendant hears of the last session. While none of these may fully indicate all that might be said in favor of the School, it is most gratifying to hear not one adverse comment on it. It is a very good sign that the lecturers seem to keep up their interest in the work and appear regularly from year to year. They are the best judges of the seriousness of their hearers, and they are not men to persist in offering instruction that is not well received. It would be interesting to have some statistics of the results of the Summer School during the other seasons, for such results are, to the writer's knowledge, very great, in acquaintanceships formed, in the Reading Circles and other societies started, in correspondence entered upon, and in the incentives given to individual study and research.

A Work of Prayer.

The chief illustrated pieces in this number of the MESSENGER record an advance in the work of prayer that should rejoice the heart of every Associate. Father Jogues and René Goupil were martyrs to their spirit of prayer; Catharine Tegakwita lived in prayer, at least from her baptism until her death. What the early missionaries in Canada and our country taught, their Indian neophytes were quick to comprehend. In fact, they call our religion "the Prayer." Those who were fortunate enough to witness the vast numbers who assembled in pilgrimage at the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs, will not easily forget the piety and devotion manifested. Auriesville has fortunately become a centre of prayer. This is one of the fruits of the blood of the martyrs on that sacred site. Their blood is the seed of perfection in Christian life as well as of conversions to the faith. The piety displayed at Auriesville is one of the many proofs that their blood was shed for religion.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 168,957.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.—"An old lady, sick for six years, was said to be dying from the pain in her side. A Badge was applied to the painful spot; the pain left in five hours and her health was restored. It can be attributed to the Sacred Heart only, as medical skill failed to effect even a relief."

"I sprained my ankle and suffered intensely. The remedies applied had no effect. I pinned the League Badge to the bandage and my mother and I recited the rosary. Before we had finished the pain lessened and I soon fell asleep. I awoke in the morning perfectly cured except for a slight weakness in the ankle, which, however, disappeared as soon as I had asked a priest to say a Mass of thanksgiving."

"An Associate had been ill for two years, and from August a year ago until the first of May, she, her family, and friends waited almost from hour to hour for her death. In all her suffering she never lost confidence in the Sacred Heart. The Nine Fridays were promised for her, commencing in May, during which month special prayers were offered to our Lady. In less than a month's time she showed marked signs of improvement and on the feast of the Assumption attended Mass for the first time since a year last December."

Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a favor granted through the intercession of Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., when all human means had failed. Publication was promised.

Great relief was obtained in a case of supposed cancer by applying the Promoter's Cross and making a novena in honor of Father Isaac Jogues.

A religious returns thanks for her cure of appendicitis. The attending physicians thought a surgical operation necessary or death would result in a few days. A novena to the Sacred Heart was begun and on the second day, which was Corpus Christi, the patient felt herself cured.

A young man had been ill during several weeks with a complication of three diseases, each of which is usually fatal. He was growing rapidly worse and his death was feared. A novena was begun and publication promised. He began to recover on the very first day of the novena and is convalescent.

A woman had been suffering with acute rheumatism for the past eight months. It was so bad in her left knee that the pain of going up and down stairs was almost unbearable. She could not kneel at all. Remedies were tried in vain. Her daughters, members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, were making a public novena, so the mother joined. Towards the end she began to feel better and, on the last day, she determined to go to Mass, although it was very wet. She went, and when about to kneel in her usual and awkward way without bending the affected knee, she found that she was entirely cured, and is now as active as ever, although a cripple a few days before.

A little girl, ten years old, was lost for three nights and two days in woods infested with wolves and bears. One of the nights was very cold. The whole

town turned out to look for her, about 300 men at one time being in the search. No one expected to find her alive. Her parents were in despair. They had recourse to the Sacred Heart and begged the intercession of St. Anthony and the Holy Souls. At length the child was found alive and well, having lived on wild berries. At her return the church bells rang, and on the following Sunday a thanksgiving service was held.

Spiritual Favors: — Dispelling of gloomy thoughts and doubts; the baptism of four children whose parents are infidels; unexpected removal of obstacles to a young man's religious vocation; grace to receive the last sacraments by one who had heart disease; grace of a religious vocation, and many others.

Return to religious duties:—Of a person in delicate health and in danger of death at any time, after an absence of many years; of a person after six years; of one long careless who was reconciled on her deathbed; of a man after three years of neglect; of a father after several years; of a brother after a number of years; of a man after an absence of nineteen years; of another after a great many years, and others not specified.

Favors through the Badge and Cross:— Cure of a severe case of neuralgia; instant cessation of spasms in a child; relief from a sprain; also from a toothache, from a pain in the side; cure of a scalp disease; speedy stopping of a severe pain; cessation of a swelling in the hand caused by the bite of a poisonous insect; relief in an hour from exterior poisoning; a cure of grippe; a cure of double pneumonia; a man, thought to be dying of pneumonia and prepared for death, rallied when the Cross was put on him; relief from neuralgic pains; cure of two sick children and a mother; a very successful surgical operation, the patient not having an abnormal temperature two hours afterward, much to the surprise of the physician, a novena was made and Holy Communion received; instant cure of a child delirious with fever and sore throat; immediate relief from severe earache; preservation of children from scarlet fever, though exposed to it; a little baby was wasting away from want of sleep, a Cross was placed on her and she at once fell asleep and is now steadily improving in health, and many other favors.

Various Favors: — Several successful examinations; the obtaining of teacher's certificates by several persons; news from a brother who not been heard of since he left the army thirty years ago, the intention had been recommended and publication promised; means for one out of health to take a much needed sea voyage; custody of an orphan child by its grandmother; satisfactory arrangement of a matter which threatened to entail a great loss; reconciliation between a husband and wife; and many other temporal favors.

Relief and Cures:—Cure of the eye of a religious who had been obliged for some years to wear spectacles on account of a strained nerve; another religious whose larynx was incurably diseased, according to the doctors, recovered her voice which had been inaudible; several successful surgical operations; recovery from an abscess without a threatened operation, it began immediately after promising publication and a Mass; restoration to health of one who was at the point of death and had received the last sacraments; an entire cure of heart failure after a novena through Blessed Margaret Mary, a Mass and promise of publication; cure of a person of a disease pronounced incurable by the physicians consulted; recovery of use of a crippled limb; cure of what seemed to be a cancer on the face by the use of water of Lourdes; safety of a mother and child; relief of a nurse from headache, deafness and failing memory; unexpected recovery of two very sick persons; restoration to health of a child in a decline; recovery of a person from an almost hopeless case of blood-poisoning; cure of a sister who had been ailing for three years and of whose recovery the doctors gave little hope; a religious threatened with consumption was cured; and many other cures.

Preservation:—Of a young man who fell forty feet and broke his leg in two places, but is doing nicely and will not be lame; from spread of a contagious disease; removal of an annoyance that threatened serious evil to a convent school; the saving of a mother from a dreadful affliction; preservation during several frightful storms; wonderful escape from injury in a serious accident.

Employment and Means:—Relief in pressing financial necessity; means to pay urgent debts; many situations obtained and other favors.

BOOK·NOTICES·

THE TRUTH OF THOUGHT, or Material Logic. A Short Treatise on Initial Philosophy, the groundwork necessary for the consistent pursuit of knowledge. By William Poland, Professor of Rational Philosophy in St. Louis University. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co., 1896. 12mo. Pages 208.

This volume is the second of a series that opened last year with the "Laws of Thought," or Formal Logic. While the first volume treated of the laws by which we arrive at or establish truth, this treatise inquires into the existence and nature of truth and evidence. It answers the question, whether things or objects in the order of nature exist, corresponding to our thought or knowledge of them. After devoting two chapters to preliminary questions, the author gives a brief but comprehensive sketch of the various errors of the different schools of sensists, skeptics, idealists, transcendalists and positivists, as represented by Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Berkely, Descartes, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel and Comte. Then proceeding from the universal fact of consciousness, he establishes the indubitable evidence of self and non-self as implied in the very act of self-consciousness. Scepticism, the nature of truth, certitude, the external senses, imagination, intellect, error, the criterion of evidence, and human testimony are treated in as many chapters.

In pursuing this method, the author deviates considerably from the beaten track, and, we think, much to the advantage of the student, inasmuch as he follows the natural order of cognition, first establishing the fact of truth, certainty and evidence, before entering upon a discussion of their nature. The book commends itself by soundness of principles, order, lucidity, brevity and comparative thoroughness. The author shows a full command of his subject and of the manifold resources needful to bring abstruse thought home to the student. His illustrations are numerous and apt, and we believe that he has been more successful than any of his predecessors in making pure English the vehicle of true philosophic thought. The work will be an invaluable aid, not only to the college student, but also to the many educated men and women who in our times are eager to acquire some knowledge of true philosophy. We shall look with interest for the continuation of this promising series of philosophic textbooks. We cordially recommend them to the attention of such of our readers as are eager for self-improvement.

THE SAINTS OF MOUNT CARMEL. The Proper Offices of the Saints granted to the Barefooted Carmelites. Translated from the Latin for the Carmelites of Boston.

This handsome volume will be of special interest to the many friends of the Order of Mount Carmel in Boston and elsewhere. It will be at the same time a sweet remembrance and a practical guide to devotion to the great saints of this great Order. The book has been revised by the Rev. Abbé Hogan, S.S., and bears the *imprimatur* of Most Rev. Archbishop Williams of Boston. We hope that it will find large circulation, and that it will do much to promote devotion to the saints. The book may be had on application to the Convent of Mount Carmel, Boston.

THE END OF CONTROVERSY. By Bishop Milner. A new edition by the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 484. Price 1s.

Of this book it is said that for many years after its publication it made more converts than all other controversial literature taken together. It has lost nothing of its timeliness. Nay, it is written on the very same lines as the latest encyclical of Leo XIII. on the unity of the Church. It is the work of a learned and apostolic prelate and a vigorous writer, and though written nearly a century ago,

deserves to remain one of our standard controversial works. The author's candor, directness and invincible logic are refreshing. Withal he never fails to be dignified and respectful. These are precisely the qualities which the controversialist needs, and which Protestants expect of the exponent of Catholic truth.

In this new edition the references have been carefully verified by the learned and painstaking editor. The book is beautifully printed in fine large type on excellent paper, and, like all the prints of the C. T. S., is remarkably cheap. It should be spread by the thousand.

THE SEE OF PETER. The Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Centre of Unity. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. Fourth edition. London: Catholic Truth Society. 12mo. Pages 182. Price 1s.

This volume is an important addition to the literature of the reunion of Christendom. It is the author's valedictory to the Anglican Church fifty years ago, and is now republished at the request of Leo XIII., to whom it is also dedicated by the author. We wish it the wide circulation it deserves. It is just as timely as the day it was first issued.

"MEG." The story of an ignorant little girl. By Gilbert Guest. Omaha: Western Chronicle Co. 16mo. Pages 108.

This is a stirring little story which will be eagerly devoured by the little ones. It has a healthy moral tone which will not fail of its effect.

FIRST COMMUNION. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 495.

This volume is the ninety-fourth of the *Quarterly Series* edited by the English Fathers of the Society of Jesus. It will prove of great service to the catechist, especially to him who has the delicate task of preparing children for First Communion. We have no doubt that the children themselves, with a little coaxing and coaching, will also read it with much interest and profit. It is attractive as it is instructive. It is copiously and tastefully illustrated, and elegantly gotten up.

LITTLE COMRADES. A First Communion story. By Mary T. Waggaman. Philadelphia: Kilner & Co. 16mo. Pages 208.

This is a real boys' story, written for boys by one who has a true estimate of boy nature—not only from a mother's instinct, but also from the intuition of a well trained literary mind. Several copies of it should be in every Sunday-school library. It should find its way into every family with growing up boys, who are pretty sure to take to it. The girls, of course, will devour it.

OUTLINES OF CHURCH HISTORY. For Schools, Colleges and Seminaries. By Rev. H. Vedewer, D.D. Translated and supplemented by Rev. John Klute. Cleveland, Ohio: Catholic Universe Publishing Company. 16mo. Pages 247.

This is an excellent little compendium of Church history. Its outlines are clear and definite; and the matter is well chosen and sorted. It is much to be regretted that the publishers have not given it a more attractive form. Paper, printing, cuts, and general make-up are of very inferior quality. For the credit of Catholic literature, we think, such book-making should not be tolerated. There is no excuse for it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. By Rev. James L. Meagher. New York: Christian Press Association. 1896.

OUR SEMINARIES. By Rev. John Talbot Smith. New York: W. H. Young and Company. 1896. 12mo. Pages 327. Price $1.00.

PRAYERS FOR THE PEOPLE. By Rev. Francis David Byrne. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896.

JEWELS OF THE IMITATION. A selection of passages with a little commentary. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE CATHOLIC SICK ROOM. By James F. Splaine (price 2d.); THE CORONATION OATH, by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. (price 2d.); FOLK-LORE EX CATHEDRA, being an examination of Mr. Edward Clodd's presidential address to the Folk-lore Society, 1896 (price 1d.); THOUGHTS FOR THE SICK ROOM (price 1d.); ROBERT GROSSETESTE, BISHOP OF LINCOLN, by Mgr. W. Croke Robinson (price 2d.); ALL DAY LONG: Ejaculations and Prayers in Verse, by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

PROMOTERS·RECEPTIONS·

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (July 20 to August 20, 1896)

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Diplomas and Crosses.
Albany	Schenectady, N. Y.	St. John's Church	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill	St. Elizabeth's "	9
"	" "	St. Mary's "	1
"	" "	St. Vincent's, (C.M.) "	9
Cleveland	Cleveland, Ohio	St. John's Cathedral	12
Detroit	Monroe, Mich.	St Mary's Academy	1
Dubuque	Dubuque Co., Iowa	St. Joseph's Church	1
Erie	Kane, Pa.	St. Callistus' "	6
Fort Wayne	Lafayette, Ind.	St. Mary's "	1
Galveston	Austin	Immaculate Conception (C.S.C.) "	2
"	Houston, Tex.	St. Patrick's "	4
Grand Rapids	Grand Rapids, Mich.	St. Andrew's Cathedral	8
Green Bay	Sagole, Wis.	St. Nicholas' Church	11
"	Steven's Point, Wis.	St. Stephen's "	3
La Crosse	Manston, Wis.	St. Patrick's "	13
Louisville	New Hope, Ky.	St. Vincent de Paul's "	3
Marquette	Saint Ignace, Mich.	St. Ignatius Loyola's "	5
"	Houghton, Mich.	" " "	20
Milwaukee	Shullsbury, Wis.	St. Mathew's "	4
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	St. Vincent de Paul's "	1
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Lawrence (S.J.) "	5
"	" "	St. Columba's "	2
"	Westchester, N. Y.	St. Joseph's Institute	4
"	New York, N. Y.	St. Ann's Church	1
"	Roudout N. Y.	St. Mary's "	2
Omaha	Gretna, Neb.	St. Patrick's "	2
"	Alliance, Neb	Holy Rosary "	4
Oregon City	St. Paul, Ore.	St. Paul's "	2
"	" "	St Paul's Academy	2
Philadelphia	Falls of Schuylkill, Pa	St. Brigid's Church	5
Providence	Elmhurst, R. I.	Sacred Heart Convent	4
St. Augustine	Fernandina, Fla.	St. Michael's Church	1
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal.	Sacred Heart Presentation Convent	2
"	Alameda, Cal.	St. Joseph's Church	2
"	San Francisco, Cal.	St. Peter's "	3
Sioux Falls	Mitchell, So Dak.	Holy Family "	12
Syracuse	Binghamton, N. Y.	St Mary's Home	1
Trenton	East Camden N. J.	St Joseph's Church	1
Wheeling	Kingsville, W. Va.	St. Vincent's "	7

Total number of Receptions, 39. Total of Diplomas issued, 177.

Treasury of Good Works.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Angelus	496,951	11. Masses heard	204,746
2. Beads	371,882	12. Mortifications	119,509
3. Stations of the Cross	41,679	13. Works of Mercy	59,350
4. Holy Communions	107,928	14. Works of Zeal	50,272
5. Spiritual Communions	244,577	15. Prayers	2,260,674
6. Examens of Conscience	187,434	16. Charitable Conversation	60,218
7. Hours of Labor	681,463	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	69,899
8. Hours of Silence	185,351	18. Self-conquest	161,830
9. Pious Reading	82,524	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	267,871
10. Masses Celebrated	5,413	20. Various Good Works	149,522

Special Thanksgivings, 1,176; Total, 5,810,269.

For Recent Aggregations, see page 880.

LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from July 20 to August 20, 1896, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Mobile, 27, GO.

ARIZONA.

Phoenix, 8.

ARKANSAS.

Brinkley, 18.
Helena, 12.
Little Rock, 29.
Pine Bluff, 17.
Pocahontas, 18.

CALIFORNIA.

Almeda, 20, 14.
Eastland, 12.
Eureka, 30, 10, 15.
Los Angeles, 30.
Marysville, 16.
Menlo Park, 24.
Oakland, 5.
Petaluma, 15.
Riverside, 28.
San Francisco, 20, 1 GO., 3, 11, 13, 14 15, 16 GO.
San Bernardino, 20.
San Jose, 13, GO. 15.
San Mateo, 29.
Shorb, 27.
Santa Barbara, 6.
Santa Clara, 21, 13.
Woodland, 6.

COLORADO.

Denver, 28, 17.
Durango, 24.
Los Animas, 31.
Pueblo, 17.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 14.
Baltic, 22, GO. 19.
Bethel, 23.
Bridgeport, 20, 7.
Derby, 19.
Hartford, 20, GO. 23, 29, 15, 18 GO.
Meriden, 21.
Middletown, 21.
New Haven, 31.
New London, 18.
Norwalk, 19.
Portland, 18.
Rainbow, 17.
Ridgefield, 19.
Thomaston 9.
Thompsonville, 7.
Waterbury, 31, 11.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 20, 29.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29, 31, 3, 6, 11, 17, 19.

FLORIDA.

Armstrong, 4.
Fernandina, 18.
Jacksonville, 20, 7.
Key West, 5, 15.
Palatka, 13.
Saint Augustine, 7.
Saint Leo, 3.
Tampa, 12.

GEORGIA.

Augusta, 11.
Fairmount, 4.
Macon, 29, GO. 6.
Savannah, 20, 19.

IDAHO.

Boise City, 22.

ILLINOIS.

Alton, 16.
Aurora, 17.
Beardstown, 28.
Belleville, 17.
Cairo. 17.
Carlyle, 27, 15.
Charleston, 18.
Chester, 18.
Chicago, 20, 21, 24, 28, 6, GO 8, 11, 17, 18.
Decatur, 17.
East Saint Louis, 22, 12.
Effingham, 7.
Farmersville. 30.
Feelianville, 29.
Freeport, 9.
Joliet, 7, 18.
Ladd, 22, 18.
Litchfield, 29.
Lostant, 29.
Mattoon, 1.
Mendota, 18.
Mount Sterling, 27, 31.
Ottawa, 31, 18.
Pana, 29.
Peoria, 20, 30. 19.
Prairie Du Chien, 17.
Sainte Mary's, 19.
Shelbyville, 17.
Springfield, 31, 13.
Streator, 28.
Taylorville, 16.
Wenona, 17.

INDIANA.

Anderson, 25.
Huntington, 4.
Indianapolis, 20, 21.
Lafayette, 13.
Logootee, 17.
Notre Dame, 28.
Saint Mary's, 22.
Seymour, 18.
Terre Haute. 5, 17.
Valparaiso, 20, GO. 15, GO. 1.
Vincennes, 16.
Whitfield, 28, 31.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Krebs, 23, 15.

IOWA.

Barnum, 4.
Burlington, 17.
Carroll, 13, GO.
Cedar Mines, 25.
Cedar Rapids, 25, 3.
Council Bluffs, 28.
Davenport, 13.
Des Moines 3.
Dubuque, 22, 30, 17, 18.
Iowa City, 28.
Keokuk, 18.
Lawler, 30, 18.
Lyons, 20, 19.
New Hampton, 12.
Storm Lake, 12.
Tama, 28.
Vinton, 29.
Waukon, 17.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 11.
Atchison, 5.
Burlington, 24.
Hayes, 9.
Kiowa, 16.
Leavenworth, 17.
Olathe, 16
Osawatomie, 31.
Paola, 8.
Saint Mary's, 17.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green, 16.
Calvary 17.
Covington, 11.
Fancy Farm, 13.
Frankfort, 10.
Knottsville, 17.
Lebanon, 14.
Lexington, 16.
Loretto, 28.
Louisville, 27, 28, 29, 13, 18.
Maysville, 15.
Morgantown. 16.
Mount Olivet 23.
Nazareth, 27.
Newport, 28, 18, 19.
Saint John, 20.
Springfield, 21, 18.

LOUISIANA.

Baton Rouge, 27.
Church Point, 27.
Cottonport, 12.
Grand Coteau, 15, 17.
Marksville, 19.
Monroe, 16.
New Orleans, 27, 31, 8, 13, 17, 18, GO.
Pineville, 30.
Shreveport, 17.

MAINE.

Calais, 13, GO.
Kennebunkport, 17.
Oldtown, 23.
Portland, 27.
South Brewer, 19.

MARYLAND.

Ammendale, 1.
Baltimore, 20, 24, 28, 30, 6, 14, GO. 15, 17, 18.
Buckeystown, 15.
Cecilton, 19.
Chesterfield, 18.
Cumberland, 18.
Forest Hill, 30.
Frederick, 28, 7, 17.
Hagerston, 25.
Ingleside, 17.
Leonardstown, 17.
Libertytown, 19.
Milestown, 29.
Mount Saint Mary's, 22, 16.
Oxen Hill, 17.
Pomfret, 25, 18.
Rutland, 25.
Valley Lee, 12.
Woodstock, 22, GO. 30, GO.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, 17, 18.
Beverly, 6.
Boston, 20, GO. 21, 29, 31, 3, 5. 6, 7, 8, 9 10, 14, 17, 19, GO.
Brockton, 10.
Cheshire, 17.
Cohasset, 30.
Everett, 18.
Fall River, 18, 19.
Fitchburg, 20.
Holyoke, 28, 30, 18.
Hopkinton, 18.
Hudson, 31.
Hyannis 19.
Ipswich, 20.
Lawrence, 29.
Lowell, 7, 10.
Malden, 30.
Mansfield, 17.
Newburyport, 11.
North Adams, 10.
North Brookfield, 16, 19.
North Chelmsford, 20, 19.
Norwood, 19.
Ostenville, 28.
Quincy, 13.
Roxbury, 27.
Salem, 14, 19.
Southbridge, 24.
Springfield, 29, 8.
Waltham, 17.
Westfield, 20, 21.
Winchester 16.
Worcester, 25, 4, 8.

MICHIGAN.

Battle Creek, 18.
Beacon, 23.
Detroit, 20, 16.
Dollar Bay, 27.
Grand Rapids, 8.
Grosse Ponte, 15.
Ishpeming, 7.
L'Anse, 22 18.
Lexington, 25.
Ludington, 30, 17.
Manistique, 22, 1.
Marquette, 18.
Mount Pleasant, 10.
Newport, 18.
Parnell, 25.
Petoskey, 17.
Pontiac, 20.
Provemont, 8.
Wyandotte, 25.

MINNESOTA.

Carrollsville, 20, 15, 19.
Collegeville, 20, GO. 25.
Duluth, 31, 7, 18.
Faribault, 24.
Graceville, 18.
Kilkenny, 28.
Minneapolis, 27, 16, GO. 17.
Pine Island, 20.
Red Wing, 17.
Rochester, 25.
St. Paul, 25, 27, 29, 31, 3, 4.
Springfield, 18.
West Duluth, 5.
White Bear Lake, 18.
Winona, 15.

MISSISSIPPI.

Holly Springs, 4.
Muldon, 16.
Sulphur Springs, 11.
Water Valley, 6.
Yazoo City, 7.

MISSOURI.

Arcadia, 18.
Farmington, 17.
Florisant, 25, 18.
Harlem, 21.
Hannibal, 11.
Independence, 17.
Joplin, 22.
Kansas City, 23, 25.
Moberly, 27, 19.
Norborne 25, 10.
Normandy, 20, 23.
Saint Charles, 18.
Saint Joseph, 24, 28.
St. Louis, 21, 22, GO. 25, 9 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17.
Saint Paul, 18.
Springfield, 14.
Ste. Genevieve, 21.

MONTANA.

Fort Benton, 27.
Jocko, 20, GO.
Kipp, 21.
Saint Peters, 22.

NEBRASKA.

Alliance, 26, 16.
Hastings, 23.
Lincoln, 18.
Minden, 29.
Ogallala, 27.
Omaha, 21, 17.
Rulo, 16.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Falls, 10.
Greenville, 21.
Keene, 17.
Manchester, 12, 18.
Salmon Falls, 28.

NEW JERSEY.

Asbury Park, 20.
Atlantic City, 20, 27, 28. GO 18, 19, GO.
Atlantic Highlands, 20, 18.
Beverley, 20.
Bordentown, 18.
Burlington, 30.
Convent Station, 19.
East Orange, 29.
Echo Lake, 20.
Hoboken, 20, 8.
Jersey City, 23, 24, 31, 19.
Millburn, 11.
Morristown, 25.
Newark, 20, 21, 22, GO. 27, 30 31, GO.
New Brunswick, 6.
Paterson, 20, 19.
Pleasantville, 31.
Raritan, 27.
Red Bank, 5.
Rutherford 14.
Somerville, 18.
Summit, 18.
Trenton, 20, 6.
Union Hill, 19.
Woodbury, 17, GO.

NEW MEXICO.

East Las Vegas, 20.
San Miguel, 9.
Santa Fé, 20.

NEW YORK.

Albany, 24 31, 16, 18.
Amsterdam, 30.
Andover, 18.
Auriesville, 19.
Averill Park, 1.
Binghamton, 29, 18.
Brewster, 8.
Brooklyn, 20, 22, GO. 29, 30, 3, 5, 7, 12, 14, 15, GO. 16, GO. 17, 18, GO. 19, GO.
Buffalo 19.
Camden, 20. GO.
Canadaniqua, 18.
Cape Vincent, 28.
Cazenovia, 20, 17.
Clayton, 14.
Cohoes, 30, 17.
Cold Spring, 25.
Dunkirk, 30 19.
East Java, 22.
East Quogue, 13.
Elmira, 25, GO. 17.
Fairport, 23
Far Rockaway, 22, 19.
Flushing, 5.
Galway, 18.
Granville, 27.
Greenport, 21.
Haverstraw, 29.
Horse Heads, 18, GO.
Hudson, 16.
Huntington, 20, 17.
Ilion 31.
Jamaica, 20.
Jamestown, 6.
Johnstown, 10.
Keeseville, 18.
Kingston, 20, 22.
Little Falls, 18.
Lockport, 15.
Long Eddy, 24
Long Island City, 30.
Mamaroneck, 21.
Monticello, 17.
Mount Kisco, 30.
Nannet, 24.
Newburgh, 21, 22, 19.
New Rochelle, 30.
New York, 20, GO. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, GO. 28, GO. 29, 30, 17, GO. 18, GO., 19 GO.
Niagara Falls, 10.
Nyack 30.

NEW YORK (con'd.)

Ogdensburg, 22.
Oswego, 20, 27, 31, 18, 19.
Oyster Bay, 22.
Patchogue, 19.
Peekskill, 22, 18.
Philmont, 31.
Plattsburg, 18.
Port Chester, 15.
Poughkeepsie, 21, 7.
Rhelms, 28.
Rhinebeck, 28.
Rochester, 28, 10, 15, 17, 18, 19.
Rosebank, 19.
Sag Harbor, 21.
Seacliff 16.
Syracuse, 16.
Thomaston, 19.
Troy, 20, 21, 30, 19.
Utica, 30, 17.
Waddington 20.
Wappinger's Falls, 21.
Watertown, 28.
Waverly, 22, 17.
West Troy, 21.
Whitehall, 27.
Yonkers, 18.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Asheville, 28.
Charlotte, 17.
Raleigh, 19.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Bismark, 30, 9.
Elbow Woods, 24.
Fargo. 23.
Jamestown, 20.
Wheatland, 19.

OKLAHOMA TER.

Guthrie, 11.

OHIO.

Alliance, 20.
Bellefontaine, 13.
Canton, 28, 31, 16.
Carey, 12
Carthage, 24, 7, 17.
Chillicothe, 30.
Cincinnati, 27, 28, 9, 17.
Circleville, 18.
Cleveland, 22, 29, 30, 1, 6, 8, 11, 13, 18.
Columbus, 5.
Dayton, 28, 29, 18.
Dennisen 22.
Dungannon, 27.
East Liverpool, 27.
Edgerton, 9.
Elyria, 17.
Fairport Harbor, 17.
Fremont, 11.
Gallipolis, 8.
Gibsonburg, 28.
Greenville 10.
Kensington, 18.
Kenton, 10.
Lebanon, 27, GO.
Leetonia, 14.
Lima, 3.
Louisville, 31, 17.
Marietta, 18.
Mount Vernon, 27, 18.
Nelsonville, 11.
New Albany, 17.
Newport, 22.
Nottingham, 7.
Portsmouth, 18.
Reading, 19.
Salineville, 25, 15.
Shawnee, 18.
Shepard, 28.
Tiffin 17.
Toledo, 28, GO. 17, 19.
Troy, 18.
Youngstown, 28, GO. 18.
Zanesville, 17.

OREGON.

Baker City, 15.
Gervais, 27.
Mount Angel, 22, 25, GO.
Portland, 18.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Altoona, 18.
Ashland, 20.
Bayfield, 1.
Beatty, 29.
Bedford, 1.
Bristol, 5.
Brookville, 18, 19.
Butler, 23.
Chester Springs, 12.
Clarion, 21, 31, 17.
Clearfield, 19.
Coylesville, 17.
Derry Station, 17.
Doylestown, 17.
Dravosburg, 13.
Dudley, 3.
Easton, 19.
Ebensburg, 21, GO. 28, 7, 17.
Erie, 27, 6, 13.
Freeland, 18.
Freeport, 18.
Gallitzin, 31.
Glenfield, 22, 29.
Great Belt, 31.
Greenburg, 30.
Harrisburg, 15.
Hazleton, 24.
Hollidaysburg, 21, 1.
Homestead, 31.
Houtzdale, 18.
Jenkintown, 20.
Johnstown, 20, 3.
Kane, 10.
Latrobe, 23.
Littlestown, 3.
Loretto, 21, 19.
McKeesport, 21, 7, 17.
McSherrytown, 19.
Manch Chunk, 21.
Maud, 10.
Meadville, 27.
Moosic, 16.
Mount Carmel, 7.
Nesquehoning, 15.
New England, 8.
Norristown, 31.
Parker's Landing, 30.
Parsons 21 19.
Philadelphia, 20, GO. 21, 24, 25, GO. 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 1, 4 7, 8, 11, 13, 19.
Pittsburg, 24, 30, 31, 5, 7, 18, GO. 19.
Pittston, 10.
Pottsville, 30, 17.
Reading, 20, 24, 30, 31, GO
Renovo, 29, 19.
Ridgeway, 10.
Saint Clair, 30.
Saint Mary's, 26.
Scranton, 21, 27, 30, GO. 18, 19.
Shamokin, 20, 29.
Silver Creek, 22, 19.
Turtle Creek, 25.
Tyrone, 17.
West Chester, 25.
Wilkesbarre, 20, 27.
York, 21.

RHODE ISLAND.

Central Falls, 13.
East Providence, 14.
Newport, 30, 10.
Providence, 30, 1, 10, 12, 18.
Quonochontaug, 28.
Rumford, 18.
Valley Falls, 3.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
Livingston, 15.

SOUTH DAKOTA.
Alberdeen, 1.
Lead, 16.
Mitchell, 29.
Sioux Falls, 17.
Sturgis, 15, GO.
Yankton, 23.

TENNESSEE.
Franklin, 13.
Jackson, 5.
McEwen, 12.
Memphis, 29, 14, 17.
Nashville, 21, 12.

TEXAS.
Austin, 17.
Castorville, 20.
Culero, 10.
Dallas, 20.
El Paso, 17. GO.
Fort Worth, 13, GO.
Galveston, 4, 5, 14.
Houston, 9, 10.
San Antonio, 25, 7.

TEXAS (con'd.)
Texarkana, 20, 13.
Tuling, 17.
Victoria, 12.
Waco, 15.
Wylie. 8.

UTAH.
Ogden, 31.
Park City, 23, GO.
Salt Lake City, 27, 15.

VERMONT.
Burlington, 29.
Middleburg, 4.
Pittsford. 18.
Richmond, 30.
Rutland, 27.
Underhill Center, 20, 17.

VIRGINIA.
Alexandria, 3, 18.
Cape Charles, 4.
Fortress Monroe, 28.
Lexington, 18.
Lynchburg, 14.
Norfolk, 17, GO.

VIRGINIA (con'd.)
Portsmouth, 26.
Richmond, 27, GO. 13.
Roanoke, 22.
Staunton, 18.
West End, 8.

WASHINGTON.
Evanston, 16.
Everett, 28.
North Yakima, 22.
Spokane, 20, 9.
Tacoma, 25.

WEST VIRGINIA.
Grafton, 19.
Harpers Ferry, 21, GO.
Wheeling, 22, GO. 14.

WISCONSIN.
Bayfield. 29.
Chippewa Falls, 17.
Columbus, 18.
Fort Howard, 28.
Green Bay, 17.
Hollandale, 19.
Janesville, 13.

WISCONSIN (con'd.)
Kaukana, 21, GO. 12.
Kenosha, 20.
Kilbourn, 30.
Mauston, 15, GO.
Milwaukee, 24, 29, 5, 7, 18, 19.
Northport, 17.
Oconto, 1.
Oshkosh, 22.
Portage, 25.
Prairie Du Chien, 29, 2.
Racine. 5.
Shullsburg, 16.
Tomahawk, 23.
Washburn, 15.
Watertown, 10.
Wansau, 20.

CANADA.
Halifax 17.
Montreal, 6.
Victoria, 28.

FOREIGN.
Dublin, Ireland 23.
Havana, Cuba, 20.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from July 20 to August 20, 1896.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Date of Diploma.
Albany	Castleton, N. Y.	Sacred Heart	Church	Aug. 12
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Home for the Aged (Little Sisters of the Poor)		Aug. 12
Cleveland	Cleveland, Ohio	St. Joseph's	Asylum	Aug. 12
Columbus	Portsmouth, Ohio	Annunciation	Church	Aug. 12
Davenport	Parnell, Iowa	St. Joseph's	"	Aug. 12
Detroit	Owosso, Mich.	St. Paul's	"	Aug. 12
Marquette	Rockland, Mich.	St. Mary's	"	July 24
Nesqually	Ferndale, Wash.	St. Joseph's	"	July 24
"	Sumas City, Wash.	St. Ann's	"	July 24
New York	Congers, N. Y.	St. Paul's	"	Aug. 12
Ogdensburg	Plattsburg, N. Y.	Catholic Summer School of America		Aug. 7
Omaha	Alliance, Neb.	Holy Rosary	Church	Aug. 12
Syracuse	Binghamton, N. Y.	St. Mary's	Home	Aug. 12
Wheeling	Elm Grove, W. Va	St. Vincent de Paul's	Church	Aug. 12
"	Wytheville, Va.	St. Mary's	"	Aug. 12

Aggregations, 15; churches, 11; institutions, 2; school, 1.

CENTENARY OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE TYROL TO THE SACRED HEART

THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. NOVEMBER, 1896. NO. 11.

O BLESSED QUEEN.

(*Rondeau.*)

By F. J. McNiff, S.J.

O BLESSED Queen, thy praises crowd
Upon me, and my head is bowed
In grief; for that I cannot sing
Some little hymn for thee, nor bring
My lips to speak my love aloud.

Is it my thoughts, o'erweening proud,
That so my vision overcloud
And make me such a poor, dumb thing,
O blessed Queen?

Lady, with fullest grace endowed,
Whom pity and sweet love enshroud,
Teach me to hymn thee, fair Day-spring
Of song; my cold, slow lips sacring—
Thou clothed in beauty, O star-browed,
O blessed Queen!

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BUDDHISM AND LAMAISM.

(*Concluded.*)

By Rev. C. Bouckhorst, S.J.

III.

IT may be supposed that devotions take up a considerable portion of the Lama's time. Still there are the services in the temple at regular intervals during the day consisting in offerings to the gods, recital of hymns, and noisy music of cymbals, drums and flutes. Home devotions comprise meditation, practice of eccentric austerities, and magic rites that are supposed to give miraculous powers and a short cut to Nirvana, chanting of mantras, preparation of sacred food, of incense, wine oblations, etc.

Besides this, a Lama is often called upon by the laity to watch omens, to practise diverse modes of divinations, to distribute talismans, to assist at the ceremony of the planting of luck-flags, to exorcise disease-producing demons and, finally, on the occasion of deaths to "extract" the soul in the proper manner and to give it directions to find its way to the Western Paradise and take precautions to secure it a good rebirth.

The next important feature of a Buddhist village, in these parts, is the temple in which the Lama so often executes his pious pranks. As we can here, more than anywhere else, learn the true character of his religion, we shall dwell at some length on the description of both the exterior and interior. We have had several opportunities of visiting Sikkim temples. All are built, decorated and furnished in the same way. The temple called Lha-Khang, or god's house, occupies an isolated spot surrounded by prayer-flags. It is a heavy, ungainly building, with a square base, tapering structure of whitewashed stone walls, with a huge projecting, almost flat roof, thatched with bamboo.

Civilization has of late introduced corrugated iron roofs at the expense of the scanty element of beauty of the temple, namely unity. The roof is surrounded by a small bell-shaped dome of gilt copper, emblematic of victory and good luck. There are usually two stories: the lower being the temple proper; the upper being a meeting room, or academy, or even a dwelling place as far as we could make out. Two square openings in each side wall provided with wooden bars serve the purpose of windows to light the lower flat. The upper flat has three balconies, the framework of which is rudely carved and painted in many colors after Oriental fashion. In niches along the base of the front are inserted rows of prayer-barrels which are turned by the devotees sweeping their hand over them as they proceed.

These barrels remind me of an incident that roused the vindictiveness of two Lamas. Both were about to enter the temple, when the one in front stretching out his hand set six cylinders spinning. His companion who had likely some grudge against him, took a start and with a violent movement of the hand caused the prayer machines to go off in the opposite direction. He obviously intended to destroy the merits of his fellow Lama. The latter, on noticing the deed, gnashed his teeth with rage and fell on his enemy. Had not a European gentleman been on the scene of action who knows what might have been the issue? As it was, a flood of vile abuse put an end to the incident.

The main entrance, reached by a short flight of steps, introduces the visitor into the vestibule. All around some rather quaint objects strike his view. The ceil-

ing is decorated with a painted canvas made to represent a gigantic twisting yellow dragon with blue fruits in its claws. This reminds one of the Chinese coat-of-arms, and the other paintings and frescoes have something in common with the pigtail style. The gateway is guarded by several fiendish figures of local demons. Confronting the visitor in the vestibule are four colossal pictures (frescoes) of the "Kings of the Quarters," who guard the universe against the demons. They are clad in full armor, of defiant mien and seated on foaming chargers. Here also one meets the picture of kind and peaceful Buddha sitting under the famous Bodhi-tree; next hilly landscapes, snowy peaks, orchards, deer, birds, and Lamas in contemplation.

A BHUTIYA TEMPLE.

What attracts most the attention is a pictorial reproduction of Buddha's Wheel of Life. An outer circle shows under symbolic forms the twelve stages through which man passes in the course of his life; they are ignorance, first impressions, adequate knowledge, individuality, use of the five senses and of will, contact, perception of joy and sorrow, desire, indulgence, conception (of an heir), birth (of an heir), decay and death.

The inner circle represents the six regions of rebirth or the six ways in which a being can be reborn. The three first are open to those in whom virtue is preponderant over vice. They are: the human world for a lower degree of virtue, the titanic world for a higher degree, and the heavens of the gods for the highest degree of virtue. Strange to say, these gods remain subject to the miseries, vices and death of man, and are consequently apt to be reborn in one of three remaining forms of existence, namely, that of the beasts; for those in whom vice is only slightly preponderant over virtue, that of the tantalized ghosts, and ultimately that of the inhabitants of hell for the worse sinners.

The central disc represents a cock, a serpent and a pig, holding one another by

the tail. They are respectively the symbols of the three original sins and causes of rebirths, namely lust, anger, stupidity. The wheel is held in the clutches of a monster typifying the passionate clinging of the people to existence.

Two huge main prayer-barrels are set up at either end of the vestibule. They are covered with the hide of a donkey and wrapped in cloth on which the "Ora mani" formula is printed. Lay devotees in fancy dress revolve them mechanically, each revolution being announced by an affixed lever striking a bell. As the bells are of different tones and are struck alternately, they form at times a not unpleasant chime.

So far the vestibule. The door that leads into the temple is of massive proportions ornamented with brazen bosses. As our cicerone opens it a dark, dirty passage, hardly eight feet high, with two rows of pillars stretches before us. When our eyes have got accustomed to the darkness we are able to descry at the remote end, some thirty feet distant, three big statues. Let us approach an altar that occupies the whole breadth of the nave and our gaze is met by many images both big and small and made of gilt clay. "The three rarest ones," or trinity of the Lamas, occupy the middle in a sitting attitude.

Buddha, in the centre, bears a sceptre surmounted by nine to twelve jingling rings wherewith to warn people of his approach and a begging-bowl. Garu Rimbockhe (Mahaguru, the great teacher), founder of the first Lama community, to the left, wears a mitre-like hat shaped in the fashion of a lotus flower and holds in his right hand a *dorje* (the thunderbolt of Indra) as the Hindu Jove and a human skull and cup of blood in his left. To the right of Buddha, Cheresi, the god of Lamaism and of Tibet, incarnate in the Dalai-lama, is represented with four hands joined in devotion and holding a set of beads and a lotus flower. The wives of the deities have likewise their images.

Peacock-feathers, conch-shell trumpets, a pair of fifes, a pair of human thigh-bones called khanglings, flower vases, incense holders, mirrors and various other implements, but, above all, dust and dirt, make a fitting ornamentation for this den of idolatry and demon-worship. In front of the altar there is a long row of brass vessels filled with offerings of water and rice, plates with cakes and flowers; small and large lamps, in which wax, oil and butter are consumed. Above the middle lamp is fixed an umbrella (the Oriental symbol of royalty) that slightly revolves under the action of the warm current of air from the lamps.

Next to the altar on both sides one notices six or seven shelves filled with books each occupying a pigeon-hole. A book consists of several hundred leaves of tough unglazed country paper about two feet long and half a foot broad. It is wrapped in a napkin, pressed between two heavy blocks, as covers, bearing in front the title of the book. The whole parcel is firmly bound by a broad tape. The library is supposed to contain the two Lamaic encyclopaedias called "the commandments" and "the commentaries." Both are the fiftieth or hundredth faulty copy in Tibetan or Bhutanese of the primitive translation of the Sankrit works of the early Indian Buddhists. The consequence of this copying and recopying by persons deficient in erudition is that the Lamas are able to spell the words, but the meaning of the contents is altogether beyond their grasp. None the less, they are very proud of their library. Besides giving an appearance to the temple, the books are put to no other use but to provide mystic formulas. Unintelligible though these be, they are deemed potent charms.

In the corner at either end of the sidewalls two more idols are worshipped, namely, Siba and Kali, two Hindu Olympians.

On looking round now we observe that

the beams and the wooden pillars are carved and painted with lotus rosettes of which traces are here and there visible through a coating of soot. On each pillar is hung a silk banner with five flaps. The sidewalls are covered with highly colored frescoes, displaying the disciples of Buddha and a rather creditably executed oil painting of Cheresi, "the seer with keen eyes," with eleven heads and a thousand arms, each with an eye in the palm. In this way is graphically represented his vigilance to discover distress and to succor the troubled. In the nave at some distance from the altar is the choir.

The seat occupied by the spiritual head of the monastery consists of a cushion on which is spread a tiger or leopard-skin rug. Before it is a little table about two feet from the ground displaying the following objects: a cone of rice, a saucer with loose rice for sacrificing, a small *damaru* drum consisting of two human skull-caps stuck together and having the hollow parts spanned with skins, a bell, a *dorje*. This is mentioned already as being a thunderbolt, emblem of the unlimited power of both gods and Lamas over the evil spirits. In their incantations the Lamas make frantic passes with this little toy in all directions whilst muttering their spells. The other Lamas are made to face each other in two rows. Music seems to form an important part of their services, for there are large and small drums, cymbals, flutes, and other instruments scattered about. The two aisles are left open for the use of the laity.

Whilst I am certain that nothing remains to be mentioned in connection with the temple, I remember that there are other sacred buildings scattered here and there over this hilly country in the vicinity of temples, along the public roads, in forests and in the villages. These are the lichen-clad *Chhortens* or cenotaphs in memory of Buddha and other saints. They are supposed to contain a tooth or lock of hair of the respective saint. Some of them, called "receptacles of offerings," have some architectural style about them, and are adorned with gilt pinnacles, inscriptions, plastered mouldings, and surrounded with

PRAYER BARREL IN TEMPLE VESTIBULE.

an enclosure. These at least are kept clean.

Such then are the exterior elements of Lamaism. What concerns the inwardness, *viz.*: the principles and beliefs on which the whole fabric rests, we shall try to sum up under a few headings, in order to bring out more clearly their points of contact with, and divergence from, Buddhism. These points will regard, Buddha and his law, the hierarchy of Lamas, the intrinsic value of books, the necessity of contemplation to reach *Nirvana*, metempsychosis, the wanderings of souls after death and previous to rebirth, the tyranny of the demons, and the mastery of the Lamas over the spirit world.

Moreover, the monastic discipline supposes the monk to live in poverty, in celibacy, in strict subordination. He may not kill any living creature, nor steal, nor tell falsehoods. He is bound to abstain from intoxicating drinks and from all impurity. These are the five famous negative precepts of which Buddhists are so proud. The Bonzes, if we remember rightly, used to quote them in the time of St. Francis Xavier.

But let us pass on to two important questions. The reader, on going through the description of Lamaism, must have been surprised to find so many exotic elements, mixed up with the Buddhism he has been made acquainted with in the first part, and he may well ask himself: whence these radical changes that make Lamaism so unlike theoretic Buddhism? In Buddhism we hear of self-culture, virtue, perfection, earnestness; there we find only outward practices that betray vile superstitions, rudeness and triviality. In Buddhism we hear of benevolence, voluntary poverty—there we meet only covetousness. On the one hand Buddha maintains that man is to kneel or stoop to nobody, nor to fear a superior being; there, on the contrary, we behold a scene of idolatry, spirit-worship, divination and exorcism.

Along with this first question arises a second, no less vital, inasmuch as it concerns the morals of this Lamaistic people. For morality and religion stand in the same relation to each other as fruit and tree. We shall try to satisfy the reader by a brief answer to each of these two questions.

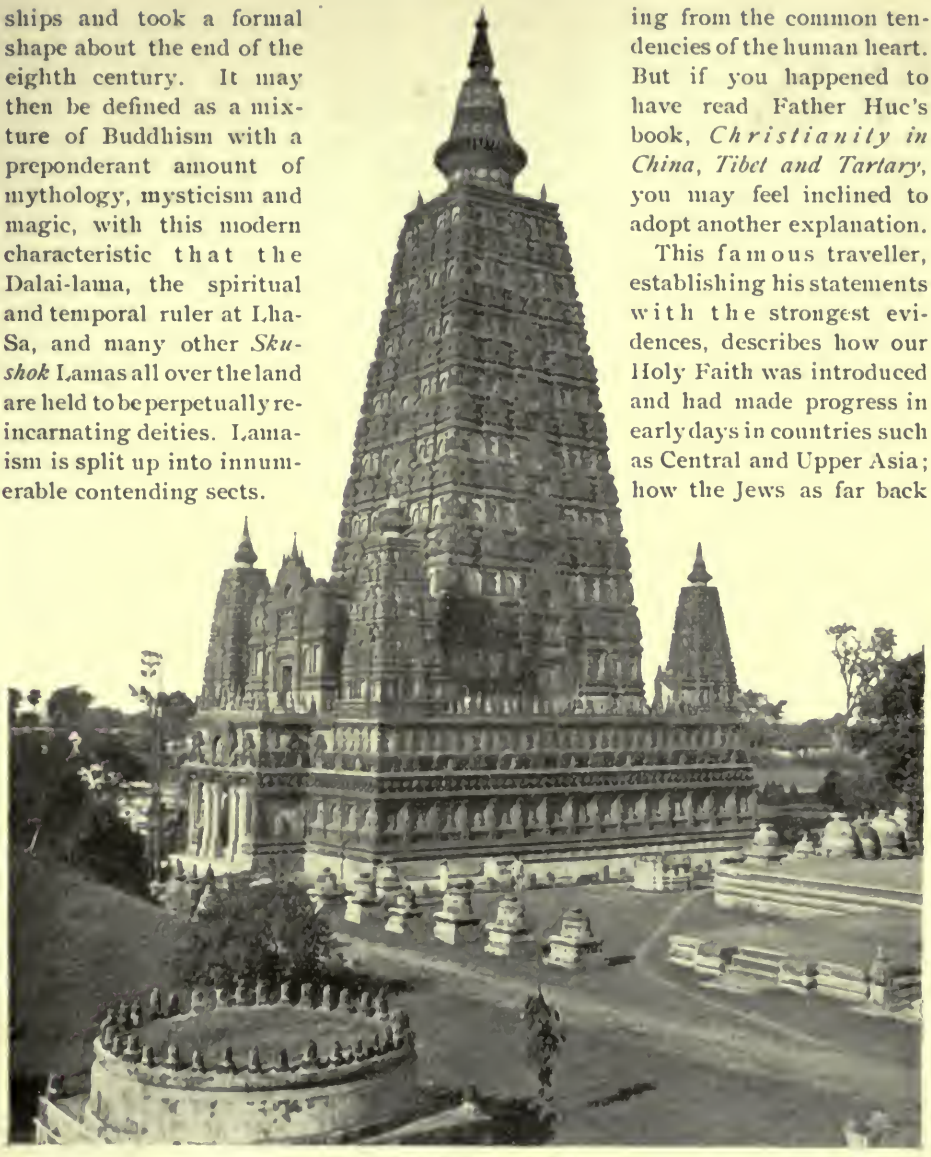
There reigned in the beginning, in Tibet, as well as in the neighboring hill tracts, a weird spirit-worship, a sort of Shamanism, that exists to this day in its primitive form among the hill tribes of Burmah, Siam and South China. It was characterized not only by coarse superstition, but also by human sacrifices, and even cannibalism. This was the so-called Bön religion. When Buddhism penetrated into Tibet about the sixth century of our Christian era, it set to work very cunningly. It did not reject the existing local worship, but, on the contrary, adopted it, became its interpreter and, as it were, humanized it.

As an illustration of this last statement, I would quote the modern ceremony of sacrificing a little manikin made of dough, which seems to be a substitute for the original sanguinary human sacrifice. As a part of the programme of a religious feast, a little human figure, made of dough, about two feet high, is brought forth. A Lama puts it down on the ground, face upwards, in the midst of a crowd of eager spectators. Dagger and hatchet in hands, the Lama now proceeds to pierce and cut up the little figure whilst the excited multitude set up a terrific vociferation and jostling with one another, grab the morsels, which they are anxious to secure as talismans.

The success of Buddhism was so much the more ensured, as it came from India already strangely tainted with Thivaism, a system of belief in *mantras* or magical spells, that possess intrinsic power to master spirits—in fact just the thing our mountaineers thought they were most in need of.

Lamaism grew out of both these wor-

ships and took a formal shape about the end of the eighth century. It may then be defined as a mixture of Buddhism with a preponderant amount of mythology, mysticism and magic, with this modern characteristic that the Dalai-lama, the spiritual and temporal ruler at Lha-Sa, and many other *Skushok* Lamas all over the land are held to be perpetually reincarnating deities. Lamaism is split up into innumerable contending sects.



BUDDHIST TEMPLE NEAR GAZA BENGAL.

But how account for what must have struck many a reader, as it has struck many a traveller and missionary, namely, those similarities with the Catholic worship? Whence these communities? These convent choirs? These processions? Whence the use of holy-water and baptism? These censers, church lamps, worship of departed saints, relics, and so forth? Possibly they may be explained by a mere coincidence arising from the common tendencies of the human heart. But if you happened to have read Father Huc's book, *Christianity in China, Tibet and Tartary*, you may feel inclined to adopt another explanation.

This famous traveller, establishing his statements with the strongest evidences, describes how our Holy Faith was introduced and had made progress in early days in countries such as Central and Upper Asia; how the Jews as far back as the seventh century of our era were to be met in Central and East Asia; the travels of, and conversions by, St. Thomas and his successors; the full freedom of communication between China and the rest of Asia before the advent of the Manchu dynasty; the influence of the Nestorians throughout the East; how they brought along with them their teachings, liturgy and ceremonies. We read of established hierarchies and exten-

sive Christian communities, of synods and councils held in the eighth and ninth centuries ; of metropolitan sees in Persia, Central Asia, India and China ; of the works of the Franciscans and Dominicans in those parts. Mention is made of transactions and embassies between the Asiatic and the Papal courts under at least ten different popes. Blessed Odoric of Friuly is said to have found missionaries established in Lha-Sa, A. D. 1319. They had converted many natives to the faith. The first to penetrate into Lha-Sa seems to have been the Fleming Ruysbroeck (the Rubuk of Huc, A.D. 1253-1256).

Moreover, we read that some Capuchins succeeded in building a monastery in the Ha-Shia quarter of the capital of Tibet, which monastery the inhabitants acknowledge to this day to have been erected by Europeans. All this goes far to prove that Christianity exercised at one time a considerable influence on the mind of the Tartars, Mongols, and Chinese. Add to this the invasion of the Mongols and their inclination to adopt the religion of the vanquished ; the relations between Gengis Khan and the Christian world in the West, with the pope and the kings of France and of Spain. It was after the Mongolian conquest of Tibet and China that we find the Dalai-Lamaship established at Lha-Sa, A.D. 1400.

The derivation of the word Dalai-Lama may be of interest and throw some light on this fact. Dalai-Lama is the Tibetan for the Mongolian *Talai-Lama*. Talai means in English, sea—in Chinese, yang; in Tibetan, gyamtso. As an adjective it means from beyond the sea, foreign European. So v.g. *Yang-Jen* = seaman = a European ; *Yang Kiridze* = European devil. *Yang-Lama*, *Talai-Lama*, *Dalai Lama* = European devil with the modern acceptation of *one that practises celibacy*.

Hence we are left to suppose that the Lamas borrowed much of our external ritual at a comparatively recent period and adapted it to their own purpose of impressing their superstitions and idolatrous belief deeply on their adherents, and one cannot help thinking that the devil, the great mimic of God, assisted them in this task.

In answer to the second question, namely, to what degree the morals of Lamas and Lamaistic tribes harmonize with their religion, a few hints will suffice. First, with regard to the Lama monks, St. Paul in his letter to the Romans gives us a faithful portraiture of their hideous vices. Their vow of celibacy is only *pro formâ*, so much so, that nowadays only one monastery, that of *Pemionchi*, has the reputation of exacting its observance, by condemning the trangressors to defray the cost of a banquet for its 108 members. Their vow of poverty only means that they rely on the laity for a magnificent support. Their vow of obedience only implies that the instinct of self-preservation prompts the monks to cling closely together and to form a mighty hierarchical body. The impudent Lamas who preach total abstinence do not see the flagrant inconsistency of having around their monasteries fertile fields of murwa, from which the country beer is made, and breweries on their premises, and Bacchanalian orgies on festive occasions. Lust, pride, hypocrisy, sloth, rapacity and ignorance, these are the fruits of their religious system. The few scattered prescriptions of Buddha worthy of mankind are the whitewash that gives the grave of their corruption a neat appearance from a distance. They were never meant to be followed out, and serve only the purpose of idle boasting and self-sufficiency.

We shall close this part of our subject with two quotations. Mr. Waddell, M.B., who has spent years in the vicinity of, and in communication with, Lamas, says :

"The Lamas are the prescribers of most of the demon-worship, and derive their chief means of livelihood from their conduct of this demon-worship, rendered on account of, and at the expense of, the laity, who offer it on the especial re-

commendation of the Lamas themselves.

"A few of the most intelligent Lamas become astrologers, and all the laity have been led to understand that it is absolutely necessary for each individual to have recourse to the Lama astrologer at each of the three great epochs of life, *viz.*: birth, marriage and death; and also at the beginning of each year to have a forecast of the year's ill-fortune and its remedies drawn out for them. The astrologer-lamas, therefore, have a constant stream of persons flocking to them for prescriptions as to what deities and demons require appeasing and the remedies necessary to neutralize these portending evils."

This much for their rapacity. As to their hypocrisy, Mgr. Hanlon, Vicar-Apostolic of Uganda, formerly missioner at Leh Ladak says: "And now Satan, the serpent of old, who has imposed on these poor people such impressive and infamous superstitions under the appearance of good, must needs play his own true part before sending home his dupes. At the end of all these religious solemnities a disgusting scene of malice takes place. The Lamas with grinning masks on and the unmasked novices sport wantonly in the courtyard of the monastery, in base mockery going through the ceremonies over again. They stretch themselves and welter about in an obscene way, prostrating themselves at the feet of Buddha and mimicking an adoration. All the stairs, roofs, windows, balconies and galleries are crowded with Lamas and laity looking on in roars of laughter, openly approving this terrible blasphemy and indecency on what they profess to be sacred ground."

IV.

The total number of Buddhists in the world, as given in many manuals of geography, looks alarming. But all is not gold that glitters, as the saying goes,

A COMMUNITY OF LAMA MONKS.

and it might be the case with their numerical strength. Some twenty-five years ago it was universally admitted that there were 350,000,000 of Buddhists in the world. Balfour, in his Cyclopædia of India, says that the population of our globe may be estimated at 1,500,000,000, among which 486,000,000, are Buddhists, and 456,000,000 Christians. A Scotch professor, in 1890, brought this number of Buddhists up to 560,000,000. But Monier Williams, Sanskrit professor, and Dr. Legge, Chinese professor, both at the University of Oxford, have come out against them. Buddhism is professed in Ceylon, Tibet, Sikkim, Bhutan, Ladak, Burmah, Indo-Chinese Peninsula, Japan and China. The census of 1891 mentions 7,131,057 Buddhists in India, Burmah, British Sikkim, Bhutan and Ladak. Ceylon contributes 1,500,000. In Siam all the hill tribes are Shamanists. Confucianists and Buddhists quarrel for supremacy in Annam. Tibet, the paradise of Buddhism, has a scanty population of 4,000,000; Mongolia counts, it seems, 9,000,000 Lamaists; Manchuria, 3,000,000 Buddhists; Independent Bhutan, 145,200; Independent Sikkim, 10,000. One-half of the 40,000,000 in Japan are Shintoists; the other half is divided between Confucianists and Buddhists. There remains but China, and forsooth this mighty empire will turn the scales in favor of Buddhism? China, with its teeming millions! Its 360,000,000 or 380,000,000 or 400,000,000 are all put down as Buddhists, whereas the truth is that the vast majority are Confucianists. The minority is Taoist or Buddhist, or a hybrid of the two. Liu, Chinese Ambassador in London (1889), scorned the idea of calling all his countrymen Buddhists. Moreover, monasteries are very rare in China.

So, then, if we grant Christendom the first place in the statistical order with its 485,000,000, among whom 240,000,000 are Catholics, 147,000,000 Protestants of all denominations, 98,000,000 Greeks, we may put down the others as follows: Confucianists, 270,000,000; Brahminists, 200,000,000; Mahommedans, 160,000,000; Buddhists perhaps 100,000,000.

If the principle on which Buddhists are made to form one religious body were applied to other religions, we are of opinion that Christians, Jews and Mahommedans, all of them children of Abraham, should come under one and the same head, for their points of agreement are greater and more numerous than those of the old and new, North and South Buddhism.

Man at times is cruelly logical and consistent. Let him, on the recommendation of a few fragmentary truths, adopt a system based on one false principle, and there is no knowing what wild conclusions it may in time lead him to. Buddhism illustrates this in spite of the pompous panegyrics of European and American atheists. Its adherents, under different climes and at different epochs, have sought in the precepts of Buddha a sanction for the worst forms of immorality. When we take this into consideration, and when we, furthermore, behold so vast a number—for great the number is, even when divested of its exaggerated proportions—almost hopelessly lost in ignorance, superstition and immorality, we cannot but feel our hearts melt with compassion at their unfortunate lot, and we feel impelled to pray God to lead them to the paths of truth and justice, in the words of the great Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier:

"O eternal God, Creator of all things, remember that Thou alone didst create the souls of the infidels, framing them to Thine own image and likeness. Remember Thy only Son, Jesus Christ, shed His most precious blood for them . . . forgetting their idolatry and infidelity, cause them also to know Him whom Thou didst send, Jesus Christ, our Lord."

A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST.

By J. M. Cave.

(*Concluded.*)

IT was evening. The immense railway station was ablaze with light. Police officials lined the platform within the building, while without, a guard of honor was drawn up, and all was life and animation, subdued respectfully, in honor of some guest or guests. By certain military formalities the Count judged that a grand duke, at least, was on the train. As he knew many of the staff-officers well, even intimately, he thought it better to defer his own exit till they had taken their departure, lest he should be questioned as to his sudden flight from Warsaw, and his business in the great Capital. How could he account for either? At this moment his precipitate action looked unreasonable, but the cloud upon his spirit was not lightened. He was a changed man to himself; in his own eyes, the greatest criminal that walked the earth. Had he not murdered his name and fame, wasted his goodly heritage, and brought to vile dependence, in the land of his country's foe, the only child of his house? He might well draw the beaver collar of his great fur travelling cloak about him, and hide his head, as he followed in the wake of the throng. But he was handsome still, and too striking, in air and appearance, to pass unrecognized even there.

"Look over your left shoulder, Sasha," said one officer to another, as they stood waiting for their sledges to draw up to the steps of the platform.

"*Echort* (the devil)", exclaimed the other; "that lucky dog here; is he running after his wife, think you? Away from her, most likely."

"Shall we hail him and ask him to supper? And the ball?"

They shrugged their shoulders, entered their elegant sleigh and drove away.

"Take notice of the gentleman in the beaver collar," said the elder of the officers, as he entered his sledge, to the policeman who officiously busied himself in arranging the bearskin robe; "bring me his address to-morrow; he may be up to mischief; Poles always are."

The police-officer touched his cap, and stepped backwards, out of the way of the runners, as the fiery horses dashed off. The gentleman in the beaver collar was just descending the steps, and he followed him.

The Count had resolved, as it was yet early, to seek Philomena at once. He could not rest till he had assured himself that all was well with her. His travelling bag he decided to leave with a guard, and send a messenger for it later. Until he saw Philomena he would not decide upon a hotel. She would wish him to be near her. He gave his valise to the guard, quite forgetting to take out his passport, and hurried out now. The throng had departed. The delay, slight as it was, was unfortunate for him; every sledge had disappeared. Either the crowd had been great, or the unemployed *isvostchicks* had departed, thinking all the passengers had gone. He had to walk the whole length of the station, even to cross the bridge, and enter the Ismailoffsky Prospect, before he could find one. This splended thoroughfare was also brilliantly lighted, and numbers of gendarmes were disappearing in the distance.

Near the Ismailoffsky Regimental Barracks he found an *isvostchick*, lazily looking after the soldiers.

"To the Court Quay," was his order,

as he took his seat in the low light sledge. The *isvostchick* in high glee at having a "fare," that asked no questions and made no bargain, drove briskly off.

"What number, Barin (sir or master)?"

"Palace of the Prince Verkamoff."

"Good," was the cheery answer.

Still he did not take the most direct road, and the traveller remarking it, was told that it was ball night, and the approaches to the winter palace were closed to public conveyances. The house he sought was not far from the palace. Driving along the splendid quay, past the summer garden, absorbed though he was, the Count could not but remark the glorious spectacle before him. The spire of the fortress was like a shaft of fire, or shining gold, pointing to the cloudless sky. The twelve great lamps before the palace threw long lines of brilliance out on the shining course of the Neva, which was white as a shroud as far as the eye could reach. The ice cutters had been at work, and the huge blocks of transparent ice, standing upright at intervals, looked like gleaming white tombstones. This impression was increased by the fir trees which marked the foot and carriage paths across the frozen river. The line of lights on the farther shore shone dimly, and the wavering shadows thrown upon the white blocks, the drifts of vapory snow from time to time swept around them by the North wind, gave a weird and ghastly impression. It looked like an enchanted city of the dead. And there, standing on its verge, was the grim fortress within whose walls were housed the dead of the line of Romanoff. Beneath, in its dungeons, under the river bed, how many of his nation, nay, of his race and blood, had suffered and died.

"Were these their monuments suddenly rising white and shining on the frozen river's breast?"

He was at the palace door before he had turned his gaze from the dazzling and wondrously beautiful sight of the gleaming river. There were no lights at the great doors, nor in the windows, but a glorious moon made the whole landscape light as day.

"They are at the ball," he said to himself, "and in some quiet room Philomena is seated alone, writing to me, perhaps; surely thinking of me, never dreaming me so near." He was settling with the driver while thus thinking.

"Is Barin going farther?"

"Not yet; not soon."

The *isvostchick* drove away and the Count was alone.

* * *

He mounted the granite steps and would have rung the bell, but he could not find it. While seeking it, he observed that the outer door was a temporary one, such as put up when the house is abandoned for any length of time. "Had he mistaken the house?" No, it was the one she had described to him. He descended the steps. No human being near to give him answer. In the distance a regular tread told him that a sentinel was at his post, and he followed the sound, and saw a soldier, musket on shoulder, pacing up and down. He questioned him, but the sentinel passed on without a word of reply, and, as if sprung from the earth, a policeman was at his elbow. One who had "shadowed him" though he never suspected it.

The same question, and after a short pause the brief answer, "gone abroad suddenly; house closed on account of illness and death." The policeman knew no more.

The Count became sensible of the intense still cold; without the least presentiment that this information could touch him, in spite of all that had passed: his dream, his wild fears, his hasty journey; he began to reason as if nothing of it had interest for him. It was too late to make further inquiries. He would easily learn all in the morning. No doubt Philomena had written to him, and he had just missed the letter through his hasty departure. He would see Mlle.

de Joncourt in the morning She would know all. Perhaps Philomena was with her. He had eaten nothing for nearly two days, borne up by the intense inward struggle and his harrowing memories. Now he felt faint and very cold, and he knew the danger of cold in that region. The still, beautiful, sparkling cold that lulls to sleep and death. It was a pity that he had dismissed the sledge. He had to walk a long distance to find another. He had to make the detour on foot this time to avoid the winter palace, the approaches to which were guarded by mounted police. He saw the floods of light from the windows, heard the roll of the equipages, and the music in the distance. But he was too tired and too cold to think much of these things.

At the Moshkoft Pereoulok he found a sledge, and gave the order, "to the Hotel de l'Europe." In ten minutes he was there.

"Will Monsieur kindly give his passport?"

"The passport was in his valise at the Warsaw Station."

"Very unfortunate! No guest could be received without a passport. It was the law."

"It would take nearly two hours to obtain it, and the Count was tired, cold, ill. The landlord was kind, polite; but there in the office sat the detective police officer, waiting to verify all passports, to make two copies of them, before a guest could be received, were he or she at the point of death.

It was hard to suffer this rebuff. The Count walked out, and inwardly blaming himself in no measured terms for his negligence, made his way to another hotel. The same answer awaited him there. Almost rendered desperate by these annoyances, he took another sledge and drove to the station himself, fearing the guard would not give his valise to a messenger. When he got there the guard had been relieved, and his valise was locked up and he could not obtain it until the next morning.

It was nearly midnight; light, brilliant, but bitterly cold. His pride had prevented him from ordering a meal at either of the hotels from whence he had been turned away. Now he hesitated to enter any of the restaurants, lest he should meet friends or acquaintances; he was in no mood to be questioned. He began to be less sensible of hunger and cold, but fatigue was overcoming him. An idea suddenly came to him. Why not go to the convent? One of the priests, Philomena had told him, remembered him very well. Perhaps the reverend father could even give him news of her. He drove once more down the Nevsky Prospect, past the hotels that dared not receive him without his passport, and stopped at the church gate. It was closed and locked, but through the iron bars the watchman on duty asked him what he wanted.

"Father Basil."

"Father Basil was in Finland on a sick call; he would be back early in the morning."

Was he to perish? To be found dead in the morning in the inhospitable streets of that bright city, whose lights mocked him cruelly? He told the watchman that he must see one of the priests.

"Was it for a sick call?"

"No."

"Then," said the man, "it would be as much as my place is worth to ring the bell on any other plea."

"I am a stranger," said the Count. "cold, fatigued."

"There are hotels and police stations," suggested the watchman. "The church would be closed to-morrow did the Fathers open their doors, on such a plea, to any one."

The Count turned away, feeling the truth of the man's words.

As he passed slowly back towards the street, he all at once remembered that it was here, in the house of this very church, that Philomena had first found a home. His blood mounted to his

LIKE A KNIFE THRUST THROUGH HIS HEART, HE UNDERSTOOD ALL.

temples, with the sudden glad thought that she might be there now; if the family had gone abroad, as the policeman had told him, would not Philomena have returned here, to the kind sisters of whom she had so frequently spoken in her letters?

He retraced his steps to ask the watchman, whose voice was rudely sympathetic, for the address of the ladies with

whom Philomena had been so happy. Ah, if he should find her there, after all!

"He had only to turn to the left, pass quite around the square, till he came to the place opposite to the very spot on which they then stood," said the watchman. "Were it only daylight he would have taken him across the courtyard, but after dark it was forbidden."

The Count made the best of his way to the place indicated. The porter had retired to his den, and came out grumbling at being disturbed so late. A silver coin restored his good humor at once.

When they reached the door, and the bell rang loudly under the porter's eager hand, the Count was exceedingly agitated. He remembered that one of the ladies was an invalid, and to disturb her at that late hour, and under such conditions, shocked his fine instincts. Better almost have perished in the street.

It was too late now. Steps were approaching; the lock turning in an inner door.

"Who is there?"

The Count gave his name.

There was a long silence. The maid had retired to announce the nocturnal visitor to her mistress.

She came back to ask if the gentleman was any relation to Philomena.

"Her father."

Almost immediately the door opened, and the Count was ushered in. Not a moment too soon. Before he could offer explanation, or make apology, he had fainted.

* * *

Fortunately Mlle. Thierry, the strong elder sister, had not retired for the night when the bell rang. On hearing the name of the nocturnal visitor, she bade the servant to show him into the little room once occupied by Philomena. There the Count had sunk upon a sofa, and lost consciousness almost immediately. The reaction from cold to heat had been too strong for him. This Mlle. Thierry divined at once, and with the aid of her excellent attendant, the usual restoratives were at once administered. Before long he was able to sit up, and, though still very weak, explained the cause of his coming so unceremoniously, and the hope that he might either find his daughter once more installed in her old quarters, or that they could give him some positive news of her.

But the ladies Thierry had not seen Philomena for some weeks, neither were they aware that she had made any change in her situation. The Count was fain to wait till morning. He was made very welcome by the kindly sisters, and urged to remain with them as long as it suited his convenience.

Though his fatigue was excessive, even in that simple room, exquisitely luxurious, in comparison with the bitterly cold, inhospitable streets, the Count could not sleep. The room was pleasantly warm, perfectly neat, the bed comfortable, his hostess very gracious, yet a strange unrest kept him waking, in spite of the warm cordial, that the maid, Vassillisa, brought him the last thing before going to bed, with her mistress's recommendation "to drink it while it was hot." He obeyed through politeness, not because he cared particularly for "malina tea," and did his best to forget the world, and his own unhappy familiarity with it, in a sound sleep. Not succeeding, he tried to fancy Philomena there with him. At which of the two windows was her accustomed seat? Was that the little writing table on which she had written her many loving letters to himself? Still no sleep.

The Angelus bell sounded. Seven o'clock. The morning was intensely dark as usual at that hour and at that season. He arose, dressed himself, and sat down by the window to wait.

To wait for what?

He began to think that he had acted very foolishly and very imprudently. Philomena was no doubt perfectly well, and his unexpected coming would only interfere with her occupations.

In the heat of his emotion he had said

that they would live together, and never again be separated. Did that mean that they would live in that room, or one like it? Would she go out about her lessons, and leave him; give him only her unoccupied hours?

Ah no! he could not suffer that. He must have her with him. He felt that he could not now live without her. They had been apart too long. Yet how were they to live together? What means had he to keep her? He had left the gaming table without taking either the sum that he had staked, which was large, or the amount that he had won. No matter; they could live for sometime, and he would seek employment seriously now, for her sake. He would take her away somewhere, where they would begin life afresh, and she be shielded from the storms of the world. Promising himself this, he fell asleep in his chair. A soft knock on the door aroused him. He opened his eyes, and beheld the morning sun shining full into the little room, gilding everything with its beams. The porter entered with his valise, received his "drink money," and departed with respectful bow. The Count dozed again.

Before long Vassillisa opened the door softly, and without entering, asked in a low voice if Monsieur was awake? He bade her enter. She only came to know if Monsieur would have breakfast in bed; after the cold and fatigue of his journey her mistress thought it would be the best thing. Seeing him up and fully dressed, she went away to bring it. The aroma of the hot coffee was delicious, and feeling the want of food, for he had only taken a cup of bouillon and a biscuit the night before, he did justice to the delicious beverage and hot rolls. It was nearly ten o'clock when he looked at his watch, and the bells were ringing for Mass. He stood a little while looking into the courtyard, from the window where she had so often stood, wishing she were there now to accompany him to Mass.

Just then Mlle. Thierry begged permission to enter. She was happy to see him able to be up, and dressed. She had feared an illness for him from the effects of the cold. He spoke of going out, of going to Mass, while waiting for the hour when he could see Mlle. de Joncourt to obtain his daughter's address. Mlle. Thierry advised him to remain indoors, at least until the day should be farther advanced. He frankly declared that he was too restless and impatient to see his daughter to remain quiet. Soon after he descended the long flight of stairs, traversed the courtyard, and reached the vestry door. He would enter that way and learn if Father Basil had yet returned. The first person he saw on entering the sacristy was that venerable priest, about to vest himself for Mass. The vestments were black.

He approached the priest, who seemed to look at him first with an air of surprise, then of affright. Perhaps he did not recognize him after all, though Philomena had assured him that he remembered him. He advanced with a smile of recognition and genuine pleasure at beholding the good priest whom he had not seen for twenty years, saying in a cordial tone: "You do not know me, Father Basil?"

"You take me by surprise," said the priest; "I did not know you were in Russia."

"I came on a sudden impulse," acknowledged the Count.

Had they been alone, he would have told him of his dream, and his fear; but the server was holding the sacred vestment ready to robe Father Basil and that Mass must be said by him.

"Wait till I say my Mass, I beg you, Count," said the Father, "then you will go with me to the Convent; I wish to speak with you." His manner was very solemn; the look he wore exceedingly troubled.

"I fear I have not time to wait this morning" was the answer, "for I must

go immediately to seek my daughter, who does not yet know of my arrival."

The priest had to turn his head away for a moment.

"Wait for me, I beg you," he said; "you will have time. Come, follow me, you will hear this Mass." He called one of the altar boys. "Conduct this gentleman to a seat near the sanctuary. Count, follow him, and do not leave the church until I have spoken with you. I have your promise?" The tone and manner were too solemn to be resisted. The Count bowed his acquiescence, and followed his guide into the church where he took a seat near the altar, on the gospel side. With a heavy sigh the priest followed, mounted the steps of the altar and proceeded to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the soul of Philomena.

* * *

The Count was near enough to hear the priest's words, as he read the solemn, beautiful prayers. Was it his fancy that he heard the name of Philomena, the name of his long-neglected child? No, it could not be. She was so much in his thoughts that every sound bore her name. Involuntarily he looked towards the catafalque, reared in the middle of the church. It bore an empty coffin, he knew, because it was wholly covered with a pall. There were four tall candles burning at the corners, and the crucifix at the head; no wreaths or garlands, as there would surely have been, did a corpse lie there. He glanced at the mourners; they were not numerous. A handsome young man kneeling beside a woman, whose face was buried in her hands, and half hidden by her veil of crape. The figure had something familiar about it, in spite of the bowed head and bent shoulders, half hidden by the sweeping folds of crape. That she was convulsed with grief was evident. There was a group of young girls, who, though they did not follow the service, looked deeply grieved; more than one was weeping. They were evidently strangers in that church. One of them a very beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen, more than once sobbed aloud. Her emotion was contagious, and during the chanting by the choir of the solemn *Dies irae*, many wept audibly, and every head was bowed. Even the eyes of strangers were wet with sympathetic tears, on beholding the touching grief of those young girls. The Count felt himself affected, too. He bowed his head and thought, perhaps, of his own dead. At the last gospel he rose with the rest, and glancing once more towards the mourners, beheld the face of Mlle. de Joncourt; it was cruelly disfigured by tears and grief. She was supported on one side by the handsome young man and on the other by the beautiful young girl, whose tears were falling freely.

For an instant he did not realize the truth, but could not withdraw his fixed gaze from the face of his daughter's governess. He looked from her to the young girls weeping near, and slowly at first, then, like a knife thrust through his heart, he understood all. The whole church swam before his eyes, he supported himself an instant against the front of the pew, then all was dark.

* * *

When he recovered consciousness, he lay on one of the sofas in a room of the convent. Mlle. de Joncourt was there, and Father Basil was holding one of his hands. He recognized them after a while, and remembered all. There was no denial on their faces, no word of hope from their lips.

With infinite pity they tended him, but he knew there could be no more hope for him in this world. His renunciation of his evil passion had come too late. Never could he atone for the past. Henceforth he should walk this earth, as long as he should live, a doomed criminal. What was it to him that she had been dearly loved by others? that the young she had taught wept for her, that the old idolized her, that the scion of a

house as good as his own grieved for her, as he himself might have grieved had the bride of his youth been thus snatched from him. Nothing could rouse him from this state of hopeless grief until they told him of her grave in that lonely cemetery, and after a time he begged to be conducted there. What the influence of Mlle. de Joncourt and Edouard had not been able to accomplish, the Count succeeded in doing.

At first the authorities steadily refused to permit the disinterment of Philomena's remains for fear of contagion, but the certificate of death bore no reference to diphtheria, neither did the entry on the hospital book. There could be no danger, therefore, and through influence, without which even simple justice is not to be obtained, permission was given at last.

* * *

By moonlight there stood a group beside Philomena's grave, in the lonely churchyard of the poor. An open empty coffin was by the open grave. Soon another coffin was laid by the empty one.

"Leave me for a few moments, good friends," said the Count. They withdrew respectfully, as he knelt beside the yellow coffin, taken from the frozen earth, to take his last farewell.

By and by they heard convulsive sobbing, and approaching found the distracted father clasping the corpse of his daughter wildly in his arms. Father Basil and Edouard had to take him away by main force. Philomena's body lay like a recumbent statue of marble. There can be no doubt, that the intense cold, penetrating many feet into the earth, had so frozen the beautiful corpse that decay had no power over it. One after another they knelt to take a last look at the beloved dead. Edouard bent over the beautiful form, and kissed for the first and last time the long dark tresses and the marble hands, while his tears fell in torrents. Then Mlle. de Joncourt knelt beside the child of her love, and with bitter weeping embraced her. "Not for long, my darling," she sobbed, "not for long shall we be parted." She severed then a long lock of the beautiful hair, as a last token for the father and lover. Once more they all knelt together beside the corpse while Father Basil blessed and prayed over it Then, at his command, the yellow coffin was lifted into the casket and placed upon the funeral car, while silently and sorrowfully, the little group followed it to the vault of the Catholic church.

That morning, a little note and a garland of white roses had been brought to the Count with the request that he would place them himself upon his daughter's grave, "for one who had loved her dearly." The white roses lay upon her coffin, its only ornament. They were from Olga Verkamoff. Had he known from whence they came the Count would not, perhaps, have suffered them to remain. As yet he did not know fully the circumstances of Philomena's death. That she was dead, lost to him, was enough, and more than enough.

The Count would not leave Philomena's dust in Russian ground. Ah, what would he not give now, could he lay her beside her mother. He cursed the folly that had robbed him of the right to do so; the folly that had sent her to an early grave. He sought permission of a relative of his own to place her coffin in their family vault in a monastery at Wilna. It was readily granted, and the Count, accompanied by Mlle. de Joncourt and Edouard who had begged permission to accompany him, set out for Wilna. There they laid her in an ancient tomb that bore the name of her own family.

That same day was to witness their separation. Edouard was to take Mlle. de Joncourt to his own home. They had vainly urged the Count to accompany them; he could not be prevailed upon to leave his daughter's grave.

"She was faithful to me in life," he said, "I will be near her till death."

"Where will you live?" urged Mlle. de Joncourt.

"Anywhere," was the answer. "The poorest peasant's hut is too good for me. I will try to be useful to my country in some humble way, living as hermits have lived, in times past."

"She would not wish you to suffer," said Mademoiselle, weeping.

"The suffering would be to live one hour, henceforth, for the world or for myself," was the answer.

They took a tender, mournful adieu and parted.

* * *

After their departure the Count found in his room a large package, containing such souvenirs of Philomena as had been saved. With it was a letter from her pupil, Olga Verkamoff, to Mlle. de Joncourt.

"Dear Mlle. de Joncourt," wrote the young girl. "When I overheard my mother telling a friend of the death of my beloved teacher, I thought my heart would break. When I learned later how she had been sent from our house that cold night to that distant hospital, I wished to die myself. I vowed to be revenged for her sake, though I knew she would not wish it. She was all goodness. How often have I watched her unseen, kneeling by her bedside in prayer. How often at night, prompted, I am ashamed to confess, by a spirit of curiosity, have I passed on tip-toe to her room, which adjoined my own and was separated from it only by curtains, and seen her kneeling, all in white, in the moonlight, with uplifted hands, absorbed in prayer. She was as an angel of light in my eyes, and if there ever will be any good in me, I shall owe it to her example and teaching. My revenge shall be to be like her. I will make no peace with this wicked, false, cold-hearted world. I will try to be like your Philomena, that I may meet her in heaven, and ask her pardon for my mother's act.

"Do not blame Mamma too severely, dear Mademoiselle; she is kind at heart, but she fears illness so much for my sake, and I feared it, too, before. Now I fear it no longer, and if I ever can do anything for the sick, I will do it for the sake of your beloved Philomena. I wish you would let me write to you sometimes, will you, Mademoiselle?

"The box and other things I sent you were in an armoire set apart for Mlle. de Pavlewski's use, that stood in our class room. It was happily overlooked in the general destruction."

* * *

The box contained, among other things, her mother's letters, the objects recommended to her care by her father, with the exception of the sacred relic which they had seen clasped in her cold hand, as the nurse had stated, and Philomena's savings together with her diary. The last entry there was dated January 24, the day preceding her death. The Count read it; with what feelings can be imagined: "Resolution: to offer my life for my dear father's conversion and salvation."

The holocaust was accepted.

"THE HISTORICAL JESUS AND THE CHRISTS OF FAITH."

By Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J.

THE world is always very much concerned about Jesus Christ. Though it dislikes Him it is always considering Him. Pilate is always coming to the fore and exclaiming "Behold the Man." Thus, for example, in the very worldly and unreligious *Contemporary Review* of September, 1896, there is a curious article entitled "The Historical Jesus and the Christs of Faith." It is curious, not because it contains anything quaint or rare, but because so much literary effort is expended in a fancy which the writer calls history, and in a delusion which he thinks is faith. The abbreviated patronymic of the writer, and the character of his essay we fear must compel the conclusion that both his nationality and his faith have been thrown aside.

"We have rediscovered Christ," says he. "The stiff features of the ecclesiastical Christ relax and now take on a human guise. The critical clouds trail off edged with departing glory as Jesus once more comes forward to the gaze of men. From Rome, from Tübingen, from Geneva, the far-famed seats of labored and abstract thought, men bend their steps to Nazareth. Thence to the little hill of Calvary, the sacred history renews its youth. The Galilean hills are astir with busy life. The Judean fields are white unto harvest—and the towers of the Holy City are flashing beneath the eastern sky. The study of environment has been a main factor in the restoration of Jesus. Instead of the maimed and arbitrary conceptions brought to the evangelical narrative, we have now a wealth of local color which freshens up the well worn tale and sets it in its primitive light. We understand the conditions under which the prophet of Nazareth had to work the force of the currents. He tried to strike across the malignity of hate which was sure to rise in sceptic and conservative alike against the enthusiasm of fresh inspiration."

"Thus," he continues, "the present has rediscovered Christianity which the the scholasticism of Rome and Geneva had overlaid. The actual lineaments of Christ were never before so thoroughly laid bare as they have been in our time." One would think that there was question here of an Egyptian Rameses; for the writer tells us that "fold after fold had been wrapped round the figure," and that under his treatment, "the ancient wrappings fall off." "Historical criticism," he continues, "is a *charisma* peculiar to our age and the ninteeenth century alone of all the centuries that have rolled between us and the Christian dawn, has large points of contact with the first, for it alone knows Jesus as He lived and thought—note, not *taught* but *thought*. It alone has learned to construe the faith by ideas that run back to its source."

It is hard to say whether this is insulting or only annoying to right reason, especially as this illogical degenerate, who has rediscovered Christianity, immediately announces that, "as a matter of fact, Christianity has moved among men and effected its victories for the most part without the aid of this historical conception of Jesus. For," he continues, and happily this time with a little gleam of truth, "Jesus Christ is not merely an impressive figure of the past, but a gracious living presence that is with men all days. Christ is truly in the centuries. His influence and revelation have long since quitted the narrow Galilean stage to go flashing and fading in the free life of humanity. Slowly the biography

of the Christ is written. The microcosm of his life is only interpreted by the macrocosm of his influence, and the result is that Christianity is now psychologically as well as historically mediated." Which means, in English, that we now, for the first time, know Christ as He was in His exterior and interior life.

"It is precisely here" our oracle continues "that the danger lurks. The writers of the psychological order have only injected themselves into the narrative and have given us a picture of their own personalities. Thus in the *De Imitation Christi* we have no wise and gracious rabbi (he means Christ) striking out brilliant aphorisms which touch to admiration even the literary dilettante, but a lonely sufferer (à Kempis) fills up the picture from which every other concrete feature has been blanched away. Of course he could not do otherwise, for his age had little time for imaginative delight in the broad-eyed teaching of the Galilean hills." What is broad-eyed teaching we do not know, but as we are now only stating compendiously, as far as we can, the "fantastic fancies" of this kaleidoscopic article we must pass on.

From Thomas à Kempis, on whom George Eliot is made to give her pontifical decision, the writer makes a historical psychological leap to the atrocious Renan. The *Vie de Jésus* he says "helps us to understand the author much more than to apprehend the Holy One of God. All its literary power and grace will not disguise the fact that the Christ he would have us admire is smitten with a moral leprosy. In the same way the Jesus whom Matthew Arnold lightly sketched for us is merely a reflex of himself. He has a 'method' and a 'secret'; talks of 'mildness', 'sweet reasonableness' and is a veritable child of 'sweetness and light.' The Jesus of Dr. Edward Caird (whoever he is) is a kind of lay figure whose life and teaching reproduced the ethical dialectics of Hegelanism." But the principal offender, according to this Apostle of the rediscovered Christianity, is St. Paul. "St. Paul" he says, "did not on his conversion go up to Jerusalem to those who had been Apostles before him and con with reverent eyes the records of the earthly ministry." St. Paul was a thaumaturge indeed, but it would have been beyond his power to read records that had not yet been written. "Paul" continues this Quixote of theology, "took another starting point for his thinking [his thinking, forsooth]. He left the track of history and went on to trace the Christ. In the depths of the human soul almost all the traits of human personality are blotted out. The varied local coloring is merged in one monotonous hue. It was he who lifted Christianity above the limits of Judaism and impelled it in its world's career. To Auguste Comte, he [St. Paul] is the true founder of Christianity, throwing round the face of Jesus the gleam of the revelation that is really struck out by his own great soul." Striking out something is a favorite occupation of our writer, and as Christ, the gracious rabbi, was striking out brilliant aphorisms we have St. Paul "striking out" revelations.

In all this there is a deplorable lack of literary as well as historical proportion, or perspective, as the writer would put it. Still St. Paul and Thomas à Kempis cannot complain of such company as Comte and Renan, when Christ Himself is regarded in this instance as little else than a good subject for a gaudy essay or a well dressed actor "coming forward to the gaze of men, in the drama played upon a provincial stage" or as a long-buried mummy, let us say it with all-adoring reverence, from whom the wrappings are slowly unwound by this new discoverer of Christianity.

What he reproaches his friends with doing, *viz.*: writing themselves into their lives of Christ, is repeated in his own case. He is seeking a Christ who will be æsthetically acceptable to the literary world he belongs to. Thus he is consoled because "literature hushes

its scorn when the Christ once more walks abroad and draws the hearts of men." Further on he assures us that "the brilliant aphorisms of the gracious rabbi touch to admiration even the literary dilettante," while, on the other hand, he warns us that we lose all historical perspective, and benumb all literary tact in studying the Pauline gospel, whereas the teaching of Jesus glides forth in pellucid sentences that are never made rugged by strenuous haste."

It will be remarked that it seems impossible for the writer to say anything without trope or metaphor. Perhaps he means to be only taken figuratively after all.

We have nothing to say about the excessive coloring of the style in which all this is said, the extremely illogical character of his thoughts, and the wonderful calmness with which he decides *ex cathedra* upon everything known and knowable. He has all the audacity of thinkers of his class, as they style themselves, and we are not surprised when he avers that the centuries between the first and the nineteenth knew nothing about the historical Christ. He has, in fact, the hardihood to assert that during all that time "the figure of Jesus was so sicklied and featureless that, to the mass of men to hear of an actual Galilee where the Son of Man had lived and thought, gave a kind of shock to faith."

It is difficult to remain decorously composed under such provocation. In the writer's mind the "mass of men" are the few sciolists from Tübingen and elsewhere, whose books he has been dipping into. The rest do not count. Peradventure so many books were never before written on the topography of Palestine, with the gorgeous color that seems to attract these men so much, but it goes far to prove that the nineteenth century was in greater ignorance than other ages on that particular point; for people do not publish books to impart information already possessed. But he is rather daring to assert that the world had never known anything about the land where Christ lived and died till he and his associates came on the scene. Did he never hear that the entire country was inhabited after the death of Christ by a Christian and a Catholic population? Palestine had its complete and splendid hierarchy of Bishops; some of the greatest doctors of the Church died there. St. Cyril was Bishop of Jerusalem; St. Jerome translated the Scriptures in Bethlehem; thousands of monks and anchorets dwelt in its deserts and mountains; pilgrims wended their way thither from every nation under the sun; kingdoms and races and sects built gorgeous temples over the hallowed places, and for centuries it was the native country of millions of pious Christians, who held undisputed sway till the Turks came in as masters. Assuredly they knew something of Palestine. Did those hundreds of thousands of valiant soldiers of the crusades, who rushed forward in successive hosts for centuries to rescue the sacred places from desecration, and who at the first vision of Jerusalem fell upon their faces to kiss the soil that Christ's blessed feet had trod, know nothing about Palestine? Did they, who but too gladly would have poured out their blood where His had been shed, "feel a shock to their faith when they heard of the place where the Son of Man had lived and died?" This country in which we ourselves are living is a protest against such a silly contention. It was the hope of finding gold to buy back the Holy Land to Christianity that guided the Santa Maria and Pinta over the billows of the Atlantic and gave America to the world; and so too it was the first and cherished thought of Ignatius of Loyola in founding the Society of Jesus that his followers would win that sacred place for Jesus Christ.

Does the ceaseless round of the Church's ritual, whose elaborate ceremonial re-enacts the scenes of the crib and the crucifixion and the Supper-room, leave the Christian people in ignorance

of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Calvary? Is it possible that the Gospel narratives, which have been explained upon every altar in Christendom from the beginning, have so dulled men's minds that the very repetition has made them forget these things? The man who runs in breathlessly to tell us he has discovered all these things is like a boy who informs his father that he has found out the wondrous fact that two and two make four. The father has heard that great truth before. "Grandfather," exclaimed a wild-eyed child, "I saw a railroad on the ground." The boy had lived in front of the hideous elevated road, and it was his only idea of a steam locomotion. "That lad," said the old man, quite confused at first, "has begun life at the wrong end." So, dear Contemporary, we have seen our railroad on the ground long before you did. We have dwelt in Palestine, in thought at least. To us it has ever been a reality, and a blessed one, and will be for countless millions in the future as it has been in the past. We are familiar with Bethlehem from infancy; we shall see Calvary before us when our dying eyes rest on the crucifix in our hands; and we shall die in the assured hope that the tomb will relax its hold upon us as His did upon the blessed Easter morn.

The second error of this writer, and the one which constitutes the other half of his essay, is, that as men did not know Christ's earthly history, neither have they yet understood that life of His which was to pervade the world after He left it, and to animate the Church He was to found. "Christianity, as we see it to-day, is nothing else," says he, "than Paulinism, and was based on Paul's false conception of Christ. In the words of Tennyson, this age is to 'ring in the Christ that is to be'"; and of course "ring out the old" while it "rings in the new."

Napoleon Bonaparte was asked once by a flatterer why he did not found a new religion. "Do you want to crucify me?" he retorted. And the retort was just. St. Paul had used it before him. "Did Paul die for you? Are you baptized in his name? Know that Apollo has planted, Paul has watered, but it is God who gives the increase." To say that Paul founded Christianity, is merely to repeat the old error which Paul himself condemned. Like most modern bits of wisdom it is merely a plagiarism. It is, besides, a blasphemous error in preferring Paul before Christ. If Paul founded the present Christianity he did more than Christ was able to effect; for it is admitted by this writer and those of his class that Christ has not only had no personal influence in shaping the world, but has actually been unknown or forgotten by it.

The root of all this error is in the writer's misapprehension of the real nature of revelation. Revelation does not consist in a man fancying Christ to be this or that. No matter how eloquent or elegant his language, he will be only revealing himself and not Christ. This our author himself admits, but admiration of his own set leads him into another error in hoping that although men have failed hitherto in discovering the true Christ, they will do better later on. On the contrary, they will do worse. Man is not commissioned to remove the veil from Christ's face, but Christ Himself does it. He showed Himself or revealed Himself to His apostles while He was with them as far as their capacity would then admit, and later sent the Holy Ghost to complete the work, to teach them all truth. The body of truth thus delivered, which is nothing but the unveiling, or revealing, of Jesus Christ is fixed, unalterable, unchangeable. The apostles were commanded to impart those truths to the world, and the Church, which is the pillar and ground of truth, was established to maintain them unimpaired. They cannot be diminished, cannot be increased. "Even if an angel teach you anything different from what I have delivered to you, let

him be anathema," says St. Paul. We individually may see more of his beauty in proportion as the purity of our soul increases the keenness of our vision, but there is no change in the Christ; there is not one Christ for me, another for you: Christ is not divided. There are not, as our author thinks, "many and various Christs, changing their features with the changing fortunes of men." Therein precisely consists the difference between the meditations of an à Kempis and the fantastic reveries of a Renan, or others. À Kempis will meditate upon Christ as the Church shows Him to the world, and will dread nothing more than to find himself outside of the lines of that picture; the others choose for themselves, and make Christ according to the promptings of their own corrupt hearts.

One clings to the one true Christ and is saved; the others have false Christs of their own making, and are in danger of eternal damnation. But no matter what the vagaries of the enemies of Christ may invent or imagine, Catholics do not fear that the world will "ring in a Christ that is to be," for they know that "Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever." They know Him, in the words of the writer, but much better than he has any conception of, "historically and psychologically." "*In lumine tuo videbimus lumen.*" We have a gift of God imparted to the mind, an illumination which we call faith, by which and in which the luminous face of Jesus is before us. "We know Him in whom we believe." Our delight is to dwell upon His beauty, and our certain hope is that we shall see Him one day, not through the medium of revelation or imparted knowledge, but face to face, as He is in heaven.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

By Rev. O. A. Hill, S J.

They idle toil who still unravel Fancy's skein,
To weave a creed from tangled Reason's thread.
Confusion crowns the proud and empty head
That strives to evolve a God from withered brain.
The air is breath of Him whom men disdain,
More vital than the accident of bread;
Yon field with traces of His passing's spread:
A flower for every footprint, and a grain
Of wheaten plenty, where He passed awhile.
Yea, God is everywhere; above, below,
Without, within. He sadly shapes the smile
That scoffers grin incredulous. But woe,
And woe again to suicidal guile;
They'll taste His wrath, His gifts who would not know

THE CHURCH AT CANNANORE.

THE MISSION OF CANNANORE, WEST INDIA.

By Rev. A. Goveas.

THE MESSENGER and its readers have taken so much interest in our mission work, that I take the liberty of jotting down some items on the work that is being done in this distant corner of my native country. Cannanore is situated in the southwestern extremity of India, bordering on the Arabian Sea. It is within the diocese of Mangalore (a description of which place appeared in your issue of March, '94), about a hundred miles south of that city. Though it is a part of the above diocese, the people, their customs and habits, and their language, are quite different.

Cannanore, in former times, was an historic place, for Vasco di Gama, the first Portuguese commander who landed at Calicut, a place fifty-six miles southwards, had, before his return to Europe, deposited much of his artillery here for safekeeping, building a wall and palisade, and leaving 200 men as a garrison.

Another commander, Don Francisco d'Albuquerque, in 1505, built the present fort. Several successive commanders and Portuguese viceroys visited the place and left garrisons. Here, too, several battles were fought on land and water between the Portuguese and the natives. One of the viceroys, Henry Menezes, who succeeded Vasco di Gama in 1524, died here in 1526 and was buried in the chapel. *Logan's Gazette* (Mr. Logan was one of the late district officers, collector of this place) says that the said chapel must be now submerged in the sea; but it is more than probable that the building now used as the quarters for the native Infantry Guard within the fort, must have been the chapel. Later on, the Portuguese power was on the wane; in 1663, Cochin was captured by the Dutch, and with it, apparently, all the Portuguese forts in Malabar fell into their hands; the new masters sold the fort to the Rajah (petty sovereign), from whom it was taken by the English, returned, and then finally, in 1790, was recaptured by the English. At present nearly 3,000 could be accommodated

within this little fort, which is well supplied with ammunition.

But Cannanore is also noted as the place where St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, landed and wrought some conversions. It was here that he once stripped off his garments and scourged himself to blood, and thus touched the heart of a hardened Portuguese. This man, however, fell away again, notwithstanding the entreaties of the saint; but the blood of the saint was not spilt in vain, for before leaving the shore, this sinner made his peace with God. On another occasion he converted a youth and imbued him with such religious fervor that he eventually became a Franciscan and gave his blood for his Saviour, in the island of Ceylon.

The Christianity of this place dates as far back as the time of the Portuguese settlement here. The present Catholic congregation is composed of the mixed Portuguese descendants, and others of various nationalities and languages, so that a broken form of Portuguese, Malayalan (which is the language of the country), Tamil, Konkam and English are spoken here. The missionary who wishes to labor successfully must become conversant with all the last four languages. But the knowledge of English and Malayalan is quite indispensable. The multiplicity of tongues is a very serious drawback. The total Catholic population may be roughly estimated at 2,000 souls.

From the time this place was wrested from the Portuguese and the Dutch, until less than a decade ago, Cannanore was a very important military station; it was the headquarters of a second-class district under a Brigadier-General with a battery, one British and two native infantry regiments, with two very large parade grounds. The Christian inhabitants prospered very well, and they found plenty of work. But later on, adversity succeeded; everything gradually came under the hammer, the artillery was removed, then one of the native infantry regiments, followed in a few years by the withdrawal of the European forces. Only a detachment of 100 men is left, as it were, to guard the fine barracks.

Little by little trade declined; Christians, who were generally of the artisan classes, lost their means of living, poverty crept in slowly; many of them were obliged to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The misery from year to year has increased so enormously and the emigration of the young and the strong has gone on so rapidly, that out of a Catholic population of 3,500, there are hardly 2,000 left. Those who remain, the old and the infirm, are half-starved for want of means of living; it is not seldom that there are families who do not get a solid meal for one, two and even three days. We see them gradually emaciated and move about like skeletons. But at the same time it is a great wonder that there are not more deaths from starvation. No less pitiable is their state of half-nakedness. The pastors try hard to give help to these poor people, but it is hardly possible to provide help for every individual. Out of all our Catholic families, there are scarcely fifteen who can really support themselves. This is a source of great concern and affliction to the priests, who live also in great poverty.

Some years ago we used to have a monthly subscription, which at the beginning used to fetch £1 every month, but later on it gradually dwindled down so much that it was difficult to collect even five shillings. Occasionally efforts are made to obtain aid, but with the same result. How are we then to support our poor congregation, or what means are we to devise? What a field would the Sisters of Charity or the Little Sisters of the Poor find were they here! How they would put all their childlike confidence in their father, St. Joseph, and tax his patience until they obtained relief for those poor people!

The present church was built more than a hundred years ago, but the two

aisles were added later on by a Carmelite missionary in the days of plenty. It gives very good accommodation, not only on the floor of the church, but also in the galleries over the aisles, from which the people can assist at the services. The present altar, which is a superb one, is of wood, carved and gilded here before Cannanore lost its splendor. It adds greatly to the beauty and solemnity of the church, which in itself is rather plain. On solemn occasions there is not such need of additional decoration. Yet the cost of supporting the edifice is quite expensive.

The present parochial residence owes its existence to the generosity of many charitable donors in Europe, chiefly in England. The former presbytery, though a rather large one, did not contain sufficient room. Now, Cannanore being a very healthy place, we have had of late several invalid priests coming here to recruit their failing health; some were even at death's door when they came, but scarcely had they set foot on these shores when their condition changed for the better; and for this reason it is quite sure that many others thus enfeebled by constant labors in this tropical climate will seek a refuge here. So it was considered advisable to have a new house. But it is not to be supposed that a palatial building has been raised; for our means are too slender. It is indeed a small building, but it is commodious. It is still unfinished for want of funds.

The school for boys was built in 1869. It is a pretty large building. It was conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. In many regards it stood first among educational institutions; but later on the Brothers had to abandon the place with the universal regret of the inhabitants. Thenceforth the school has been conducted by secular teachers

CONVENT SCHOOLS.

under the management of the parish priest.

The other institution worthy of note here is the convent school. This was also built simultaneously with the boys' school by the same Carmelite missionary. It consists of a day school, boarding school and an orphanage, under the charge of Carmelite Tertiary Nuns. Formerly there was no female school except this. Even now, notwithstanding the poverty of the place, for discipline and the general tone, no other school stands on the same level. The school, together with the convent, have new Gothic chapel, though much smaller than the old one, has been erected. This change has brought much comfort to the inmates.

In both the schools great efforts are being made to keep up the good standing they had held in former days. The poverty of the children is very great. In order to attract them, very often books, clothes and even meals have to be provided for many of them. In order to have some permanent support, a poor-school fund was started a few years ago. At first subscriptions came in slowly but steadily, but latterly even that has come

PARISH HOUSE.

spacious grounds bought some twenty years ago.

There are eleven nuns in charge. The orphanage mainly depends on the parish priest and the mission for support; at present there are about twenty orphans. Formerly there were also military orphans, supported largely by the Government, but on the removal of the troops, this too fell off.

While speaking of the convent, I may mention that lately some alterations were made in the building. The former chapel has been partly pulled down and turned into a dormitory, and a finer, to an end. Notwithstanding these difficulties, great sacrifices are still being made, and we had no cause to regret it, for the results of the annual examinations proved that our exertions were not in vain.

Despite these and many hardships and privations, there are many causes for spiritual consolation in this mission. The different classes of the congregation here have different confraternities to keep them together. There are two Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of the Immaculate Conception, for the youth of both sexes, affiliated to

the Prima Primaria in Rome. The boys have also the Sodality of St. John Berchmans for Altar Boys, established on August 13, 1890. At the time that the school was managed by the Christian Brothers, the boys were always trained to serve Mass with the greatest exactness; and they had introduced the French mode of dressing them for the sacred ceremonies, which manner is still preserved. On solemn occasions they are dressed differently, their attire varying in elegance according to the different offices assigned them.

Moreover, the great devotion of the present day, that of the Sacred Heart, flourishes here. The Apostleship of Prayer was established here in June, 1888, with a preparatory retreat to the people, on the solemn feast of the Sacred Heart of our Lord. From that day the number of Associates has steadily increased. The 2d and 3d Degrees have been established, the former counting fifteen circles and the latter six weekly and two monthly Bands of communicants. The Associates possess a very fine and delicately wrought banner of the Sacred Heart. It was worked by the Tertiary Nuns of the local convent. It has cost a good deal of money; but the courage of some Promoters was not daunted at the poverty of the place. They began collecting the widows' mite, which in the end paid much of the expenses. It is not yet complete. One side contains an oil painting of the Sacred Heart of Jesus pleading, and the

SOME POOR CONVERTS OF CANNANORE.

other the coat-of-arms of the Holy League, worked in gold and silver cloth on rich damask surface. The borders are skilfully embroidered with vine-creepers in silk.

Our Lord who loves the poor has not been slow in rewarding the simple faith exhibited by them towards His Heart. Many petitions have been answered. Even persons from distant places send their intentions to be published here, many of which have been granted as we see from the lists of Graces Obtained.

Of course, it is not to be supposed that everything is as perfect as can be, for there are still many things here to be put in shape.

The work of conversion of the heathen, which is a very important part of our sacred ministry, is not neglected. Too much stress cannot be laid upon it. I remember what Mgr. Agliardi, late Delegate Apostolic to the East Indies, and now Nuncio in Vienna, said in 1885, when he came to Mangalore. His Excellency insisted that every priest, when he went over to pay his respects, should report at least twelve converts a year. In former years many converts were made of the Tamil-speaking class, but now a fresh field is being opened, for the people of the country are beginning to embrace the Christian religion. Several conversions have been made. It is poverty and want of work that are the cause of many of these poor people embracing Christianity. They go roaming about, not knowing where to settle, and thus some are led into the true fold of Christ.

Still it must be remembered that race prejudices are very strong. They have been educated without knowledge of God, and a great many of them have only material interests at heart. Family ties are also strong; fear of being disinherited is a reason that keeps them back.

Another difficulty, and a very serious one, is (as in many other places) the presence of the Protestants. We do not speak of the Anglicans, who do not do much here, but the Basle Evangelical Lutherans, who do their utmost to get converts by payment. In this district, as in several other places, they have established shops and a printing office, tile manufactories and weaving mills, orphanages, widows' homes, and so forth. Every convert of theirs at the outset gets eight shillings a month (which is much in India), besides clothes and lodging, until he or she is taught a trade, and has been in the meantime instructed. What temptation for our converts, and even for our poorer Catholics, when they see these Protestants dressed gorgeously and living stylishly. How many machinations have they not used and still use to turn our converts from our holy faith?

Therefore, unless in these parts some material support is given, it is very difficult to make converts. These people, being generally cultivators of the soil, will be turned out from their livings by their relatives and landlords Some material help should be rendered to them until they are sufficiently instructed in the holy faith and receive the sacraments. How many we are now obliged to turn away only for want of means. Besides, if there were means, we could teach them a trade in order that they might earn their living, and in this way good Christian centres might be formed a little distance from the town as well as from the Protestant propaganda.

But these good artisans would have to be employed and materials would have to be provided; all of which cannot be done without means.

We are handicapped in every way. We have to deprive ourselves of many necessaries in order to help the poor and the converts. Besides, another drawback is, that we have no lodgings for our converts; some are put in wretched hovels no better than the cells of the old recluses, for which rent has to be paid; a few others are placed here and there in families. At present the harvest is ripe, but the laborers and all other means are scarce.

Cannanore in its present state of

abandonment would be a fit place for orphanages and other institutions. Land could be got cheaper than elsewhere, and much cheaper than in former days. Being a healthy place, it would be a capital centre for a sanitarium.

I spoke above of the need of an orphanage. What a heart-rending sight it is to see the poor waifs wandering about the streets and the barracks seeking a morsel to stay their hunger! How many tears of compassion are we obliged to shed when these same waifs in the course of time are rendered indifferent and inaccessible to instructions and other consolations of religion! When we see older people so indifferent we cannot but expect that the children too will follow in the same path.

It is a sad story that I have been obliged to relate, but it is, none the less, true. It is a scene of woes and misery that we have to witness daily. The resources of our mission are very limited, and when distributed for the various purposes, they are quite insufficient. But in all these trials our hope and confidence is in Him who was born in a stable, who had not where to lay His head, and died on a Cross. St. Joseph, too, who has on several occasions come to our help, will be also, in our present distress, our mainstay and refuge.

HOW PIERRE CHAUTARD CARRIED THE CROSS UNTO DEATH.

By Eugene Larmont.

NOT far from the venerable sanctuary of Vals, the birthplace of the Apostleship of Prayer, on a gray, rugged and moss-covered rock, rises the ancient castle of Polignac, the renowned manor of the princes of that name, who, for many a century, lorded it over the surrounding country. It is now but a pile of noble ruins: its shattered walls and crumbling towers, tenanted by birds of prey, loudly proclaim that nothing is immortal which is raised by mortal hands.

Around these time-worn relics of former splendor cluster the low, red-tiled and stone-walled dwellings of a sturdy race of deeply Catholic farmers. Seen from a distance, the village of Polignac presents to the tourist a most picturesque scene. Perched on every few square yards of projecting rock, the houses rise up the shagged sides of the noble castle like children climbing up the rugged legs of a mighty giant.

Polignac is the centre of a large parish, which numbers not less than twelve villages, scattered over the rocky and woody mountains which bound the horizon on every side. The church is an old stone structure, renovated and enlarged of late years, with three lofty naves and a red-tiled spire. Three priests are hardly sufficient to attend to the spiritual wants of a community so widely scattered.

It was on Tuesday of Holy Week, some twenty years ago, that what we are about to narrate took place. The day was cold, very cold, at Polignac. Over the black hillside and through leafless trees, a biting north wind whistled songs of suffering and misery, while it moaned dolefully in the ruined halls and dismantled towers of the castle above. A sullen canopy of grayish clouds overspread the sky. Birds had not yet returned from their more genial southern homes, and wolves still held sovereign sway over the desolate and frozen mountain-sides. The cattle were snug in the stalls, the harvest garnered in the barns, and the farmer sat by his cosy fire, smoking his pipe and listlessly looking through wreaths of blue smoke

at the desolation which reigned supreme without.

On the northern side of the volcanic pillar upon which stood the castle was the hut of Pierre Chautard. It was a low, thatched and weather-beaten structure. It consisted of only one room, which served as parlor, bedroom and kitchen. In a word, poverty throughout her vast kingdom could not have made choice of a more suitable abode. But under this very roof there breathed a soul which possessed a nobility wanting to many who boast of a line of glorious ancestry. By dint of hard labor Pierre managed to keep the wolf from the door and to give bread to two puny boys and a sickly wife. And even then, had it not been for the Christian charity of neighbors, the dreary and bitter winter of these mountains would have long ago sent the inmates of this poor dwelling to a colder and drearier home. Yet never was a word of complaint heard to escape the poor man's lips. Winter days and summer days did not alter his sentiments and Providence was ever to him a kind mother.

Pierre Chautard was a stonecutter by profession, but he was always willing to do any odd job which might bring bread and wood to his home. He divided moreover the duties of grave-digger and bell-ringer of the parish with two other men of the place. At the time of our narrative he was about fifty years of age, but he was still hale and strong. Inured from childhood to the hard labors consequent on poverty, he was reckoned the strongest man of the village. Reckless where duty called him, fearless when others would have trembled, ever ready to do a good turn to a neighbor, loudly proclaiming as his only political tenets that he cared not who ruled, provided freedom and protection were granted to religion. Such was Pierre Chautard as he sat that Holy Tuesday's wintry afternoon before a cheerless fire, with his two boys on his knees and his wife hid in the chimney corner, mending one of the two pairs of stockings wherewith Pierre kept his feet from being bitten by the frost.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when Pierre rose from his seat, placed one of the boys at the edge of the hearthstone, the other on the chair where he had been sitting and put on his boots.

"Where are you going now?" inquired his wife.

"I am going to see M. le Curé," replied Pierre.

"It is too cold, dear, to go out."

"No, no, I have to see him to-night, Louise. Holy Thursday is at hand and I have to find out what I will have to do in the procession. Last year I carried the cross and I mean to do the same this year."

"A snowstorm is coming, Pierre, and, if I am not mistaken," said Louise looking out, "it is on the mountains now. Thursday, from present appearances, will be a very cold day. You imagine that because you are strong you can trifle with your health."

"The one who first carried the Cross," solemnly answered our hero, "did not reason in this way, Louise. So, goodbye: I will be back in less than an hour. Anyhow, I would have to go out at half-past seven to ring the Angelus and I may as well kill two birds with one stone."

So saying, Pierre strode out into the northern blizzard as it riotously charged down the deserted streets. The air was dense with eddying wreaths of snowflakes which the storm-spirits flung by handfuls over withered grass-plots, leafless trees, bleak roofs and frozen sidewalks. The cold was biting and the way uncertain, for the wind which played and whirled in nooks and corners seemed ever on the watch to fling a snowy spray at the face of the poor benumbed wayfarer. But Pierre kept on, his gait somewhat slower and more irregular than became his age, yet not dismayed at the fury of the elements. He knew the road by heart, and his

mind was just then far too deeply engaged in arranging the arguments which were to further his cause with M. le Curé to heed the mischievous feathery beings that danced about him.

As Pierre with his head bent low was thus proceeding on his way, his name was carried to his ear on the wings of the howling storm. He looked about and behind him but saw nothing; so thick was the falling snow. Again he heard some one calling him, and this time he discovered dimly on the threshold of a house on the right the tall figure of Jean Balais the tailor, his cousin, and with him the bell-ringer and grave digger of the parish. He stopped his hurried walk and shouted back: "Hello! Jean!"

"Where are you bound, Pierre, in such freezing weather?" inquired his friend.

"To see M. le Curé," came the answer.

"Come in and take supper with us. My wife says that when there is enough for three there is enough for four."

"I haven't time, Jean. Louise would be uneasy at home if I were gone too long."

"It's not a banquet I invite you to, Pierre, and it won't keep you till midnight."

"Well" said Pierre at last, "I'll just step in for a few minutes."

After having shaken the snow from his boots, he entered and was welcomed by the whole family. A warm supper was already laid on the table and our poor quarryman felt his appetite to be of the best.

"Sit down, Pierre," said Jean. "Is some one sick at home that you have to call on M. le Curé at such an hour?"

"No, Jean, but Thursday is coming. Last year I carried the cross in the procession, and I want to do the same this year."

"Oh, I see. Well I have been assigned to carry the chalice: M. le Curé told me so this morning. As for the cross I think some one has secured it."

"Who?" asked Pierre in a tone of surprise and disappointment.

"Thomas Platte," replied Jean.

"The idea! Well, I'll not get angry with him, but I won't give up my visit. I'll see M. le Curé and so many and so powerful are the reasons I have to give him that he will have to yield to my demands, or I won't ring a bell for him, and the dead will have to go unburied, as far as I am concerned."

"Don't lose your temper, Pierre; what I told you was only a rumor."

Our hero dispatched the hot supper which had been placed before him with the hurry of a man who has pressing business on hand.

"Excuse me, Jean, if I leave you so abruptly," he said, hastening to the door, "there is nothing like besieging a city when the storm is raging. Your supper was most welcome, and my poor wife and children would have looked upon it in the light of a Christmas dinner. Good-bye. The way I ring the Angelus to-night will tell you whether I gained my point or not."

And Pierre ventured again into the cold, stormy, winter night. A few moments after he was knocking at the presbytery-door. It was immediately opened by a venerable priest with a crown of white flowing hair and a face where kindness had stamped itself.

"Good evening, M. le Curé," said Pierre as he stepped into the dimly lighted hall.

"Oh, it is you, Pierre" said the good priest, "what brings you here so late and in such a storm?"

"I came here to see your Reverence on important business," said Pierre.

They were now in a small parlor, where simplicity joined hands with neatness and tidiness.

"Take a seat," said the priest as he placed a chair for Pierre before the fireplace. "Well, what is your important business?"

"Well—well, M. le Curé, I'll out with it without more ado."

"What is it?"

"I have to carry the cross next Thursday."

"You must carry your cross daily, my friend," put in the priest with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Your Reverence is jesting; you know the cross I mean."

"Well, but did you not have that privilege last year?"

"I did, M. le Curé, but——"

"But other people may like to have a chance at it."

"Excuse me, your Reverence, but I have to express my views on the matter. I have my likings as well as other people, and on this subject I have made up my mind."

"But look here, Pierre, you have to ring the bells during the procession."

"Your Reverence," said Pierre with a mischievous smile playing over his honest face. "Your Reverence forgets that our bells go to Rome as far as their ringing is concerned on Thursday morning, and do not come back until you sing out the *Gloria* on Saturday."

"I intended to give the cross to Thomas Platte to carry."

"Did he ask for it?"

"No."

"Well, then, look here, M. le Curé, I am stronger and healthier than Thomas. He would faint under the load, I am sure. As for myself, I know how to go about it, and last year, after the procession, I felt strong enough to begin again."

"But, Pierre, if you get sick Thursday, then you will blame me and so will everybody else."

"If I get sick, I know who sends sickness. If they blame you, M. le Curé, send them to me, and I'll give them a few clear ideas about the ways of Providence in this world."

"Your reasons are pretty good."

"So good that your Reverence has no objection and says yes."

"Not so fast, Pierre. I have still one objection."

"Let us hear it."

"The other day I saw you doing something which I did not like, and I have a mind to punish you for it."

"You may punish me after the procession, M. le Curé; but what was it?"

"I saw you when you knocked down poor Richard Brisson in front of the church near the Mission Cross."

"Yes, and I'll do it again if he ever dares to repeat in my presence what he said then."

"And what did he say?"

"He asserted that processions and such religious things are mere nonsense and ought to be done away with."

"And what did you reply?"

"Your Reverence saw how I argued with the villain. He belongs to that society you mentioned in one of your sermons."

"Well, it is not so bad as I thought."

"It is not bad at all, and I deserve to carry the cross for that."

"Very well, Pierre. And how is everything at home?"

"Pretty cold and hungry, M. le Curé. But the good God knows what He is about. He will straighten everything in the other world and not forget I carried His cross."

"You are right, Pierre; courage and confidence. Life is short and heaven awaits you."

"And excuse me, M. le Curé," said Pierre looking at the clock on the mantelpiece, "but I have to go and ring the Angelus. A thousand thanks to your Reverence for the favor granted. Good night."

And Pierre, with joy thrilling every part of his sturdy frame, dashed out, and, it is said that the Angelus bell never gave forth such joyous notes as it did that night, Jean Balais mentioning the fact to Pierre next day, remarked that it seemed as though angels were in the steeple.

"The only angel there was myself," said Pierre, "and a very poor one at that; but thanks for the compliment."

As soon as the Angelus was rung, Pierre hastened home to announce the glad tiding. But his fatherly heart was still more rejoiced when he saw his wife and two children in the very act of helping themselves to a warm and plentiful supper sent by his cousin Jean.

Next day the storm had abated. Towards noon a southerly wind having sprung up, the clouds which canopied the sky, were torn asunder and the shreds flung to the four quarters of heaven. Then the winter sun revealed itself to the eye in all its dazzling splendor. Its hot rays soon began to play havoc amid the gems and radiant pearls with which King Frost had decked the snowy mantle which the storm had thrown over the naked shoulders of poor mother earth. The snow vanished beneath the burning darts of the mighty warrior of heaven, and towards night the battle-field was but a dark scene of muddy roads and treacherous waterpools. When the moon rose she saw nothing to gladden her eyes but a few heroes in white who had withstood the fray and were ambushed in nooks and corners waiting for a renewal of the struggle.

Holy Thursday began as summer days do, with brightness and gladness. The sun pursued his relentless conquests and when he disappeared behind the hills he had in part repaired the sad consequences of his victories and dried up the tears of his conquered foes. But he left still behind him the cold and damp atmosphere of death.

In the morning, the whole parish turned out to assist at the imposing ceremonies which were held in the church and then returned to their homes, their minds engaged with the still sadder memories to be recalled by the procession at nightfall.

The procession which takes place every year in the parish of Polignac at sunset of Holy Thursday is one of the most touching and realistic scenes imaginable. But its grandeur and dramatic effect are chiefly derived from the simple faith and fervent piety which animate both actors and spectators.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon three or four boys were called by M. le Curé, given loud sounding clappers and told to go around the village and summon the people to the procession. The little fellows, followed by an ever increasing crowd of their playmates, went their round and fulfilled the duty laid upon them with all the solemnity and zest of men intrusted with an important office.

Just as the sun was sinking in the West and its dying rays were gilding the barren summits of the neighboring mountains, a mighty throng of children, men and women with rustic lanterns in their hands might have been seen entering the parish church. Within all was silence and prayer. The bare altars, the veiled statues, the gloom of the twilight pervading the aisles, everything, in a word, voiced sentiments of religious sadness. Each one felt as if he were about to assist at a scene of death, the death of a dear and cherished friend.

Suddenly the solemn notes of the *Vexilla Regis* burst forth through the silent naves ; the sad pageant is on the march. Soon through the wide open portals issues with majestic tread the verger of the church, dressed in a bright uniform, with a broad crape tastefully knotted around his arm and one hanging from his long silver-headed halberd. He is followed by three acolytes in black soutanes and lace surplices : the middle one carrying the cross and the other two bearing flaming torches. Behind them walk with measured steps and in the most religious spirit two long lines of boys, girls, women and men holding in their hands lighted lanterns of all sizes and descriptions.

Now between two lines of red-robed acolytes holding high in the air brightly colored flambeaux advances the most dramatic and at the same time the most religious part of the procession. We mean the White Penitents, who consti-

tute one of the most important of the sodalities of the parish of Polignac, and which is mainly composed of married men. The costumes in which they appear in the drama of the night consists of a long hooded white robe and of a long veil of the same color hanging over the face so as to hide the identity of the actors.

In the lead of this mysterious band a man walks barefoot holding in his hand a chalice, which is meant to recall the one our divine Saviour begged so earnestly His Father to remove from His lips, but which He drank so deeply for our salvation. On either side of Jean Balais, for it is he, as our readers already know, walk two penitents whose duty is somewhat akin to that of the angel in the grotto of Gethsemani: namely, to sustain him in the arduous duty of holding the sacred symbol high in the air.

Behind them come other members of the confraternity each in charge of one of the many emblems of the Saviour's dolorous passion. There you may see the ladder of the Crucifixion, the column of the flagellation, the nails, the hammers, the crown of thorns, in a word a facsimile of all the instruments which figured in the awful tragedy enacted nearly twenty centuries ago. You may even remark a cock, to recall the one which crowed and thus called Peter, the renegade, to the thought of a deeply wronged Master and caused him to shed tears of bitter repentance.

But here comes a tall man carrying on his broad shoulders a heavy cross. He is barefooted and his veiled face would hide his name from all but our readers. To-night our friend Pierre Chautard's individuality seems to the eye of the beholder to have totally merged itself into that of the divine Being he had begged so earnestly to impersonate. The cross which weighs heavily on his shoulders deserves here a word of description. In length it measures from ten to twelve feet, with arms in proportion. It is made of long planks of about a foot in width. In itself it is a heavy load, but this is nothing when you think of the amount of energy needed in the cross-bearer, being required by custom to genuflect at every step he takes. The length of the cross might also be a difficulty, but this is partly obviated by the fact that another barefooted penitent holds up the base of the cross and prevents it from dragging along the ground.

On either side of Pierre are two other men carrying also on their shoulders small crosses; they are the two historical thieves. Their load is such that, compared to that on Pierre's shoulders, the disproportion is so great that it does not fail to bring to the Christian mind the fact that the Saviour was far more cruelly treated than the criminals who died with Him.

The procession closes with the choir and the clergy. M. le Curé holds in his hands a reliquary containing a particle of the wood of the true Cross.

Let us watch this long serpent of lights as it winds through the narrow and unpaved streets of the village, now ascending a rocky steep, now descending through a muddy lane. It is a grand spectacle, and one which never loses its novelty. The stars above twinkle and seem to whisper to one another words of admiration for the faith of these simple people. Now and then the voices of the choir break upon the stillness of night with the mournful notes of a song, which tells of the sufferings of a God-man.

But what has happened down at the crossing of the road? Nothing to alarm, but much to edify you. There have gathered the men who are too old to take part in the procession, the women whom maternal duties have kept at home, the children whose age and weakness prevented from exposing themselves to the fatigues of a long march. They are waiting their turn to kiss, and pass under, the cross which Pierre Chautard holds up for the purpose.

We read in the annals of ancient Rome that when they wanted to dishonor a

soldier publicly they forced him in presence of his assembled comrades to bend low and pass under the yoke. But the inhabitants of Polignac see no shame in the performance of a similar act, they rather see in it an act of faith; the meaning of which they themselves do not fully realize. All they know is that, in this holy kiss and in this act of bending low under the shadow of the cross, they find untold consolations and increased strength for the trials of life.

Now the procession resumes again its slow and solemn march to stop again and allow a repetition of the touching scene above described. Finally, after two long hours thus spent in the cold air of a wintry night, the procession enters the church, where in glowing words, which fall on well-prepared hearts, the priest tells his flock the old but ever new story of the sufferings and death of our Saviour on Calvary.

When the sermon was over the immense crowd which had filled the church to overflowing and had so religiously attended all the services of the evening, was at last free to return home and seek in sleep a much needed rest.

The White Penitents repaired in a body to the presbytery, where, under the direction of M. le Curé, something had been prepared to restore to them the heat and strength lost by them during the long and chilly march of the evening. When all apparently were assembled, the kind priest remarked that Pierre Chautard was absent, and he asked Jean Balais whether Pierre was present at the sermon or not.

"He was there at the beginning," Jean answered, "but soon he whispered in my ear that he felt unwell, and he went out."

"I hope it was but a passing spell of dizziness," said the priest, "and he may be here soon."

"I don't know," put in one of the Penitents, "for he looked to me to be very tired. Did not your Reverence observe during the Way of the Cross how painfully he raised himself after each genuflection?"

"Why didn't he tell me after the procession that he was tired?" said the priest, somewhat displeased.

"Oh, Pierre would never have done that," said Jean. "I know him. When he undertakes to do a thing he will do it were he even to die in the attempt."

The absence of Pierre somewhat dampened the happy feelings of the company, and, contrary to custom, the meeting was a short one. As the men were going away, M. le Curé took Jean aside and said:

"Jean, what do you say to our going to Pierre's house and seeing what is the matter with him?"

"Let us go," said Jean.

They went, and soon reached the poor hut Pierre called his home. They knocked at the door: it was opened by the poor wife in tears.

"Where is Pierre?" inquired the priest.

"In bed, your Reverence, with high fever. He is delirious and I don't know what to do. I have nothing to give him. Come in."

Jean Balais hearing how matters stood took the priest aside and in a whisper said to him:

"I'll go home to tell my wife to come here and help; then I'll take my horse and hurry to the city for a doctor."

"Go, Jean," said the priest, "may God reward you for your charity."

While Jean was away on his errand, the priest approached the low, miserable pallet upon which Pierre tossed about restlessly: his powerful frame struggled with the fiery foe which had gained admittance within, his eyes sparkled with the wild lustre which bespeaks a mind no longer master of its operations, his lips were parched by a feverish thirst, and his burning hands vainly sought a cool spot over the bed. In a word, Pierre Chautard was seriously sick with a fever of the most malignant kind, which threatened to carry him away

before long, unless heaven and earth should come and stay the fearful progress of an enemy, who became fiercer as he met with greater resistance in his antagonist.

At the foot of the bed were his two little boys, with eyes wide opened, scarcely realizing the danger they were in of losing their father. The wife, on the other hand, with big tears rolling down her pallid cheek, was bathing the forehead of her dear husband with the utter despair of an affectionate heart.

When Pierre saw the priest approaching, he sat bolt upright on the bed, and, with eyes flashing fire and clenched fists, cried out: "Ah, it is you? What did you say? Say it again and I'll teach you to respect religion and the priests when you speak to me."

"Be quiet, Pierre," said Louise, gently replacing the sick man's head on the pillow. "Be quiet, it is only M. le Curé who has come to see you."

"Don't you know me, Pierre?" said the priest, taking hold of one of his hands.

The sick man looked at him for a while then replied:

"Yes—I carried the cross—I felt very tired, but I wanted to carry it to the last."

"Yes," said the priest, "and God will bless you for it. But, my friend, you are very sick; would you like to make your confession?"

"Will I not carry the blessed cross again?"

"Oh, yes," replied the priest, "but it is prudent to settle our affairs with God in case of danger."

"I went to confession last night, for was I not to carry the Lord's cross?" said Pierre, while a heavenly smile spread over his face.

Just then the wife of Jean Balais came in loaded with all that she had been able to procure in the way of medicines. The priest, seeing that Pierre was delirious, and that for the present it was impossible to have him make his confession, having ascertained that what he had said was true, withdrew and left the poor man to the affectionate care of the two women with the promise of a visit early next day.

Towards three o'clock in the morning Jean Balais, followed by the doctor, rushed into the sick-room. After a long and careful examination of the patient's condition, the physician called Jean aside, and in whispered words informed him that the state of his friend was such that no human art could stay the ravages of the malady, and that if the delirium lasted till noon all hope of recovery was to be given up. Having written a few directions, the doctor went away followed by Jean.

Early in the morning of Good Friday M. le Curé made his promised visit. He found Pierre in a very low state. The fever was raging as fiercely as ever, but the sick man, having just gone through a fearful fit of delirium, was now luckily in his right senses. He therefore made his confession with all the signs of the sincerest sorrow and repentance. When it was over, the priest began to tell him of the seriousness of his case, but Pierre stopped him, saying:

"M. le Curé, I know it all. When I went to bed after the services, I knew I would not rise again; but God's will be done. I have ever tried to do what I thought right. And during the procession I had a presentiment that it was the last time I was to carry the cross."

"Yes," said the priest, sadly, "Jean told me that the doctor had given you up. Don't wonder if I speak to you plainly; you are a Christian and for you death has no terrors."

"I care not for myself, M. le Curé, but my poor heart breaks at the thought of parting from my wife and my two little boys. What will become of them with no one to give them bread to eat?" And tears began to roll down his flushed cheeks.

"Don't be uneasy, my dear friend," replied the priest. "God is a kind Father and they will be taken care of."

Pierre began to make an appropriate answer, but soon his incoherent words and wild gestures told but too plainly that he was delirious again. He was to remain in this same state till his death; but even in his delirium words were spoken which clearly showed how he valued the privilege of carrying our Lord's cross.

When the bells rang out their blithe alleluias on Holy Saturday, the soul of Pierre Chautard had winged its flight to a better world, to the feet of Him whose cross he had so generously carried and in whom he had so lovingly trusted all his life.

The news of his death spread consternation and sorrow among the people of the parish, and his sudden departure was a terrible blow to his many friends.

Though Pierre lived and died a poor man, his funeral surpassed in magnificence and attendance those of many more favored sons of fortune. But the sympathy of the people did not confine itself to a mere outward show of appreciation and esteem. Pierre had left behind him a poor sickly wife and two very young boys.

The day after the funeral, the White Penitents held a special meeting, in which it was unanimously resolved that the family of their deceased member should be supported at the expense of the confraternity, and that a Mass should be founded for the repose of the soul of him who carried the cross unto death.

THE OLD GRAVEYARD, BARDSTOWN.

THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT BARDSTOWN.

By Henry S. Shepherd.

ON a Christmas eve, at the close of the first quarter of this century, a traveller from Charlestown, S. C., found himself in the solitary aisles of a great cathedral 1,000 miles west of the Atlantic. On every side of him rose massive columns with variated flutings and leafy capitals, great arches stretched overhead, and on the snowy ceiling were wrought every form of magic tracery and fantastic arabesque; yet this temple was not the handiwork of man—its columns were of stately trees and its arches of snow-laden branches. Like the fanes of ancient heathendom it offered no solace to the traveller's heart; so he passed on from its chilly naves to another temple where dwelt the living God, whom he had come to serve. As he emerged from the forest in Central Kentucky, that Christmas

eve, there loomed up before him the place towards which he journeyed. Only part of it was visible, the slender spire and the cross which crowned it standing out indistinctly against the darkening horizon.

It soon disappeared from sight, for the traveller was again entangled in the winding paths of another forest. In fact, he was in a wilderness of forests. To the south, and west, and north they stretched out unbroken and interminable, while to the east as far as the rugged range of the Alleghany mountains, more than 500 miles away, though many a giant tree had fallen before the axe of the frontiersman, still the clearing and sparse settlements scattered here and there had little more than scarred the vast timbered regions. During his many months of journeying from the Atlantic the traveller had seen but few buildings larger than the block-house or the frontier cabin of rough-hewn logs; great was his surprise, then, when he found himself before a spacious cathedral, at that time the most imposing structure west of the Alleghanies. Had the little town, where it was built, stood on the shores of the Great Lakes or on a navigable river, communicating with the cities of the East or with the Gulf of Mexico, the surprise would have been less; for then one would have regarded the spot as a fortunate Damascus, through whose gates traffic had come and gone, and which had in consequence waxed rich in bartering. No such advantages, however, were enjoyed by Bardstown at whose western extremity stood St. Joseph's new cathedral.

It was an isolated town. Just why such a spot should have been chosen for a settlement is to-day an enigma. Perhaps Mr. David Baird, its founder, while pushing westward was awed by the high bluff before him, and fearing to descend and finding it impossible to go around unloaded his wagon and took possession of the future town which was to bear his name. Perhaps, too, the cool, crystal spring, which gushes out from the solid limestone cliff, and a large cave not twenty yards away offered another inducement to the first settlers. Even to-day one of the principal streets of the little town runs sheer over the impending bluff; from which we can infer that it was once but a narrow path leading to the spring below. Then there were other springs in the vicinity—springs in abundance, which fed a small stream, and it, in turn, supplied the water power for one of the first grist-mills in that section of the state. Bardstown soon became an industrial centre with tanneries and woolen mills and factories. Later on in its history, it merited the title of the "Athens of the West"; it boasted a college and three academies; there were published the *Minerva* and the *Catholic Advocate*, one of the four Catholic papers in the United States; the ablest lawyers pleaded at its bar; while Fitch, the forerunner of Fulton in the invention of the steamboat, was one of its most distinguished citizens.

Such was Bardstown, which, despite its isolated position, thrived and prospered for half a century. It became the nucleus around which centred the Catholic settlements of the West. To it Bishop Carroll looked when, in 1808, he proposed to erect a see for the vast stretch of country beyond the Alleghanies. New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Bardstown—each was chosen as a site for a future bishopric. What an honor for the little town! How changed since the day of its exaltation! Many a building in either of the cities mentioned above would offer more than ample room for all of the residents of Bardstown. Still it was great in its day, and held under its episcopal sway the extensive territory from the Alleghanies in the East, to the far-rolling prairies beyond the Mississippi river. Its glory has long since departed, but the old cathedral which it erected in its prime and its pride, stands as firm as it did nearly eighty years ago. The story of

this old cathedral must forever prove an interesting chapter in the history of the Catholic Church of America.

THE CATHEDRAL.

When Bishop Flaget reached his episcopal see, June 9, 1811, he had neither church nor residence. For years he dwelt in a simple log cabin, and a log cabin served as a chapel. His diocese could scarcely support the few priests who passed from station to station, administering to the scattered flock. Under these circumstances the wise prelate was unwilling to burden the people with the heavy expenses which the erection of a cathedral would require. He waited in patience for the time when God would provide the necessary means. His desires were fulfilled and his patience rewarded sooner than he expected, and in a way far superior to his most sanguine hopes. Mr. John Rogers, an architect of considerable ability, on removing from Baltimore to Bardstown, not only offered his services to Bishop Flaget, but persuaded him that the construction of a cathedral was not only possible, but opportune.

Work was begun at once. The stone for the foundation was obtained from a neighboring quarry, while brick of a very superior quality were made in steel moulds near the town. The corner-stone was laid July 16, 1816. The little town subscribed $500 while the missionaries, in visiting the various families and stations throughout the diocese, solicited subscriptions until $26,000 were secured. Much of this success must be attributed to the intense earnestness of those pioneer priests and their zeal for the house of God. We have an instance of this spirit manifested in the action of Father Nerinckx, when in Belgium collecting for his missions. There he secured the richest copes and chasubles, golden chalices and ciboriums for his infant churches in the West. When asked by a friend whether old vestments or those of cheaper material would not suffice for his poor missions, he replied that the same God was worshipped in Europe and America; that if the Church gloried in the magnificent temples which she had strewn over the face of Catholic countries, there was no reason why she should not undertake to do the same in other lands. Filled with this apostolic spirit, and remembering the reply of our divine Lord to Judas when a Magdalene poured the rich ointments over her Saviour's feet, Father Nerinckx aroused in his countrymen a similar desire to have God honored with suitable ceremonies, and obtained from them many costly donations. This, too, was the spirit of all the early missionaries of Kentucky. Knowing that it was impossible to erect many costly churches, they strove to have at least one worthy of the service of the Most High. This spirit they communicated to their flocks wherever they went, so that the Catholics throughout the State and diocese became enthusiastically interested in the new cathedral. They looked forward to the time when they and their children, who had assisted at holy Mass in the dingy room of some settler's cabin or beneath

the canopy of a beech tree, could go to behold the splendid ceremonies and worship God in the new church to which they had contributed.

St. Joseph's Cathedral was consecrated August 18, 1819. Every circumstance conspired to make that day a memorable one in the history of Catholicity in the West. We learn from Webb's "Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky," that Bishop Flaget and his assistant, the Rev. John B. David, were especially anxious about the sermon for the occasion, deliberating long and seriously as to the choice of the speaker. It was finally agreed that Rev. Robert A. Abell should preach the dedication sermon. Although not a man of deep learning, he had every requisite for a public speaker. In early life he had listened to a speech by Henry Clay, and ever after was fired with the ambition to become an orator. The young priest, on learning that he was to preach at the consecration of St. Joseph's Cathedral, was at first pleased with the favor bestowed upon him; but, when later he weighed the responsibility attached to the honor, he rather shrank from the task. This task was made all the more arduous by his ministerial duties, which left him little time to prepare his sermon.

When the hour came for him to mount his horse and start for Bardstown, he had not a line written. This the young orator was forced to admit, upon Father David's asking to read the sermon; he stated, however, that he had thought the matter over, and felt that he would be ready for the occasion. Father David was not satisfied; he feared to trust Father Abell's inexperience, and therefore ordered him to go at once and write the sermon. Father Abell spent the afternoon in classifying and jotting down the principal points of his subject; but he had not yet completed his work when Father David demanded the papers, that he and Bishop Flaget might examine them at their leisure. Father Abell refused under the plea that his manuscript was illegible, for he had been clutching the bridle so long that he was unable to write. It was finally agreed that he should read the sermon to Father David and the Bishop. That evening the young priest entered the room where his two critics awaited him. Retiring to one corner, and placing a smoky, flickering tallow-candle on the table by his side, he unfolded his meagre manuscript, from which he pretended to read; first in a low voice, then louder and louder until he could be distinctly heard from without. The little room seemed gradually to vanish, and the immense audience to rise up before the speaker as he progressed in his sermon. He spoke right on without a falter, for "he had something to say and knew how to say it." As he sketched the trials and sufferings of that infant church in the West, he was relating trials and sufferings which he himself had witnessed. He felt the truth of every word he uttered—it was a friend speaking to friends of their common suffering. Here Father Abell paused, as if suddenly conscious of the fact that his audience consisted of but two persons; glancing at the Bishop and his assistant, he saw that they were weeping like children. He no longer doubted of the success of his sermon.

Never before had proud little Bardstown seen such crowds within its streets as gathered there on that eighteenth day of August, 1819. The church itself must have appeared truly colossal to those pioneer visitants, many of whom had never seen a structure larger than a log-cabin. The loud voiced bell, the solemn notes of the new organ, the large pictures, the gifts of the king of Sicily, which adorned the walls of the church; the rich vestments, which enabled the bishop and his assistants to appear in the sanctuary in a way truly befitting their sacred offices; the white habits of the Dominicans, in contrast with the black cassocks of the clergy and seminarians; the powerful, yet pathetic ser-

mon of Rev. Robert Abell; the novel and impressive character of the services—all must have impressed them with a feeling akin to wonderment. It would be difficult to calculate the good done for Catholicity in the West on that day. Old prejudices of Protestants were disarmed, while Catholics were brought to admire and appreciate the beautiful ceremonies they had witnessed for the first time. Those Catholics who assembled in St. Joseph's Cathedral on that day were descendants of the voluntary exiles who had crossed the Atlantic in the "Ark" and the "Dove" 200 years before. From Maryland they had come to Kentucky, and now for the first time in the land of their adoption, they had built a temple worthy of God, in whose name and for whose glory their forefathers in England had long before erected so many majestic abbeys and magnificent Gothic churches.

BISHOP FLAGET.

"The cathedral is a neat and beautiful specimen of architecture of the Corinthian order, and its dimensions are 120 feet in length, including the beautiful semicircular sanctuary, by 74 feet in breadth. The ceiling of the centre aisle is arched and flanked on each side with a row of four beautiful columns, besides the pilasters of the sanctuary. The ceiling of the side aisles is groined. . . . The steeple is a well-proportioned and beautifully tapering spire, nearly 150 feet in height, to the top of the cross with which it is surmounted."

Mention has already been made of the rich church furniture which Father Nerinckx brought from Belgium to Kentucky. St. Joseph's cathedral received by far the most valuable of these gifts—two of them, especially, are worthy of mention: the bell, and the large picture of the crucifixion, which still hangs over the main altar.

It was one of those bells that hung for three quarters of a century in the old cathedral tower. Made at Alost, in Belgium, for the monastery of Ninove, for years it called to prayer pious monks and devoted pilgrims until at last, when revolutionary hands had scattered the servants of God and despoiled their houses, the bell was bought by Father Nerinckx and brought to America. To the town folks that bell became a veritable friend; Christmas and Easter without its sweet notes would have been shorn of half their joys.

> "O Belgium! classic land of bells,
> The music of thy carillons
> Ringing in clear and silvery tones,
> To memory dear, in my heart dwells."

Some years ago the bell dropped from the steeple, crushed through three floors,

THE CAVE.

and striking a heavy beam, was slightly fractured. Later on, when ringing for high Mass, the crack suddenly widened, and its voice was forever hushed. Many of the older members of the congregation were seen to weep as if a tried and devoted friend had been taken from among them. The bell was recast and again placed in the tower. Anxious hearts gathered around the church on the day when it was to ring for the first time. Would it be like the bell they had listened to so long? Would its voice be as silvery? Sweeter, perhaps; for since science had made such progress, had not the casting of bells also been improved? Alas! they were doomed to disappointment, and turned away in sorrow, for the mellow notes of the old bell had departed forever.

A visiting priest from Europe wrote the following lines in regard to the services which he witnessed in the cathedral. "If ever I was penetrated with deep feeling it was while assisting at the holy sacrifice in the cathedral on Sunday. A torrent of tears flowed from my eyes. The ceremonies all performed with the greatest exactness according to the Roman rite; the chant at once grave and touching; the attending clergy pious and modest — every thing impressed me so strongly that I almost believed myself in the midst of one of the finest churches of Rome. . . . From the bottom of my heart I poured forth prayers to God for this worthy Bishop, for France, and for those who, by their generosity, had contributed to have the good God so well worshipped in the midst of waving forests."

On the same subject we have the following lines from the pen of Bishop Flaget himself. "Nothing could be more astonishing and edifying at the same time, than to see the Bishop officiating pontifically in the cathedral with deacon and sub-deacon, both students of the seminary, surrounded by more than fifteen seminarians, tonsured or in minor orders, clad in cassock and surplice, and singing as well as if they had been trained in Paris itself." We know that Bishop Flaget was not a man to exaggerate; we know, too, that when in Europe he had many opportunities of witnessing the most solemn ceremonies. When, therefore, he speaks with such praise of the services as conducted in his cathedral, we must conclude that they merited such commendation.

But it was on Christmas especially that the church wore its most beautiful aspect and attracted the largest crowds. In the *South Carolina Miscellany* published at Charlestown, 1824, there is contained a full account of these Christmas services by a visitor to Bardstown. It was the traveller referred to in the beginning of this article. He had intended to return East before the festival, but his friends pressed him to stay and witness the beautiful illuminations and solemn services of Christmas, assuring him that he would be more than repaid for his trouble. He wrote as follows to the editor of the *Miscellany*:

"The crowds I found around the church at one o'clock at night gave me an anticipated idea of the greatness of the solemnity. Scarcely had the door been opened at half-past two, when every pew and seat and place was occupied. The singing of the church office delighted me, and the view of the clergy in choir dress, together with the brilliancy of the illuminations, perfectly made present to my mind the night when the angels, surrounded with heavenly splendor, sung the joyous

hymns of peace to men and glory to God of mercies. You will certainly imagine that I exaggerate, but I can pledge you my honor that never was I transported out of myself as on that occasion. The three lustres that hung from the ceiling, the two placed at the extremities of the high altar, the four rows of candles in the form of a semicircle burning in the space between the crucifix and the wall, the two triangular rows of light on each side altar, the triple semicircular row on each window, with the candles around the pillars and in other parts of the church, diffused throughout the entire building, the greatest splendor.

"The Bishop's chair assumed a new appearance conformable to the general magnificence of the festival. A purple canopy with some other ornaments served to render it worthy of the august personage that filled it, and on the opposite side sat his coadjutor who officiated, dressed in sacred robes that, I think, could scarcely be equalled by any on this side of the Atlantic. The solemn rites of the holy sacrifice performed with an air of the most unfeigned piety; the accompaniment of a large organ to the numerous choir that sang the divine praises; the zealous discourse of the college president, and, above all, the vast number of communicants, perhaps not less than 200 at the first Mass, together with the illuminations, concourse, and other particulars already mentioned, produced in me the most extraordinary sensations. I have heard several foreigners, particularly Spaniards and Italians, describing the splendor of their churches and ceremonies, but I cannot persuade myself that any European display, however magnificent, could have excited such strong and, I may say, divine feelings, as the ceremonies of Christmas morning in that *back wood* cathedral."

Bardstown could not long continue to be a thriving settlement. As has already been stated, its isolated position proved an insuperable barrier to its progress. People began to wonder why they had ever chosen such a place as a centre of trade and industry. Why build their factories forty miles from the Ohio river, the only means of communicating with the West, the East, and the South? Why haul their cotton and wool forty miles over a rough, hilly country, manufacture it into cloth and haul it back again to the identical spot where it had been unloaded from the flat-boats? Why not build at Louisville or some other little settlement along the river? So the factories went and with them much of the trade which formerly came to Bardstown; for the farmers turned their waggons towards Louisville where they found a ready sale for pork, wool and hemp, and received in return hats and shoes, powder and bullets from the East, and the cotton goods and other products of the South. Then the tanneries were abandoned and left to rot and fall away. The mouldering skeleton of one of them was standing some twenty years ago, with a large sign near by warning the small boys not to play "hide and seek" within the premises, for the deep reeky vats rendered the place dangerous to life. Along the creeks flowing into the Beech Fork near the town can still be seen several water

INTERIOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

courses, each of which was once the busy scene of a grist or saw mill.

Another cause of Bardstown's decline was the poor quality of the soil in the vicinity. It is not situated within the Blue Grass Regions, as has sometimes been stated. Although there are some excellent farming districts near by, the soil as a whole is not rich. What led the Catholics to settle there was that they might enjoy the consolations and practice of their holy faith; but they soon recognized that the land was not such as had been recommended to them before they left their Maryland homes. Hence emigration to the southwestern part of the state, and to other sections of the Mississippi valley, set in at once. One by one the old settlers passed away, and few were left to take their place; for the young and vigorous of the community followed the tide of emigration:—for forty years Bardstown gained but 200 inhabitants. Louisville, on the contrary, which a few years previous had been but an insignificant place, was fast growing in population and importance; while the number of Catholics was rapidly increasing. Its situation at the falls of the Ohio offered every advantage for commerce, and promised to make of it the metropolis of the state.

Bishop Flaget was not slow in recognizing that his see must eventually be transferred to Louisville. As much as he was attached to the people who had welcomed him to the seat of his new diocese, and although he found it hard to part with the splendid edifices which he had built—his cathedral, his seminary, his colleges, his schools and convents—still he felt that the change was a necessary one for the good of religion, and cheerfully submitted to the sacrifice.

After the transferring of the episcopal see to Louisville, Bardstown had one

THE LAST OF THE OLD MILLS.

other source of attraction—St. Joseph's College. The prosperous days of this college began about the year 1840, and continued until the Civil War. Its students were mostly from the South, nearly one half of the number coming from Mississippi and Louisiana. After the capture of Fort Sumter, a large proportion of them left the college for their homes to don the gray of the Confederate Army. When two years later Bragg passed through Bardstown, an old St. Joseph's student, Brigadier-General Brown was a member of his staff. He was delighted to visit the familiar spot, insisted on accompanying one of the faculty to the dormitory to see the bed which he had occupied; then, laying his sword aside, climbed a locust tree in front of the college to read his name which he had cut there when a boy. He afterwards went to confession and holy Communion, and well he did, for a few days later a northern bullet laid him lifeless on the battlefield of Perrysville.

The halls of the college are silent now, with the exception of a portion of the building used as an orphan asylum. The old cathedral, therefore, remains Bardstown's solitary glory. Far from suffering decay, this church, owing to the energetic work of its zealous pastor, the Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell, has renewed both its strength and its beauty. On the tower just below the cross was a large globe which offered a tempting mark to the soldiers of both armies during the Civil War, and which in consequence was torn by many a ball; this has been removed and the whole steeple renovated. The niches of the façade have been filled with appropriate statues, the interior has been frescoed; along the main aisle, above the large pillars are pictures of the Apostles, and the groined arches of the side aisles are of delicate blue, inlaid with stars; new altars and new pews have replaced the old ones, so that the entire structure wears the appearance of a new building. After the lapse of nearly a century the old cathedral must be numbered among the most beautiful churches of the West.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

By Rev. H. Van Rensselaer, S.J.

"I HAVE come to take the temperance pledge," said a respectable looking man to a priest.

"Very well," he replied, "but when did you go to confession?"

"Oh, not for a long time, and I don't intend to go now, so we will not discuss the question."

"But," persisted the priest, "I do not like to give the pledge without a promise of going to confession. What is the trouble? What reason have you for refusing?"

"My reason is that I am going to marry a divorced woman, out of the Church of course. I know what I am doing and—I intend to do it."

Another who was well known to the priest as a married man, came with the request to get married again.

"But you have a wife already?"

"Yes, but she left me some time ago."

"And is the girl you speak of a Catholic?"

"Oh, certainly she is, and a good religious one, too."

"Indeed, and she knows you are a married man?"

"Yes, and so does her mother, who is a very pious woman."

"She must be, if that is a proof of it. What did you tell them?"

"I told them that I could easily get a divorce, and then it would be all right. So they agreed to it."

These are but samples of the effect of

evil communications, which, according to St. Paul, corrupt good manners. By communications he means converse or intercourse, rather habitual than casual, with many people, as the Greek word he uses implies. For he is not speaking so much of individual as of general influence, the tendency of the many with whom we associate. Moreover the word manners scarcely conveys the full meaning of the Apostle; it should rather be morals, the settled habit of mind and the manners which are its expression.

Had not the Catholics above-mentioned been thrown in contact with non-Catholics, with loose ideas of the marriage state, they would probably never have thought of marriage under the existing circumstances. Evil communications had corrupted their right ideas of morality. The true character of the marriage bond had faded out of sight, and it had got to look merely as any ordinary contract. In this aspect it had lost the indissolubility which belonged to it by the very nature of the union "they shall be two in one flesh," as almighty God declared to the first man and woman. Still more had it lost its supernatural character which now attaches to it in virtue of its sacramental nature. It was a contract pure and simple, and, therefore, as in other contracts, the parties concerned could break what they had made, just as in business partnerships a dissolution of the firm can be effected by mutual consent, or be demanded by either party for sufficient cause.

Living in a community in which divorces are of daily occurrence, and in which the parties, thus declared free, proceed to form new alliances, and are recognized as respectable members of society, Catholics cannot fail to be influenced to a certain extent by such practices. It is undoubtedly hard for them to maintain intact the lofty standard of morality taught by the true Church, when the relaxed and debased form is prevalent among the majority of their fellow-citizens, however much the more conservative members may deprecate it.

The Church seems to be severe and rigid in her prescriptions in comparison with the sects But her rules regarding the marriage tie are not of her own invention. They are the law of God enacted for the good and happiness of His creatures. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." No man, though he be a judge of the Supreme Court, for the verdict of Christ cannot be reversed by any earthly tribunal. The Church, as God's representative, simply declares the law, enforces it, and makes regulations to guard the sanctity of the tie. Thus in the matter of calling the banns she wishes to prevent persons incapable of making the contract from feigning to do so and thereby deceive the innocent party. Yet, how common it is to hear the Church denounced for insisting on calling out publicly the names of the betrothed, so that any one knowing an impediment may have the chance to declare it before the misstep is taken. It is a mother's watchfulness over her children. Always reasonable, however, if there be a sufficient ground for dispensing from the banns, she is willing to do so.

Here we may notice a very ordinary but very false accusation in regard to dispensations. People, and even some Catholics, say that the rich can *buy* dispensations because they have the money, whereas the poor cannot procure them because of their poverty. This is a gross libel on the Church, for she never refuses to grant a dispensation when the grounds are sufficient to warrant it, money or no money. In fact anybody who knows anything about the matter, is aware that there is a special form for asking dispensations *in forma pauperis*. Is there no money to be paid, then, for dispensations? Yes, when the petitioners can afford it, yet not as the *price* of the dispensation, but as a *punishment* for asking it; hence it is called a *fine*, precisely because the Church wants to make those

who ask to be dispensed from her laws feel that they are doing something in a way reprehensible, and they feel it more when it touches their pocket. The money of the fines does not go to the priest who obtains the dispensation, but he transmits it with the petition to the Chancery Office, where it is used to defray the necessary expenses of officials and clerks, and the residue is devoted to diocesan works.

Of course the Church can dispense only from her own, that is, ecclesiastical laws. The power that makes a law can also dispense from it. The law of marriage banns is merely ecclesiastical, therefore the Church has authority over it. If people wish and ask a privilege, they should be willing, if able, to pay the penalty; if not able, the penalty is not inflicted. Why should a respectable man and woman object to having their names coupled in public by the priest? They should rather be proud to be called out in the Church in which they soon hope to get a blessing on their union. If the date and hour of the marriage ceremony were proclaimed, we could understand the reason for people not wishing to be called; but none of the hearers are any the wiser, as the wedding might take place any time after the third calling: besides the banns are only called at the High Mass. Other cases in which the Church can dispense, regard relationship, affinity and religion.

There are cases, however, over which the Church has no jurisdiction, and in which, consequently, she cannot grant any dispensation. Such, for instance, would be the case we mentioned where the husband and wife were both alive and baptized, and there was no question of the validity of the marriage. All that the Church can do is to decide, after a judicial investigation, whether a marriage is valid in the eyes of God or not. In proof of her carefulness in this matter, in every diocese a priest is appointed to be "defender of the marriage tie," whose office it is to examine the testimony of the parties concerned, and after weighing it, lay his opinion before the Bishop, who finally decides whether the parties are validly bound, or are free to enter upon new contracts. No individual priest has any power to decide in these cases, which must be referred to the Bishop. It is well to know these things, for the priest is often accused of being disobliging, when in reality he is powerless to be obliging, however much he might wish it.

From time to time cases appear in the public papers which scandalize those who do not understand them aright. Every Catholic must take for granted that whatever is done with the approbation of the Church cannot be done contrary to her laws. Scandal was taken some months ago because a prominent *divorcée* was married to a Catholic by a priest. There was really no ground for scandal in this case, for the lady had never been validly married in the sight of God, inasmuch as the man whom she was supposed to have married first, had already a lawful living wife. Hence she was free. She had taken the precaution to secure a divorce to avoid legal complications. She had also become a Catholic.

We may here say a few words in regard to divorce. Of course well instructed Catholics know that legal divorces do not affect the validity of marriages, and, therefore, their indissolubility in the sight of God, so that no legal power on earth can enable Catholics to enter upon new alliances while the parties of the former alliances are alive. It may, however, at times be advisable for the parties who cannot live together in peace to separate. It may even be advisable to invoke the law to protect, for instance, an illtreated wife from a bad and brutal husband, or a husband from an irresponsible and spendthrift wife. This would not affect the contract itself, but only the civil effects of the contract. It would be a separation commonly called a divorce *a thoro et mensa*, from bed and board, but not *a vinculo*,

from the marriage bond. Even this should only be sought in extreme cases, because of the scandal to the ignorant. Moreover, Catholics who have the grace of the sacrament of matrimony should be strong in that supernatural power to endure many hardships, and by long suffering and patience and charity, endeavor to win back the erring party to a right course. The awful ease with which divorces are obtained on the slightest grounds in certain States, tends to lower the respect for marriage, and threats of divorce are used even by Catholics on small provocation.

Let people who contemplate marriage reflect seriously on the sacredness of the tie. Let them choose a life partner, not for money, position, beauty or talent, but for good moral and religious qualities. Would any sensible person rush into a business partnership without weighing the matter well and considering whether his interests would be advanced or endangered? In seeking a husband or wife, the chief question should be, Will he, or she, help me to attain the end for which I am created? If so, such a one is the right person; if not, no amount of money, or anything else, will make up for this vital defect. Thus we come naturally to the question of mixed marriages.

The Church disapproves of and discountenances mixed marriages, because she knows by the experience of centuries how unwise it is for those who do not agree on the most essential points to contract so close an alliance. Yet, condescending to human weakness, and knowing the blinding power of love, she tolerates such unions under certain circumstances and with certain precautions. The Catholic party, as a dutiful child, must get a dispensation before taking the step. Moreover, the Protestant party must give assurance that the marriage shall take place only before a Catholic priest, and that there shall be no tampering with the faith of either the parent or the children.

These promises, as is evident, are a safeguard and in favor of the Catholic party, yet how frequently are they disregarded, and with what calamitous results! How can a marriage contracted in violation of the express commands of the Church be blessed by God? If there is not sufficient principle and courage in the Catholic to insist upon the compliance with the regulations before marriage, is there any assurance of principle and courage in living up to religious duties after marriage? If the non-Catholic party is so decided beforehand, there is not much probability of a change afterwards.

Nor is a mixed marriage to be considered, as some people do, simply at the time of the union. Every Sunday, holyday, abstinence and fast day will emphasize the difference of belief Next there is a dispute about the education of the children. Then come the prospects in the mercantile and social world. It is hard enough for those who have only Catholic home influences to keep on the narrow road leading to eternal life, but how immeasurably harder it is for those whose surroundings must necessarily be as much non-Catholic as Catholic. Is it a wonder, then, that our holy Mother the Church looks with disapproval and regret upon mixed marriages? Cases there are, of course, of the conversion of the non-Catholic parties. But can they compare with the number of those once Catholic who become lukewarm, cold, indifferent, and end by neither practising themselves nor caring for the spiritual welfare of the children God has given them?

A striking example occurs to me. A Catholic Alsatian man married a Protestant American woman. She had the stronger will, and the marriage was not performed by a priest. Their three children were baptized Protestants After her death the man married in succession two wives, both German and Catholics. Eight children were born to them, making eleven in all for the father. These

last eight children of parents, both Catholic, have been baptized and brought up Protestant. Why? Because, as the present wife said, she and her husband thought all the children should go to the same church, and, as the first three went to a Protestant one, they should all go there. Strange to say, the eldest son of the Protestant mother has of his own accord become a Catholic. The leakage from the Church through mixed marriages is terrific. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Would that a St. Paul would arise and with stentorian tones cry out as of old: "Be not deceived!" Guard against seductive surroundings. The people of the world laugh at Catholics now as the people of the world laughed at the early Christians. The world never changes. It is always the same implacable enemy of God, for which Christ said that He did not pray, for He knew too well the hopelessness of ever converting it. "I pray not for the world," He said to His Father, "but for them whom thou hast given me; because they are thine: and all mine are thine; and thine are mine." Again He says; "If you were of the world, the world would love its own: but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

So must it ever be; conformity with worldly principles and practices means of necessity non-conformity with the precepts of God. We have to be in the world, but not of it. It is of vital importance in our times to realize this, for there is a minimizing spirit stalking abroad, which is striving to make little of the differences between the Church of God and the various sects. Instead of telling Protestants how much they have lost of the primitive faith, how wretchedly poor they are in the means of grace, since they have rejected five of the seven sacraments, the holy sacrifice of the Mass, the abiding presence of Christ, the communion of Saints, the indulgences to be granted by the Vicar of Christ; instead of putting all these clearly before them, and warning them of the dreadful sins of heresy and schism, and how hard it is to be saved, even for those who have all the means of grace instituted by Christ, it is the fashion of some preachers and writers to insist rather on how much we and "our separated brethren" have in common, what good and fine people they are, how enlightened and cultivated, and what a great thing it would be for the Catholic Church if they would condescend to enter her fold.

Is it a wonder, then that young people hearing this repeated over and over, and seeing the worldly advantages of Protestants should look upon mixed marriages as rather desirable than otherwise? In fact they rather prefer such a union, and the next step is to get a Protestant minister to tie the knot, because they will do it without much red tape, whereas a priest will ask all sorts of questions, exact promises, and very likely keep them waiting a week or so, when they have made up their minds to get married then and there. Is it not one of the cases of which our Lord speaks when He says that the hireling, whose own the sheep are not, careth not for the sheep, but the fee? But the priest whose own the sheep are, or at least one of the two is his, does care for the sheep and wishes to guard them. People, in other matters so sensible, lose their common sense on these occasions. For instance, a Catholic man got married to a Protestant and by a minister. Why? Because the priest would not marry him. What priest? His own priest? No. He lived in New York but went over to Weehawken to ask a priest to marry him. Of course the priest could not, as he had absolutely no jurisdiction in the case. Yet he was blamed and held responsible by this Catholic man for the misstep which followed. Catholics ought to know that they cannot go where they will to get married, but that the only ordinary place is the parish

church of either one of the parties. Of course the bishop or vicar-general can dispense in the diocese, but they have no authority to do so beyond its limits, any more than a judge can act outside of his circuit.

We do not blame the Protestant party in a mixed marriage; because they are not supposed to know the laws of the Church, although most of them do. But if they only realized that by inducing or allowing the Catholic to be married by a minister, they are bringing not a blessing, but a curse on their own union, because the Catholic is thereby acting against his conscience and is guilty of a mortal sin, they would in all probability either refuse to marry or be married by a priest, whose authority they admit, though a Catholic cannot admit any such authority in a Protestant minister.

Moreover, an intelligent Protestant ought to see that a person who is false to his religion, and so to his Creator, will not, in all probability, prove faithful to a creature, however much he may promise it.

The question is sometimes asked if there cannot be two marriages, one by a priest, the other by a minister. It cannot be done, and the promise not to go before a minister is exacted when a dispensation for a mixed marriage is given. A prominent society woman, a Protestant, about to marry a Catholic, had already made arrangements for such a dual marriage ceremony. It was the case of an archbishop and a bishop. When the archbishop heard of the intention, he called on the lady and explained that it was impossible and how unwise it was for her to think of a Protestant marriage, as their union would begin by her husband acting against his conscience, and this first false step might lead to many others which would prove disastrous to their married life. She had the good sense to see the matter in its true light, and said she would not for the world do anything which would put her intended husband in bad faith. She accordingly wrote to the bishop to excuse herself and to withdraw her invitation to him to perform the marriage. This has brought down the blessing of God upon her, and she has received the gift of the true faith.

Another question is sometimes put. Can there be a civil marriage as well as a religious one? It depends upon circumstances. It is tolerated in the cases of foreigners bound by the civil laws of their country, a non-compliance with which would cause the marriage not to be recognized as legal, and would involve serious consequences. In this case, however, the Church does not look upon this civil ceremony as marriage, but merely as the official statement of it. When both parties are Americans there is absolutely no use of it, for the priest is a public official by law, and since the government recognizes his authority as sufficient, his own subjects should certainly be willing to do so and be satisfied with his act.

Staunchness on the part of Catholics always commands the respect of Protestants, who must inwardly despise those who act against their conscience and the teachings of their faith. Don't take a false step in the hope that it will afterwards turn out well. Don't say apologetically of non-Catholics "poor people, they do the best they know how, their standards are different from ours." This would be all right if their and our standards were of man's making, and perhaps indifferent, but ours are divine, and consequently we cannot change them one iota.

Christ has given explicit commands regarding Christian marriage, and St. Paul explaining his Master's teaching to the Ephesians lays down most fully and beautifully the whole matter. Christian marriage is a sacrament. It represents the union between Christ and the Church. It is as indissoluble as that union. The conduct of husband and wife is to be modelled on that of our

Lord and His mystical spouse. All intending to get married, or who are married, should read and ponder the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. We might call attention to the fact that the Protestant version of verse 32 renders it: "This a great mystery," the Greek original is *mysterion;* in the Greek Church *mysterion* is the word for sacrament. Had the Protestants used sacrament it would have been a refutation of their teachings on the subject. Not that we base our proof on this word, but on the whole context which shows that it is a union sanctified by grace, especially since the Church, guided infallibly by the Holy Ghost, has ever taught that matrimony is a sacrament.

Because the leaders of the revolt against the Church of God in the sixteenth century, for their own private purposes, dared to proclaim marriage not a sacrament, and therefore divorce a possible thing, there is no reason why Catholics should tolerate it even among non-Catholics. What are they to do about it? They should refuse to associate with people living publicly with the husbands and wives of other women and men. They should thus help to form a sound, public opinion in a matter of vital importance to society.

Would not this be an uncharitable way of acting? On the contrary, it would be most charitable to do anything to arouse people to a sense of the criminal state in which they are living, and which is a standing menace to the family and the state.

Moreover, the modesty and the reserve once so characteristic of the Catholic maiden are fast disappearing. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." A boldness and freedom of carriage have taken their place. Young people nowadays will brook no restraint, no supervision, no advice. As the saying is: "they know it all." And in the "all" there is an immense amount of what had better never been known. Home is no longer the kingdom over which woman is content to reign as queen. Nor does she care for "olive branches around her table," though they are God's blessing. She has not the time nor the inclination for them. She envies the freedom of those not burdened, who advise her to imitate them. She wants her daily or twice daily "spin" on her wheel. How different from the spinning-wheel which was once a housewife's pride and glory! How can the modern woman be up-to-date and at the same time be an old-fashioned wife and mother?

These are serious questions, and should be seriously pondered. We are living in peculiar times. The world is travelling fast back to paganism, the paganism of Greece and Rome, splendid and luxurious, alluring to the sense, satisfying to the carnal appetites, debasing to the soul, degrading to the mind, deadening to the heart, mindful only of the present life, regardless of the future. We live in the midst of Pagans, clothed with a light covering, perhaps of religion, but with low standards and with consequent loose ideas and lax practices. "Be not seduced," cries St. Paul warningly. "Evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake ye just, and sin not." "Be not conformed to this world: but be reformed in the newness of your mind." "You are the salt of the earth," says our Lord to us, "but if the salt loses its savor, with what shall it be salted?"

DIES IRÆ.

By Rev. T. Barrett, S.J.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla :
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Day of wrath, of days the day,
Earth shall smoulder to decay :
David and the Sibyl say.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

Ah, how great the trembling fear,
When the Judge shall then appear,
Strictly all accounts to hear.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Trumpet flinging strangest tone
Through earth's tombs shall make weird moan,
Herding all before the throne.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Death shall marvel, nature too,
When its creatures rise anew,
To the Judge to answer true.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Written book shall open be,
In it all things, each decree,
Whence the world adjudged shall be.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quiquid latet, apparebit :
Nil inultum remanebit.

When the Judge enthroned shall reign,
All that's hid will be made plain :
Nothing unavenged remain.

Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus ?

Wretched me ! What shall I say ?
To what Patron shall I pray ?
Scarce the just their dread allay.

Rex tremendæ majestatis
Qui salvandos salvas gratis
Salva me, fons pietatis.

King of awe-full majesty,
Of the saved Thou Saviour free,
Fount of piety, save me.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Jesus dear, remember, pray,
I the cause am of Thy way,
Do not cast me off, that day.

Quærens me sedisti lassus :
Redemisti, crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Weary sat'st Thou seeking me ;
Boughtest, suffering on the Tree ;
Let such toil not fruitless be.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Just Judge, who wilt vengeance take,
Gift of pardon do Thou make
Ere the day of reckoning break.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus :
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Lord, I moan, as worthy blame
Reddens all my face for shame,
Spare me calling on Thy name.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Thou hast sinful Mary shriven,
Heard the robber's cry for heaven,
And to me Thou hope hast given.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis
Flammis acribus addictus,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Ora supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus.

Huic ergo parce Deus.
Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem,
Amen.

Though my prayers unworthy be,
Thou art good, deal lovingly,
Lest I burn eternally.

Midst the sheep, Ah, let me stand,
Keep me from the goatish band,
Placing me at Thy right hand.

When the damned, their shame made known,
Into torturing flame are thrown,
Call me with the blest Thine own.

Suppliant bowed I breathe my prayer,
Heart like ashes, crushed and sere;
Of my end do Thou have care.

Day of days, all tears and sighs,
When from ashes shall arise
Culprit man his Judge to hear,

Him, O Lord, in mercy spare.
Jesus loving, Thou my Lord,
Grant to them eternal rest.
Amen.

CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE TYROL TO THE SACRED HEART.

THE Tyrol is known throughout Christendom as a land that is not only blessed with nature's choicest gifts, but also as the ideal home of peace, contentment, bravery, loyalty, patriotism and piety. For the last century this God-favored land has struggled successfully against the enemies of its national independence, its faith, its purity of morals, and its Christian traditions; and to-day, as in the days of Andreas Hofer, it maintains its genuine Christian customs and manners unshaken and untainted. This signal victory over the all-prevailing Zeitgeist it owes to higher and more powerful agents than the stern and rugged mountains that encompass its territory. Foremost among those supernatural agencies is the protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to which it consecrated itself a hundred years ago. Striking evidences of this protection of the Sacred Heart may be seen in the history of the Tyrol during the last century. No wonder, then, that the brave and faithful "Tyrolers" should, on the occasion of the celebration of this one-hundredth anniversary, give eloquent expression to the long pent-up pious feelings of their grateful hearts.

Before entering upon a description of this grand demonstration of faith, love and gratitude to the Sacred Heart, we shall briefly review the facts of the great event which it commemorates.

It was in the year 1796 that Napoleon Bonaparte in his victorious progress, after having captured Milan, marched against Brescia with the design to force his way into Austria through the passes of the Tyrol. The "Little Land" was utterly unprepared for defence. It had nothing to rely on but the bravery and loyalty of its inhabitants, and its trust in God and in the justice of its cause.

And these were precisely the arms that were destined to save it from the hands of the enemy.

With the approval of the Emperor a provincial congress of the states was quickly convened in the town of Bozen, to deliberate on means of defence. Hither came the representatives of the spiritual and secular orders. A general rally to arms was decided upon, and in case of an invasion of the French troops it was decided that every man capable of bearing arms was to be pressed into service.

Among the members of the congress was the venerable Sebastian Stöckl, Abbot of Stams, renowned no less for patriotism than piety. After the various measures which human prudence required for the defence of the country were passed, this illustrious prelate arose and exhorted the states, while employing all natural means for the safety of their country, to invoke the aid of heaven, and particularly the protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and proposed the resolution to consecrate the entire land to the Sacred Heart, and to make a vow in the name of the people henceforth to celebrate the feast of the Sacred Heart as a national holiday. June 1, 1796, this resolution was unanimously carried and entered upon the acts of the Provincial Congress in the following terms:

"To secure the blessing and aid of heaven, in which our dear ancestors always put their trust in such adverse circumstances as the present, and in which they often experienced the protection and safety of our country, for the present and future measures of security, this congress has unanimously resolved by solemn promise to God that, whereas the spiritual and temporal states look for the safety and protection of our dear fatherland through such a vow, in future the feast of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus shall be celebrated throughout the whole land with solemn High Mass; and that, to this effect, on the third day of this month (June), in the parish church of this town, a solemn High Mass shall be celebrated in the presence of the states spiritual and temporal, preceded by an instruction to the people on the occasion and institution of such feast."

On the day appointed, June 3, 1796, the resolution was solemnly carried into effect in the magnificent parish church of Bozen, in the presence of all the members of the congress and a large concourse of people, after the import of the vow had been explained in eloquent terms to those present, and all were earnestly exhorted to impress the love of the Sacred Heart on the growing generation, in order to secure the faithful observance of the vow. Thus closed the famous Congress of Bozen.

Flushed with patriotism, courage, and confidence in the Sacred Heart, the brave *Landesshützen* marched to the frontier. Not a company neglected to have the Church's blessing for its banner, and to renew the act of consecration solemnly made at Bozen, before marching to the field. Thus, while the French troops played havoc north and south of the Tyrol, not one of them dared enter its confines. The banner of the Sacred Heart waved over its mountains and over the battlements of its towns and villages. September 25, of the same year, the feast was celebrated in Holy Trinity Church in Innsbrück, the capital seat of the province, in the presence of all the dignitaries of the land and a huge concourse of people. It was now practically a national feast.

Yet the general introduction had still some serious difficulties to encounter. Josephinism was yet rampant in Austria; the secular government controlled ecclesiastical matters in all their details. It was not till 1799 that, after infinite formalities, the definite permission was given for the solemn celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart in all the churches of the land. In response to a petition dated January 30, 1799, the Provincial Government of the Tyrol issued

an edict that "on the second Sunday after the feast of Corpus Christi the feast of the Sacred Heart was to be annually celebrated, with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, a ten hours' adoration, and High Mass and sermon. In compliance with the edict, the ordinaries of the various dioceses published letters directing that the ordinance of the government should be carried out in all the churches of their jurisdiction.

Meanwhile the special protection of the Sacred Heart was manifest. The arms of the Tyrol were victorious in autumn 1796, when the French forces attempted an invasion of South Tyrol. After several bloody encounters the French were repulsed, while the banner of the Sacred Heart waved victoriously over the brave sons of the Tyrol. This protection, however, was most remarkable in the following year (1797). The Austrian army was routed in Northern Italy and driven before the enemy into the Etsch valley. The Tyrol was in imminent danger. Alarm was spread far and wide. There was a general call to arms. "To arms! to arms! Come one, come all! In the Sacred Heart and in the protection of the Mother of God we trust!"—thus it rang from peak to peak. Not one able-bodied man lagged behind. Thus they rallied, and unarmed and undisciplined as they were, from the height of Springes they rushed upon the victorious, well disciplined and overweening forces of Napoleon, and drove them into precipitous flight. The Sacred Heart was again victorious.

For some years afterwards the Tyrol was in the enjoyment of peace, while wars were raging all around it. But this peace was not to be of long duration. In the strength of the Sacred Heart, in which they confided, the Tyrolese were victorious in the field. But what the force of arms could not do was effected by political intrigue. The Tyrol was subjected to the foreigner. By the iniquitous peace of Pressburg the map of Europe was changed, and in December,

THE HISTORIC BANNER.

1805, the Tyrol became a province of the new kingdom of Bavaria. The new government soon made itself obnoxious by measures hostile to religion and offensive to the national feelings of the Tyrolese. Processions and other external religious manifestations were interdicted. The feast of the Sacred Heart was eliminated from the calendar. The religious orders were banished; bishops and priests were imprisoned.

This was too much for the pious Tyrolese to bear, and led to a general uprising in 1809 under the leadership of the patriot and Christian hero, Andreas Hofer, who soon drove out the usurpers, restored the Tyrol to the ruling house of Hapsburg, and was appointed Governor of the province.

Hofer and his followers were animated by the purest motives of patriotism and zeal for the Catholic religion, which was imperilled, and put their trust in the Sacred Heart. Therefore himself and his men renewed the vow to the Sacred Heart. "With the help of God's Mother," he cried to his soldiers, "we shall capture or slay the enemy; we have dedicated ourselves to the most loving

Heart of Jesus!" When declared Governor, Hofer ordered the feast of the Sacred Heart to be restored to the calendar in red letters.*

The combined forces, however, of France, Italy and Bavaria soon reconquered the Tyrol and brought the immortal Hofer to the tragic end so celebrated in history and in song.

After this defeat, the Tyrol was again subjected to foreign rule, and the feast of the Sacred Heart was again suppressed. But no sooner had this faithful and loyal people been restored to its rightful rulers, in 1816, than the feast of the Sacred Heart was again re-established by a decree of the Provincial Diet. Thus may be read in the proceedings of the Diet: "The states in congress assembled decided unanimously that the feast of the Sacred Heart, which in bygone years was sanctioned by vow in grateful memory of the aversion of danger from our country, be observed according to custom." On June 23, 1816, after an interruption of seven years, the feast was again celebrated with all due solemnity throughout the Tyrol.

The act of consecration was solemnly renewed throughout the land in the years 1848, 1859, 1861, 1866, 1870 and 1876, being occasions of special danger to the Empire or of special devotion. In proclaiming the *Bundeschwur* (the oath of the covenant) to the Sacred Heart in 1870, the Prince Bishop of Trent could say with truth: "Firm and united in faith has stood the Tyrol, in virtue of the power which it drew from the fountain of all strength—the divine Heart of Jesus—to whom it has sworn fealty." In the year 1876 this renewal was celebrated with very special solemnity and enthusiasm, mainly through the efforts of two prelates, the Most Rev. Vincent Gasser and John Haller, the latter a native of the same valley as Andreas Hofer, and now Cardinal Archbishop of Salzburg and prime mover in the great demonstration of the present year.

Besides these celebrations, the national interest in the devotion to the Sacred Heart was intensified in 1867 by the building of a memorial chapel in honor of the Sacred Heart at St. Leonard's, the birthplace of Andreas Hofer; and in 1882, by the erection of a memorial cross in Springes, to commemorate the victory of the Tyrolese arms under the protection of the Sacred Heart and the leadership of Andreas Hofer.

The present jubilee celebrations opened with the laying of the corner-stone of a magnificent church in honor of the Sacred Heart, by the Redemptorist Fathers in Innsbrück, which is to be a worthy monument to the devotion of the Tyrolese. "This Church of the Sacred Heart," says the parchment deposited in the corner-stone, "shall testify to future generations that the piety which animated our forefathers still exists in all its strength and vigor in the hearts of their children in 1896."

For a century, then, the Tyrolese have shown themselves loyal to the Sacred Heart, and the Sacred Heart did not allow itself to be outdone in loyalty. It has repaid the generosity of these good mountaineers a thousandfold. Well might the Cardinal Primate and the Bishops of the Tyrol in their pastoral to the people, publishing this jubilee, proclaim with grateful hearts:

"This jubilee is above all a feast of thanksgiving for the many and great favors that for the past hundred years have come to us from the Most Sacred Heart. Our well known Act of Consecration gives fit expression to these favors: Thou hast regarded with compassion the prayers and supplications of our forefathers; Thou hast turned Thy loving Heart to our country in its affliction; Thou hast maintained it in that faith in which alone there is salvation; Thou hast saved it from mighty enemies, and thus magnified Thy holy name among the nations. And therefore we offer to

*For a sketch of this Christian hero, see MESSENGER 1887, pp. 301–304

Thy divine Heart our adoration, our praise, and our thanksgiving."

Well did the good Tyrolese answer the call of their illustrious spiritual leaders.

THE PROCESSION OF CLERGY AND LAITY.

The first and chief celebration was held the first of June in Bozen, the scene of the first vow and consecration of the country to the Sacred Heart. Already, May 30, the pilgrims were on their way to the venerable old town, which had donned its most festive garb to bid them a joyous welcome. The Prince Bishop of Trent arrived the day before and was met at the station and driven in a state coach, drawn by four horses, to the magnificent parish church. Greater honors still were paid to the Cardinal Prince Bishop of Salzburg on his arrival the

next day, though he had travelled incognito to prevent all demonstrations. Later arrived the Prince Bishop of Brixen; he was greeted with similar honors.

Abbots, prelates and priests had come in large numbers from all parts of the province and empire. There were the governor of the province, the commander-in-chief of the army, deputies of the diet, representatives of the Tyrolese nobility, delegations of the students' guilds and associations, sodalities and confraternities, deputations from many cities, towns and villages, came to take part in the solemnities. Seventy congregations, some of them quite numerous, under the leadership of their pastors, organized pilgrimages and joined in the procession, in which the historic picture of the Sacred Heart that had once been desecrated by the Josephinists was borne in triumph.

The people of Bozen themselves, however, outdid all others on this occasion. The beautiful old town was most gorgeously decorated. Already several days before the opening of the celebration it was arrayed in festive splendor—gay festoons mingling with tasteful bunting, while banners floated from every eminence. The enthusiasm was universal. Even the poorest houses in the lanes and alleys of the city were decorated in a most tasteful and affecting manner. The visiting multitude poured into the city, arrayed in their quaint costumes, and added to the variety of the interesting scene. In the parish church the picture of the Sacred Heart was exposed for veneration over the magnificently decorated high altar. A constant procession of worshippers moved towards the church to venerate the holy picture.

On the morning of June 1 the inhabitants of Bozen were aroused at four o'clock by the firing of cannon and mortars. The peasants from the country, headed by their pastors, and preceded by cross-bearer and acolytes, alternately praying aloud and singing, began to enter the city and direct their footsteps toward the parish church. At seven o'clock, A. M., His Eminence, the Cardinal Prince Bishop, preached the sermon of the occasion, after which the Prince Bishop of Trent celebrated the pontifical High Mass, at which all the visitors assisted.

After the High Mass the procession was formed. It was a most imposing spectacle. Over mountain and valley the brave peasants had come from all parts of the province. Some had walked the whole night; yet not one failed to join the festive train, devoutly singing the hymns of the Church, or telling their beads. Most of them wore their ancient costumes, and the men bore their muskets on their shoulders. Forty-five music bands played sacred and patriotic melodies. The picture of the Sacred Heart was borne by eight privileged peasant-freeholders from Passeir, Hofer's native valley, who had inherited their holdings and the honors attached to them from a long line of ancestors, while men of Springes, the descendants of those who had distinguished themselves in the battles of their country, with their glorious banner, formed the guard of honor.

The procession moved from the parish church through the principal streets to Erzherzog Johanns-Platz. There a tribune was erected on which the picture of the Sacred Heart was exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Around the tribune were planted 130 military banners that were carried in the procession, many of which had been borne in the battles of 1796-1797, and had inspired the brave Tyrolese with loyalty to God, Emperor and country.

After the bishops and prelates had taken their seats on the platform, His Eminence, Cardinal Haller, repeated the Tyrolese Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, which the multitude with a voice like thunder repeated after him. Hereupon the Prince Bishop of Trent gave the apostolic blessing, which, in a

special audience, he had obtained from His Holiness for the occasion.

In the afternoon, at an early hour, the prelates, clergy and people assembled once more at the Palace Toggenburg for the unveiling of a memorial tablet commemorating the occasion. It is a bas-relief in marble of exquisite art representing the historic picture of the Sacred Heart, and an inscription commemorative of the event.

The church celebration concluded with a solemn *Te Deum*. As soon as the night set in, the whole town, as by an enchanter's spell, was transformed into a sea of many-tinted lights, while thousands of rockets shot through the air. Bonfires blazed on every mountain top. It was a day never to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness the grand festivities.

ANDREAS HOFER.

This grand celebration at Bozen, June 1, was only, as it were, the solemn opening of a series of similar festivities in all the towns and villages of the province during the month. These smaller celebrations took place chiefly on the Sunday after the octave of the feast of Corpus Christi, which is the day set apart for the feast of the Sacred Heart in the Tyrol, and which this year fell on June 14. There is a certain sameness about these festivities, but they are all modelled more or less on the chief celebration at Bozen. Notable features, of course, were the General Communions held in all the churches, processions, fireworks and military parades of the brave *Landesschützen*.

The most notable was that of Innsbrück June 21. Innsbrück is the capital of the Tyrol, and has always been the head centre of the devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Apostleship of Prayer. Here also in the Jesuit Church of the Holy Trinity is preserved the memorable picture of the Sacred Heart, which was once desecrated by the fanaticism of the Josephists, but was again restored, and is now held in great veneration by the Tyrolese. The celebration at Innsbrück was greatly enhanced by the presence of the Jesuit theological faculty of the university and its students, who number several hundred clerics of nearly all civilized nations and tongues. This festivity, it must be remembered, was part of the general programme prescribed by the authorities.

Space does not permit us to dwell at any length on the minor celebrations, but we may be permitted to close our sketch with the following passage from a letter of the Prince Bishop of Brixen, giving his impression of the festivities of the month. After thanking his people for their zeal he writes:

"It was a grand, universal act of homage, which the people rendered to their supreme Liege-Lord and Comrade in arms. The chief celebration in Bozen, and the equally solemn commemeration in the capital of the province [Innsbrück] the solemnization of the feast of the Sacred Heart throughout the whole country—in town and village, even in the remotest valleys—those were days of rejoicing, edification and magnificence,

all devoted to the honor of the Sacred Heart by a loyal people.

"It was a pleasure and a source of edification to behold how the faithful rallied around the altars and, after several days' preparatory devotions, fervently approached the holy sacraments, renewed their allegiance to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and, praying aloud, marched in procession through the streets and along the highways. This devotion of the Heart, as was quite natural it should, manifested itself in the most various ways. Neither time nor money was spared to enhance the splendor of the occasion. How many thousand hands were employed for the decoration and illumination of the houses! What a grand and universal illumination of the whole land on the feast of the Sacred Heart, when the peaks and sides of the mountains were all ablaze with countless lights and fires, in many cases artistically grouped in the form of a heart—an expressive symbol of the burning love of the divine Heart of Jesus for us and our love for Him!

"Our celebration makes up one of the most honorable and beautiful pages of the history of the Tyrol; it will be a grand model for the celebration of the next centenary in 1996, a spectacle delightful to behold for men and angels. It is also a profession of faith, a far-sounding *Credo* of the people of the Tyrol, audible to the entire world. Strangers who assisted at our celebration were edified and inspired by what they saw and heard. The example of devotion to the Sacred Heart will not be without its influence on the Catholics of other parts. This influence is already visible. The archdiocese of Salzburg and the Province of Vorarlberg have already been consecrated to the Sacred Heart. May the other bishoprics of Austria soon follow in their wake!

"I must confess it, such a consoling celebration I never yet witnessed in this diocese. 'I am filled with comfort; I exceedingly abound with joy in our tribulation' (II. Cor. vii, 4). Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., who, from the very outset, took the most lively interest in our celebration, will certainly be greatly rejoiced at the detailed account of our festivities which has already been sent him.

"What gives its special value and sacredness to our festive celebration is, however, that the sentiments which inspired and animated it were not artificially called forth; it was all the spontaneous outpouring of the hearts of the people. It was our Liege-Lord Himself, who, by the inspiration of His grace enkindled this zeal, who inflamed the hearts with devotion, moved the hands to action, inspired the poet's and the musician's genius to glorify the occasion, and filled all hearts without exception with joy and enthusiasm."

Long may the love of the Sacred Heart burn in the hearts of this noble Catholic people!

FOR NOVEMBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

THE Christian world is much exercised at the present moment over the sad condition of the faithful Armenians, whose lives are at the mercy of the cruel and unbelieving Turks. From time to time we are called upon to sympathize with and succor our fellow beings suffering persecution from their fellow men or prostrate under some terrible visitation of Providence. The appeals strike lightly on the ears of the selfish or worldly-minded, but no truly Christian heart can let them pass unheeded; and the more helpless and deserving the objects of our sympathy are, the more eager should we be to attend to their cry of distress and offer them whatever relief is in our power.

If we cannot hear the cries of the souls in purgatory, if their cause is not pleaded by a worldly and godless press, their sufferings are none the less real, and their claims upon our piety none the less urgent. Neither are they without a means of having us know their sufferings and their claims. In the Mass and Office of the Dead, in the funeral services and other prayers which the Church is constantly recommending for her departed children, in the instructions and sermons of her ministers, we hear quite distinctly the strains of mourning, as of a Rachel deploring her little ones and refusing to be comforted, and just as distinctly her motherly pleading to look and see if there be sorrow like unto the sorrow of those who have departed this life before they were fully worthy to be united in blessedness with her eternal spouse.

The prayers and services of the Church are but the correct and eloquent expression of the common faith of her children. In her prayers and services for the souls in purgatory there is besides a loving expression of the pious sentiments with which we regard the departed who in life had been united to us by ties of blood or of kindred. Her dogmatic utterances on the state of souls after death are very few, and brief; indeed, there are but two such dogmas, and they are always stated in a way that encourages and comforts us. One of them reminds us of the mercy of God in providing purgatory as a means of making us entirely worthy of His divine sight; and the other impresses upon us the fact that the living, by their prayers and good works, hasten the time when the souls in purgatory can be admitted into the divine presence. Everything else is left to our own pious consideration. The nature of the pains of purgatory, their duration or degree, all are left to us, the Church being assured that in a question which so nearly concerns our own welfare we shall neither lose time in idle speculations, nor minimize or exaggerate any important point of doctrine, but dwell with her on what has been defined for our belief, the existence of purgatory

and the reality of the relief afforded by our prayers to souls suffering its pains.

It required some courage to assert these truths in days not long passed. From the time of Luther and Calvin the ministers of the true Gospel have had to stand for the mercy of God and for the benefit of our prayers to the suffering souls, and uphold divine revelation and the traditions of the Church about this as well as about other articles of faith, in spite of the abuse and ravings of the miserable sectarians. Even nowadays, when some non-Catholics admit the propriety of occasional or of private prayers for the dead, our holy mother is more outspoken than ever in her office and services, in her books and pulpits, begging for the suffrage of the faithful in public and in private, not occasionally or at long intervals, but repeatedly and constantly; not merely as a solace for our grief but for real relief to their pains, because in her sincere belief in the power of prayer to assist the suffering souls, and in her knowledge of the need that most souls have of the sufferings of purgatory to cleanse them from the last trace of sin, she must consistently plead for our continued and universal prayer in their behalf.

The eyes of God are too pure to look upon evil, whether the evil be sin itself, howsoever venial in our estimation, or any of the evil habits contracted by sin, or even the liability to punishment incurred by it. Nothing defiled, therefore, can enter God's presence; no soul can be rewarded by a sight of His face until it has paid the last farthing of its debt to His justice. Even were the Almighty to forego the satisfaction offered Him by the sufferings of a soul once stained by sin, these sufferings would be necessary to purify the soul itself and make it feel in some degree worthy of His divine sight. The temporal punishment we are all condemned to as the penalty of original sin, the frequent evils that visit us as a result of our own actual sins, the weakness of will, the darkness of intellect and the disorders of body and soul, all make it abundantly clear that with all our repentance and with all the means we may take to lessen our penalties, we still give way to daily faults and imperfections and keep deserving God's chastisements oftener than we merit His rewards. All this is a debt that must be paid either in time or in eternity, by trials and sufferings in this life, or by the pains of purgatory if we die in God's grace before the debt has been fully discharged.

The souls that are detained in the prison house of God's mercy, as purgatory has been called, although in every sense *holy* souls, since they have closed their time of trial on this earth in a friendly union with their Maker, cannot yet be called happy, because they cannot be admitted to God's presence, and because they must suffer the torments inflicted upon them for their sins. It is true that they have the assurance that they will after an interval be admitted to enjoy the sight of God for all eternity, and this assurance gives them no little comfort in their woes; on the other hand, St. Gregory, St. Catharine of Genoa, and ascetic theologians generally tell us that this very assurance sharpens the pain they feel in the temporary loss or delay of the beatific vision. It is worth while reading the explanation of Lessius on this point.

"When the holy souls see themselves shut out from glory, that seemed within their grasp, and consigned to a dreadful exile, to satisfy fully for past offences, they are broken with an indescribable sorrow. Their grief can be measured only by the motives from which it springs. First, they are kept from their sovereign good, the very time they ought to be united with it. They realize most keenly how immense it is, and long for it most ardently. Then they feel that all this is their own fault. Next, they deplore their neglect to satisfy for their fault at a time when it

could be done so easily, instead of leaving all to be suffered now, a thought that feeds the bitterness of their woe. Finally they grieve for the eternal treasures and the high grades of heavenly glory, which might have been theirs, but now lost, all through their own neglect."

We may not appreciate the holy theologian's explanation. Our self-love and fondness for the good things of life keep us from sympathizing with a soul suffering purely for its separation from God. We are too apt to indulge in speculations more or less vain about purgatory and to lose sight of the two certain truths laid down about it. Thus we hear vain attempts to solve the problem of its whereabouts, to decide how long its pains will last, to determine their character and degree, to compare them with the sufferings of this life and with the torments of hell, to question whether purgatory will last after the general judgment, and to raise a number of other points, proper enough in themselves, but of little practical import until we shall have mastered the two certain things about purgatory, viz.: that it exists and that our prayers can help the souls detained there.

It may be urged that before we can be aroused to sympathy with the suffering souls we must need conceive a vivid sense of their torments. But it is wrong to suppose that the only way of conceiving this vivid sense, is by studying the extent and variety of their torments' duration. To go about realizing the nature of their suffering in a way that will make us sympathize most with them, and that at the same time will most benefit ourselves, is to strive to think what the loss of God means for them, deprived as they are of every resort to His creatures, stripped of their very bodies, cast utterly on Him as the sole object of their existence and still shut out from His divine presence. Should God withdraw Himself from our lives, what cold contentment we should find in His creatures? Were we cut off from both, what loneliness and abandonment would we not suffer? Holy writers tell us that the souls in purgatory suffer exquisite torments of every sort, but none equals this torment of a temporal separation from the light of God's countenance.

To move ourselves to earnest prayer for the souls in purgatory, we should not need to hear that they are suffering positive torments; it should be enough to know that they are not as happy as they might be. It should be a motive also to know that they cannot help themselves except by suffering, and that our prayers will be accepted instead of their sufferings. This is the important point, not to waste time or energy in speculations that gratify our own curiosity, but to multiply efforts to bring them relief. This has been the important point with Catholics from the earliest ages of the Church. On the principle of St. Paul that prayers and supplications are to be offered for all men, the true Christian spirit needs only to recognize the needs of a fellow being, living or dead, to give him the benefit of his prayers as well as of his good works. So we have Tertullian appealing to Catholic custom and tradition, St. Augustine doing the same, while his pious mother St. Monica bade him offer Masses for her soul; St. Cyprian telling us "we always offer sacrifices for them as often as we celebrate the sufferings and days of the martyrs on the anniversary commemoration"; St. Cyril of Jerusalem: "Then we also commemorate those who have fallen asleep before us, . . . believing that it will be very great assistance to their souls." So likewise St. Ambrose, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Basil, St. Bernard, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, Fathers and Doctors in every age and clime.

If our piety need additional motives for praying for the dead, it will help us to remember how we owe it to them in discharge of our debt of love according to God's first law; we owe it to particu-

lar souls among them, because we are either bound to them by ties of kinship, or indebted to them to repair the scandal we may have given them, or to make up for not having exercised on them a good influence during life. Again, nothing is so salutary or profitable to our own souls as the practice of praying frequently and urgently for the dead; since it gradually makes us careful to avoid the faults that would prolong our own stay in purgatory, and obtains for us the gratitude of the holy souls themselves, a gratitude they can show us now as well as later when they shall be dwelling in heaven.

The highest of all motives should inspire us in our devotion to the holy souls. Prayers for their deliverance promote the glory of God. Every prayer uttered for them implies a belief in the existence of purgatory, as one of the excellent devices of the wisdom, justice and mercy of God and is therefore an acknowledgment of the divine excellence, a tribute to God's glory. Besides, every prayer for the holy souls brings some one of them nearer to God, and thus helps to increase the number of elect souls that surround His throne as a crown of glory, God's greatest glory being in the multitude of His saints.

Finally, it will not do for us, as Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, to overlook one motive that should always be uppermost with us. The deliverance of the holy souls is one of Christ's chief interests. He longs for their relief and their company. They are His suffering members, they are His poor in many ways, so poor that they cannot help themselves. They are in prison, after His reminder. "I was in prison, and ye visited me." How supreme this interest is, we are constantly hearing from the Church His spouse, who discloses the secret yearnings of His Heart to us and calls on us night and day to come into her house of mourning, to descend into the tomb in which her cherished children are detained as in a prison house, waiting for such time as, by their own sufferings coupled with our prayers, they may be fit to be admitted to the nuptials of the Lamb.

We need no other motives for helping the holy souls. We should take up the task of relieving them promptly, and perform it diligently. We should make known to others the needs of the holy souls and the benefits they derive from our prayers. To this end it will help to be familiar with Catholic doctrine on purgatory, as explained in such books as Mumford's *Remembrance of the Living to Pray for the Dead*, and Coleridge's *Prisoners of the King*. We need not read much; the subject is one that easily excites our sympathies and zeal.

As for the means of assisting the holy souls, first of all, the great sacrifice of our redemption, the Holy Mass, is the most powerful of all, and we should offer it for the souls in purgatory daily, even when it is not in our power to assist at it. Not a Mass is offered without a commemoration of the faithful departed, "that to them and to all who have fallen asleep in Christ, Thou, O Lord, may grant a place of rest, light and peace." Next in order comes Holy Communion, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, prayer and fasting, almsdeeds, works of service for the Church, works of piety, self-denial, mortification, in a word, any of the good deeds enumerated on our treasury blanks are of great value for the relief of the suffering souls.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular, for the Souls in Purgatory.

THE·READER·

UNDER the caption of "Les Chercheurs d'Etoiles," M. Claveau, in a brilliant leader of a recent issue of the *Figaro*, gives a very gloomy picture of the intellectual and religious condition of the so-called cultured world of France.

"Restless investigators and anxious philosophers," he says, "search the heavens in the hope of finding a guiding star to light the modern soul on her path. Rightly or wrongly, they imagine that the bark that bears the moral fortune of humanity—at least of France—sails without rudder or compass on a sea that is beset with rocks, and, like Andrew the Swede, they seek the pole in a balloon. They would be satisfied with even a dark lantern, provided it conducted them, like the Shepherds and Magi, to a new Bethlehem."

In this darkness the world goes in search of a star. It matters little how insignificant it is; provided it is new, it eclipses every other interest for the time being. The grand problem of life is lost sight of. "Yet this religious indifference is but a varnish, a cloak, a light crust, which conceals for a certain length of time the inevitable restlessness. The various physical and intellectual diversions, which have been devised for this purpose, can hardly conceal the moral excitement, the inward fever arising from other cares and other cravings. Those who experience these qualms of conscience are legion; and consequently we have an army of philosophers in reserve. Hence visionaries arise; and a professor of rhetoric at a university celebration need only deliver an address on 'Unity in Education' to bring the whole continent and adjacent isles into commotion. From the four cardinal points the welkin rings with the echo of the voice of this new Forerunner in cap and gown, preaching a new baptism to the world. In his humble person is hailed by the world the founder of a new religion, whether true or false." Thus a star has been found which may shine for a brief space, until its lustre is eclipsed by some new luminary.

* * *

To this lamentable condition liberalism has led a large portion of the population, though it would be unjust to Catholic France to suppose that this intellectual chaos is universal. There is still a large element of orthodox Catholics in France, but the trouble is, there as elsewhere, that those who do the loud talking and writing are free-thinkers, infidels, liberals, Free Masons and libertines, and the public at home and abroad, ever eager for scandal, are more disposed to listen to them than to the advocates of true religious, social, moral, and intellectual progress. This intellectual darkness and confusion in France is the logical outcome of liberalism.

To such a pass things have come in a strictly Catholic country, that men discussing the most important questions of life—religion, education, the destiny of man, the rights of property, the duties of man to man, the most elementary questions of ethics—are unable to understand one another. Every man, who thinks he has a right to be heard, speaks in a jargon of his own which is unintelligible to all but himself and the few initiated. Confusion of ideas begets confusion of language, and thus the mystery of Babel is enacted over again.

The language of the Church alone is intelligible and consistent. It is *yea* and *nay* on the great problems of life, without hedging, glossing, mincing or magnifying. This is the Church's policy in action as well as in doctrine. Any one who departs from this honest, straightforward, clear-cut path of action and speech within the Church ceases thereby to represent her, nay, positively misrepresents her, however good his intentions may be.

* * *

This policy of simplicity and straightforwardness in the Church is called conservativeness, while the opposite policy goes by the name of liberalism. The language of conservatism is plain, direct, uncompromising; it gives things their proper names. Liberalism, on the other hand, is always hedging, trimming, minimizing, conniving, toadying to secular power, cringing to all but lawful authority, impatient of all that is traditional and time-honored, often arrogant and abusive, fulsome in its praise and violent in its vituperation, generally inconsistent, and not seldom insincere. It is fond of publicity, rushes into print, is never done discussing the "spirit of the age" and the "needs of our country," and forecasting the broad outlines of the future. It loves to expatiate on commonplaces, such as Americanism, patriotism, freedom of conscience and speech, civil and religious liberty, toleration, and the common "fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man." It is always ready to stand on the same broad, non-sectarian platform with outsiders, and apprehends little danger from the indiscriminate association of Catholics with Protestants. It is inclined to look upon mixed education and mixed marriages as a means of spreading Catholicity. All this it calls "modernizing the Church." Yet the Church remains—"to-day, yesterday, and the same forever."

* * *

We have had very striking instances of this so-called liberal policy in this country for the last few years. It is unpleasant to recall the memory of those things at the present moment, but the fact that the same policy still periodically crops out in an irresponsible press, and through irresponsible and anonymous agents, compels us, however reluctantly, to call attention to the facts. In doing so we shall briefly contrast the true policy of the Church with the tactics of liberalism.

It is still fresh in our memory how, some years ago, a liberal crusade was opened against our Catholic parochial schools. They were to be secularized or reduced to mixed schools, with religion only as a side-show. Their defenders were blackguarded and ridiculed, and threatened with the vengeance of Rome. The Pope and his Representative were loudly quoted in favor of mixed or public schools. A great revolution was to be effected in the domain of Catholic education. What was the upshot? Rome, with admirable forbearance, upheld the decrees of Baltimore in their entirety; and now, within the last few days, the illustrious prelate who, of all others, was supposed to have led the liberal movement, to his honor be it said, comes out publicly in the strongest and most unmistakable language in favor and defence of the parochial school.

In like manner, we heard it loudly asserted by the same liberal agency, that the ban was to be raised from secret societies in this country, even from the Free Masons. What happened in reality? Leo XIII.'s teaching on Free Masonry was enforced anew, and three other secret orders were put on the list of the forbidden.

Much capital was made by the liberal party of the Parliament of Religions, as a new departure that broke down the barriers which separated the Church from the sects, and thus prevented free interchange of thought. The result was the explicit prohibition to Catholics to take further part in such gatherings.

Bishops, religious orders, and other "laggards," were to be coerced into the liberal movement by the Pope and his Representative; the Church was to be Americanized (whatever that means). And yet not a bishop has been unseated, not a religious order has been disciplined, and the Church is where it stood —loyal, but not officious or subservient to any political influence.

* * *

In days gone by this liberal policy was managed through the agency of a French newspaper in Rome, known as the *Moniteur de Rome*, which gave the cue to the American secular and liberal press. With the failure of the liberal policy, this French sheet also went under. Since then its work has been carried on chiefly by a bi-monthly correspondent to the New York *Sun*, who signs himself *Innominato*. Who Innominato is we do not even pretend to conjecture. This we know, that he is an able writer, who understands how to make the worse cause appear the better, who can don the garb of an angel of light and deceive, not only "the elect," which we hold to be a comparatively easy matter, but even the New York *Sun*, which is a rather arduous undertaking.

Innominato has thoroughly mastered the language of European liberalism, and knows well how to translate it into United States. He is a careful reader of the Roman and Parisian papers, and is well posted on the liberal sentiment in America. For the rest, the letters might as well be written in New York, London, or Constantinople, as "before the brazen gates of the Vatican." The language of the letters is always dignified and elegant, yet somewhat Johnsonian. Their policy is exactly the same as that of the defunct *Moniteur*—a policy of misrepresentation, always within the lines of what is probable, and credible, at least to the uninstructed public. They rarely deal with facts, but rather with motives, policies and future possibilities. They profess the highest admiration for, and loyalty to, the Pope and high officials of the Roman Court. They affect to know the Pope's mind on any given subject of ecclesiastical policy. In short, Innominato's letters are models of liberal style and liberal tactics.

We often wondered why it was that some representative of the Catholic press has not long since torn the mask from the face of this pretentious fraud. We have been still more surprised from time to time to see Catholic papers print his deceitful oracles with flaming headlines in their columns. To an educated man of Catholic instincts his language alone ought to betray his character. Besides, those who have read his lucubrations with any attention for the last few years cannot fail to perceive that from the very outset he has forecast a line of policy for the Holy Father, which has not only not been borne out, but flatly contradicted, by the facts.

* * *

We shall give a few instances of a not very remote date to illustrate the style and character of this self-constituted oracle of the Pope's policy. The Apostolic delegation at Washington and its illustrious incumbent have at different times occupied much of his attention. Some time ago a report was spread, it matters not on what grounds, that the successor of His Eminence, Cardinal Satolli, would be Mgr. Falconio, a Franciscan friar, who would doubtless have been a very fit subject for the appointment. Our "sacred seer" thought that there was reason to believe that Falconio, because he was a monk, would be a *persona ingrata* to certain bishops of the United States. He knew, moreover, that Falconio had received another appointment that was likely to be permanent. Thus the data were given for a political prophecy, and forth came the oracular letter headed by the *Sun*: "*Falconio impossible, because he is a monk.*" Thus Innominato formulates and proves his assumption:

"Among those whom public report

has selected to succeed Mgr. Satolli comes first of all Mgr. Falconio, procurator-general of the Franciscans at Rome. His brilliant career is well known. His studies in the United States, his teaching, his labors in Canada, his return to Rome, his elevation to ecclesiastical dignities, seem to mark him out for the office. But in spite of confidential influences brought to bear upon him, Leo XIII. has never dreamed of selecting him. Mgr. Falconio is a monk. Now, a monk, in his mind, has a different part to play, a higher duty to fulfil. The Pope has ideas of his own on that subject; very strong and very fixed in the matter of ecclesiastical traditions, what the theologians call the *sensus Catholicus*. The religious orders are a sacred body-guard, called according to the needs and circumstances of every period, to serve as a breastplate for the mystic body of the Church. They are, therefore, neither the head that commands nor the heart that sends out to the limbs life and the sum of conserving forces. They represent knowledge, charity, virtue; they are not the government, they are not *jure divino* the parochial ministry. Leo XIII. is influenced in this matter by the great traditional ideas."

What our brilliant nameless correspondent says of the religious and secular clergy may be very true. But he made his reckoning without his host this time; and before he had time to write another epistle, Leo XIII. had appointed not only a monk, but a *hermit* to fill the office of Delegate to the United States taking no account of the supernal wisdom of the "divine seer," Innominato.

But Innominato had no time to worry over his disappointment at this glaring infringement of traditional precedent. He is engaged, in his next letter, with the reconstruction of the delegation, and its divorce from the influence of the Propaganda. If this difficulty is once bridged over it matters not who is delegate. For the next two weeks following, he devises plans "to modernize" the Church of France. Thus he delivers himself in his latest effusion to hand.

"Just now something extraordinary is going on in the old Church of France, that privileged child of the Roman Pontificate. Since the democratic and republican encyclicals of Leo XIII. a spirit of reform, of initiative, is breathing upon the clergy: to break with the monarchial and Sulpician routine of the last three centuries; to strike out into the economical and social current; to come out from the rotten tombs of the ancient parties; to adapt clerical education to the needs of the young generations; to strike, if not for the abrogation, at least, for the enlargement of the Concordat; to introduce into the life of the Church science with its methods, its laws, and its results; to modernize everything, while keeping intact the divine and evangelical deposit of faith; such is the spirit, such is the ideal of the French Church."

The French Church and the French clergy, according to Innominato, have been evidently all wrong for the last 300 years, since such a radical change is necessary. This, as every one sees, is an outrage against the learned and pious clergy and the venerable Church of France. This is the language of arrogance and sensationalism, not of intelligence and progress. *Non in commotione Dominus:* God is not in the whirlwind.

Having thus organized the Apostolic Delegation and rejuvenated "the most ancient daughter of the Church" we may await in the near future from Innominato's fertile brain and facile pen a brilliant plan of campaign for our new Apostolic Delegate in the columns of the New York *Sun*. Verily, we live in a glorious age when all the wisdom of the Roman Court may be picked up in our streets for a nickel. Who, then, would remain in blissful ignorance, when such wisdom may be had for a penny a line!

Anglican Orders Invalid.—The death-knell of the claimants of the validity of Anglican orders has been sounded. Nothing else could have been expected, but still while there was life in the cause there was hope. Leo XIII., they seemed to think, by appointing a commission, had admitted the possibility that life was not extinct, and that after a lapse of three centuries it could be revived. But, alas for the hopers, the commission that sat in Rome proved to have been holding a *post-mortem*. Was it time and labor lost? By no means. This slow, calm, impartial, judicial examination has closed forever the lips of those who claimed that a matter of such vital importance had never been properly examined and decided. Those who read between the lines knew what the Pope's late encyclical meant. Now His Holiness states that "after long study I must confirm the decrees of my predecessors that all ordinations made under the Anglican rite are absolutely invalid." Thus ends the attempt at any corporate reunion between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. It would have been impossible in any case, for there is no such thing as corporate union among Anglicans. There is no unity of authority which all Anglicans recognize, consequently there could never be any unity of faith nor obedience of all the members to any decrees. As before, union with Rome must come from the submission of individuals to the Vicar of Christ.

Leo XIII. once in England.—The interest which His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., has taken in the English people and his desire to see them all in the one fold, recall the fact that he is the first Pope who has trodden English soil for centuries. In 1844, when he was Nuncio at Brussels, he was presented to Queen Victoria by the celebrated convert priest, the Hon. and Rev. Ignatius Spencer, the brother of the Earl Spencer of that time, on whose invitation Mgr. Pecci, the future Pope, crossed over to England and spent a month in London. The Catholic papers of the period show that he officiated in St. Mary's, Moorfields, and the old Sardinian chapel at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The former was then the Catholic cathedral of London and the latter was frequented by Italians from all parts of the metropolis, including the reigning operatic singers of both sexes at Covent Garden, who gave their services gratuitously to the choir. Moreover, His Holiness has observed the number of English who flock to Rome every year, and, whether Protestant or Catholic, seek an audience and a blessing.

Protestant Alarm in Wales.—The Holy Father's appointment of a Vicar-apostolic for Wales in the person of Bishop Mostyn, of old Welsh stock, seems to have had a wonderful effect. The enemy have taken alarm and are considering the spread of Catholicism in Wales. One of the Protestant organizations states that "it was deeply impressed with the necessity of supplanting this section (Flintshire) of the work by other measures more directly calculated to arrest the inroads of known Catholicism in the near future." We hope that their alarm is well founded. The fact is that Cardinal Vaughan was remarkably well received when he recently paid a visit to North Wales, and he had a very large audience when he spoke on the great subject of Christian unity. Is not this the beginning of a great revival of the ancient faith? The Welsh did not apostatize as a people, but rather for want of priests in times of persecution the faith languished, died out and was supplanted by Protestant sects. Has not St. Winefride done much to attract the attention of her countrymen to the only Church which has the gift of miracles?

Menelek and Papal Rights.—Some time ago we spoke of the Pope's magnanimous and patriotic intervention

on behalf of the Italian prisoners in Abyssinia. It has proved partially successful. News comes from Rome that Mgr. Macario, the Papal Envoy, has reported to the Vatican the refusal of King Menelek to liberate all the prisoners until a final peace be concluded with Italy, but that he will free all those who are natives of the former States of the Church as the Pope's subjects. This is another humiliation for King Humbert and his government. As it is also reported that the Negus has declined to enter into negotiations with the military envoy despatched for the purpose, on the ground of his insufficient rank, the release of the remainder of the unhappy prisoners seems relegated to a distant future. The conduct of Menelek in this matter should open the eyes of those Italians who have not wilfully closed them to the rights of the successors of St. Peter to the States of the Church, rights evident even to this Abyssinian ruler.

More Priest than Prince.—It is edifying to note that Prince Maximilian, the nephew of the King of Saxony, has shown throughout his course preparatory for the priesthood in the seminary at Eichstätt, a thoroughly democratic spirit. He would not allow the ordinary discipline to be relaxed for him, but cheerfully performed all the duties of seminary life. He has, with the assent of the King of Saxony and of the Saxon Government, signed a document renouncing all the rights hitherto possessed by him in virtue of his royal birth. The document, however, contains a clause providing that the renunciation shall become legally null and void in case of the decease of all other princes of the royal house of Saxony. On the occasion of his ordination he was the recipient of a handsome gold medal from Pope Leo. On one side of the medal is the figure of the Pope and on the reverse side the device: "*Fiat unum ovile et unus pastor*"—"Let there be one fold and one pastor"—the thought uppermost in Leo XIII.'s mind.

The young priest has already begun his public ministry in the German church of St. Boniface, Whitechapel, London. At a reception tendered him, he said, in reply to a speech of congratulation, that they must not look upon him as a prince, but simply as a priest, which was really a nobler title, and that he had come to London to labor among workingmen.

Catholicity in Hawaii.—The aim of persecution is of course to destroy, but in God's providence it often has the opposite effect, and rather strengthens and increases the faith. So apparently it is in Hawaii. In 1826 the Protestants drove the Catholic missionaries out of the Sandwch Islands, and yet to-day there are 31,000 Catholics out of a total population of 90,000. They have thirty-five churches, fifty-nine chapels, one college, three academies and ten parochial schools—truly a goodly showing for the zeal of the priests and sisters who have devoted their lives for the salvation of these poor people.

In this connection we may quote the Rev. L. L. Conrady, who labored with Father Damien in the leper colony of Molokai, and who recently went to Japan to perform the same heroic labors. He writes this of the religious tendencies of the natives of that country: "The Japanese are fluctuating. They have virtually lost their old religion and to-day, as a nation, they have none. They know something about the Bible, but as every man can interpret it, according to the Protestant principle, the Japanese know not what to make of it. As exposition of the Catholic principles has never appeared in the newspapers in Japan, all the Japanese remain in the dark." "It is in our days not enough," adds the clear-sighted missionary, "to preach in churches; the newspapers are the great medium to bring things to the knowledge of the multitudes." This is true, but the difficulty is to get the public press to treat religious matters fairly and impartially, and still more difficult is it to get those outside the Church to even look at a Catholic paper.

Mission Moneys Wasted.—The meagre results attained by Protestant missionary work are instanced by a paragraph that appears in a recent number of the *Missionary Record* which, in announcing the "Baptism of an Arab in Egypt" remarks: "After four years' work in Egypt, the North African mission rejoices in its first convert." What cause for rejoicing! One convert to Christianity after four years' labor! It would be interesting to learn how much it cost the "North African Mission" to *get* him, and also what it will cost to *keep* him.

APOSTOLIC WORKS

THE CATHOLIC CONFERENCE IN ENGLAND.—

The principal event in the Catholic Church in England during September, 1896, was the conference held at Hanley, in North Staffordshire, under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society. The conference began on Monday, September 28th, with a demonstration in Victoria Hall, Hanley. The Bishop of Birmingham presided, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster delivered an address on "Leo XIII. and the reunion of Christendom."

The success of the conference had been prepared by sermons preached in all the neighboring churches on the previous Sunday by select preachers.

Lectures were delivered on Tuesday and Wednesday on the following subjects:

THE CHURCH AND NON-CONFORMISTS.

1. "The Church and Nonconformity." Rev. A. H. Villiers.
2. "Nonconformists in relation to Catholic Doctrine and Practice." W. Y. Craig, J P.
3. "A survey of Modern Dissent." J. H. Matthews.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL WORK.

1. "Léon Harmel and his work." Mrs. Crawford.
2. "The Temperance Question." Rev. Luke Rivington.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

1. "The aims of the C. T. S. and our duties toward it." Rev. W. Barry, D.D.
2. "The Work of the Branches." Rev. C. Rothwell.

THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

1. "Modern Science and Ancient Faith." Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.
2. "The Mischief and Misunderstanding." B. F. C. Costelloe.

The names of these well known lecturers are sufficient guarantee of the able manner in which they handled their matter.

The following sketch by Rev. C. Rothwell finds an appropriate place here: Mr. James Britten, F.L.S., is the originator of the annual Catholic Conferences, and of the Catholic Truth Society also, since its revival in 1884. The first conference was held in London in 1888, and others since have been held in Manchester, Birmingham, London, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Preston, and Bristol. Mr. Britten is in the prime of life, having been born at Chelsea in 1846. He became a Catholic in 1867, and the story of his conversion is told in one of the penny series of C.T.S., "Why I left the Church of England." One of his strong points is botany, and his abilities in this science are recognized in the highest quarters, holding as he does a high position in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. From 1880 till to-day he has edited *The Journal of Botany;* from 1890, *Nature Notes*, edited and annotated for the Folk-lore Society, of which he was one of the founders, *Aubrey's Remains of Gentilism and Judaism*. He has written for Messrs. Cassell & Co. a standard work called *European Ferns*, edited *Timb's Names of Herbs*, compiled *Old Farming Words* and *Dictionary of English Plant Names* for the English Dialect Society. In Catholic literature, besides his vast work for the C.T.S., Mr. Britten has contributed numerous articles to the Catholic periodicals, among which we may mention *The League of the Cross Magazine*, which he founded and edited from 1884 to 1887. This last is evidence that he is an ardent advocate of Temperance. Many devoted workers of the Catholic Needlework Guild may not know that the Guild owes its origin to a move made by Mr. Britten in 1886. Since 1870 he has been a member of the Linnæan Society (F.L.S.) He is on the Council of theSouthwark Rescue Society, on the Committee of the Art for Schools Association, vice-president of the Southwark Diocesan Workhouse Association, on the Executive of Newman House; Honorary Secretary to the Catholic Art

Society, of which, with Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, he is the founder; and lastly, Honorary, that is, unpaid Secretary, to the Catholic Truth Society.

When we reckon up all these good works for the Catholic cause, and note that they are all done in Mr. Britten's spare time, and at considerable sacrifice of means, we shall be prepared to recognize and to admire his zeal and generosity, and to wish that Brittens were as plentiful as Britons. If any Catholic layman, with his time all his own, can show a record in behalf of the Catholic Church to compare with Mr. Britten's, let him call round and we shall consider his claim to the cake. Love for boys is so rare a virtue that we cannot omit to point this out as a feature in Mr. Britten's character. He has studied boys, knows how to please and attract them, and his efforts in their behalf have met with great success. Since the first Conference in London in 1888, none of the Catholic works in which he has taken a part have given him more pleasure than the successive Annual Conferences. We trust his heart will be gladdened by the success of Hanley, and that he will be spared to promote other Catholic Conferences and good works for many years to come.

THE HEAVENLY PATRON OF THE COLORED RACE.—

We have recently received from Rome the following authentic declaration in regard to the new honor conferred by the Holy See on the Apostle of the Negroes: "As St. Peter Claver, illustrious Confessor of the Society of Jesus, among the other priestly offices which he so admirably performed, was especially devoted for six and forty years in Carthagena to converting negroes and instructing them in the Catholic faith, he is not undeservedly considered the Apostle of that race. Moreover, there is evidence that, even after his death, the holy Confessor rendered missions to the negroes glorious by miracles, besides giving other proofs of his special patronage.

"Wherefore very many priests and especially Superiors and Bishops, having charge of negro missions in Africa, in North and South America, in Australia, and in various other parts of the world have, under the lead of Very Reverend Father Louis Martin, General of the Society of Jesus, besought by written petitions His Holiness, Leo XIII., in virtue of his supreme authority, to deign to declare St. Peter Claver the special patron of all missions undertaken to bring the negroes to the knowledge of the Gospel, as well as to preserve in the faith those who have already been converted.

"His Holiness graciously received their petition and referred it to the Sacred Congregation of Rites to have their opinion on the matter. At a meeting of the Cardinals, composing this Congregation, held May 23 in the Vatican, Cardinal Camillus Mazzella, Promoter of this cause, and Rev. Father Gustavus Persiani, Promoter of the Holy Faith, spoke upon the subject After weighing well what they had to say and the petition itself, signed by so great a number of Bishops and Superiors, the Congregation declared in its favor, provided His Holiness were of the same opinion.

"Cardinal Aloisi-Masella, Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, then reported their decision to His Holiness, which he deigned to approve and confirm. Thus he declared and appointed, by his supreme authority, St. Peter Claver, Confessor of the Society of Jesus, to be the special Patron with God of Missions to the Negroes. This took place July 7, 1896."

Very Rev. Father Martin, in a beautiful letter, announces this new honor for the Society of Jesus, and warmly recommends the new heavenly Patron of the Negroes as a model for all apostolic men. For St. Peter Claver was wholly devoted to the salvation of souls and generously sacrificed himself even until death in caring for the temporal and eternal welfare of the poor African slaves at Carthagena. How repulsive to nature must have been his work! To describe the state of these hapless beings, when brought to shore would be too repulsive to put in print. Yet it was their very repulsiveness that attracted the servant of God. He saw in them Him who in His Passion was without beauty or comeliness, was despised and the most abject of men, and, as it were, a leper. May this great imitator of Him, who was the friend of sinners and who came to seek and to save the sheep that were lost, show his power in heaven and on earth in behalf of the colored race in whatever part of the world their lot has been cast.

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

COLUMBIA. — The Apostleship of Prayer is making rapid progress and displaying great activity in this republic. The month of June was celebrated with great solemnity in Bogota, the capital of Columbia, with a public novena, general Communion on the feast of the Sacred Heart, and Solemn High Mass and an eloquent panegyric, preached by the Rev. Nicolas Carceres, S.J., which finds a prominent place in *Messajero* published in that city.

The League in Columbia has taken up the Apostleship of the Press, and has started a periodical, strictly under the auspices, entitled *La Vida del Pueblo* (The Life of the People). The first number was published in the month of June, which is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and 2,000 copies were distributed in various parts of the Republic. The Central Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, who likewise is the editor of the *Vida* says in his prospectus: "It is our purpose to give the people of Columbia a periodical replete with moral and religious instruction in popular and religious form; but at the same time it will be our endeavor to supply a variety of interesting reading matter on subjects not purely religious. Heaven grant that this salutary work may meet the support of men of good will, true friends of God and their country!"

BRAZIL.—A new *Messenger* has been just started in Brazil. It is edited in the Portuguese language and published in *Itù*. The editor is the Rev. Bartholomew Taddei, S.J.

The reverend editor in his preface gives a very correct idea of the mission of the *Messenger*, which may be of interest and profit to our readers. "The day has come at last," he says,—"the long looked for day—when the Apostleship of Prayer in Brazil has its own official organ. Numerous countries already possess this powerful means of spreading and preserving religion—this strong and far-reaching weapon. Brazil could no longer be deprived of such an organ.

"The mission of the *Messenger*, in the social field in which it makes its debut, is a modest and peaceful one. It is not concerned with the issues of human politics. Its cause is the cause of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is especially destined to promote prayer to the Sacred Heart, intimately to unite souls with Jesus Christ. It consecrates itself to the active advancement of the interests of the Church, which are at the same time the interests of society It is under this device that it presents itself to all—to bring them to the knowledge of the Sacred Heart, to inflame them with its love, and to place them under its saving protection."

PORTUGAL.—We have before made reference to the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the introduction of the League into the kingdom of Portugal. In connection with this celebration we would still draw special attention to a pastoral letter of His Eminence, the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, endorsing and commending the movement. This pastoral is of the greatest importance, not only as the highest official sanction of local ecclesiastical authority, but still more from the sentiments of zeal and piety which it breathes and inculcates. "If it is meet to celebrate with demonstrations of joy and gratitude the anniversaries of glorious institutions," says His Eminence, "especially those institutions that have, in the course of ages, conferred great benefit on society, assuredly justice requires that, on this occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Apostleship of Prayer in Portugal, we should, with solemn thanksgiving and all the means which our holy religion suggests to us, celebrate the Silver Jubilee of that spiritual Militia which we have so earnestly recommended to the zeal of the clergy and the piety of the faithful of our patriarchate in our first Pastoral, November 21, 1883. . . .

"It is not our intention in this Pastoral letter to discuss the excellence and usefulness of the organization of the Apostleship of Prayer, an organization so productive of salutary effects. The

whole world is witness to the fact, and particularly our kingdom of Portugal.

"Suffice it to say, that the Apostleship of Prayer is one of the most popular and most apostolic forms of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that devotion which is destined to enkindle in the souls of men the fire of divine love, in these times in which our Saviour Himself foretold that the charity of many would grow cold. To gain this object, which is none other than that of the Apostle, namely, that we be 'renewed in the spirit of our minds,' the Apostleship of Prayer comes forward as a peaceful, yet powerful legion, arrayed against the assaults of impiety, which threaten to overthrow and demolish all things. It has inscribed on its banner the sweet motto of the Lord's Prayer. *Adveniat regnum tuum* (Thy kingdom come). It has chosen for its arms the daily Offering—short, but fervent. It exhorts the more generous souls to enroll themselves in chosen Bands to honor the Blessed Virgin by the recital of the Rosary, and to make reparation by means of frequent and worthy Communions for the outrages which the sweetest Heart of Jesus suffers from ungrateful and degenerate children, who repay with hatred the unspeakable love which He lavishes upon us."

Of the work of the Portuguese *Messenger* in particular, His Eminence says: "In order to encourage these pious practices the more efficaciously, we have given our approval and granted indulgences to the monthly *Review* published in this capital, under the title *New Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, a periodical which we recommend most ardently to the zeal of pastors and Directors of Centres of the Apostleship of Prayer established within our patriarchate. For in that excellent publication we find not only valuable and interesting instruction of great advantage to those who love the Sacred Heart of the Saviour, but also vigorous and learned refutation of anti-Catholic doctrines, which the enemies of our religion and country, inspired and directed by the Masonic sects, are daily scattering broadcast among the ignorant and unsuspecting, who, instead of aiding and patronizing the Catholic press, procure impious journals—often blasphemous, always traducers of the Church, and enemies of all order and sound policy of states."

As a due celebration of the Silver Jubilee, His Eminence, the Cardinal Patriarch directs:

1. That the Apostleship of Prayer be established in all the parishes where it does not already exist, and that it be revived to new fervor where it does exist.

2. That in the Patriarchal Basilica in Lisbon, and in all the churches of his jurisdiction, the jubilee be solemnly celebrated in honor of the Sacred Heart, on some day, if possible, during the month of June, preceded by a *Triduum*.

3. That during the *Triduum* the priests in charge of souls, either personally or through other select preachers, announce the word of God—particularly on the end of man and the four last things and the devotion to the Sacred Heart—to the faithful.

4. That during the *Triduum* the Blessed Sacrament be daily exposed, and the Rosary and the act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart be recited before it.

5. An indulgence of 300 days is granted each day of the *Triduum* to those who assist at these exercises of devotion.

6. The day itself is to be solemnized by a general Communion, Solemn High Mass, sermon and procession, in which either the Blessed Sacrament or the image of the Sacred Heart is to be borne, after which the special consecration to the Sacred Heart shall take place.

7. By special indult the Patriarch grants an indulgence of five years and five times forty days to all who daily approach the holy Sacraments during this *Triduum*.

8. Where this solemn celebration is impossible the pastors should by no means neglect to celebrate the Jubilee with all the solemnity possible, exhorting the people particularly to approach the holy Sacraments.

The Pastoral was accompanied by a very appropriate and affecting Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart for the occasion. It is needless to say that the mandate of His Eminence was eagerly complied with by priests and people.

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Activity in League Matter. Never in the memory of the Fathers of the Central Direction of the League were there so many demands for Aggregations of new Centres or so many and such numerous Promoters' Receptions immediately after a vacation as there were during the past month. There is no stand still with the League. Its spirit has the nature of fire. "I came to send fire on the earth and what do I wish but that it be enkindled?"

The Laity and Works of Zeal. August and September are the months for conventions, which for the most part are religious. The plain aim of all our non-Catholic conventions is to make the laity, men and women, take an active part in religious works. The League has no conventions; nor does it need them, although some benefit might come by them, because it has this secret as its very first principle, of making Catholics, young and old, help one another in prayer, the very fundamental exercise of religion; and that there may be no mistake about the character of the religion inculcated, the prayer it advocates is prayer in union with the Heart of Jesus.

The November Messenger. Without meaning to make this month's MESSENGER a mortuary number, it is so, and, perhaps, our readers will be grateful for it. The subject suits our mood at this declining season of the year, and it suits our devotions likewise. The two stories bring a leading character and a hero to their deaths. The *Dies Iræ* and General Intention bespeak prayers for the dead. It is well that Catholic magazines should keep the interests of our departed before us. Every interest of the living can find room in our newspapers; but what have they to do with the dead?

Departed Promoters. While speaking of the interests of the dead, we may as well remind our readers that we make special mention in the pages of the *Pilgrim* of departed Promoters. It may be that some neglect to report their deaths to us. If so, this month of devotion to the holy souls is a time to repair the negligence; not that we can promise to publish in the *Pilgrim* deaths that took place early in the year, but because we can find room for them in the annual list published in our *Almanac*.

Departed Patrons. The League has lost some of its best patrons and most influential Promoters during the past few months. Among others, the pious and zealous Bishops, Marty and Sullivan, have gone to their reward. The former used to spread the League everywhere in his missions, and counted as his greatest benefactors good friends who from a distance kept furnishing him with the various leaflets and other League prints for his Indian converts. The latter often preached for the League, was kind enough to write us most cordial letters in regard to the MESSENGER and the work generally. We owe them both a pious remembrance for their kindly patronage of our interests as well as for their well-known zeal for religion in their respective dioceses.

Father Vissani, O.S.F. With the piety that stamps all their works, our good Franciscan friends hasten to tell us of the death of Very Rev. Charles A. Vissani, O.S.F, Commissary General of the Holy Land in the United States. Thousands of the Crusaders whom he had interested in purchasing and holding the holy places in Palestine, will mourn his departure at an age comparatively early. A glance at the work he has done shows that he had filled the measure of riper years. His life is an unanswerable argument for such men as the writer of the *Historical Jesus and the Christs of Faith*, whom Father Campbell so eloquently denounces in our present issue.

Helping the Holy Souls. Besides the means mentioned in the General Intention for relieving the holy souls, many take part in the unions

of pious friends of the souls in purgatory, particularly on stated days of commemoration, or on anniversaries of the departed. The Helpers of the Holy Souls have done very much of late years to unite thousands of devout people in such unions, to the great benefit of the suffering souls and to the great edification of the faithful everywhere, since the spirit that prompts them to relieve the dead makes them not less zealous or efficient in succoring the living. May the prayers of the League this month promote their work, and every good enterprise in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory. In many League Centres it is customary to make special offerings to our spiritual treasury during this month, which is devoted to the holy souls, and to make a special report of the results of these offerings for the edification and comfort of all who love the work of their relief.

The Tyrol Centenary. We are very fortunate in having some excellent illustrations of the procession in which the Tyrolese carried their historic banner of the Sacred Heart about with so much honor, on the occasion of the centenary of their country to the Heart of Jesus. The account of the consecration itself and of the services of the centenary prove them to be a grateful people, full of faith and full of courage and of the generous spirit that never forgets a favor.

The League Under Arms. A local paper is responsible for the alarming statement that "there are now two bands of the League of the Sacred Heart in the State of New York that drill every day, that carry arms openly and are devoting almost their whole time to a study of the art of war. A certain so-called patriotic association has been wonderfully inactive in this matter. Perhaps the fact that those members of the League are West Point cadets renders it difficult to put a stop to their drilling."

Letters with Thanksgivings. Numerous as our letters of thanksgiving always are, it is rare that we have so many from which to select our extracts as we had during the past month. We must remind some of the writers, however, that howsoever edifying their thanksgivings may be, or howsoever grateful it may be to have them recorded, it would often produce more immediate and more lasting results in many cases to report the favors obtained to their Local Director, who, after reading them at the First Friday or other services, could forward them to us.

Our Almanac for 1897. By November 1 we hope to have our *Almanac* and *Calendar* for 1897 ready for orders. Besides the usual useful and entertaining matter given in its pages, this year's issue will give a complete account of the state of the League in the United States, together with many useful hints about conducting the League, about dealing with Promoters, Directors, or with our office. The price is ten cents a copy, with reductions on orders for 100 copies, and orders may be sent now.

New Publications. A Bona Mors Manual, giving an explanation of the Bona Mors Association and all the pious practices useful for its services and for preparing for a happy death, is our latest publication. The life of B. Bernardine Realino has also been reprinted from the pages of the MESSENGER, and may now be had at our office; single copy, six cents, by mail, and at lower rates for quantities.

Giving the Badges. While preparing for the Promoters' Receptions it would be well to stimulate the fervor of the Associates by conferring League Badges on them publicly. Not all need be invited to the altar rail to receive them, but only such as have not already received them in this way. In the *League Devotions and Choral Services* a formula for this ceremony is given, and it is always a means of getting new members and of making old members more fervent.

Spurious Badges. We must again remind our readers that we issue the only authorized Badge of the League, that no one else is authorized to issue one to the English speaking members of the League in this country and that a number of spurious imitatious are in circulation, which, besides being unauthorized, fail to fulfil the requirements, either in material or in design, necessary for gaining the Indulgences attached to wearing the Badge.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 262,836.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

Special Thanksgivings:—"Last March I made the Novena of Grace through St. Francis Xavier in honor of the Sacred Heart. The intention was to be cured of an ailment which I had had for eighteen years. I promised, if cured, and if I continued so for six months, to have it published. The six months have passed and I have had no return of the trouble. This is the first relief in eighteen years."

Last Fourth of July a lad, sixteen years old, was playing with a toy cannon, trying to ignite it. The cannon exploded and the powder blew into his face and eyes. He was operated on, and several physicians were called in to see him. All said they could not save his eyes. The boy had great faith, and asked his mother to apply the Badge of the Sacred Heart. She did so, and at the expiration of three weeks he could see perfectly, and is now at work. The physicians all considered it a miracle, as it was beyond all human power.

The mother of eight children fell ill. The local doctors could not agree in their diagnosis, so they called in a specialist, who pronounced an operation necessary, as the trouble was internal. The patient was to be taken to a hospital. The evening before she was to go, some of the Promoters of her Centre called on her and gave her a relic of Ven. Mother Barat, advising her to make a Novena with them to the Sacred Heart, through Mother Barat's intercession. The day on which the operation was to be performed coincided with the last day of the Novena. When the doctors came to operate, they found it unnecessary, as the trouble had passed, and in a way which a Protestant nurse declared to be miraculous.

Spiritual Favors:—For First Friday services where there was little hope of having a priest; the making of his First Communion by a young man of twenty-five; grace of religious vocation for several; the being saved from a sudden and unprovided death; guidance of a young woman through much opposition to enter the religious state; preservation of a religious vocation; long-standing misunderstanding cleared up; reconciliation of persons estranged for years; restoration of peace in a family; and very many other favors not specified.

Return to religious duties:—Of a young man after more than five years; of a man after nine years; of a man after thirteen years of intemperance and neglect of church and home; at the end of a novena made for him, he fell dangerously ill, but refused to see the priest; a Mass for the holy souls was said, and the next day he consented to see the priest and made his peace with God; he has recovered from his illness and is an entirely changed man, as he receives Holy Communion every month; happy death of one who had been neglectful off and on for ten years; of a man after thirty years; of another after many years; and many other conversions.

Temporal Favors:—Favorable settlement of several lawsuits; many successful examinations; the being able to fin-

ish a course at a high school when sickness had seemed to make it impossible; a much desired favor obtained after petitioning perseveringly for four years; a promotion in school when it seemed unlikely without special help from above; a remarkable favor granted as soon as the Sacred Heart was appealed to; a teacher's position obtained when there was apparently no possible chance of it, a novena of Masses was promised, and the appointment was made at the very next meeting of the School Board.

Relief and Cures:—Speedy recovery of a child from scarlet fever and the prevention of the disease spreading to the other members of the family; relief from an abscess in the throat without its being lanced; recovery of a little girl from a serious accident; a cure of sore eyes; several successful operations for appendicitis; speedy cure of a child from fever; safety of a mother and child; relief from a blood disorder; recovery of a girl injured in a railroad accident, the doctors said her spine was affected, and that she would never be able to walk; she joined the League and has been improving ever since; two women, seriously ill, began to recover immediately after they were enrolled in the League, one is now well, the other is much better; cessation of convulsions in a child; recovery of the children of an Indian school; the mother of a family was suffering from a tumor which the doctor said must be operated upon, but on making a novena and promising publication the trouble ceased without any operation; several successful surgical operations; recovery of a mother of a family without a threatened operation; of a person dangerously ill with typhoid fever; of a young man at the point of death; of a person afflicted with nervous trouble; strengthening of eyes so that a student could pursue her studies; recovery of a person without having a surgical operation: and many other cures.

Employment and Means:—The obtaining of boarders by one who had many people dependent on her; success of several people in business; means to begin a much-needed undertaking; work obtained the day after the petition was made for a man who had been idle for a year; means to pay pressing debts; unexpected help for a family in desperate circumstances; permanent work and good wages for several persons; a good position obtained for a father long out of employment, the offer came at the end of a novena; means to pay off debts of long standing; money from an unlooked for source when greatly needed; and many positions obtained.

Various:—Protection from small-pox; safety from shipwreck; no serious result from the explosion of an oil stove; deliverance of persons exposed to a fearful storm; a difficult favor obtained within an hour of its being asked; return of a brother to his home; tidings of a brother not heard of for three years, and supposed to be dead; a favorable sale of land; preservation during dangerous storms; escape from an imminent peril; deliverance from a flood when the whole neighborhood was under water; return of a friend; acquittal of one accused unjustly of a crime; averting of a threatened summons to court; and many other favors obtained from the Sacred Heart through the intercession of our Lady under various titles, St. Joseph, St. Anne, St. Anthony and other saints.

Favors through the Badge and Cross: In a case of blood-poisoning the hand was entirely discolored and greatly swelled; the Badge was applied, publication and a Mass of thanksgiving were promised; in the morning the swelling and discoloration had completely gone. Relief from a blood disorder; recovery of a child given up by the physician, she began to improve as soon as the Badge was put on her; recovery of two children dangerously ill by applying the Cross; cure of another child upon applying the Badge; cessation of alarming spasms in a woman as soon as the Badge and Cross were placed on her; another similar case; cure of a pain in the side, of a toothache, of an earache, of a sore throat, of a nervous trouble, of another case of nervous prostration, so serious that the doctor could give no relief and despaired of curing it; a cure of rheumatism; entire cessation of pain caused by an abscess, upon applying the Badge; relief in stomach trouble; recovery of a young woman declared by three doctors hopelessly ill, in fact, she was twice, to all appearances, dead: the Badge was applied and she suddenly found relief and is fast recovering; an Associate, who was subject to cramps several times a month, has had none in six months, during which he has worn the Badge; cure of a fungous cancer in the hand, relief from abscesses; health restored to a dying person through the Cross, and many other favors.

BOOK·NOTICES·

HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND. By William Cobbett. Revised, edited and supplemented with copious notes, references and comments, by the Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages xx and 406. Price $1.00.

No work on record has gone further to bring to the public notice the rapine, brutality, lust and hypocrisy by which the Reformation in England and Ireland was prompted and carried out than Cobbett's *History of the Reformation*. Had the author been more temperate in his expression, his work would probably have achieved more good. His pen was dipped in gall, and the violence of his language was in many instances unwarranted. This circumstance rendered his work suspected to Protestants, and distasteful to many Catholics. His facts, however, were in the main correct, and the force of his style rendered his work popular with the multitude.

The present edition has been revised by one who is remarkable for moderation as well as for accurate knowledge Dom Gasquet himself has critically traversed the same ground in his learned history of *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*. No fitter man could be found to edit Cobbett's *History of the Reformation*. The learned Benedictine carefully examined every statement, corrected, modified or annotated whatever passage might seem questionable. The editor says in his preface:

"For the purpose of this edition I have been at some pains to inquire into the truth of the assertions made, and to set down the result in the shape of notes, either giving authorities which may be taken to bear on the writer's statements, or pointing out wherein, in my opinion, he was mistaken or has somewhat misstated or exaggerated the bearing of some fact. I confess that I was surprised to find how few were the instances in which some satisfactory authority could not be found to bear out the picture presented in Cobbett's pages."

Father Gasquet's preface of twenty pages is in itself a very valuable contribution to the critical history of the Reformation. We hope this excellent edition will find wide circulation within and without the Church.

OUTLINES OF CHURCH HISTORY. Adapted from the German of the Rev. Theodore Dreher, D.D. By Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.F. St Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 16mo. Pages 133. Price 45 cents.

This excellent little text-book of Church History is the work of a practical schoolman, who professed Christian doctrine at a Prussian gymnasium for many years. The great leading facts of the Church's history are brought into prominence, while those details which would be calculated to overburden the memory of the learner are carefully excluded, without violently breaking the sequence of events. The author evinces a perfect command of his subject and good judgment in the selection and grouping of the most important facts. He is a safe and reliable guide for pupil and teacher. The book is well translated and edited. It will serve as an excellent supplement to the Christian doctrine, for high schools, academies and Sunday schools. Any one wishing to read a course of Church history should begin by mastering this little book, before taking up any of the larger works. The list of the Popes and Councils, with notes appended, will prove very handy to the reader.

PROTESTANT FICTION. By James Britten. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 202.

This is a charming book of anecdotes, myths, lies and prejudices, assiduously circulated and largely believed among Protestants, concerning Catholic nuns and convents, priests, Jesuits, and Catholics generally. The author has shown wonderful industry in the compilation of these facts, and is careful in each case

to indicate the source of his information, and, in most cases, he gives the facts in the very words of his authorities. The extent of such fiction is incredible, but still more incredible are the efforts which are made to propagate such mendacious and slanderous literature. It throws a rather suspicious light on our "separated brethren" when we behold high-toned, humane associations, patronized by Dean Farrar and other high ecclesiastics, making a specialty of the circulation of such filthy fiction under the name of "Pure Literature."

CLAUDIUS. A sketch from the first century. By C. M. Home. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Bros. 1896. 12mo. Pages 279. Price 2s, 6d.

This interesting and pathetic story is illustrative of the first persecution of the Christians in the Apostolic Age. The scene is laid partly in Ephesus, where the famous uprising of the artists against the Christians took place during the mission of St. Paul, and in Rome during the persecution of Nero. The author has well conceived the spirit of the early Christians, and has given life-like individuality to the characters that figure in the action. The style is dignified, elegant and dramatic. The story may well be classed among the best productions of this species of fiction which has exercised such an attraction on the greatest minds. It deserves unreserved recommendation.

THE TEMPTATION OF NORA LEECROFT. By Frances Noble. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 280. Price 2s, 6d.

This story is the interesting recital of the trials and triumphs of a noble soul. The author shows more than common power in analyzing human motives and the passions of the human heart. The moral of the story is good, and the tone healthy. We do not hesitate to pronounce it a model love story—love that is chastened and controlled by true Christian principles. We know of no story that we would sooner recommend to young ladies. It cannot but leave a healthy impression on the youthful reader. It is just the thing for the parish or sodality library.

JESUS: His life in the very words of the four Gospels. A Diatessaron. By Henry Beauclerk, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 234.

This very neat and handy little volume gives in continued narrative the life of our Lord according to the four Gospels. No event, no detail, no word, is omitted. Taking, in each section of the Gospel, the fullest account as a basis, the painstaking author supplements it from the other three Gospels without making any break in the narrative. Marginal references accompany each paragraph, pointing out the texts of the Gospels of which the narrative is made up. An index is appended, which will enable the reader at once to find any given text of any of the four Gospels with the parallel passages from the other three. The book will prove very handy to the clergy and others who make their daily meditation from the Gospel, and for all who wish to gain an accurate knowledge of the life of our Lord.

THE CHURCH IN THE METROPOLIS. A chronological compendium from St. Peter's, Barclay Street, 1785, to St. Francis de Sales', East Ninety-sixth Street, 1896. New York: Rectory of St. Francis de Sales. 1896.

This beautiful little book published in the interest of a Church fair is of more than passing interest. It describes in pleasing style the development of the Church and religious institutions in the city of New York. It will be a pleasing remembrance for the old, and an interesting revelation to the young of this city.

OUR OWN STORY and other Tales. By Rosa Mulholland. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers. 16mo. Pages 250.

MARCELLA GRACE. By the same author. New illustrated edition. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 358. Price $1.25.

The first of these two volumes is a collection of nine delightful short stories in the author's happiest style. They are peculiarly suited for the young. The second is a new edition of a well-known and appreciated story of Irish life, made still more attractive by suitable and tasteful illustrations. These beautiful volumes will be very much coveted as prizes or gifts by our young people.

WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC; or, Religio Viatoris. By Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Sixth edition. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Bros.

PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (August 20 to September 20, 1896).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Diplomas and Crosses.
Albany	Averill Park, N. Y.	St. Henry's Church	1
Altou	Alton, Ill.	St. Patrick's "	7
"	Mattoon, Ill	Immaculate Conception "	2
Boston	Neponset, Mass.	St. Ann's "	1
"	Salem, Mass.	St. James' "	2
Brooklyn	Flushing, N. Y.	St. Joseph's Academy	1
Buffalo	Corning, N. Y.	St. Mary's Church	4
Chicago	Chicago, Ill	St. Elizabeth's "	2
"	" "	Holy Rosary "	1
Cleveland	Toledo, O.	Ursuline Convent	3
Davenport	Cosgrove, Ia.	St. Peter's Church	6
Denver	Denver, Colo.	Sacred Heart College	2
Detroit	Hastings, Mich.	St. Rose's Church	10
Fort Wayne	Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame University	1
Galveston	Texarkana, Tex.	Sacred Heart Church	1
Harrisburg	Mount Carmel, Pa.	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel "	19
Kansas City and St. Joseph	Seneca, Mo.	Rev. Chas Schelle (no church given.)	2
"	St. Mary's, Kan.	St Mary's Church	1
"	Kansas City, Mo.	St. Aloysius' "	1
Manchester	Keene, N. H.	St. Bernard's "	31
Milwaukee	Watertown, Wis.	St. Bernard's "	5
"	Janesville, Mo.	St. Mary's "	3
Monterey and Los Angeles	Los Angeles, Cal.	Our Lady of Angels' "	3
Newark	Orange, N. J.	St. John's "	3
New Orleans	Grand Coteau, La.	Sacred Heart Convent	2
New York	457 W. 51st St., N. Y. City.	Sacred Heart Church	35
"	84th St. & Park Ave., N.Y C.	St. Ignatius Loyola's "	1
Omaha	O'Neill, Neb.	St. Patrick's "	10
Peoria	Streator, Ill.	Immaculate Conception "	2
"	Lincoln, Ill.	Mercy Convent	1
Providence	Fall River, Mass.	St. Patrick's Church	8
San Antonio	Stanton, Tex	Carmelite Monastery Mission	3
"	Victoria, Tex	St Joseph's Seminary	2
San Francisco	Oakland, Cal	St. Patrick's Church	1
"	San Francisco, Cal	Holy Cross "	2
Scranton	Bently Creek, Pa	St. Anne's "	15
Springfield	Pittsfield, Mass.	St. Joseph's "	2
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Kevin's "	7
Syracuse	Syracuse, N. Y.	Assumption "	62
Wheeling	Mt. de Chantal W. Va.	Visitation Convent	1

Total number of Receptions, 40. Number of Diplomas, 266.

Treasury of Good Works.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		No. Times.			No. Times.
1.	Angelus	542,476	11.	Masses heard	161,214
2.	Beads	292,928	12.	Mortifications	172,325
3.	Stations of the Cross	39,478	13.	Works of Mercy	260,754
4.	Holy Communions	88 425	14.	Works of Zeal	157,299
5.	Spiritual Communions	307,523	15.	Prayers	3,561,513
6.	Examens of Conscience	289,885	16.	Charitable Conversation	36,235
7.	Hours of Labor	507,869	17.	Sufferings or Afflictions	74,309
8.	Hours of Silence	221,384	18.	Self-conquest	109,515
9.	Pious Reading	83,267	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	260,508
10.	Masses Celebrated	6,858	20.	Various Good Works	349,371

Special Thanksgivings, 1,005; Total, 7,524,141.

For Recent Aggregations, see page 968.

LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from August 20 to September 20, 1895, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Mobile, 31.

ALASKA TERRITORY

Juneau, 20.

ARIZONA.

Flagstaff, 11.
Prescott, 11.

ARKANSAS.

Helena, 23, GO. 8.
Pine Bluff, 14, 18.
Pocahoutas, 19.

CALIFORNIA.

Alameda, 4.
Hanford, 20.
Los Angeles, 21, 26, 29.
Marysville, 7. 13.
Menlo Park, 25.
Oakland, 9.
Petaluma, 15.
Riverside, 24.
Sacramento, 16.
San Francisco, 20, GO., 24 GO. 1, 2, 8, 12, 14, 17.
San Jose, 16.
Santa Barbara, 5.
Santa Clara, 14.
Santa Rosa, 11. GO.
Shorb, 29.
Soquel, 31.
Stockton, 5.
Ventura, 27.
Watsonville, 20, 26.

COLORADO.

Animas 22, 16
Colorado Springs, 20.
Denver, 20, 21, GO., 26, 27, 17.
Durango, 20.
Fort Logan, 2.
Leadville, 29, 9.
Los Animas, 31.
Pueblo, 10.

CONNECTICUT.

Ausonia, 18.
Bridgeport, 6
Danbury, 29, 7, GO.
Derby, 18.
Hartford, 31, 15, 19.
Meriden, 27.
New Haven, 21, 1.
New London, 23, 18, GO
Norwalk, 2.
Norwich, 12.
Ridgefield, 19.
Sandy Hook, 9.
Thomaston 16.
Waterbury, 16

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 28, 2, 16, 18.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 20, 25, 29, 31, GO. 8, 15, 16.

FLORIDA.

Feruandina, 4.
Jacksonville, 17.
Key West, 20, 2, 9, 17, GO.
Palatka, 7.
Pensacola, 21, 17.
Saint Augustine, 18.
Saiut Leo, 3.
San Antonio, 22, GO.

GEORGIA.

Atlauta, 18.
Augusta, 15.
Bainbridge, 29.
Macon, 25, 7.

IDAHO.

Boise City, 1.

ILLINOIS.

Alton, 28, 17.
Anna, 9 GO.
Aurora, 18.
Beardstown, 29.
Belleville, 8.
Cairo. 24, 17.
Carlyle, 16.
Chicago, 20, 24, 25, 26, 3, 8, 9, 10 11, GO 12, 14, 15, 17. GO. 18, 19.
Decatur, 20, 12.
Feehanville, 28.
Freeport, 3 6.
Joliet, 9. GO. 15.
Kidd, 17.
Ladd, 14.
Lincoln, 17.
Litchfield, 28.
Lockport, 16.
Loda, 21.
Lostant, 23.
Moline, 22.
Morris, 17, GO.
Morrisonville, 16.
Mount Sterling, 10.
Munster, 11.
Nauvoo, 31, GO.
Newton, 17.
Ottawa, 18.
Pana, 26.
Peoria, 14, 17. GO. 19.
Quincy, 28, GO.
Rockford, 31.
Sainte Marie, 31.
Springfield, 8, 18.
Stockton. 4.
Streator, 24, GO. 25, 31.
Taylorville, 15.
Waukegan, 23.
Wenona. 14.
Winchester, 28.

INDIANA.

Columbus, 7.
Fort Wayne, 5, 9.
Indianapolis, 17, 19.
Lafayette, 10.
Laporte, 16.
Lagootec, 18.
Notre Dame, 20, 22.
Saint Mary's. 17.
Terre Haute, 18.
Tupton, 17.
Valparaiso, 1, 17, GO.

IOWA.

Cedar Falls, 20, 14.
Council Bluffs, 27, 17. GO.
Des Moines, 14.
Dubuque, 22, 18, 19.
Dunlap. 1. 15.
Eagle Grove, 15.
Georgetown, 29.
Iowa City, 23, GO. 26.
Keokuk, 17.
Lansing, 3.
Le Mars, 25.
Marcus, 26.
Mount Pleasant, 1, 25.
Newport, 2.
Sioux City, 22 GO
Solon, 14.
Viuton, 22, 26.
Waukon, 15.
West Ridge, 8.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 8.
Atchison, 29.
Burlington, 21.
Leavenworth, 29, 11, 19.
McPherson, 25
Olathe, 14.
Osawatomie, 15.
Paola.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green. 7.
Covington, 24, GO. 31.
Earlington, 2.
Fancy Farm, 14.
Frankfort, 14.
Knottsville, 16.
Lebanon, 7.
Lexington, 16.
Loretto, 24.
Louisville, 28, 1, 10, 12, 17, 18.
Maysville, 1.
Morgantown, 7.
Nazareth, 24.
New Haven, 4.
New Liberty, 31.
Newport, 18.
Saint John, 17.
Victoria, 22.

LOUISIANA.

Baton Rouge, 26.
Cottonport, 12.
Grand Coteau, 17.
Monroe, 16.
New Orleans, 31, 1, GO. 2, 7, 12, GO. 15.
Pineville, 27, 10.
Shreveport, 31, 6, GO. 15.

MAINE.

Bar Harbor, 11.
Deering, 18.
Portland, 26, 28, 17.

MARYLAND.

Ammendale, 31, 1.
Baltimore, 20, 21, 22, 27, 29, 30, 5. 6, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, GO.
Cecilton. 19.
Forest Hill, 29.
Frederick, 27, 11, 18.
Glyndon. 12.
Hagerston, 18.
Harford Furnace. 9.
Ilchester, 19.
La Plata, 22.
Libertytown, 10.
Montrose, 16.
Morganza. 19.
Mount Saint Mary's, 12.
Mount Savage, 5.
Mount Washington, 19.
Newport, 12
Oxen Hill, 15.
Pomfret, 9.
Saint Inigo's, 20.
Urbana, 10.
Woodstock, 25.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Adams, 20, 19.
Amherst, 17.
Bostou, 20, 21, 26, 28, 30, 31, 1, 3, 4, GO. 5. 7, 8, 11, 12, GO. 14, 17, GO. 18, 19.
Canton, 18.
Cheshire, 18.
Chicopee, 2.
Everett, 19.
Fall River, 17.
Gilbertville 7. GO.
Great Barrington, 18.
Hingham, 9.
Holyoke, 20, 24. 28, 29, GO. 2, 5, 11, 18, 19.
Hyannis 18:
Lawrence, 25, 1.
Lenox, 5.
Lowell, 17.
Malden, 31.
Mansfield, 17.
Marlboro, 11.
Maynard, 31, 2, 5.
Newburyport, 12.
North Adams, 12.

MASS. (cou'd.)

North Brookfield, 19
North Chelmsford, 18.
Northampton, 7.
Pittsfield, 27.
Roxbury, 27.
Salem, 14, 15, 18.
Southbridge, 18.
Springfield, 28.
Waltham, 18.
Warren, 4.
Winchester, 17.
Worcester, 24. 25, 31, 12, 18.

MICHIGAN.

Adrian, 14.
Ann Arbor, 1.
Beacon, 21.
Brooklyn, 16.
Detroit, 9, 12, 16, 18.
Escanaba, 18.
Essexville. 25, GO. 15.
Grand Rapids, 10.
Houghton, 24.
Iron River, 18.
Lexington, 27, 18.
Manistique. 23.
Mount Clemens, 2.
Mount Pleasant, 7.
Pontiac, 20.
Port Huron, 1.
Provemont, 16.
Saginaw, 5.
Wyandotte, 21.

MINNESOTA.

Canton, 23, 8.
Collegeville, 24.
Duluth, 21, 7, 16, 19.
Fairfax, 16.
Grace ille, 17.
Kilkenny, 29.
Minneapolis, 15, 18.
Pine Island, 11.
St. Paul, 26, 27, 29, 31.
Springfield, 15.
Stewartsville, 24, 14.
Wabasha, 14.
Winona, 16.

MISSISSIPPI.

Chatawa, 10.
Greenville, 9.
Jackson, 9.
Meridian, 23, 11.
Muldon, 16.
Water Valley, 26.
Yazoo City, 4.

MISSOURI.

Arcadia, 17.
Boonville, 21, 17, GO.
Cape Girardeau, 10.
Clyde, 4.
De Soto, 28.
Faribault, 22, GO.
Farmington, 17.
Florisant, 17.
Glencoe, 31.
Independence, 1, GO.
Joplin, 24.
Kansas City, 27, 8, GO. 14, 18.
Millwood, 16.
Moberly, 26, 17.
Normandy, 29, 31, 19.
Poplar Bluff, 31.
Saint Joseph 26, GO. 29, 31.
St. Louis, 29, GO. 22, 25, 29, GO. 31, 15. GO 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, GO. 17, 19.
Saint Paul, 16.
Springfield, 17.
Ste. Genevieve, 21.

MONTANA.

Fort Benton,
Kipp, 30, GO.
Living-ton 24.
Saint Ignatius, 26.

NEBRASKA.

Alliance, 16.
Omaha, 24, 25, 1, 19.
Prague, 10.
Rulo, 15.
Sidney, 16.

NEVADA.

Carson City, 25.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Falls, 7.
Manchester 1.
Salmon Falls, 26.

NEW JERSEY.

Allendale, 16, GO.
Asbury Park 11.
Atlantic City, 20, GO. 23, 27, 17 18, GO.
Bever y, 22.
Bloomfield, 1.
Bordentown, 17.
Butler, 17.
Camden, 20, 31.
Cape May, 20.
Centreville, 27.
Convent Station, 17
Elizabeth, 20, GO. 21, GO. 18.
Englewood. 27.
Hoboken, 26.
Jersey City, 23, 24, 28, 11.
Montclair. 25.
Morristown, 31.
Mount Holly, 24.
Newark, 22, 24, 27, 28, 1.
Newton, 14
Orange, 27.
Patersou, 26, 27, 31, 8, GO. 14 GO. 17, GO. 18.
Raritan, 26.
Rutherford 18.
Short Hills, 14.
Somerville, 17.
South Orange, 11.
Summit, 18.
Washington, 19.
West Hoboken, 18.

NEW MEXICO.

Albuquerque, 25.
East LasVegas, 2, GO 11, 15.
Las Vegas. 15
San Miguel, 8.
Silver City, 6.

NEW YORK.

Albany, 2, 9.
Amsterdam, 31, 8, GO.
Attica, 24.
Binghamton, 21, GO. 25, 15.
Brewster, 7.
Brooklyn, 20, 27, GO. 29, 31, 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, GO. 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, GO. 18, 19.
Buffalo 21, 24, 7, 9, GO. 11, 17, 18.
Camden, 19.
Cazenovia, 15.
Clayton, 16.
Colymans, 26.
Cohoes, 8, 15.
Cold Spring, 18.
Corning, 16, GO.
Cornwall, 20, 15.
Cortland, 18.
Dunkirk, 26, 2, GO.
East Arcade, 4.
Ellenville, 12.
Flushing, 14, GO.
Glenwild, 25, GO.
Granville, 27.
Great Neck, 19.
Greenport, 19.
Hammondsport, 29.
Hastings, 19.
Haverstraw, 29.
Hornellsville, 31.

NEW YORK (con'd.)

Horse Heads, 17.
Hudson, 17.
Huntington, 14.
Ilion 5.
Ithaca, 20.
Jamaica, 17, GO.
Johnstown, 10.
Keeseville, 20, 18.
Kingston, 20, GO. 27, 31, 17, GO.
Laichmont, 3.
Long Island City, 10, 18.
Madalin, 20, GO.
Millbrook 21.
Mount Kisco, 29.
Mount Vernon, 20.
New Brighton 20, 18.
Newburgh, 21, 19.
New York, 20, 21, GO. 22, GO. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31. GO. 1, 2, 4, 5, GO.. 6, 7, GO. 8, GO. 9, GO. 10, 11, 12, 13, GO. 15, GO. 16, GO. 17, 18, GO. 19, GO.
Niagara Falls, 15
North Tarrytown, 22.
Oneonta, 31.
Oswego. 21, 31, 16, 18.
Oyster Bay, 23, 17.
Peekskill, 20 31, 17.
Philmont, 29.
Piermont, 29.
Port Chester, 7, 15.
Port Henry, 25.
Poughkeepsie, 24, 27. GO. 3, 14. GO. 15.
Rochester, 26.
Rosebank, 19.
Sag Harbor, 21.
Saratoga Springs, 20.
Saugerties. 16.
Schenectady, 30.
Sing Sing, 24.
Stapleton, 8
Syracuse, 24. 25, 4.
Tomkinsville. 17.
Troy, 29, 30, 18, GO.
Utica, 28, 17
Waddington 21.
Wappinger's Falls, 31.
Watertown, 8.
Waverly, 17.
West Troy. 18.
Whitehall, 27.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Asheville. 28.
Belmont, 7.
Raleigh, 18.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Bismark, 27, GO.
Jamestown, 25.
Standing Rock Agency, 23, GO.
Wheatland, 25, GO.

OHIO.

Akron, 27.
Carey, 7
Carthage, 9, 15, GO.
Cincinnati, 26, 27, 8, GO. 9, 14, 17.
Circleville, 18.
Cleveland, 23, GO, 24, 26, 27, 4, GO. 8, 9, 12, 15, GO. 18.
Columbus, 15, 16.
Cresk, 8.
Dayton, 7, GO. 18.
Delphos, 4.
East Liverpool, 22.
Elyria, 14.
Greenville. 12.
Keuton, 7, GO.
Lakewood, 25.
Lima, 6.
Lorain, 17.
Louisville, 22, 5.

OHIO (con'd.)

McCleary, 4.
Massillon, 19.
Nelsonville, 8 9, GO.
Newark, 17, 19.
Newport 20.
Nottingham, 7.
Oberlin 19.
Portsmouth, 18.
Reading, 18.
Sciotoville, 26.
Shawnee, 19.
Shepard, 25.
Springfield, 20, GO.
Tiffin 17.
Toledo, 31.
Warren, 18.
Washington, 24. GO.
Youngstown, 27. 16, 18.
Zanesville, 23, 16.

OREGON.

Mount Angel, 21, 24.
Portland, 22, 27.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Altoona, 18.
Ashland, 31.
Athens 28.
Beatty, 4.
Braddock, 18.
Bristol, 17.
Brookville, 17, 18.
Butler, 24, 19.
Carbondale, 15, 18.
Carlisle, 17.
Carnegie, 23.
Coylesville, 15.
Derry Station, 26, 18.
Ebensburg, 11, 14.
Elmhurst, 9.
Erie, 31, 1, 8.
Freeland, 17.
Gallitzin, 31.
Glenfield, 8.
Glen Riddle, 14
Hanover, 8.
Harrisburg, 15.
Hazleton. 26.
Homestead, 25.
Houtzdale, 31, 14.
Jenkintown, 20.
Johnstown, 20.
Kane, 17.
Lancaster, 15.
Lansdowne, 11.
Latrobe, 27.
Lilly, 15.
Loretto, 27.
McKeesport, 28.
McSherrytown, 3, 18.
Mayfield, 31.
Meadville, 10.
Mereer, 19.
Merion Station, 18.
Minooka, 11.
Mount Pocono. 25.
Norristown, 17.
North Oakland, 10.
Overbrook, 18.
Parsons 2.
Philadelphia, 21, 24, GO. 26, 28, 30, GO. 31, 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, GO. 14, 15. 16 17 18. 19.
Phillipsburg, 19.
Pittsburg, 20, 21, 25, GO. 28, 31, 2, 5, 10, 14, GO. 15, 19.
Plymouth, 16.
Pottsville, 27, 29.
Reading, 18
Redman Mills, 5.
Renovo, 21, 2, GO. 18.
Ridgeway, 7.
Saegerstown, 22.
Saint Clair, 1.
Scranton, 25, 28, 30, GO. 3.
Shamokin, 29.
Sharpsburg, 18.
Towanda, 22.

PENN. (con'd.)

Turtle Creek, 27.
Tyler, 16
West Chester, 28, 7, 17.
West Grove, 24.
Wilkesbarre, 20, 24, 31, 1.
Wilmore, 18.
York, 1, 8.

RHODE ISLAND.

Jamestown, 17.
Lonsdale, 1, GO.
Newport, 30. 31, 18.
Pawtucket, 7, GO. 15.
Providence, 21, 25, 27, GO. 9, 15, 17, 18, 19.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston, 20, 8.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Cavour, 27.
Lead, 17.
Redfield, 31.
Sioux Falls, 19.
Yankton, 14.

TENNESSEE.

Memphis, 25, 7.
Nashville, 1, 5, 16.

TEXAS.

Austin, 14.
Denison, 24, 14, GO. 17.
Fort Davis, 2, GO.
Fort Worth, 2.
Galveston, 8, 11, 14.
Hallettsville, 28.
Houston, 27, 8, 17.
Marfa, 4
San Antonio, 27.
Sherman, 18.
Texarkana, 19.
Victoria, 11, GO.
Waco, 18.
Wylie, 1.

UTAH.

Park City, 20.
Salt Lake City, 28, 15.

VERMONT.

Burlington, 27, GO.
Pittsford 17.
Rutland, 27, 28.

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria, 14, 17.
Cape Charles, 10.
Fortress Monroe, 28.
Lowmoor, 17.
Lynchburg, 12.
Norfolk, 30, 16.
Richmond, 26.
Roanoke, 20.
Staunton, 17.
West End, 5.

WASHINGTON.

Everett, 24, 31, GO.
North Yakima, 20.
Seattle, 6, 15.
Spokane, 24, 16.
Walla Walla, 25, 2.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Grafton, 16.
Shepherdstown, 16.
Weston, 28.
Wheeling, 21, 14.

WISCONSIN.

Bayfield, 28.
Bay Settlement, 15.
Chippewa Falls, 18.
Cooperstown, 7.
Fond Du Lac, 19.
Glenwood, 14, 16.
Green Bay, 20, 15.
Hartford, 20, 29.
Jacksonport, 14.
Janesville, 7.
Mauston, 15.
Mendota, 7, 17.
Milwaukee, 22, 24, 26, 27, 8, 12, GO. 15, 17, 19.
Northport, 24.
Oshkosh, 26, 1.
Portage, 24.
Prairie Du Chien, 29.
Racine, 20, 2, 17.
Sheboygan, 21.
Thompson, 5.
Watertown, 11.

WYOMING.

Cheyenne, 4.
Evanston, 15, 19.
Rock Spring, 13.
Saint Stephens, 4.

CANADA.

Quebec, 26.
Sussex Vale, 14.

FOREIGN.

Spanishtown, Jamaica 24, 11.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from August 20 to September 20, 1896.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Date of Diploma.
Albany	Herkimer, N. Y.	St. Francis de Sales.	Church	Sept. 12
Alton	Mount Sterling, Ill.	St. Mary's	"	Sept. 15
Arizona (V. A.)	Yuma, Ariz.	Immaculate Conception	"	Sept. 12
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Teresa's	"	Sept. 19
Burlington	St. Albans, Vt.	St. Mary's	"	Sept. 2
"	" "	"	School	Sept. 2
Cleveland	Sandusky, Ohio	Holy Angels'	Church	Sept. 15
Covington	Carrollton, Ky.	St. John Evangelist	"	Sept. 15
Davenport	Chariton, Iowa	St. Mary's	"	Aug. 21
"	Council Bluffs, Iowa.	St. Bernard's	Hospital	Sept. 2
Detroit	Mendon, Mich	St. Edward's	Church	Sept. 19
Dubuque	Elkader, Iowa.	St. Joseph's	"	Sept 11
Fort Wayne	Marion, Ind.	Soldiers'	Home	Sept. 2
Grand Rapids	East Tawas, Mich.	St. Joseph's	Church	Sept 12
Kansas City, Kan	Greenleaf, Kans	Sacred Heart	"	Sept. 12
" " "	Palmer, Kans.	St. Louis	"	Sept. 12
Milwaukee	Brodhead, Wis.	St. Rose	"	Aug. 21
Newark	Butler, N. J.	St. Anthony's	"	Sept. 19
"	Mendham, N. J	St. Joseph's	"	Sept. 19
Omaha	Gretna, Neb	St. Patrick's	"	Aug. 21
Peoria	Sheffield, Ill.	St. Patrick's	"	Aug. 25
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Gregory's	"	Sept 12
St. Cloud	Collegeville, Pa.	St. John's	University	Sept. 15
St. Paul	Minneapolis, Minn.	Holy Rosary	Church	Aug. 21
San Francisco.	Tomales, Cal.	Assumption	"	Sept. 12

Aggregations, 25; churches, 21; college, 1; school, 1; institutions, 2.

NOTICE.

Beginning with the issue of January, 1897, all that is now published in the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS concerning the League, will be published exclusively in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

The MESSENGER will be enlarged, the quality of its paper and illustrations improved, and every effort made to make its choice and treatment of topics as worthy as possible of the great work and devotion whose organ it is.

The departments of the MESSENGER now known as the GENERAL INTENTION, THE READER, INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS, NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES, APOSTOLIC WORKS, DIRECTOR'S REVIEW, THANKSGIVINGS AND BOOK NOTICES, together with the POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL, NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES, PATRONS SAINTS, and CALENDAR OF THE PILGRIM, will henceforth appear in the MESSENGER only, together with additional topics of interest and of use to Associates of the League.

These various subjects will be treated in the last pages of the MESSENGER, and these pages will be known as the MESSENGER SUPPLEMENT, so as to form a distinct part of the full MESSENGER, and so as to be printed separately for those who wish to take only this part.

The subscription to the MESSENGER in this, its new and improved form, will be $2.00 yearly; the SUPPLEMENT may be had separately, single copies, 50 cents yearly; 10 copies TO ONE ADDRESS, $4.00, (each 40 cents yearly); 20 copies, TO ONE ADDRESS, $7.00, (each 35 cents yearly); 50 copies TO ONE ADDRESS, $15.00, (each 30 cents yearly).

The date of issue will be the same as for the present MESSENGER, so that copies should reach every subscriber by the fifteenth of each month, and be in time for the Promoters' Councils even when they are held as early as the third Sunday. The SUPPLEMENT may be had the same date.

The PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS will henceforth be devoted entirely to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, to devotion to our Blessed Lady, particularly to her Seven Sorrows; to the Cause of the Beatification of Father Jogues, Rene Goupil, Catharine Tegakwita, and of the other heroic souls who died for the Faith in our early Missions; and finally, to the interests of Catholic Missionaries toiling in our own times in every part of the world. It will be issued for the first of each month, for 50 cents a year. Its revenue is to be devoted to the interests it represents.

Both Magazines will still be edited by Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

It is confidently hoped that this announcement may meet with favor from our readers, and that all of them may continue to subscribe, not only to the MESSENGER and its SUPPLEMENT, but also to the PILGRIM, for the sake of the worthy interests it will advocate.

THE SLAVE OF SLAVES, ST. PETER CLAVER.

THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. DECEMBER, 1896. NO. 12.

AD ANGLOS.

By Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J.

A PLEA for unity, a father's prayer;
The call of the good shepherd to his own;
A cry to England from the Fisher's throne,
To England who of old was wont to bear
A love so loyal to St. Peter's chair:
Whence came her faith and all that she hath known
Of grace or holiness ere turned to stone
By Gorgon Heresy with snake-wreathed hair?

And is this unity an old man's dream?
Or is't the living and life-giving sign
Set on God's work, a star with steady gleam
Pointing to Bethlehem? 'Tis the robe divine.
Let us not rend it; for it hath no seam.
Nay, cast thy lot, stake all, and make it thine.

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NEW MEXICO AND THE CITY OF HOLY FAITH.

By the late Rev. George O'Connell, S.J.

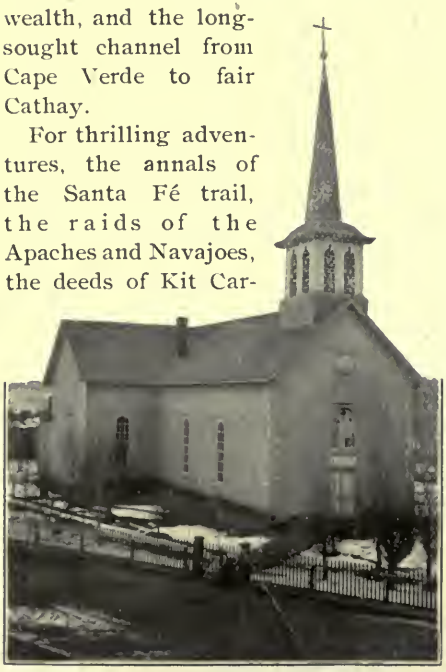
I.

UNRIVALLED NEW MEXICO.

THE Stars and Stripes float their benison over no land so interesting as that of New Mexico. Ten years before the Puritan, John Carver, had set his foot on Plymouth Rock, the Catholic Captain Villagrá had written his metrical *Historia de la Nueva Mexico.*

Within its area of 300 miles by 400, 9,000 town-dwelling Indians jealously preserve to day an aboriginal life which far antedates in its origin the coming of Cortez and all known chronicles. The story of Ponce de Leon in search of the fountain of youth is not more romantic than that of Coronado searching for the seven golden cities of Cibola, the vast treasures of the Gran Quiviva, and the great Northern mystery that enshrouded well-walled cities, mines of fabulous wealth, and the long-sought channel from Cape Verde to fair Cathay.

For thrilling adventures, the annals of the Santa Fé trail, the raids of the Apaches and Navajoes, the deeds of Kit Carson, and the thousand episodes of its entrance into the Union, make New Mexico unrivalled Its vast *mesas*, or table-lands, slashed across with countless ravines, its towering and picturesque mountains, its miles and miles of sandstone battlements, dark red and cut up into shapes the most fantastic, even the desolate brown of its deserts and the black of its lava fields, in the valleys its irrigated farms and teeming orchards, and on the enamelled plains its fattening herds, all give it the fascination of a novelty that never grows dull.



GUADALUPE CHURCH, SANTA FÉ.

Savagery, barbarism and civilization dwell together within its limits, the Navajo, the Pueblo and the Mexican, three races, across whose pathway the shadow of El Gringo, the cold and progressive American is falling apace, man of destiny who threatens here, what he has long ago achieved in California, to obliterate all signs of the people who went before him.

All the interest excited by this story is crystallized in New Mexico's quaint capital, Santa Fé, the City of Holy Faith. Santa Fé is New Mexico in miniature. To visit it is to see the fairest types of New Mexico's life. To dwell there is to breathe an atmosphere redolent of all New Mexico's peculiar history. To trace the interweaving of town and territory is a task much longer than it is difficult, but it can be well understood in a flying trip to the city and a glance at the records of its temples of God. Later on we may tell how the city was exalted to the see of an Archbishop and how its modern Church glory arose.

II.

FROM LAS VEGAS TO SANTA FÉ.

Out of Las Vegas in the sun of a March afternoon, our train soon sweeps us

away from the grassy *meadows*, sixty miles square, that have given our town its name, over the purling Gallinas and through the narrow defile of Puertecito, a rolling country follows, broken ever and anon by dried up *arroyos*, or furrows cut into the yielding soil by the heavy rains, and flanked, now on one side and now on both, by irregular hills where the scrubby evergreen wars with the barren rock for subsistence.

Mexican hamlets dot the way. More like the little towns of Palestine they look than towns in the heart of America. Adobe clusters, they might be called. The adobe or hard tough clay of the field has simply been sliced into squares, sometimes mixed with straw, and then baked in the open sun. When hard enough, brick has been laid on brick in four walls till they have reached a foot or two beyond the height of the average native. Roughly hewn beams are next thrown across from wall to wall, and on these are laid thatch and more adobe. A window here and there may or may not decorate the walls as a luxury, and a smooth cement is sometimes plastered over the whole, when, lo! the New Mexican is housed against wind and rain, and he is satisfied. He lives more against his house, it has been said, than inside it. Nothing of architectural skill or beauty marks the structure, and yet, resisting heat and cold alike, it is perhaps the best house for the territory. It is tidily kept, as a rule, and if roofed with shingles and adorned with a veranda, it makes a pretty and comfortable home.

The patient, homely and enduring dwarf donkey, in New Mexico yclept the *burro*, is everywhere an integral feature of the landscape. No scene is complete without his modest presence, no eventide is true without his discordant song. Never shirking a load, and content with the merest subsistence, how great a friend he proves, a veritable Godsend brought by the corded Franciscan to a land that before had known no beast of burden!

SAN MIGUEL CHURCH IN RUINS.

Better than all, the little adobe church, with its never failing belfry, rounds off the view in every village. It silently tells of the practical faith of the New Mexican. He ranks Almighty God first in all his thoughts, and to God he consecrates his finest piece of ground and his handsomest edifice.

The first uncertain windings of the Rio Pecos or Freckle River, so called

from its spotted trout, soon gleam beneath the rail. It slips like a silver thread out of the great Pecos National Park, a land of forest, mountain and meadow, that abounds in royal game; but hundreds of miles to the south it swells to noble proportions and after irrigating its own long valley, cleaves the prairies of Texas and unites its waters with the Rio Grande. Entering next a pent-up and fir-clad region, a lonely ruin suddenly confronts us. Positively spectral the apparition seems in its abandonment and the gathering shades of the gloaming. It is our first introduction to Pueblo history.

Yonder crumbling walls once enclosed a church, the six-towered guardian of the famous old pueblo of Pecos-Cicuyé, where in 1540, 500 warriors greeted Alvarado and made him presents of brilliant cloth and rich turquoise. The town was strategically built on a rock, with its houses four stories high, and in 1689 it held a population of 2,000 souls, the greatest of all the pueblos. The Franciscans had founded a mission there as early as 1598, and, though it had been seduced into sending its 500 warriors to join in the rebellion of Po-pé it had proved faithful in the second attempt of 1696, and had long supported two missionaries and the magnificent church that now fairly totters to obliteration. Sickness, however, and the ceaseless raids of the murderous Comanche brought upon it a rapid decline. Only five families were left to it in 1840, and these fled broken-hearted to their relatives in the west at Jemes.

SAN MIGUEL, RESTORED.

With the thought of the vanished red man thus in our minds, we have, unawares, been climbing up the mountains till suddenly we are plunged into the stupendous canyons of the Glorieta. Their huge sides frown upon us, and lesser canyons carve them with a power and majesty not a whit less awe-inspiring, for the brief space they last, than the Royal Gorge of Colorado. The grim Apache canyon marks their close, where Kearney met the Mexicans in 1847, and where Confederates and Federals closed in bloody strife in 1867, and where many a darker tale is told of Indian atrocity. Just beyond and visible from the disused station of Manzanaves across the Rio Galisteo, we behold the old two-story adobe seminary of Archbishop Lamy; but in another moment the station of Lamy itself is reached, and we alight to take the branch train that will bear us into the interesting old city of Holy Faith.

Lamy is not an unpicturesque amphitheatre, with evergreen hills sloping back to the east, and adobe huts and a sprinkling of American houses to the west, and a herd of goats sure to be filing in from the ravines. The first sight, however, to catch our pilgrim eye, is a modest wooden and weather-beaten church on a hill-top. We wonder it is not of adobe. "Father Defouri's Five Dollar Cathedral," is what the wags call it. Such exactly is the price its former venerable pastor paid for an old frame shed, which, by removing to its present

location, extending, adorning within and without, and topping with a belfry, he thus transformed into the house of God. Gem-like its proportions may be, but large enough quite for the flock to whom he came to minister from his handsome church in Santa Fé. It is dedicated to Our Lady of Light, and with its name a pious story runs.

In a room adjoining the chapel of Our Lady of Light, the Loretto nuns of Santa Fé preserve with pride an ancient picture of the Blessed Virgin. It is painted on an oblong slab of freestone, and represents our Lady saving an unfortunate sinner from the jaws of the devil. It was formerly sunk in the wall over the door of the *Castrense*, or soldiers' chapel of Spanish days, which was dedicated to our Lady under the same invocation.

NEW CATHEDRAL, SANTA FÉ.

Now, a confraternity of Our Lady of Light used to flourish at the *Castrense*, and, as money was scarce in those times, the members used to pay their dues in sheep. The sheep increased until they numbered 7,000, and were intrusted to the care of one Carlos Herrera. Herrera's ranch was situated where the station of Lamy now stands. The position was painfully isolated, and his flocks proved a tempting bait to the thieving Apaches, so one day swooping down upon the ranch, they slaughtered Herrera and two of his sons, and drove away the sheep. His son Francisco escaped to Santa Fé, and lived there for years in a cabin behind the Guadalupe church, of which he was hired as caretaker. On the coming of Archbishop Lamy to the diocese, the honest fellow expressed his grief at the loss of the sheep, and insisted that His Grace should accept his father's ranch as compensation. The Archbishop afterwards sold the property to Señor Menzandres, and when the railroad, later on, acquired a right of way in the neighborhood, its officials called the station after the illustrious prelate. So when Father Defouri started his little mission there, the traditions of the spot seemed to demand that he dedicate it to Our Lady of Light.

In less than an hour of travel over a waste of cactus and stunted pine, where no house nor farm salutes us, we sight the bare grounds and dull red brick of the Government Indian school. The penitentiary follows fast, and then the Ramona Congregational school for the

same much-taught and little educated Indian; and finally all the famous city is before us. It still vividly recalls, when looked upon to the south, across its flat-roofed, one-story adobes, the saying of Zebulon Pike, that it looks like a long fleet of flat boats. The illusion, however, is speedily dispelled when one looks upon it to the north. There the Federal building, the ruins of the lately erected and lately burned capitol, the St. Vincent Sanitarium and the tower of the stately cathedral, mark the pride of American architects and reveal how the spirit of progress is rife in the town.

Rolling in beside the platform, for Santa Fé can boast no elegant depot, half a dozen vociferous Jehus invite us into unsteady and well-worn vehicles. If an invalid, we are to call on Mr. Mike McCabe to drive us to the sanitarium. No searcher after health in these parts would wilfully deprive himself of the queenly attentions of Sister Victoria and her gentle Sisters of Charity, ministering angels all of them. Everybody knows McCabe, and, in turn, that man or place or incident is hopelessly obscure that McCabe knows not; and so he bumps us up and down the tortuous road, through narrow streets of low adobe buildings, under the shadow of many a trembling veranda, past the glances of many a swart New Mexican and many a gaily clad Tesuque Indian, skirting the shady plaza with its ancient and historical colonnaded *palacio*, beside the adobe Exchange Hotel, oldest in the Territory, and the humble one-story adobe mansion of Governor Thornton, till we face the Cathedral squarely, when, making one last turn, we are driven into the beautiful grounds of the sanitarium.

Were old and new, we cry, ever so confounded as in the city of Holy Faith? In Las Vegas, old town and new town are sharply cut asunder by the Rio Gallinas; while in Albuquerque *acequia*, or irrigating ditch, marks off the bustling American life from the dreamy quiet of the sons of Castile; but in Santa Fé all is bewildering confusion. Adobe hut leans for support against warehouse of stone and burnt brick; Mexican shop and American saloon are neighbors; Indian and white man freely jostle one another in the streets; ancient history and modern, barbarism and civilization, east and west, roll together in one romantic panorama all day long.

III.

THE FOUNDING OF SANTA FÉ, AND THE MISSION OF MARY DE AGREDA.

San Francisco de Asis de la Santa Fé, as the placid Spaniard called it long ago, with his *penchant* for names interminable, was founded not far from the year of our Lord 1606. This makes it the second oldest city in the Union, for St. Augustine in Florida dates back to 1560. With the recent researches of scholars, like Bandelier and H. H. Bancroft, we can afford to wag our heads and smile at the Tertio-Millenial Jubilee with which its citizens deluded themselves in 1883; but there is much to be said in their excuse. The loss of many invaluable documents from the public archives—not only when they served as bonfires for the orgies of the rebel Po-pé, but when Govenor Armijo served them out as wadding for his soldiers' guns, and Governor Pile sold them for wrapping paper—and a confusion of names in many of those which remain, led quite pardonably to such mistakes as supposing the expedition of Espejo in 1593[1] to have been one of settlement, and to locate the town of Tiguex, where some of Coronado's men camped in 1543, at the present Santa Fé, instead of at Bernalillo, with which it has since been identified.

What Indian town or settlement stood formerly where Santa Fé now stands, it is hard to conjecture. Bancroft declares that there are only slight grounds, if indeed there are any, for supposing that

1. See "In the Land of Pretty Soon, I." in the MESSENGER for February, 1895.

the Spanish town was built on the site of an ancient pueblo, and that certainly there is no warrant for referring it to any of those whose names are now well known. Bandelier also discards the notion that there was ever an Indian centre of population here, or anything that might be called an Indian capital. He claims, however, that the present town does cover the ruins of an Indian village, and that the earthworks of Fort Marcy rest upon still another and older one. This older one contained about 500 souls, and was called *Cua-Pho-o-ge* or *Cua-Pooge*, "mussel-pearl-place-on-the-water," the water being the poor little Rio Santa Fé.

OLDEST HOUSE IN NEW MEXICO.

The earliest Spanish settlement in New Mexico was not that of Santa Fé, but that of the now obliterated San Gabriel, near the existing town of Chamita. It was founded by Oñate in 1598, and there the first church was erected, its dedication taking place on September 8. San Gabriel was abandoned on the foundation of Santa Fé as the capital of the Territory. The delay in founding this capital was probably due to the fact that the duties of the Governor had not been clearly defined till 1608. A new Govenor, perhaps Pedro de Peralta, appears in Santa Fé in that year, and the founding of the city could not have preceded his arrival much more than a year.

Here, doubtless, best were told the story of the conversion of the Jumanas by the miraculous visits of the celebrated Poor Clare nun, Maria de Jesus, of Agreda in Spain. These Indians dwelt about 400 miles east of Santa Fé, within the limits of the present state of Texas, but were visited by the same missionaries as entered New Mexico.

On first encountering them, Father Juan de Salas was astonished to find them familiar with the great truths of the Catholic faith. They had been instructed, so they told him, by a strange and beautiful woman, who, in periodic visits, had often appeared amongst them. When the priest showed them the picture of a nun, they eagerly exclaimed that the habit was the same, but that their instructress was much younger and handsomer. Father de Salas repeated

INDIAN PUEBLO OF TESUQUE, NEAR SANTA FÉ.

the story to Father Benavides, the first custodian of the missions.

Some years subsequently, when this famous Franciscan was at Agreda, he heard of the supernatural gifts of the saintly Abbess, and sought an interview with her. To his amazement, for the story of Father de Salas was not then in his mind, she showed herself thoroughly acquainted with the tribes amongst whom he had been laboring, and especially with the Jumanas. She even described a number of events in his life to which there had been no visible witnesses but himself and the savages. He found it was common report that she had visited the tribes frequently since 1620, while to her sisters in Agreda she seemed to be lost in a trance. Father Benavides carefully records this fact in his *memorial* to Philip IV., in 1630. The esteem in which he himself was held is evidenced by the fact of his appointment later to the Archbishopric of Goa.

His account is supported by that of Palou, in his life of Junipero Serra, the apostle of California, and by Vetancurt in his *Crónica*. A letter of the nun's, written to the missionaries in 1631, is still extant. How enlightened a woman Mary de Agreda was, we can understand when we read that, three centuries ago, she urged the Holy See to promulgate the doctrines of the Papal Infallibility and the Immaculate Conception. It were unsound criticism to easily discredit the illustrious chroniclers of her missionary experiences, which are in no wise repugnant to God's omnipotent and mysterious dealings with His people. They make at least a pretty story, and one which we should be glad to think true.

To return to our City of Holy Faith, the first church there must have been erected in the year of its foundation, for in every Spanish settlement the church building was scrupulously given the first place. This church, however, must soon have been found too small for the growing population, and in 1622 Father Benavides began the building of the *parroquia*, to be completed five years later. It stood where the present Cathedral stands, and some of the adobe walls of the existing transepts may have belonged to it. The *parroquia* or parish church was not long in dividing its honors with the *Castrense* or soldiers' chapel, facing on the plaza, the chapel of San Miguel, erected for the Indians, and the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, standing in the suburbs. No reliable data, however, can be had as to the exact year of the erection of these three churches, though 1637 would doubtless be approximate.

We must notice here the old adobe building back of the San Miguel chapel, which is probably coëval with the old

parroquia, but which is claimed as the oldest house in the territory. It formerly was of two stories, and access was had to the interior only by means of a ladder; while the legend goes that Coronado lodged there once upon a time. Some even assert that it existed in pre-Spanish days, and belonged to the Tlascaltec suburb of Analco, which Escalante mentions. The Tlascala people are probably the same as those of Cia, a populous pueblo four leagues west of the Rio Grande, within the present Cochití district.

The chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary, out at the cemetery, brings us to the bloody days of Po-pé's rebellion, when the first chapel was erected there by the warrior Don Vargas in fulfilment of a vow to the Mother of God.

IV.

PO-PÉ'S REBELLION, AND THE VOW OF DON VARGAS.

The rebellion of Po-pé, in 1680, in which the Indians slew 400 Spaniards, twenty-one of whom were priests, was, as we have seen in a preceding sketch, the last wild struggle of devil-worship to avert its doom. This is proved by the total absence of any other adequate cause, and the unintelligible hatred of Christ and His Blessed Mother with which it was conducted. The Franciscan Fathers had labored indefatigably to stamp out the worship of the snake, the immoral dances called *cachina*, and the mysterious rites of the *estufa*, or circular meeting-house; and they had apparently met with success. What, then, was the consternation of Governor Otermin, when two natives of Tesuque, a pueblo not far north of Santa Fé, suddenly warned him that all the pueblos except the Piros in the south were in rebellion!

The Governor did the little that was possible in the brief time allowed him. He sent off scouts to give the alarm in all directions, and promptly put his city upon the defensive. Thus the Spaniards and faithful Indians from San Felipe northward, were enabled to fly before the storm, while some to the north sought safety at La Cañada. Finding their plans prematurely exposed Po-pé and his fellows waited no longer to strike the appalling blow. On the very night of the exposure, in every

TESUQUE PUEBLO INDIANS.

pueblo where the news of it was told to the conspirators, they rose up and massacred all the Spaniards, to whom not the faintest suspicion of harm had occurred. The priests were in every case put to death with the greatest refinement of cruelty. Tearing south, like a cyclone of fiends, the rebels next mercilessly slaughtered the crowd who had taken refuge in Santa Cruz, and then advanced triumphantly on Santa Fé.

Encamping near the fateful plaza, they sent Don Otermin an insolent message, coupled with unspeakable blasphemies, that either the whites and their allies should quit the Territory or meet with the pitiless death of their brethren. The doughty Spaniard could oppose only 200 fighting men to their 2,000, and was hampered in his action by women and children, but still he resolved to fight them. Calling his people in from the outskirts, he provided them with ammunition and fortified the plaza for a desperate siege. Twice he charged the savages with vigor, "invoking the sweet name of Mary," and drove them back with a loss of 300 men, but he could gain no permanent advantage. The savages then made a sudden sortie and burned the church, after which they cut off the supply of water from the town, and so beleaguered it that the direst distress soon prevailed.

Otermin saw that further resistance would be suicidal. Gathering his feeble forces together he ordered a retreat, and August 21 quitted Santa Fé. The rebels were true to their word, and did not molest him. It was seemingly enough for them that the hated Christians were abandoning the Territory. But as the Spaniards sadly departed, their ears were pierced with the sounds of demoniacal festivity, as the victors poured down upn the city and devoted it to pillage.

Seizing first the public documents, Po-pé burned them on the place, that no record might remain of the detested invader. Then the Christian religion rekindled his frenzy, and his followers donned the rich church vestments in mockery, while they danced their long-forbidden and wicked *cachina*. Tired of this, the vestments, too, were pitched into the flames, and the savages turned their vengeance against the churches themselves. The *parroquia* had been already burned, and now the *Castrense* and the chapel of San Miguel were frightfully desecrated and almost destroyed, and in the following year, the church of Guadalupe also fell a victim to the prevalent fury. All the natives who had been baptized were obliged to bathe themselves in the river and to scour their bodies with the *amole* or soap-weed, to wash away the faintest stain of the Christian stigma. No one was suffered to keep his Christian name or even to pronounce the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. Every Christian marriage was declared annulled, and the use of the language of the Spaniards and the very cultivation of the crops which they had introduced were proclaimed to be capital crimes.

For a brief spell only did the powers of darkness have their way. The reaction soon came, and, when their first delirium was over, the unfortunate savages awoke to find themselves in a truly deplorable state. The insolence and cruelty of Po-pé had become unendurable. Countless dissensions and wars had arisen between the different pueblos. The marauding Apaches, Comanches and Utes had begun systematic and endless raids upon them. A fearful drought finally came upon the land, and their reconquest became but a question of time. Otermin himself undertook this task in the fall of 1681, and advanced successfully as far as Isleta. Other attempts were made by succeeding governors, but only in a fitful way until the work was entrusted to the intrepid and skilful Don Diego de Vargas.

This astute soldier left El Paso on August 31, 1692, and by the twelfth of the following September, after many a stub-

born conflict with the pagans, the Spaniards were again in possession of Santa Fé. His subjugation of the rest of the territory followed gradually. Another revolt occurred in 1696, and was marked by another sickening massacre, but by 1700 peace was wholly restored. In no case was vengeance exacted by the Spaniards. The rebels were only required to submit in order to obtain a generous pardon and regain their former standing with their conquerors.

It was while struggling to recapture Santa Fé that Don Vargas made the vow to which is due the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary. In approaching the city, he had crossed the Rio Santa Fé at the spot where the chapel now stands. The Indians dauntlessly awaited him on the plaza, and on the morrow he gave them battle. He fought them hard all day, but by sunset found himself at no advantage. Nothing disheartened, however, the pious hidalgo knew where to obtain assistance. Returning to camp, he lifted his thoughts to that most holy Virgin to whom none have had recourse in vain, and fell upon his knees before one of her statues which he always carried with him on his marches. The identical statue now stands on a side altar in the Cathedral, though in the day of Don Vargas it was not bedecked with all the finery with which New Mexican devotion now conceals its real beauty. He had always erected a sanctuary for the statue wherever his troops had halted, and had earnestly invoked her as his great patroness. Confident still that she would never desert him, he now solemnly vowed that, if she would give him victory over these fanatical devotees of the demon, he would build a chapel in her honor on the spot where he then was kneeling; and that to this chapel every year, on the anniversary of his victory, the statue should be carried in solemn procession from the principal church of the town, and here for nine days afterwards solemn High Mass should be sung. Sure that our Lady had accepted his vow he snatched a few hours of slumber, and renewed the battle at the first streak of daylight.

BISHOP JOSÉ ANTONIO ZUBIRIA.

In vain the savages now fought with the desperation of madmen. Step by step, the Spaniards forced them from the place, until by eight o'clock they had fled, terribly decimated, to the *loma* or hill north of the town. No respite, however, was granted them. Again Don Vargas threw his forces against them, and sword and gun never rested before high noon, when the last of the savages had fled howling through the distant canyons. The warrior lost no time in proving his gratitude to the great Queen of Heaven. He built the chapel at once as he had vowed, and as long as he remained in the city faithfully did all that he promised.

His successors were scrupulous to imitate him, nor is the present generation less observant of his vow. His original chapel was replaced by the present one in 1807, and every year since, on the Sunday after the octave of Corpus Christi, the statue is carried thither from the Cathedral with every pomp of circumstance. It has since been called

La Conquistadora. Rich music, the chanting of hymns and the recitation of the rosary mark the line of the procession. The occasion is made a sort of city festival, and for all the nine days many a pilgrim, alone or in pious bands, makes a novena at the shrine that was reared by the valiant Don Vargas. More, too, the church has done; for on the bleak hill near the spot, a home is reared today where Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament devote their lives to the civilizing and Christianizing of the children of these rebels of long ago.

V.

THE RESTORATION OF THE CHURCHES.

Vargas strove zealously to repair all the harm which the pagans had done to religion and its sacred edifices. He brought with him seventeen Franciscan friars, and within a year those holy men had baptized 800 persons in Santa Fé alone. In attempting, however, to restore the churches, he was partly defeated by the sulky Tanos.

These savages had been chiefest among the rebels, and were still impudently living in the houses from which they had driven the unfortunate Spaniards. They now flatly refused to obey the Governor when he ordered them to fetch in timber from the mountains to make good the harm which they had done to the chapel of San Miguel. They told him with scorn that one of their own abandoned *estufas* might serve as a place of Christian worship till the warm weather should return. Indignant at the insult, Don Vargas then gave them peremptory orders to relinquish the houses which they had gotten by murder and rapine, and to return to their pueblo of Galisteo. Untaught by their late experience, they resisted and barricaded themselves against attack on the plaza.

"El Demonio," the poor devil worshippers exclaimed, "can help us more than your God or the Virgin." Fierce and fanatic as this handful of savages were, they were only as children in the hands of the Conquistador, and for a second time he chastised them miserably. Kneeling first in prayer with his soldiers, he unfurled his famous battle-flag which bore the picture of our Lady, and singing the song of the Blessed Sacrament charged the savages amidst a storm of arrows and stones and a flood of boiling water. He soon burned down their gates, and on the following morning received their humble submission. Their spirit of revolt was dead forever.

The chapel of San Miguel was thus obliged to wait for its restoration till 1710, when Governor Don Jose Chacon Medina Salazar y Villaseñor, more briefly known as the Marques de la Penuela, completed the work, as is testified by an inscription still legible on one of the ornate beams of the gallery. The cracked old bell, by the way, that stands in mournful disuse in a corner of the chapel, is not of the fabulous age that fond tourists would give it, but is as modern as 1850. In that year, it was cast in a temporary foundry back of the chapel, where its copper was fused with many a golden bracelet and necklace which pious señoras flung prayerfully into the heaving crucible. The same good Marques it was who repaired the old *Castrense* for the use of himself and his soldiers. This venerable structure faced the place where the store of Don Felipe Delgado now stands. It was almost 100 feet square, with transepts running north and south, and was adorned with two towers in which two bells were hung, the tongues whereof were set tolling by a boy who mounted to the roof and swung them from side to side with his hands. It had long been the only church used in Santa Fé, but it was supplanted by the new *parroquia* and thereafter fell into such decay that by 1846 its roof had fallen in. It was sold in 1859, and its every vestige obliterated, except that its sculptured reredos was given to the Cathedral, and, as we have seen, its famous stone picture of Our Lady of Light to the nuns of Loretto.

CHAPEL OF THE VOW OF DON VARGAS. ST. CATHARINE'S INDIAN SCHOOL.

This work of restoration at the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, on a gentle bluff to the west of the Rio Chiquito, was reserved to our own days at the hands of Father Defouri. Before his coming it was a tottering ruin that rose up in a desert, and was attended from the Cathedral; when he left it last year it had become a handsome modern church embowered in bushes and trees, and so thriving in its spiritual works as to support a resident pastor. Enough of its well-wrought rafters, however, and its massive adobe walls, as well as its gallery of quaint Spanish pictures have been preserved to prove how far its days run back in the romantic history of New Mexico.

A few words, for the present, on the Cathedral, linked as it is with ancient history, and we conclude our too brief outline of the work of the Spanish church-builders of Santa Fé. The church which Father Benavides had built in 1622, had been burned by the rebels in 1680, and was not rebuilt till about 1730. The expenses of this re-erection were borne, it is said, by a layman named Chavez, who used to take his seat on the roof of a neighboring building and there superintend the work with a gun in his hand, to inspire the lagging laborers. This *parroquia*, however, had long ceased to serve for divine worship till it was in turn restored in 1846 by Father Ortiz, the vicar of Bishop Zubiria, the last Bishop of Durango to exercise authority in New Mexico. With the advent of Archbishop Lamy to Santa Fé, in 1851, this church became the Cathedral, but in 1869, it underwent still a greater transformation, to be converted by degrees into the present imposing structure. Unhappily, work upon it has been slow. It was not till 1894, on the feast of the patron of the diocese, St. Francis of Assisi, October 4, that the present vicar general was able to throw open the vast new sanctuary, and set in position the throne of its third Archbishop.

THE PRODIGAL.

By J. Reader.

"It is one that sows, and it is another that reaps."

EVERYBODY in Rockhaven, when talking of Mary Stephenson, said, "Poor Mary," but what a bright, merry girl she had been "in her day"! Mary's "day," however, was soon over, at least her happy day. A brief, blissful courtship with John Stephenson, the handsomest lad in all the country side (in all Scotland, Mary declared), and her early marriage with him, filled up her measure of happiness to the brim, and fulfilled all her desire of good things in life.

All the lasses had been after John, but John only wanted her. It was a strange and wonderful thing it should be so, she thought, but it was true. There were many who shook their heads over the marriage, and said he was not good enough for Mary, that he was "a feckless lad," idle and wild like his father before him, and that he came of a bad stock. But Mary had no anxiety, no fear for the future; her influence would keep her husband from all evil ways.

All the same, it was not long before John tired of his good wife and his cheery cottage. The Commercial Inn, at the bottom of the High Street, saw more and more of his company, and the week's wages had melted away by the Saturday night, many and many a time. So it came about that Mary more and more frequently would slip out of her house with her bonnet pulled well down over her face, and steal up the back street to the little chapel to weep and pray.

"You can only pray, my child," Father Stewart would say to her, when occasionally crushed with sorrow, and full of apprehension for the future, she sought his counsel and sympathy; so she bore her cross patiently, and for the most part in silence. She loved her husband too much to talk of his failings to her neighbors, and the pitying looks they would bestow on her sometimes, as she passed by, cut her to the heart. She knew what they would say to one another when she was out of hearing; it would be, "I'm wae for her; I'm thinking she's no got her sorrows to seek, or kenned ye ever the wife o' a Stephenson yet, that didna gae yon gait?" Mary was not far out, but she had had such faith in herself and in her love for John, and oh! it was bitter to have failed.

They all said that there was not a crust in the house when Mary's baby was born, but no one knew exactly the rights of that story, except Father Stewart and the doctor, and perhaps the good Father's housekeeper, who made the gruel and the beef tea that found their way to the frail, gentle, wistful looking mother, in whom an old standing sorrow, and a newly found joy were struggling for empire; and forming another Mary, with wider views, and higher aims, and stronger purposes.

She had been very near death, drifting out to eternity on a sea of pain and sorrow, but struggling back to life and consciousness, she found new bonds, new duties, new interests, even new joys awaiting her return to strength and health. She decided to call the baby John, after his father.

"It's a very good name," said Father Stewart, when she was well enough to talk to him about her intention. "A very good name, and it will please your husband, Mary."

"I'm thinkin' he's nae carin' very much, Father; he's sair ta'en up wi'

the elections, and I'm fearin' it's no' very comfortable for him at home, the noo, wi' me laid by."

"Oh well, cheer up, you'll soon be about again, as busy as ever." But Father Stewart had hoped for great things from the advent of this baby, and the selfishness and indifference which the father had shown lately, he took as the worst possible sign for the future. "He's a bad man," he said sadly to himself, as he went away, "bad through and through, and I have little hopes of his reforming now. Poor Mary!"

When the little John was three years old, another child was born in the cottage of the Stephensons, at the end of the quay. It was a girl, a puny weakling, that cried very much, in a feeble wailing little voice, as though it were protesting against being born at all into a world of so much misery. Its father swore at it for a fractious brat; it was weak and sickly, too, and wanted more care and attention from its mother than could well be spared it. John Stephenson's own health was beginning to fail, he had never had much stamina, and he had abused what strength he had by drink and reckless living, and he was often laid up for days at a time.

Mary bore her hard life in silence, and prayed for patience. Sometimes her husband would go to Mass on a fine Sunday morning, and then she would say to herself, "God has heard my prayers for him, he is going to amend and give up his bad ways." But that was not to be yet, not until five years later when he lay, racked with pain, on a sick bed from which he would never rise. Then God gave him the grace to repent of his evil days and a life misspent, before death ended it all forever.

"Well, he made a good ending after all," said the neighbors, who were non-Catholic for the most part, and thought that the fact of his seeing a priest at all, insured that much. To send for the minister, in a last sickness, was, with them to do all that was needful to make a fitting end of temporal things, and to prepare adequately for eternity.

Mary mourned sincerely for her husband, in spite of the general verdict that "he'd no' be that sair missed." She said, however, that it was all for the best, that now the children would never know their father had not been all that he might have been, and so they could love his memory and pray for his soul. She might have added, "and they won't have his bad example to scandalize them," but her heart was too tender for such a harsh verdict, especially on the dead.

Though the years that followed were hard ones for Mary, and she worked, early and late to keep her home together and her children decent, she enjoyed a fuller measure of peace and tranquillity than she had ever known before, in her married life. There was no jarring element now in the little home; lacking many things, it was yet the abode of love, the love of God, "the constant mutual charity" of souls in the grace and friendship of God.

On Sunday mornings when she knelt at Holy Mass, with a heart full of love and a spirit at rest, she would say to herself: "God is very good to me." True, her little daughter at her side was a cripple, and walked with a crutch; it was a trial, certainly—but then, she was as good as an angel, and almost as beautiful, with eyes like the blue of heaven condensed with the light of the sun left in.

"She's a queer bit o' bairn," the neighbors often said to Mrs. Stephenson, "but *by ordinar* (uncommonly) bonnie." More than one artist, passing with his easel to the old ruin on the cliff, that artists loved to paint, year after year, had stopped at her cottage door where her little daughter often sat, and begged to be allowed to sketch that wonderfully fair child-face, with its halo of golden curls. Once, after such an incident, little Mary said to her mother: "Why

did yon man paint me, mother?" "Maybe he likes little lassies, ma pet," she answered, "or maybe he wanted to put yer in a picter; do ye no' mind the picter of the guid Mother we saw at Aberdeen i' the Summer, wi' a' the little angels roond her feet? They were a' bits o' bairnies like yersel, ma lammie, wee bonnie bairnies."

"Am I bonnie, mother?" she asked wistfully.

Mrs. Stephenson pursed up her mouth and looked a little severe as she replied, "Ye're just as the Lord made ye, lassie," (all Scotch women are a little prudish). "Ye maun be guid, ma lamb, an that's better nor bonnie."

"You're bonnie, mother, and guid too," the child answered, and a kiss, and a caress of the shining curls finished the conversation.

Yes, she was a beautiful child, and John also was a boy that any mother might well be proud of. He was tall and straight as a dart, bright and alert and clever at most things. Certainly he was the best acolyte at the altar. Father Stewart had said so himself many a time.

"I should like another half dozen like him, Mary," he said to her one day; "he's a fine, sharp, little fellow.

"He's aye that keen on goin' on the altar, Father," she answered with pride.

"Well, well, keep him up to it, keep him up to it, they all want that."

But of course she would keep him up to it. God would bless her boy kneeling there at His very feet. He would never suffer him to stray from the way of righteousness

What was it some of the old women had said to her once? "What's bred in the bone, lassie, canna but come oot, an' he's his father's bairn sure eneuch." That was cruel, cruel; but God's ways are not our ways and His grace is always sufficient.

* * *

It was a proud day for John, and for his mother, also, when he brought home his first week's wages. He had gone into his father's trade and become a cooper.

A cousin of his father, a certain Fraser Stephenson, had a good business on the quay, and by way of helping his poorer relations he offered to take the boy on to learn his trade as soon as he left school, and, after a short apprenticeship, pay him wages according to his usefulness. John was just fifteen the week he earned his first money, and as he received it, he felt a new feeling of independence stir within him.

"I've made a start now, mother," he said, "and it won't be very long before I am getting full pay. I know more about the coopering now than Aleck does, who has been at it twice as long. Won't it be fine, mother, when I'm getting two and twenty shillings a week. You won't have to be aye working then, and we will be able to go off for the 'trips' sometimes, and see Glasgow, and the big ships on the Clyde."

"Me too," said little Mary.

"Of course, Maisie," said John, decidedly; "even if I have to carry you all the time on my back. 'Will you go to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O.'" he sang as he lifted her up in his arms and danced round the room, while Mrs. Stephenson counted out the money over and over again, thanking God in her heart for such welcome and timely help.

The two children had always been the closest friends. Even in Mary's fretful babyhood the boy had always the power to soothe and quiet her when no one else could do so. He would carry her out on to the rocks, and sit and sing to her, until her curly head dropped on his shoulder and she fell asleep. They spent many hours together in this way, for John was always glad to get out of the house when his father was at home; he was afraid of him, and he would rather take on himself the care and trouble of the baby girl, than hear his father swear at her. As she grew older, he told her stories, and read aloud to her what books

he could procure, and after a time his baby charge became his chief friend and confidant.

They would sit and talk for hours on the old sea wall just below their cottage door, and their talk was mostly of adventures and travels, and of "youngest sons" going out into the world to seek their fortunes, and they would devise for them thrilling experiences and dangers, and hairbreadth escapes. Far out on the horizon they could see the great ships pass, sometimes standing out black and gaunt against the gray background of sky and cloud; or, with all sails set, shining white and luminous in the track of the sunshine. These were the chief delight of the children, these were the fairy ships of their fancy, setting out for strange and wonderful lands, where all things were riches and treasures, and treasures were for all who sought. Or again, they were the battered crafts that had braved the perils of the sea, whose crews were heroes every man of them, the destroyers of pirates and Indians, of wild beasts and desperadoes, and they were returning laden with spoil and covered with glory.

As the years went on, however, it was always John himself who personated the hero of their stories and romances, and Mary became the confidant of the boy's secret hopes and aspirations. His longing for more life and adventure than the sleepy little town afforded him, would take shape and form when Mary's sympathetic ear listened to the story of his inner feelings. "It's right for a boy to feel just like that," she would say to herself. "Now, with me it's different. I never want to leave our cottage, really, though it's fine to pretend."

John, grown older, found other pursuits and interests; friends, also, of his own sex and age, and so it came to pass that Mary generally sat alone on the old sea wall. She no longer went forth in spirit on desperate enterprises, or knightly exploits; the great ships might pass and repass, for Mary's fancy strayed no further than her own seashore. Her dreams were the dreams of opening womanhood, begun in joyousness of heart because she was young and passing fair, and ended in a sigh because she was a cripple. "It's all make believe with me as well as John. I'll aye be a poor cripple and no good to anybody; but it's just my cross, and I'll bear it. After all, there's aye God—and heaven." Mary never complained. If life held many joys that could never be hers, she faced the thought with courage and clearness of judgment. "Poor fisher folk," she reflected, "have troubles enough without sickly wives." So many a young fisherman, attracted by Mary's beauty, would fain have courted her for his wife, but had never an answering look from Mary.

One evening as she sat on the old wall, rather to her surprise, John came and joined her. "Seen any ships, Maisie?" he asked lightly. This was the old formula of their childish days, and Mary laughed a little sadly, as she answered:

"I wasn't minding the ships, John, but I'm thinkin' the boats are late out to-night."

"Yes, there's no wind. I'm hearin' they'll no' be in till ten o'clock."

"It's no' often you come to watch for ships now," the girl said after a pause. "What's come to you, John?"

"Oh, I don't know, Maisie, I'm just getting sick of everything in this old place, and I *hate* coopering."

Mary looked at him. He had picked up some pebbles, and was throwing them into the water, putting an unnecessary amount of energy with the performance; he was flushed, and there was a look about his mouth, too, that she had never seen there before, and which, somehow, gave her a sudden tightening at her heart. She answered him calmly.

"And what's made you sick of everything, John? I know very well; so you need not tell me. You've been going with that Sandy McInnes again, and he's a bad lad, and you know it; and you

promised mother you wouldn't go with him. It's no' right; I'm hearin' too, that he has lost his place at Findley's."

"He left himself, it was no' good enough for him."

"No, and nothing ever will be good enough that requires steady work and attention, and if you are going to let a lad like that turn you against your home and your trade, you'll be a fine fool for your pains."

This was rather a scathing speech, for Mary, the gentle; and as John had no answer ready, he went on with his stone throwing. Presently he said: "Who's thinking of turning against their trade? Of course, I'll stick to my trade, but it's dull work, and there's no chance of ever doing much in this stupid wee place."

"It's a very nice place," said Mary sharply, "and bonnier than most places. Father had a good business here once, mother says, but he lost it when his health got so bad."

"Umph," said John. He had heard the neighbors talk, and had formed his own opinions on several points regarding his father, which were not in strict accordance with his mother's stories of the departed one.

Then he burst out suddenly:

"McInnes is going to South America, Maisie, at least he's thinkin' of it, and I'm just wild to go with him."

Mary gave a cry of horror. "Oh! John, how can you think of such a thing—with a lad like that—leave mother and me? What should we do? It would just kill mother; you're a heartless boy to think of it. Oh! John, do leave that lad alone, and put such thoughts out of your head, I feared what it would be when you took up with lads like him. South America! Why, you're clean daft, John; what do you suppose Father Stewart would say to that? Besides where's the money to come from to take you there?"

"Well, well, don't cry, Maisie, I'm no' away yet, and you needn't be saying anything to mother, or Father Stewart either, but oh! Maisie, wouldn't it be fine to go. I'd soon make a fortune there. McInnes knew a man who went out once, and in five years he came back rich enough to buy up the whole town. He went gold digging, or something like that, I think, but we"—and, warming to his subject, he poured out the story of their plans and hopes, wild and impossible enough, the epitome of many a long talk with the reckless McInnes. Mary listened contentedly enough, for now the matter was brought back to its legitimate sphere of romantic speculation; it was, as their talk of younger days had been, vague possibilities, the maybes of the remotest realms of fancy.

"Come in, Maisie; it's gye cold now," their mother called, from the cottage door.

John rose, and helped his sister up, and gave her her crutch.

"It's fine to talk, John," said she, with a sigh, "but talking's enough; you're no' going, you know. McInnes can please himself, but you maun just stop wi' me and mother. Besides, I don't expect he'll go, after all. Aren't you coming in, too?"

"No, I'm going to help John McGee in with his lobster pots."

"And McInnes is going too, I suppose. You had better mind yourself, John; he's no good company for you."

"He's not going, really, Maisie. Go away honie, and tell mother I'll be in in a wee while."

The girl limped slowly away. At the cottage door she turned and watched her brother take his way along the quay. He had not gone far before he was joined by another lad of about his own size. McInnes was going, then, after all. With a heavy feeling at her heart, and a little shiver, as from a chill of some impending sorrow, she went into the house.

* * *

Father Stewart had finished his thanksgiving, delayed by several visitors after the late Sunday Mass, and was just sitting down to his well-earned

ON THE OLD SEA WALL JUST BELOW THEIR COTTAGE DOOR, AND THEIR TALK WAS MOSTLY OF ADVENTURE AND TRAVEL.

breakfast, when the door opened, and a tall, broad-shouldered young man entered, and took a chair at the table beside him. This was his old friend and college chum, though younger than himself by many years, who was spending a brief holiday in the pretty little country Presbytery. Charles Lindsey was an orphan, with a small private income, and a very large ambition to become a great artist, and write R. A. after his name.

"Are you too tired to talk, Father? If so, send me away," he said.

"I'm not too tired to listen, anyway, which will suit your purpose just as well, I expect."

"Yes, I deserve that. I fear I have victimized you with my chatter since I came here. That comes of having a sympathetic listener; but you had your turn this morning. Twenty-five and a half minutes your sermon lasted. I timed you by the town clock; I could just see it through the window," whereupon they both laughed heartily.

"No, no, Lindsey," said Father Stewart, "you're wrong there; my congregation would never stand that. Not even the best orator in the Church could keep their interest up after a quarter of an hour. They are wise people, and they know when they have had enough. They like a discourse, plain and to the point, and no nonsense about it."

"Take it straight, without sugar," quoted the young man, irreverently, "but, Father, what I wanted to tell you was this: I saw an angel in church at Mass this morning."

"You may be sure there were many angels there, Charlie; no doubt of it."

"Who is she, then, Father? Do you think I could get her to sit for me? I must sketch her."

"Softly, softly," said the Father, "you forget I may not have been so favored as yourself. I saw no angel, laddie, except with the eyes of faith. Are you sure you won't have some coffee?"

"No, thank you. Now tell me, did you notice any stranger in your congregation this morning?"

"Not one, besides your illustrious self."

"Then you know perfectly well the girl I mean. You were something of an artist yourself in the old days, and you will not have lost your sense of the beautiful. So who is my angel with the golden hair?"

"*My* angel with the golden hair! Bless my soul, that's quite thrilling, Lindsey. I see now the cause of your inaccurate statement with regard to the length of my sermon. It wasn't the town clock you were watching, it seems."

"Well, I plead guilty. Now tell me all about her."

"It's little Mary Stephenson you mean, I expect," said the Father; "and you are right; it is an angel's face, and not far off an angel's mind too, I imagine."

"She is one of your poor?"

"Yes, the daughter of a poor widow, and you can sketch her any day; but," he went on in a bantering tone, "how long is it since you have taken to painting angels? I thought your genius lay in quite another direction—'The Dying Gladiator,' 'Grown Old in Sin'—man, yon was a fearsome bit of coloring If I could only make my sermons half as terrifying, all the inns in the place would soon have to put their shutters up."

"Oh, don't spare me, Father," said Lindsey, laughing. "I'm used to hard hitting. Perhaps amongst the angels I may take heart of grace, and do better."

"Why not? But Mary has been painted many times. Why, Nesbitt was here last year and sketched her, and Crawley, and several others."

"Well, never mind," the young man answered. "I may discover some new beauty in the fair face; we don't all see with the same eyes."

"No, you're right, Lindsey," Father Stewart answered seriously. "The chief beauty of that face is its expression, and

expression comes from the soul. Mary's mind has ever dwelt amongst things good and beautiful, and she has always been very near to God; it is a pure spirit that shines in that face, an unsullied soul that gives it its rare beauty, and I fancy that it takes a Catholic as well as an artist to understand this, and that how, even in this life, the clean of heart may see God in some mysterious way, and catch some faint reflex of His beauty."

"Do you remember the story, Father, of St. Elizabeth of Hungary and the roses?" Lindsey asked after a pause.

"No, tell me about it."

"I heard it when I was abroad last year: you know St. Elizabeth had a husband, a prince, he was, or something of that sort, and he did not share his wife's broad ideas of charity. One day when she was coming down from the castle with her apron full of loaves for the poor at the gate, she met her husband, and he asked her what she had under her cloak. She answered by opening her cloak and lo, she had a lapful of exquisite roses. I spent nearly a week sketching at the glorious old castle where this is supposed to have happened, and I seemed to know by heart every stone in those stately terraces down which the saintly princess used to walk on her errands of mercy. At last I was able to picture the beautiful saint herself so vividly in my mind, that there were times when I could not be sure that I did not actually behold her, young, gracious, and shining, with a chastened beauty that cannot be described, though I never really pictured her face, even in imagination. I shall paint her now, Father, and give her little Mary's face, roses and all, and send her forth to make my fortune and win me my R. A."

"Well done, it's quite a prophetic instinct, may the saint herself help you; now, I have a sick call up the Braes, and if you like to come with me I'll show you the Stephenson's cottage, and you can arrange for a sitting for to-morrow."

Next day Charles Lindsey sat busily sketching at Mrs. Stephenson's cottage door, Mary before him in her accustomed seat with her knitting in her lap, her eyes dreamily fixed on the boats far out at sea.

"So it does not trouble you at all to sit for me," he said, "you are quite sure?"

"Oh no, sir, I'm aye sitting here, you see; I get wearied in the house; there's more to see out here, and the sea is bonnie."

"You must love the sea living so near to it all your life," he wished to make her talk. When speaking her eyes lost their usually dreamy look, and beamed with intelligence and her whole countenance brightened. It pleased him to hear her soft musical voice as well. She and her brother did not talk broad Scotch like their mother. The rising generation must needs know a fair amount of the Queen's English—and such can adjust their phraseology to their circumstances; when out of school however, the idiom generally prevailed.

"Yes, I love the sea," said Mary, "I should think everybody did."

"Well, no; I believe there are people who even hate it, who look upon it as a remorseless monster that takes so much. Don't you think you would hate it too, if it had taken all your dear ones from you?"

"Folks die anywhere," said Mary, simply, and it would be better to be buried in the sea than up in Cowie kirkyard; its gye lone and fearsome up there, while the sea's aye speakin' and croonin'; it's company like."

"There's something in that certainly, but let me tell you a story. There was a little boy once who stood on the seashore one morning, and watched a yacht sail out into the bay. All who belonged to him were in that yacht, father, mother and sister, and they never came back again—the cruel sea took them all. I was that boy, Mary, and for years and years I could not bear to look at the sea.

But come, you must not look quite so sad, or I shall have to go off and look for another model. I dont want to paint a Niobe all in tears. Do you know who Niobe was?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I must tell you all about her," and so he chatted on, now of things grave, now gay, watching with the keenest delight the play of expression on the exquisite sensitive face, which a word could ripple into smiles, or move to the most wistful sadness.

They became great friends before they parted, after a good many sittings, and Mary cried when they said good-bye.

He gave her a little sketch of herself in remembrance of him, and he said: "I'm going to put you into a big picture, Mary, and such a picture! It is going to make my fortune, and then Mary we'll go shares, and you will be able to go to Lourdes, or Holywell, or somewhere, and get cured of your lameness."

"That would be fine, but anyway, I should like to make your fortune—and I hope you will come back some day and see us again." When he bade good-bye to Mrs. Stephenson, he gave her five sovereigns "for his little model,"—all he could spare then, but quite a mine of wealth to the poor widow. Mary had presents of money given her from artists who had sketched her, from time to time, and it was all carefully hoarded up in an old stocking in a box in her mother's room. When the five pounds were added they found they had just ten pounds. They counted it over with great satisfaction and said it was something worth having against a rainy day.

"If more folks came here, mother, I should be able to earn nearly as much as John. I'm glad I'm some little bit of use to you."

"Dinna say that, bairn, use or no use you're ma ain, and mair to me than a' the gowd in the banks o' Scotland."

Presently when the stocking had been returned to the place of safety, Mary said:

"I'm fearin', mother, that John's no' very settled."

"Aweel, it's been a bad season for the fishin' and no' muckle demand in trade. He maun just hae patience and trust in Providence; things micht be waur." Mrs. Stephenson always took a hopeful view of things.

"He's no' one of the patient sort," said Mary dryly; she was more anxious about her brother than her mother had any idea of, and to-day she was tempted to share her fears with her. "John's no' like you and me, mother, he's restless. It's just his spirit—he's full of spirit, and we're more contented like."

"He's a good lad and a steady," said the mother with conviction, "and he'll be nineteen year old, come the twenty-fifth o' September."

"Oh there's no' a lad like him, mother, that's sure—but I'm fearing for him while its aye McInnes this, and McInnes that, and McInnes has got a new boat, and McInnes is talkin' of going to America, till I'm fair mad with him."

Mrs. Stephenson roused herself considerably; "John's no' goin' wi' McInnes noo, Mary?"

"Isn't he! He fair worships that lad."

"Idle feckless young cuddy? I'll awa' to Father Stewart this instant moment, and gaur him speak to John."

"No, don't, mother, speak to him yourself, he'll mind you as much as Father Stewart—tell him it's no' right to go stravagin' about with a lad like that, he'll be getting a bad name and losin' his place maybe." This was not the danger that Mary feared from the influence of McInnes, but it might do duty as well as any other plea to rouse her mother to a stricter watch on the matter of John's comings and goings in his leisure time.

For the rest of that day Mary could hear her mother talking to herself under her breath, in a quick excited way, as

she went about her work. She was evidently preparing a bad quarter of an hour for John, when he would be home for his tea. The girl smiled to herself a little wearily, as she reflected how it would probably go off. There would be a few words from her mother, a disclaimer from John, then tears, which would presently be dried upon a few consoling promises from the boy.

Meanwhile, there was no doubt about the matter, her brother was certainly being led away, through his companionship with an idle and vicious young man. There were many nights when he stayed out much later than a respectable lad ought to do; her mother never heard him come home. She slept sound after her hard day's work. But Mary did not sleep well, and she often lay awake and listened for the stealthy footsteps in the silent night.

Last Sunday he had missed his monthly Communion, on the plea of not feeling well, he had lost all his bright cheery ways too, and he was impatient and discontented with his work, and his life generally. Mary felt very bad about it all. She was sorry, too, that Mr. Lindsey had gone away, he was so kind to her, and talked so nicely; two large tears splashed down upon her knitting, the first heavy drops of a gathering storm of grief.

John came home looking very wrathful and rebellious, he had had some words with his master in the work yard, and was inwardly fuming at being taken to task for some piece of work negligently done.

"I'm no' goin' to stand it, mother," he said, when he had told the story, but there was no sympathy forthcoming. His mother had "screwed her courage to the sticking point," poor woman, and John should have his "lecture" there and then. It was an unfortunate moment. John answered her sharply, and seizing his cap, he left the house and swung off towards the quay. Presently McInnes joined him, and before they parted that night, the devil had chuckled over a fine piece of business, and their angels had wept.

These two restless spirits decided that they needed a wider field for their energies than sleepy little Rockhaven; that they must see life and make their fortunes. They could not go far without money. John could easily get at the little store in his mother's room, and McInnes had found his way to his father's till many a time before this. They would take all they could get, walk to the nearest town the following night, then take train to Glasgow. There they would find a ship, then off they would go for a new world, and a full free life.

And yet, but yesterday, John did not know, but that his faith, his honesty, his love for his mother and sister, would have "stood against the world." Persecution might, even then, have made of him a martyr and a hero. But sometimes the soul which has possibilities for the highest, has capabilities, too, for the lowest. The even tenor of a virtuous, uneventful life will suddenly at times grow distasteful to such a one, and unless patience possess him, or higher aims allure him, he is at the mercy of the tempter.

John was outwardly very quiet during the following day. It was Thursday and in the evening his mother and Mary would go to Benediction. He would make his preparations then, and be gone before they returned. He kissed them both before they started for church, saying he was not going out, whereat his mother thought to herself that he had taken her words to heart, and meant to keep to himself for the future. Not a thought of the grief or woe he was about to bring upon those he loved ever crossed John's mind. That he was about to act the part of a coward and a villain did not occur to him. On the contrary, he was feeling quite manly and heroic, quite justified in striking out for himself and putting an end to such an unprofitable way of living.

Three days after he stood on the deck of a great ocean steamer, which was slowly steaming down the Clyde. By and bye there was a breeze, then the faint "caller" smell of the sea; so smelt the weed on the rocks at home when the tide was low, and the wind freshening. The boy's heart turned sick for a moment and a feeling of dismay fell upon him. Well; it was done, and he could never go back again now. More and worse things than distance separated him from home: all written in the black record of a few evil days. His conscience awoke and cried, for the first time since his flight, but only to be stifled to a long enduring silence of many years.

(*To be continued.*)

THE POPE AND ANGLICAN ORDERS.

FOR the past two years no religious topic has so engrossed the interest of the Christian world at large as the Reunion of Christendom. This movement, it may be said, proceeded largely from without, while the Catholic Church looked on with keen interest and prayerful sympathy. No one, who has attentively observed this movement, can fail to see in it the working of the Holy Ghost. The feeling of insecurity and dissatisfaction which called forth the movement is the first step towards conversion and a very signal supernatural grace, which, if corresponded with, cannot fail to result in the reunion of thousands of erring souls with the true fold of Christ.

This grace is, doubtless, the fruit of the humble and persevering prayers of the faithful throughout the world. Many years ago a league of prayer was formed for the conversion of England, which was encouraged and blessed by Pius IX. When the movement of Reunion was recently started, the first act of Leo XIII. was to exhort all—Catholics and Protestants—to pray for its happy result, in a letter addressed to "the English seeking the kingdom of Christ in the unity of faith." The Pope's appeal has been zealously responded to by all Catholics, and doubtless also by many outside the Church, who received his utterances with the utmost reverence.

The movement went on increasing, and some of the most distinguished Anglicans, both clergymen and laymen, took the most lively and active interest in it. As was natural on the part of those who sail without compass or rudder, and without the infallible steersman at the helm, their interests soon clustered around certain side-issues, while they overlooked the main point, *viz.*, that unity of organization established by Christ on St. Peter and the Apostles—one body under one head, one fold under one shepherd. To dissipate any illusions that existed within or without the Church on this matter, the Pope issued his luminous encyclical on "Christian Unity." (See MESSENGER, September, 1896, page 720).

Among those side issues, the one most emphasized was that of the validity of Anglican orders, which from time immemorial have been practically regarded by the Church as absolutely invalid. If the validity of Anglican orders could be established, and acknowledged by Rome, they thought, the chief barrier to reunion would be removed. In this illusion they were confirmed by certain French divines (chiefly the Reverend Abbés Portal and Duchesne). This, as will be remembered, led to the appointment of a committee of divines representing both sides of the question, presided over by a Cardinal of the Roman Church. The question was examined and discussed for six weeks. All the arguments *for* and *against* the validity were carefully weighed. The result of

the deliberations was submitted to the Holy Father and a committee of Cardinals. After long and careful consideration, in a special meeting at which the Pope himself presided, on Thursday, the sixteenth day of July, the absolute nullity of Anglican orders was unanimously decided by the judges of the Supreme Council or the Holy Office. It was not, however, until September 13, that, after much prayer and deliberation, the Holy Father, in the form of a Bull, solemnly pronounced the decision.

The wording of the defining portion of the decree is as follows:

"*Wherefore, strictly adhering in this matter to the decrees of the Pontiffs, our predecessors, and confirming them most fully, and, as it were, renewing them by our authority, of our own motion and certain knowledge we pronounce and declare that ordinations carried out according to the Anglican rite, have been, and are, absolutely null and utterly void.*"

Thus, after mature deliberation, Rome has spoken, and the case is ended once for all. The result is what every sound Catholic theologian anticipated. It is only insufficient knowledge or misguided zeal that could have prompted divines ever to hold the contrary opinion.

These Letters Apostolic of Leo XIII., apart from the definition they contain, are most interesting and instructive, as they convey the result of the close and patient investigation of the learned body of divines who were charged with the inquiry into the validity of the Anglican orders. Particularly interesting is the plain and candid statement of the facts that led up to the decision. The Pope says:

"We have now determined to turn our consideration to a matter of no less importance, which is closely connected with the same subject and with our desires. For an opinion already prevalent, confirmed more than once by the action and constant practice of the Church, maintained that when in England, shortly after it was rent from the centre of Christian unity, a new rite for conferring holy orders was publicly introduced under Edward VI, the true sacrament of orders as instituted by Christ lapsed and with it the hierarchical succession. For some time, however, and in these last years especially, a controversy has sprung up as to whether the sacred orders conferred according to the Edwardine ordinal possessed the nature and effect of a sacrament; those in favor of the absolute validity, or of a doubtful validity, being not only certain Anglican writers, but some few Catholics, chiefly non-English. The consideration of the excellency of the Christian priesthood moved Anglican writers in this matter, desirous as they were that their own people should not lack the twofold power over the body of Christ. Catholic writers were impelled by a wish to smooth the way for the return of Anglicans to holy unity. Both, indeed, thought that in view of studies brought up to the level of recent research and of new documents rescued from oblivion it was not inopportune to re-examine the question by our authority. And we, not disregarding such desires and opinions, and, above all, obeying the dictates of apostolic charity, have considered that nothing should be left untried that might in any way tend to preserve souls from injury or procure their advantage.

"It has, therefore, pleased us to graciously permit the cause to be re-examined, so that through the extreme care taken in the new examination, all doubt, or even shadow of doubt, should be removed for the future. To this end we commissioned a certain number of men noted for their learning and ability, whose opinions in this matter were known to be divergent, to state the grounds of their judgments in writing. We, then, having summoned them to our person, directed them to interchange writings and further to investigate and discuss all that was necessary for a full knowledge of the matter. We were careful also that they should be able to re-

examine all documents bearing on this question which were known to exist in the Vatican archives, to search for new ones, and even to have at their disposal all acts relating to this subject which are preserved by the Holy Office, or, as it is called, the Supreme Council, and to consider whatever had, up to this time, been adduced by learned men on both sides. We ordered them, when prepared in this way, to meet together in special sessions. These, to the number of twelve, were held under the presidency of one of the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, appointed by ourselves, and all were invited to free discussion. Finally we directed that the acts of these meetings, together with all other documents, should be submitted to our venerable brethren, the Cardinals of the same Council, so that when all had studied the whole subject and discussed it in our presence, each might give his opinion."

The Holy Father then goes on to review and discuss the decisions of Popes Julius III. and Paul VI., in the reign of Queen Mary, in regard to those bishops and priests who had been ordained according to the Ordinal of Edward VI., and concluded his argument with the following interesting paragraph, which contains the most striking and convincing proof for any one who is capable of understanding the force of a theological argument:

"The authority of Julius III. and Paul IV., which we have quoted, clearly shows the origin of that practice which has been observed without interruption for more than three centuries, that ordinations conferred according to the Edwardine rite should be considered null and void. This practice is fully proved by the numerous cases of absolute reordination according to the Catholic rite even in Rome. In the observance of this practice we have a proof directly affecting the matter in hand. For if by any chance doubt should remain as to the true sense in which these Pontifical documents are to be understood, the principle holds good that "custom is the best interpreter of law." Since in the Church it has ever been a constant and established rule that it is sacrilegious to repeat the sacrament of orders, it never could have come to pass that the Apostolic See should have silently acquiesced and tolerated such a custom. But not only did the Apostolic See tolerate this practice, but approved and sanctioned it as often as any particular case arose which called for its judgment in the matter.

"We adduce two facts of this kind out of many which have from time to time been submitted to the Supreme Council of the Holy Office. The first was in 1684 of a certain French Calvinist, and the other in 1704 of John Clement Gordon, both of whom had received their orders according to the Edwardine ritual. In the first case, after a searching investigation, the consultors, not a few in number, gave in writing their answers—or as they may call it, their *vota*—and the rest unanimously agreed with their conclusion, "for the invalidity of the ordination," and only on account of reasons of opportuneness did the Cardinals deem it well to answer by a "dilata" [*viz.*, not to formulate the conclusion at the moment]. The same documents were called into use and considered again in the examination of the second case, and additional written statements of opinion were also obtained from consultors, and the most eminent doctors of the Sorbonne and of Douai were likewise asked for their opinion. No safeguard which wisdom and prudence could suggest to insure the thorough sifting of the question was neglected."

From these facts His Holiness concludes: "Hence it must be clear to every one that the controversy lately revived, had been already definitely settled by the Apostolic See, and that it is to the insufficient knowledge of these documents that we must, perhaps, at-

tribute the fact that any Catholic writer should have considered it still an open question."

The next thing that comes into consideration is the Anglican Ordinal. The Sacraments of the New Law as sensible and efficient signs of invisible grace should signify the grace which they effect, and effect the grace which they signify. This signification is contained particularly in the *form* of the Sacrament. Now, according to the Anglican ordinal the form of the Sacrament of Orders is: "Receive the Holy Ghost." But this form of itself does not signify the specific grace of the priesthood, which consists chiefly in the power "of consecrating and offering the true body and blood of our Lord." This holds good for episcopal consecration as well as for priestly ordination. Hence it follows that neither priestly nor Episcopal orders can be conferred according to the Anglican ordinal, as it was in use in the Anglican Church for a century after the Reformation.

True, the form was subsequently supplemented by the words: "for the office and work of priest (or bishop);" but that was long after the succession had been interrupted. In any case, the "office and work of priest" in the sense of the Anglican ordinal is not that intended by Christ, namely, "the consecrating and offering of His true body," since every reference to consecration, sacrifice and priesthood was studiously eliminated from the ordinal to suit the taste of the Reformers, who rejected the dogma of transubstantiation and the holy sacrifice of the Mass. The "office and work of priest," in the Anglican sense, is, therefore, something very different from the true Catholic meaning of these words, and consequently could not signify the conferring of the power to consecrate and offer sacrifice. The form of Anglican ordination, therefore, lacks that significance which is necessary, according to the institution of Christ, to effect the sacramental grace of orders.

But not only is the form insufficient, but also the necessary *intention* is wanting. The Pope treats this point so clearly and concisely that we cannot do better than insert the whole passage for the instruction of our readers.

"With this inherent defect of form is joined the defect of intention, which is equally essential to the sacrament. The Church does not judge about the mind and intention in so far as it is something by its nature internal; but in so far as it is manifested externally she is bound to judge concerning it. When any one has rightly and seriously made use of the due form and the matter requisite for effecting or conferring the sacrament, he is considered by the very fact to do what the Church does. On this principle rests the doctrine that a sacrament is truly conferred by the ministry of one who is a heretic or unbaptized, provided the Catholic rite be employed. On the other hand, if the rite be changed with the manifest intention of introducing another rite not approved by the Church and of rejecting what the Church does, and what, by the institution of Christ, belongs to the nature of the sacrament, then it is clear that not only is the necessary intention wanting to the sacrament, but that the intention is adverse to and destructive of the sacrament."

These are briefly the arguments on which Leo XIII. bases his decision. It rests simply on the nature of the sacrament of orders as instituted by Christ, not on the historical question, whether Barlow, who is the first link of the Anglican succession, was a duly consecrated Bishop or not. This is a merely historical question, which does not lie within the competency of the Church to decide. Independently of this question —even supposing Barlow to have been a true bishop, Anglican Orders are invalid *from the defect of form and intention*. This is the Pope's contention; and on this his final judgment is based.

Most pathetic is the Pope's appeal to Anglicans, and particularly to the Angli-

can clergy who are of good will, to return to the true fold. It is an object lesson of apostolic zeal and the most touching expression of paternal tenderness. Our readers will doubtless reecho the Holy Father's sentiments as they peruse his inspiring words.

"It remains for us to say that even as we have entered upon the elucidation of this grave question in the name and in the love of the Great Shepherd, in the same we appeal to those who desire and seek with a sincere heart the possession of a hierarchy and of orders. Perhaps until now aiming at the greater perfection of Christian virtue, and searching more devoutly the divine Scriptures, and redoubling the fervor of their prayers, they have, nevertheless, hesitated in doubt and anxiety to follow the voice of Christ, which so long has interiorly admonished them. Now they see clearly whither He in His goodness invites them and wills them to come. In returning to His one only fold they will obtain the blessings which they seek, and the consequent helps to salvation of which He has made the Church the dispenser, and, as it were, the constant guardian and promoter of His redemption among the nations. Then indeed 'they shall draw waters in joy from the fountains of the Saviour.' His wondrous sacraments, whereby his faithful souls have their sins truly remitted, and are restored to the friendship of God, are nourished and strengthened by the heavenly bread and abound with the most powerful aids for their eternal salvation. May the God of peace, the God of all salvation, in His infinite tenderness enrich and fill with all these blessings those who truly yearn for them.

"We wish to direct our exhortation and our desires in a special way to those who are ministers of religion in their respective communities. They are men who, from their very office, take precedence in learning and authority, and who have at heart the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Let them be the first in joyfully submitting to the divine call, and obey it and furnish a glorious example to others. Assuredly with an exceeding great joy their mother, the Church, will welcome them and will cherish with all her love and care those whom the strength of their generous souls has amid many trials and difficulties led back to her bosom. Nor could words express the recognition which this devoted courage will win for them from the assemblies of the brethren throughout the Catholic world, or what hope or confidence it will merit for them before Christ as their judge, or what reward it will obtain from Him in the heavenly kingdom! And we ourselves in every lawful way shall continue to promote their reconciliation with the Church, in which individuals and masses as we ardently desire, may find so much for their imitation. In the meantime, by the tender mercy of the Lord our God, we ask and beseech all to strive faithfully to follow in the open path of divine grace and truth."

Such an appeal cannot fail of its effect. True, we cannot, such are human weakness and prejudice, expect large masses to return to the Church at once; but we have grounds to hope that many individuals will hear and follow the voice of the supreme shepherd to whom Christ has entrusted His flock. Now their illusions are dissipated they know exactly where they stand; they see that there can be no compromise; they fully realize that the only way to reunion is complete submission to the Church's teaching and guidance, that there is no sanctification except through the ministry of her priesthood.

Some will say that by this definition the efforts for reunion have received the death-blow. In our opinion, this has been the most efficacious step yet taken towards reunion—not "corporate reunion," in the sense of Lord Halifax, but union by the individual accession of those who earnestly "seek the kingdom of God in the unity of faith."

THE TEST OF NAGASAKI.

By M. F. M. Nixon.

An early missionary to the Island of Nagasaki (Japan), found there a whole tribe of natives, thoroughly Christianized. The people refused to believe he was a true priest until he had answered satisfactorily three questions, as a test.—*From the Life of Blessed Charles Spinola, S.J.*

A holy priest—his life attuned to God,
His whole soul burning with the fervent love
Of Him, who on our weary earth once trod
The narrow path that leads us all above—
Treading, with tired but eager feet the road
Of faithful service for his Lord most dear,
Unto a foreign island came. Here flowed
A rapid stream. Its limpid waters clear,
Shone brilliant in the vivid Eastern light.
Almost its golden shimmering depths had seemed,
As if they flowed from paradise, so bright,
So sparkling, and so wondrous fair they gleamed.
Far in the distance rose the mighty hills,
Frowning in still and snow-clad grandeur there
Upon the childish gambols of the rills—
A dusky background for that picture fair.
And sunny meadows, starred with flowers gay,
Which glowed like gems upon a monarch's crown.
The sapphire sky—(no cloud from day to day
E'er marr'd its perfect beauty with a frown)—
Rose over all. Upon the distant strand
The mighty ocean's troubled waters rolled,
And foamed and tossed. In requiem o'er the land
The deep and solemn sea-bells sadly tolled.
To where a distant hamlet snugly lay
Upon a hillside decked with leafy trees,
The holy priest toiled slowly on his way.
The fragrant flowers perfumed the summer breeze
And o'er the emerald grass, a carpet white
Of snowy petals of the cherries' bloom
Was softly spread, as if by fairies light.
Alas! methinks this sight foretold the doom
Of every flower-soul in all the earth;
To live, to bloom, to scent the air, and then,
To die! In death far sweeter than at birth
They make the haunts and homes of weary men.

The priest a moment on his staff took rest,
And silent gazed upon the varied scene;
He felt a shadow that his heart oppressed
As if a low'ring cloud o'er him had been.
He raised his eyes. No shadowy cloud was there,
But, looking up, he started to behold
Upon that hill encrowned with flowers fair,
An ancient cross, with carvings quaint and old,
And close beside it, in the bright sunshine
A statue of the Virgin Mother placed
For shelter in a weather-beaten shrine,
Its beauty by relentless time defaced.
He knelt, and lifting up his soul in prayer
Forgot the heavy burdens on him laid.
With him, he felt no other presence there
But hers—his Mother's—unto whom he prayed
To give him of her bounteous grace and light,
That he might lead unto her Son each darkened soul—
Those sinful ones he found in deepest night,
O'er whom the fearful storms of passion roll.
Absorbed in ardent prayer, he silent knelt
Before the image of his Mother dear,
Upon his arm a timid touch he felt,
A deep voice, slowly, sounding in his ear,
"Do you love *her?*" was asked in accents low.
The startled priest looked quickly up and saw
A form with native dignity replete.
So answered he: "I know no other law
But love of God, and of His Mother Bless'd."
Within the dusky native's eyes there leaped
A light of joy at faith so clear expressed;
His dark skin seemed with deepest crimson steeped,
His bosom heaved, his breath came fast, and then—
As if the stranger's inmost soul to pierce
Gazing with searching eyes—he asked again
Another question, earnest, almost fierce:
"Tell me, O stranger, whether high or low,
In all the countless lands your feet have pressed
Where'er you've roved, oh! tell me if you know
Our Chief, the Great White Father in the West?"
Surprised, the priest made answer: "If you mean
My Father of the Holy Roman See,
I know him well, indeed. 'Tis he, who e'en,
Sends messages of love to you, by me."

Again the light shone on the native's face;
Again his new-found joy he quick controlled.
"One question more;" he said, "I beg for grace.
How many children have you? Am I bold?"
Smiling, the priest replied: "My son, *you* are
My child, and also all who dwell with you:
All, all God's children, be they near or far,
All call me 'Father.' 'Tis a title due
Unto my holy calling; and the name
To prove a child's affection and to show
A sense of God's own fatherhood! The same,
Surely, dear son, you very well must know
It is forbidden to our priests to wed."
The stranger smiled in fervent gladness then,
And kneeling swift, he bowed his haughty head,
And cried: "Indeed! you are my Father, when
You answer 'yes' to these my questions three.
In truth, I know you are a teacher sent
From God above, and so I beg, give me
Your blessing! Long, long years we've sorrowing spent,
In praying God that He again would send
Another like that pure departed one,
Who taught us at God's name, our knees to bend
To love our Mother and her Blessed Son.
And since you've answered to the test he left,
I know full well *you* are our master too.
Come! Save the flock of shepherd's care bereft,
And teach us how His holy will to do."
"My God, I thank Thee," and the priest bowed low,
"That Thou to me this wondrous grace has given
To seek and find Thine own, that they may know
Thou art the only way that leads to heaven."

GOD IN THE TROPICS.

By Rev. J. J. Collins, S.J.

IT was nine o'clock on a Sunday in June, 1895, and two miles south of me on the road that leads to Kingston, lay Stony Hill Reformatory for boys, where I had said Mass at seven o'clock and given an instruction of half an hour to the sixteen Catholic inmates. Almost three miles due north, at an elevation of over 1,000 feet above the sea level, stands a small church, called "Friendship," where I was to say my second Mass at eleven o'clock. The road over which I was riding winds along up the eastern side of a steep hill, for a distance of three miles, till it meets a ridge which runs out across the valley and joins the two neighboring ranges of hills.

Right on top of this ridge, overlooking the valley on either side of it, is the little church of "Friendship," a true type of the church seated on the mountains. The road which leads up to it is a driving road except in rainy seasons, when landslips prevent the passage of a buggy. I, however, always ride over this part of the road, as it is very steep, and I wish to save my horse for a fifteen miles journey to Kingston in the later afternoon.

The morning scenery along this road is enrapturing to one who has come out from the dust and glare of the streets of Kingston. The mind is coaxed away from its busy haunts, and soothed with the oil of gladness by the refreshing beauty of the scene. The eye wanders down over the orange trees, banana plants, and coffee bushes to the Jamaica river below, a softly murmuring mountain stream that is innocent enough, so long as the rains do not trouble it. And again, one looks up on the other side, over the yam vines, that have climbed out beyond the tall bamboo poles to which they cling, and now seem to wish to pierce through the rich deep blue of this tropical sky with their tender streamers, as if, like the rider, they crave to know something more of Him who lives beyond.

It was my first visit to "Friendship," and I was feasting on the splendid beauty of the scene, when I suddenly turned a sharp corner in the road and came upon a peasant woman.

She courtesied, and said, "Marnin, Fader."

I returned her salute, and remarked: "You are going to Mass, my good woman."

She looked mystified, and to make myself plainer, I said, "You are going up to the church, yonder."

"Yes," she answered promptly and with evident pleasure. "Fader, I'se goin' to de French," the name given by some of the natives to the Catholics, owing, I believe, to the influence of Father Dupont, S.J., a Frenchman, who labored for forty years on this island with marvellous success, and became, in the minds of some, greater than the Church to which he belonged. "I'se goin' to de French," she continued, "to tek sacrament and to jine."

It was now my turn to look puzzled, and I asked: "Are you a Catholic?"

She answered, "I tek sacrament and jine to-day, and mek I a full member."

"But have you been baptized?" I asked.

"Not in de French, Fader," she replied.

"And you say you are going to Holy Communion this morning?"

"Yes, Fader."

In good Jamaican English, she then told me her story. She had long desired to join the Church, and it seemed to her as if the opportunity would never come.

She was in earnest, and God gave her the opportunity. It had been announced in "Friendship" church that the last Sunday in June would be First Communion day. A dozen children and half a dozen grown people were told that they would be allowed this great privilege.

The girls must have their snow-white frocks, and veils, and boots, and beads of shining glass for necklaces. And the boys, too, must be decently clad. These preparations put the whole locality in a ferment.

FRIENDSHIP CHURCH.

This poor woman, a good twelve miles away, heard of the preparations and their cause. Her mind was at once made up. She would go to "Friendship," "take sacrament" with the others, join the Church and become a full member, and then she could sing holy Simeon's song.

The Saturday before the last Sunday in June she had to go to Kingston, a distance of eighteen miles, to sell fruits —bananas and pines from her own "ground." She carried a basket of these fruits, weighing eighty pounds, all the eighteen miles. While in the Solas market, trying to sell them, she was taken ill with a fever; so ill that some of her country women had to carry her out to a place of quiet, near the "Parade." There she took some "bush" medicine, and recovered enough to be able to undertake the journey home in the late afternoon. She reached her poor hut on the hill about 10 o'clock P. M., and, finding everybody in bed, threw herself on a mat for a few hours of broken rest.

Early the next morning she was up, and having got a little lunch ready, for she had been told that she must be fasting to "take sacrament" in the Church, she set out for "Friendship." She had come about nine miles, when I overtook her.

As she finished her story I noticed an expression of pain on her face, and I asked, "but are you ill now?" and she replied, "Yes, Fader, I feel faint." I said to her, "sit down at once in the shade, there, and take your little repast, and

come to me after you have had a good rest, and I shall tell you what to do; but do not go to Holy Communion to-day, for I must baptize you first." She obeyed like a child, and came to me first before Holy Mass. I found her wonderfully intelligent, and clearly instructed by a better teacher than I.

On my second visit I found her well prepared, and hungry for the Bread of Angels. She approached the Holy Table with a recollection and fervor that could not but move the stoniest heart. Even nature seemed for the occasion to have borrowed some of the joy of the angels, the morning was so radiant with the mingled beauty of heaven and earth.

On my return to "Friendship," one of the first and happiest faces to greet me, was my first visit acquaintance, who is now a "full member." As I rode down the hill in the heat of the afternoon the fresh morning beauty of the scene was gone, but the dawn of another morning in the soul of a fellow-creature haunted me, and dispelled the heat of the day.

INTERMEDIATE AND HIGHER EDUCATION IN GERMANY BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

By Rev. James Conway, S.J.

IN a recent issue of the MESSENGER, following in the footprints of the illustrious historian of the German People, the late Rt. Rev. Mgr. Janssen, we gave a brief sketch of the condition of popular education in Germany immediately before the Reformation. In the present issue we may be allowed from the same reliable source to submit a similar sketch of the state of higher education in the German Empire at this same period.

In this period falls that revival of classical learning generally known as the *Renaissance*. This great movement had its origin in Italy, gradually passed into Germany, France and England, and produced such refined scholars as Erasmus and Blessed Sir Thomas More. True, it gradually degenerated into formalism and a fanatic veneration for pagan models in art and literature, which became intolerable to Christian taste. Yet it cannot be denied that at the time of which we write the movement was productive of the most excellent fruits in the field of education.

One of the most remarkable figures of those times was Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa. He was born in 1407, studied under the direction of the Brothers of the Common Life in Deventer, and subsequently at the universities of Heidelberg and Bologna. He was thoroughly conversant with all the science and learning of his time.

Abbot Trithemius, a writer of great authority, towards the end of the sixteenth century, says of Cardinal Nicholas: "He appeared in Germany as an angel of light and peace in the midst of darkness and confusion, restored union in the Church, strengthened the authority of her supreme head, and sowed the seed of new life. . . . He was a man of faith and love, an apostle of piety and learning. His mind compassed all the branches of human science; but all his knowledge proceeded from God, and had for its end the glory of God and the edification and betterment of mankind. From his learning, then, we may draw true wisdom."

Of him, Dr. Janssen says: "Nicholas of Cusa was for Germany one of the first promoters of a thorough and intelligent study of the master-works of classical antiquity, which combined in such wonderful harmony freedom and restraint, genius and nature. That love of the classics, which he had diligently

read in the school of the Brothers of the Common Life at Deventer, developed into enthusiasm in Italy, where he made a careful study of the Greek language and devoted himself particularly to the works of Plato and Aristotle. 'This enthusiasm,' says a contemporary writer, 'could not rest until it communicated itself to as many as possible of his surroundings' He used every effort to introduce the study of these philosophers, wherever he could, as a medium of mental training and as a means to illustrate the sublimity of the Christian doctrine. With winning kindness and affability he moved in a circle of studious disciples, to whom he was always ready to communicate instruction and guidance, notwithstanding the multifarious duties of his position. Trithemius relates that he had just given a valuable treasure of Greek manuscripts, which he had collected on a journey in Constantinople, to the recently discovered printing press to be made the common property of the learned world."

While the Cardinal of Cusa was a universal genius and scholar, equally conversant with theology, canon law, philosophy, science and polite literature, Rudolf Agricola distinguished himself as a classical scholar. He spoke and wrote the Latin tongue with great ease, purity and elegance. The classic finish of his Latin verse earned for him the title of the "Second Virgil," yet he diligently cultivated his mother tongue, and wrote elegant verse in it. It was his purpose to create a German literature by translating the best classical models into that language.

Agricola was for Germany what Petrarch was for Italy—the inspirer to classical studies both by encouragement and example. But he was superior to the Italian poet and humanist in that he was profoundly religious and moral both in his life and writings. Of him Wimpheling says, that all science and learning had for him but one purpose, to cleanse him from inordinate passions, that by faith and prayer he might cooperate in the designs of God, the great architect of the world's history.

In his pedagogic writings, which are very numerous, Agricola insists on nothing more than on faith and morality, union of piety with learning. He earnestly recommends the study of the ancient philosophers, historians, orators and poets; but no one, he says, should confine himself to the study of the ancients, for they "either were altogether ignorant of the purpose of life, or had only an obscure conception of it, as if looking at it through a cloud, so that their discussions regarding it are rather talk than conviction." Hence, he maintained, it was necessary to have recourse to the sacred writings which dispel all darkness, and secure us against illusions and error. According to their teaching life is to be regulated; according to their blessed guidance salvation is to be sought. The study of the classics should lead the way to the right understanding of the sacred Scriptures.

Another scholar of this age who deserved well of education, not only by his numerous writings, but also by his practical work as teacher in the schools of Wesel, Emmerich, and Deventer, was Alexander Hegius, who was equally master of the Greek and Latin languages.

"To Hegius," says Janssen, "belongs the undisputed merit of improving and simplifying the method of instruction. He either suppressed or improved the old text-books; he made the classics the basis of instruction, and made education productive of new intellectual life. From far and near the studious youth flocked by hundreds to hear him; and countless were those whom he inspired, not only with a love of study, but also with an unselfish enthusiasm for the noble, but arduous, vocation of teaching."

We might introduce to our readers many other great scholars of that age, patrons and promoters of higher education by word and deed. Among them

prominence would be due to Rudolf von Langen, Ludwig Dringenberg, the Abbot Trithemius, and Wimpheling already cited. But let us rather ask ourselves who was the leading spirit in this great intellectual movement.

It was not one man but a body of men animated by the same spirit—the ardent desire to improve and elevate the religious and intellectual condition of their countrymen. This body of educators was the Brotherhood of the Common Life, a religious order, whose ascetical spirit has been handed down to us in the immortal writings of Thomas à Kempis, who, by the way, exerted a personal influence over most of the great scholars of his day.

On the influence of the Brothers of the Common Life, Dr. Janssen writes as follows: "The School Brothers of the Common Life, founded in the Netherlands by Gerhard Groot, exercised a most salutary influence on education in Germany. Their institutions extended gradually up the Rhine, as far as Suabia, and at the end of the fifteenth century from the Schelde to the Vistula, from Cambrai in the Netherlands, to the whole of North Germany, to Culm in West Prussia. In the Brothers' Schools Christian education was more highly prized than mere knowledge. The practical religious development of the youth, the fostering and strengthening of active piety was regarded as the chief object of education. The entire training was quickened with a religious spirit. The student was taught to regard religion as the basis of human life and the foundation of true culture.

"At the same time he appropriated a large amount of knowledge and a sound method of study, and was inspired with an ardent love for spontaneous scientific pursuits. From all quarters the studious youth flocked to these institutions of learning. Some estimate of their extensive literary influence may be formed from the fact that the school of Zwolle numbered between 800 and 1,000 pupils, that of Alkmaar 900, that of Bois-le-duc 1,200; and that of Deventer in the year 1500 arose to the number of 2,200. The instruction was given free of charge, and consequently those institutions were open to the poorest. Even in those towns in which the Brothers themselves did not establish schools, they were active in the work of education—supplying teachers for the municipal schools, and providing school fees, books and board for poor students."

Considering the number of these schools, and the large attendance of pupils in proportion to the population, we are warranted in the conclusion that secondary or intermediate education was as widespread in Germany in those days as it is even at the present day—with all its *gymnasiums* and "*real*" *schools*.

The higher education of women in Germany in those days, was by no means neglected. It was conducted on the same plan as that of men—based on the study of the classical languages and literatures. The number of learned and literary women in Germany at that epoch is very remarkable. These not only conducted extensive correspondence on religious, scientific, and literary subjects in elegant Latin style, but were the authors of learned works and poems in Latin and in German. Many of the most learned works of the time were dedicated to ladies, who were evidently fit to appreciate them. Nor was this high culture of women confined to the cloister. Among those women who were distinguished for learning and culture were also secular ladies, particularly of the nobility.

The most remarkable among those scholarly women were probably Charity Pirkheimer, Abbess of Nürnberg, and her sister Clara, some of whose beautiful poems are still preserved as true gems of German literature. Of the former a contemporary writes: "It is a matter of fact in Nürnberg, that all those who excel in genius and authority are full of admiration for the ability,

learning, and noble virtues of the Abbess."

The excellent intermediate schools of the Brothers of the Common Life were feeders for the great universities. They created a demand, a taste and a capacity for still higher studies; and this craving of the studious youth was amply satisfied at the universities.

Seven great universities already flourished in as many large centres in Germany before the time we speak of. These were Heidelberg, Prague, Vienna, Cologne, Erfurt, Leipzig and Rostock. Yet these were found insufficient for the demand. Therefore, within a period of fifty years preceding the Reformation, nine more universities were established in the German Empire. These were Grieswald 1456, Basel and Freiberg 1460, Ingolstadt and Trier 1472, Tübingen and Mainz 1477, Wittemberg 1502, Frankfort-on-the-Oder 1506.

Though these universities enjoyed high civil privileges and immunities, yet they were strictly ecclesiastical institutions. All of them except Wittenberg (famous as being the cradle of Luther) were chartered by the Popes. It was only the papal institution that could confer on them the highest prerogatives as teaching corporations. It was only the representation of the Sacred Sciences in their curriculum that could give them the title to be considered and called universities (*studia generalia*).

"According to the teaching of those times," says Professor Janssen, and this, let us add, is the only sound view, "there were two orders of sciences: the natural order, comprising those truths and objects within the range of natural reason; the supernatural order, comprising the truths of revelation. Both these orders of sciences were to be cultivated in the universities. As the Church is a living unit, compassing the entire man, so also science should have for its end the living unity, the centre of all higher life—it should be directed to God, the source of all truth. The student of science should not seek his own advantage; science is not to be cultivated for its own sake: it is the servant of truth, a handmaid in the sanctuary of faith; it cannot thrive in the company of pride and impiety. The four faculties of the university—theology, law, medicine and philosophy—were compared with the four rivers that watered the earthly Paradise, which had no other purpose than to pour out the blessing of fruitfulness and plenty on all the nations of the earth, for the happiness of all men and the glory of God."

In this conviction Archduke Albrecht of Austria, in the charter of the University of Freiberg, calls these schools "the well-springs of life, from which the waters of salutary and comforting wisdom flow to the ends of the earth, to allay the destructive feuds of human ignorance and passion."

In like manner, Duke Ludwig of Bavaria in the charter of endowment of the university of Ingolstadt says: "Among the blessings granted by God's goodness to man in this transient life, science and art are one of the first. For by these means the way to a holy and righteous life is taught, human reason is enlightened with true knowledge, trained to an honorable life and good morals; Christian faith is strengthened, justice and the common weal are secured."

Eberhard of Würtemberg in the deed of endowment of the University of Tübingen says: "I am convinced that I can do nothing better and more efficacious for the salvation of my soul, or more pleasing to Almighty God, than to provide with particular care and zeal, that good and studious young men may be instructed in the fine arts and sciences, and thus be enabled to know God, and to honor and serve Him alone."

Pope Pius II., in the Bull of institution of the University of Basel, very appropriately expresses the idea and the end of university education. "Among the many blessings which God confers on

mortal men here below," he says, "this one occupies a high place, that he is enabled by persevering study to win the costly pearl of knowledge, which directs man on the way to a good and happy life, and which, by its excellence, raises the possessor far above the level of the unlearned. It, moreover, makes the scholar more like to his Maker and introduces him into the secrets of nature. It aids the ignorant man and raises him from the lowest estate to the highest dignity." His object in this foundation, continues the Pope, is "to enable men to obtain this greatest of human acquirements, and after having obtained it to communicate the same boon to others." It was his desire, he adds, "to open in the city of Basel a fountain of science from whose fulness all those might drink who were eager to become conversant with the monuments of learned literature."

Dr. Janssen sums up his opinion on the mediæval universities in the following words: "They were the grandest creations of Christianity, while still buoyant in its youthful strength. They were the representatives of higher intellectual culture, the most powerful instruments of progress, centres of intellectual life for the people. They were the most favorite and cherished daughters of the Church, and by their loyalty and love they endeavored to requite her for her bounty towards them. Hence the twofold fact, so commonly ignored—first, that, as long as the unity of the church and of the faith remained intact, the universities attained to their highest glory; and, secondly, that in the great defection all, except Wittenberg and Erfurt, remained true to the Church. It was only after their original ecclesiastical constitutions had been violently impaired, after their liberty had been curtailed, after they had degenerated into state institutions, that they were brought over to the new doctrines."

The number of students frequenting these mediæval universities is almost incredible. Not only young men, but also men of ripe age—also Church dignitaries, magistrates, and even princes, were among the students. The most intimate relation existed between pupils and teachers. Those who were masters in one branch were often pupils in some higher science or art.

These institutions had an international character. Students migrated from one university to another, from one country to another. The only passport they required was studiousness and good behavior. Saxons, Scandinavians, Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen sat side by side, and entered the lists against each other in scientific disputes. This circumstance tended to broaden their views and, at the same time, to arouse a healthy competition.

The records of matriculations which are still extant, give a clue to the number of students in attendance at the universities. The average yearly number of matriculations, between 1450 and 1490, at the University of Leipzig, was 347 and a fraction; at Erfurt, 385; at Cologne, 370. The total number of students at the University of Cologne, at the end of the fifteenth century, was estimated at 2,000. In the very first year of its existence, 800 students were entered in the University of Ingolstadt. In the year 1492 the faculty of philosophy alone at that university consisted of thirty-three active teachers. The philosophical faculty of the University of Vienna numbered, in 1453, eighty-two, and, in 1476, 104 doctors actually engaged in lecturing. In the reign of King Maximilian, the number of students at the University of Vienna was estimated at 7,000. At Cracow, in Poland, in 1496, according to the testimony of an Italian writer, there were 15,000 students.

It is curious enough that, during this intellectual awakening in Germany, the Prussians, who later were to gain the ascendancy in the empire, lagged far

behind in the race for culture. At the foundation of the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Joachim of Brandenburg declared that "in his Mark a scholar was as rare as a white raven." That may explain why his father, in a public proclamation, could have asserted that "in no other German country were feud and murder and violence in such vogue as in our Mark." Abbot Trithemius, before cited, bears testimony to the low state of culture in the future Prussian realm. He writes from the Court of Brandenburg, 1505: "Rarely do you here meet a man who has any interest in the sciences. From want of education and culture, people prefer to live in feasting and idleness and debauchery." It was not till 1539 that the first printing-office was opened in Berlin; and it was more than a century after that the first publishing house was established there. Prussia, then, owes little of its greatness to the muses.

It would be a pleasant task to enter more fully into the details of university life in Germany at this epoch, to sketch the courses of studies, the methods, the results achieved, the great men who occupied their chairs, and the distinguished scholars who went forth from their halls into the various departments of life. But this would lead us too far. What we have said is sufficient to show that the Reformation in Germany was preceded by an era of unprecedented culture, and consequently that a regeneration was uncalled for. We may yet have occasion to show that the so-called Reformation was for Germany the beginning of its intellectual decline.

AN AFTERNOON IN CHOLULA.

By A. Mignerez.

ABOUT seven miles distant from Puebla de los Angeles lies the quaint old city of Cholula, famous alike for its ancient pyramid and odd miraculous shrines. Few pilgrimages are made there save by the Indians, therefore, I fancy the *cerros santos* (holy hills) are but little known even to the Mexicans themselves.

Some years ago, while convalescing in Puebla from a serious illness, I heard of Cholula's miraculous statue of *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios* (Our Lady of Remedies), and forthwith promised the Blessed Mother to visit that sacred shrine with the hope of obtaining the full recovery of my health. So, accompanied by my travelling companion, I set out from Puebla one glorious day in October, and after a two hours' trip on the tramway, we found ourselves in sight of Cholula, and alighted at the foot of the pyramid. It is 204 feet high, measures 1,060 feet at the base, and its summit is a platform 165 feet square. The sides are overgrown with grass, shrubs, and even trees, and to this day terraces can be distinctly discerned. At one corner of the pyramid the tramway was cut through, and at several places excavations have been made, but the pyramid has remained nearly in its original form. A winding road paved with stones, leads up to the top of the pyramid, and here, nestling on a stone-browed hill, made by loving hands, stands the quaint little shrine of *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios*. An odd combination, verily, for the little structure is made up of irregular stones, piled one upon the other, irrespective of symmetry, and charmingly picturesque.

It seemed to me as though this wee bit of a chapel had been made just to hold the miraculous statue and nothing

more, yet the number of people that managed to crowd in while we were there, made me realize that Indian life can compress itself into almost infinitesimal space. Ah, the sight that met our gaze as we crossed the threshold of that quaint spot! There, with outstretched arms, knelt the poor, the sick and the infirm, imploring aid from the Health of the Sick, and rending the very air with their tearful cries for help. As I, too, mingled with those children of faith at the foot of the dear Mother's shrine, I could not help feeling that her loving, outstretched hands would give me back my strength.

Countless were the tapers flickering about and around the miraculous statue of *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios*, which, like all Mexican statues, was heavily draped and bedecked with jewels. A stiff, gold-colored brocade ornamented this statue, and the jewels, poor but showy, gave it a gala appearance. The numerous ex-voto offerings which filled every nook and cranny of the little chapel, testified to the wondrous gratitude felt by Cholula's sons and daughters to the Mother of God.

After availing myself of all a pilgrim's privileges—lighting tapers before the altar, leaving my little offerings for God's poor and saying my prayers, I threaded my way out of the maze of Indian life that crowded every inch of ground in the little chapel. I say ground, for the floor boasted no other covering than the smooth and well-trampled clay. This ill corresponded with the seemingly rich appearance of the statue and its adornments, but it is quite evident that all the spare *centavos* of the poor little town were spent upon the statue alone.

Down the uneven and rough-hewn stone steps we descended, making little progress for here a group of women selling pictures of the miraculous statue stopped us, and in their coaxing, singsong voices called out: "*Niñas, para el amor del buen Dios, no quieren ustedes comprar estampitas de la Virgen de los Remedios?*" Children, for the love of the good God, do you not wish to buy pictures of the Virgin of Remedies? Such an appeal, of course, could not be left unheeded, so the "children," as it is the wont of the Mexican Indians to designate strangers, though their years may be three score and ten, purchased the *estampitas*. A little further away a knot of half-clad boys, displaying pretty colored shells and stones which they solemnly declared were miraculous, gave us no peace until we threw them a few *centavos* for the articles they thrust upon us.

From the platform of the curious old pyramid our eyes feasted upon a most wonderfully beautiful view. It was now late in the afternoon. The sun was slowly sinking and bathing with its gorgeous light, Popocatapetl from its wooded base to its snow-capped summit, while dark and black in the opposite direction, rose ominously stern, the huge mass of Malinche, Puebla's historic and far-famed mountain. Such is the scene that has remained indelibly engraved upon my mind.

Coming down the steep descent, we again found ourselves in the quaint little town which now numbers barely a few thousand inhabitants, the majority of whom are Indians. Could it be possible, I asked myself, as I mentally turned over the pages of history, that, in the days of Cortez, if chroniclers tell aright, Cholula contained 20,000 houses and 400 temples? It certainly required a wide stretch of my imagination to believe that fact of the miniature town that lay spread out before me at the foot of the pyramid.

Dotted here and there over the fair plain we saw tiny mounds of earth and stone which we learned were "artificial hills." These were surmounted by rude little chapels and contained statues of the Blessed Mother, of St. Joseph and of the Angel Guardian, and, though ill-treated by the elements, seemed to be

most lovingly cared for by the passers-by who vie with one another in decorating these wayside shrines with the sweet wild flowers of the wood.

Not far from one of these "stepping-stones of the soul," as I have heard them so prettily called, we came upon a crumbling edifice over whose head a century or two might easily have passed. It was the church of *Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion*, Our Lady of the Assumption, and contained a miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin venerated under that title. There, too, were innumerable proofs of gratitude to Mary given by her simple clients of that pious little town.

STATUE OF OUR LADY OF REMEDIES AT CHOLULA.

Hung up near the altar were the usual canes and crutches such as one frequently sees in our own American churches, but unlike most ex-voto offerings there were small glass cases that lined the walls near the altar and that contained miniature arms, legs and heads in wax, a few in silver and one or two in gold. Lastly there were the ever interesting though shockingly crude paintings representing miraculous cures, providential escapes from danger and so forth. Again in this church there seemed to be myriads of tapers gleaming from every nook and corner near the miraculous picture, and many Indians, though it was not a day of pilgrimage, kneeling with outstretched arms in the form of a cross before the altar. This we were told was the oldest of Cholula's three churches; but indeed, as we looked upon the other two and saw the ravages of time recorded in the mouldering walls, there seemed to me to be but little difference in their respective ages.

As we emerged from the last of the churches, we were met by a venerable and saintly looking priest, Padre Juan de la Caridad, who seemed to be the very embodiment of his name—charity. He saw that we were strangers; that was sufficient to call forth all the kindliness, hospitality and courtesy of his nature. We were entertained as royal guests in his poor though scrupulously neat little adobe house, and, as we sat in the almost miniature garden beneath the shady and fragrant lime-tree, and listened to the good Padre's simple story of his life and work, our hearts went out to him in fullest sympathy.

The shadows of night had now fallen upon us; so, taking leave of good Padre de la Caridad and breathing a last grateful prayer at one of the wayside shrines, we hastened our steps towards the little station and bade a tender though reluctant adieu to Cholula and her quaint *Cerros Santos*.

IN HIS NAME.

By L. W. Reilly.

THE day that Mr. and Mrs. Brefny went out from Baltimore to Hanover to inspect the property that subsequently became their home, they noticed, as the train sped along, about a mile from their destination, a cottage, painted white, perched on the crest of a hillock that sloped downward to the track. It was a frame building, small and plain. It stood about a quarter of a mile from the railroad, remote from other dwellings, and was conspicuous by reason of its color, its isolation, and its situation on the top of an elevation. It had about it an air of gloom that was little relieved by a row of sunflowers, that flaunted their yellow heads all along its west side, and by clumps of geraniums that bloomed in two little mounds before its door. It had no barn anywhere near it, but only a mean shed a short distance back of it, and it had no fence of any kind to guard it from intrusion. As it flashed out of view, Mr. Brefny said:

"They must be lonesome folk that live in yon cot!"

"Or poor and friendless," replied his wife.

In another minute they were at their station and the white hut was forgotten for the time.

But it was remembered a week later, when, the purchase of "Rose Hill" having been made and the *penates* of the family having been moved to their new hearth, the prosaic question of where a supply of milk could be procured until a cow was bought, had to be laid before the housemaid who was to the manor born.

"Yo' kin git some ober to Mrs. Mills," was Mandy's answer.

"And where does Mrs. Mills live?"

"'Bout a mile east o' yere, in a little white house by de railroad."

"Has it a line of sunflowers growing all along one side of it?"

"Yas'um, dat's it."

So Mandy was sent to get some milk and to notify Mrs. Mills to deliver a gallon a day till further orders.

Thenceforward the owner of the white cottage came to the house of Brefny every morning for several weeks. Within that period she had become devotedly attached to the children, as if the affection pent up in her solitary heart had at last found objects on which to be lavished, and so she herself had unconsciously found grace and favor with the mother, to whose good-will there was no straighter road than via kindness to her offspring.

At that time Mrs. Mills was somewhere on the wintry side of sixty, spare, tall, and active for her years. Although her face was wrinkled, it still showed traces of the beauty that must have been hers when young. Her hands, rough, furrowed and calloused as they were by work and years, were yet shapely. In spite of her age she had no use for spectacles, for her sight was still fairly keen, especially as she did little sewing and no reading. A twinge of rheumatism in the knee, which made her carry a cane, was her only ailment.

Her ordinary outer dress consisted of a black sateen-quilted petticoat, a gingham apron, a striped woolen jacket, a large silk kerchief about her shoulders, and pinned under her chin; a loose woolen hood, and, under it, a linen band covering her forehead, to hide the scantiness of her hair and to keep her head warm, that looked like the upper part of a nun's wimple.

One quality that recommended the milk-woman to Mrs. Brefny, was that she was not a gossip. She apparently knew little of her neighbors, and never spoke of them. She was extremely reticent, but she was also sympathetic, like a person who, having seen much sorrow, has learned through it to feel for the sufferings of others.

Her daily visits to the Brefny household came to an end when she sold her "bossy" to them; but after that she appeared regularly every Monday morning with a basket of eggs as an excuse to be a child again with the children for an hour, and to talk with the mother. Once she found the little ones poring over an old black-letter volume, full of quaint pictures of holy subjects and extracts from the Fathers, and, being slow to read herself, from want of practice, and because of the s's that looked like f's, she herself persuaded Mrs. Brefny to read out to her and them the passages that went with some of the most graceful of the illustrations. The one that pleased her most was this quotation from St. Bernard:

"It is not idly that the Holy Ghost likeneth the name of the Bridegroom to oil when He maketh the bride say to the Bridegroom: 'Thy name is as oil poured forth.' Oil, indeed, giveth light, meat and unction. It feedeth fire, it nourisheth the flesh, it sootheth pain—it is light, food and healing.

"Behold thus also is the name of the Bridegroom. To preach it is to give light; to think of it is to feed the soul; to call on it is to win grace and unction. Let us take it point by point. What, thinkest thou, hath made the light of faith so suddenly and so brightly to shine in the whole world, but the preaching of the name of Jesus? Is it not in the light of this name that God hath called us in His marvellous light, even that light wherewith we, being enlightened, and in this seeing light? Paul saith truly to us: 'Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord.'

"The name of Jesus is not a name of light only, but it is meat also. Dost thou ever call it to mind and remain unstrengthened? Is there anything like it to enrich the soul of him that thinketh of it? What is there like it to restore the fagged senses, to fortify strength, to give birth to good lives and pure affections? The soul is fed on husks if that whereon it feedeth lack seasoning with this salt. If thou writest, thou hast no meaning for me if I read not of Jesus there. If thou preachest or disputest, thou hast no meaning for me if I hear not of Jesus there. The mention of Jesus is honey in my mouth, music in my ear, and gladness in my heart.

"It is our healing, too. Is any sorrowful among us? Let the thought of Jesus come into his heart and spring to his mouth.

"Behold, when the day of that name beginneth to break, every cloud will flee away and there will be a great calm."

As Mrs. Brefny looked up from the book preparatory to closing it, she was surprised to see Mrs. Mills softly weeping, her head buried in her hands. Evidently the words of the great Cistercian monk had touched a tender chord in her heart. What had affected her, the reader could not imagine, and not wishing to intrude into her grief, she judged that the truest kindness would be to take no notice of her emotion.

Ever after that day, whenever Mrs. Mills visited the Brefny homestead, she would ask to see that ancient volume, and often, when the weather was fine, she would sit out doors for hours, with the book on her lap and the children playing around her.

* * *

In the fall of that same year, Mrs. Mills fell sick. Her malady for a while baffled Dr. Harrison who was called in to attend her. At length he came to the correct conclusion, that in addition to the complication of old age, cold and derangement of the digestive power, there was a spiritual disorder that was

preying on her physical well-being and preventing its recuperation.

"You've got some trouble on your mind, Mrs. Mills," he said to her, "and until you get rid of that you're not likely to get well."

"We all have our cross," she said evasively, "an' ef I'm to get rid o' mine first, I guess I'll not get well."

Some days she was too ill to get up, and then Mrs. Brefny, Mandy, or some of the other neighbors or their servants, attended to her few wants. At other times, she felt strong enough to sit up, and then nothing would do but she must have the black-letter book in her lap and the passage on the Holy Name must be read to her.

"It comforts me," she was wont to say.

There came a day when, even on her sick-bed, that touch of nature that shows us all what vain things we mortals be, asserted itself. Mrs. Brefny was alone with her in the white cottage, and while doing her the service of washing her face, said cheerily:

"You must have been pretty, Mrs. Mills, when you were a girl."

A smile of pleasure lighted the wrinkled countenance. The woman back of it seemed to grow radiant again and to be about to cast off the withered mask at the bidding of her latent vanity. For answer she said:

"Will you please go to that trunk, ma'am, an' raise the lid, an' take off the cover o' that compartment in the corner?"

Mrs. Brefny did as requested and there in that leather-covered trunk she found the daguerrotype of a lovely child of nine.

"That's me, ma'am!" complacently said the invalid.

Hard was it to believe that that plump and bright, and fair, and tender maid was the same person as this scrawny, blear-eyed dame; yet, on closer scrutiny, a strong resemblance in contour and expression was apparent.

The sight of the likeness of herself in childhood brought a flood of memories to the old woman, and so softened her that at last she said:

"Ma'am, I'd like to tell you my story. It's to no one else I'd tell it, but I feel that I can trust you, an' it would do me good to open my heart to some one I could let peer into the inside of it. May I, ma'am?"

"If to confide in me would do you any good or help me to help you, then certainly tell me. But I do not ask it. I would not pry into your secrets for all the world."

"O, ma'am, please don't say anythin' o' pryin', you that are the lady, an' that has been so good to me," and the wasted hands were stretched out above the coverlet in appeal.

For answer, Mrs. Brefny went over to the bedside, and, taking the sick woman's hands in hers, she patted them fondly, and then sat down, so as to be near the teller of the story, in order to spare her the strain of talking loud.

After a moment or two of silence, Mrs. Mills began:

"My name isn't Mrs. Mills. You won't ask me what it is. I took that name when I came here from the mill-towns o' New England, where I spent the best part of my life, so that my own name mightn't remind none o' the people hereabout o' me.

"I was born in this neighborhood, the only daughter of my parents, who had, besides me, an only son. I can see from a spot in front of this house the farm where I was raised in Ann Arundel county.

"When I grew up to be a lass of eight, I was sent to the Elkridge school. Among the boys, there was one called—well, never mind his name. His parents lived near mine, an' his three sisters an' two brothers an' him, used to go together with my brother an' me, to an' from school, every day.

"As the years went by, that boy an' me became attached to one another, until he called me his sweetheart.

"Later he was sent to Baltimore to school, an' there he learned how to draw an' to paint. If you will look again in the trunk, you will find a picture, made by him, of him an' me at the bridge over the Patapsco."

Mrs. Brefny got up, went over to the trunk, found the sketch, and returned with it to the seat by the bed.

"When I was seventeen," continued Mrs. Mills, "we became engaged. He was then employed in a photograph gallery in town, an' makin' good wages. We got married secretly. But a few days after the marriage he disappeared, an' no one that knew him has never saw him since."

Here the poor creature broke down, and wailed hysterically. Mrs. Brefny tried to soothe her, and entreated her not to recall the unhappy past; but she, making a brave effort to control her feelings, declared that it solaced her to tell to a friendly heart the grief that obscured her life.

"Some months after his disappearance I ran away from home. You can imagine why. I first fled to Baltimore, to hunt for him. After two weeks of fruitless search, I went to Philadelphia. There I stayed in an institution until my first and only child was born."

Again she broke down and cried until she had her cry out.

"As soon as I was strong enough to work," she went on, "I got a situation with a nice Quaker family. But when *it* died, I couldn't stay in that place no more, an' so I hurried to New York. I found employment there at once as house-maid, but I was restless, an' homesick, an' unhappy. Yet I had not the courage to return, nor to let my people know where I was. To get the better o' the cravin' fer home, I determind to go farther away; so I went to Boston, an' to Lowell, an' Fall River, an' Providence, an' Willimantic, an' Rockville, an' other places. I liked factory work better nor service, an' I wanted to live right, an' to save money.

"My folks at home had never joined no religion an' I grew up the same way. An' when my trouble came upon me, my mind was too black an' my heart too bitter fer anythin' o' that sort. So I had no use fer God. But one chilly night in Providence, I was passin' a church which I afterwards learned was the Church o' the Holy Name, an' it was all lighted up, an' it was full o' people, an' they were havin' a revival there, what you Catholics call a mission, an' I thought I'd go in fer a moment to get warm an' to see what they were a-doin'.

"Just as I got in, the music came to an end, an' a preacher got up into the pulpit an' began to preach. My, but he spoke beautiful! I didn't intend to stay but a minute, but I did stay, standing all the while just inside the door, for an hour an' a quarter. He spoke on the name of Jesus. When I got out I couldn't remember but one sentence of all he said, I was that confused an' stirred with a new hope in the midst o' my darkness an' despair. That sentence he repeated a dozen times. It fixed itself in my mind for ever. It was—'Amen, amen, I say to you: if you ask the Father anything in my name, he will give it to you.'

"From that night I began to say every day, an' a hundred times every day—'Father, I ask Thee in the name of Jesus, bring him back to me.'

"From that night, too, I began to long to return to the home o' my childhood. But I fought against that yearnin', as I resisted it before, by goin' among new people in strange places. Yet I couldn't conquer it. Day an' night it was urgin' me. Awake or asleep it gave me no peace.

"Finally, three years ago I came back here, forty-five years to a day from the time I had left it. I put my savings in the Metropolitan Bank in Baltimore, all but enough to buy this place, the only one that I found for sale in the neighborhood that was small, an' off to itself, an' near the old farm.

"My people are all dead. My brother was carried off by typhoid fever the year after I left home and sorrow broke the hearts of my father and mother. O, ef the young would only think before they do wrong, of the other hearts that must bleed because o' their folly! A relative somehow got possession o' their property, sold it, went into business, failed an' died. It has passed to two other parties since. I don't want to trouble them, even ef I had a title to it, which I don't know that I have. I wouldn't make myself known for all Howard and Ann Arundel counties put together. Besides, I have enough to last me to the end.

"His people, too, are all dead or moved away, except one sister, who is married and lives over near St. Denis. She learned that he had gone to Chicago, an' from there to Denver, an' from there to Los Angeles, but she couldn't trace him further. I found that out in a quiet way.

"So, although I sometimes think he must be dead, I can't get over the impression made on me by that sermon, an' I still say many times a day: 'Father, I ask Thee in the name of Jesus, bring him back to me!'

"I need not beg you to keep my secret," said she in conclusion," because my heart tells me that it can trust yours. And now, ef I'm called away, you will see that I'm put to rest decently, an' I'll notify the bank to give what's left o' my money to your little Louise."

"Pray, Mrs. Mills, don't speak of dying yet, nor say anything that will make my visits to you seem sordid. Your story has left a strange feeling with me that in His own time and in His own way, the Father will bring your husband back to you for Jesus' sake and for His name's sake. But meanwhile, should you not see some minister of your denomination to ——"

"No, no!" broke in the sick woman impetuously, and she shook her head from side to side on the pillow. Then more slowly: "I did think that ef he was brought back to me, I'd become a church member; but what's the use of wishin' an' talkin'? Yet I can't help it; I will hope; I will say: "Father, I ask Thee in the name of Jesus, bring him back to me!"

* * *

In the next three months Mrs. Mills so far recovered her health as to be up and about. But she was not strong. Her vitality was going down. Hope deferred was helping to undermine her sturdy constitution. She went about her household tasks without zest. To live was an effort. Her sole pleasure was to walk over to the house of Brefny and have the children around her, especially the youngest, bonny Louise.

She never referred, in her talks with Mrs. Brefny, to the disclosures that she had made concerning herself, but there was a tacit understanding between them. Confidence had begotten sympathy, even as love begets love.

Without mentioning the deed to any one, she had procured a visit from the bank's lawyer and had bequeathed and devised all her property, amounting in value to about $7,500, in equal shares to the four Brefny children, changing her former purpose to give it all to Louise, for she said to herself: "It's not good for girls to be dowerless, nor is it well for one sister to have more than the others."

And so she lived on, hoping against hope, trusting and doubting, and trusting again the solemn promise of the Holy Name.

One bitterly cold night, shortly after Mrs. Mills had retired, a knock came to the front door of the white house. She arose and dressed herself hurriedly and going to the door, asked, before she unlocked it, lest her visitor should be a tramp: "Who's there?"

"Open in the name of Christ," was the response; "there's been an accident on the railroad, the train is ditched and wrecked and on fire; one man has been injured and we've brought him here."

The door was instantly opened. There, accompanied by six other men, was the chief victim of the accident, lying on a rude stretcher, made of part of the side of a car on which the cushions from two seats had been placed. He was unconscious and was covered with overcoats. As soon as he was brought in and laid on the bed, one train-hand went one way for Dr. Harrison, and the other went the other way for Dr. Eric.

"Was no one killed?" curiously inquired Mrs. Mills.

"Not one," said one of the passengers, "and no one was badly injured except this unfortunate man here. It was a miracle!"

"It certainly is the most wonderful accident I ever heard of," said another passenger.

"Me, too, boss!" exclaimed the colored porter who had been one of the stretcher-bearers.

Presently the three passengers went back to the wreck, leaving the colored porter to act as nurse. When Dr. Harrison came, he found the sufferer still unconscious. He made a hurried examination but discovered no fractures.

"He must be injured internally," was his comment.

After doing all that could be done, the doctor went away, promising to be back at dawn.

A trained nurse took the place of the negro when the wrecking train arrived, for the doctor had given orders that on no account must the man be moved again to take him to the hospital in the city.

Very little sleep did Mrs. Mills get that night, sitting in the big arm-chair by the fire. At the break of day she went into the bedroom to smooth the pillow of her unexpected guest. As she tucked the covers lightly in about him, he awoke, and, looking dazedly about him, asked her: "Where am I?"

The sound of his voice thrilled her to the marrow. She was spellbound for an instant. Then instinctively she averted her face.

"What has happened?"

She tried to answer, but she was too far mastered by emotion to utter a word. But her mind and heart had speech. "O Heavenly Father," she seemed to herself to say, "I thank Thee in the name of Jesus for having brought him back to me!"

The man tried to rise but gave up the attempt with a groan. The cry of anguish made her turn around towards him. He looked at her long and scrutinizingly and then he gasped:

"My God, Alice, is that you?"

Not if the wealth of the world had been offered her for a word, could she have said it. Her heart seemed to be bursting in her bosom. A faintness came over her and she would have fallen had not her outstrethed hand found a chair.

"Alice, Alice!" called the man, "for Christ's sake tell me is it you!"

Then tears poured into her eyes—tears of grief for the wrong of the past, tears of contrition for the sin, tears of sorrow for the pains of a long and hard life, tears of regret for what might have been, tears of joy that the lost had been found, tears of gratitude for the answered prayer. And then the church in Providence came before her mind, all lighted up and crowded with people, and the priest went up into the pulpit and said: "Amen, amen, I say to you—if you ask the Father anything in my name, he will give it to you!"

"Alice, for the love of God, if it be you, answer me."

Now, at last, her tongue was loosened and she answered:

"Yes, Robert, it's Alice!"

"O, thanks be to God," he cried faintly, "that, at last——"

"Come now," said a quiet voice of command, "you musn't talk and get excited this way." It was the trained nurse, who, having dozed off in his chair by the fire in the dining-room, had been awakened by the sound of the sick man's appeal and had hurried in to put a stop to the conversation.

"Who are you?" inquired the man.

"I am the nurse, sent by the railroad to take care of you."

"Well, you please go out of here. You have done your duty by notifying me not to talk. Now I choose to take the risk. So go!"

What passed between the two when they were again alone, will never be revealed. Certain it is, however, that when the doctor came shortly afterwards, he found them hand in hand and unconscious, the one from acute pain, the other from debility, and both from emotion.

With the aid of the nurse the doctor brought them to, and then he forbade any further conversation. But when he was asked whether or not there was room for hope, he shook his head, dubiously. The injured man then said:

"Thanks be to God! No power on earth can put us apart for one minute of the few that are left for us to be together."

"Well, I'm telling you, sir, for your own good," replied the doctor. "I don't know what— "

"That's all right, doctor, and I'm obliged to you; but we know the whys and wherefores, so let us have our way in peace."

Thereupon the doctor and the nurse left the room, the former saying outside to the latter:

"I must go now, as I have an urgent case on the Pike. Give them five or ten minutes, and then call her out, and persuade her, for his sake, to let him rest."

But the "five or ten minutes" were changed into two hours, since Mrs. Mills refused, at the entreaty of the man, to leave his bedside, and then she went into the next room only to request the nurse to go for the Rev. Father Drury, whose directions she gave him.

The priest responded to the summons promptly. On the way to the white cottage, he called at "Rose Hill," and requested Mrs. Brefny to follow him in about half an hour to the house of Mrs. Mills. There he gave the necessary instructions, administered conditional baptism and the last sacraments to the victim of the accident.

That night Robert died. With a look of ineffable peace on his countenance, his right hand holding a crucifix, his left clasping a blessed candle, and clasped by the hand of his wife, hoping, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to find mercy with God, he calmly breathed his last.

His property, consisting of a photographic studio in Honolulu, and a sugar plantation on another island of Hawaii, went to his married sister in St. Denis. Even she, so he had requested, does not know the manner, or the place, or the date of his death.

In less than a month his wife followed him. To the last she was exuberant in gratitude to the Father who so wonderfully—if, indeed, so strictly in accordance with the strangeness of His ways that are not as the ways of man—had granted her persistent prayer, had accepted the repentance of her sad life, and had so multiplied His mercies at the end.

Side by side they lie in the hillside graveyard of St. Augustine's Church, near Elkridge Landing, and over them is a small stone with this inscription:

R. I. P.

ROBERT AND ALICE

"*Amen, amen, I say to you: if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it to you.*"

FOR MY LADY'S DAY.

By W. F. Ennis, S.J.

Beneath no ivied tower I stand,
With song on lip and lute in hand
To greet my Lady's day.
No fickle hand opes lattice pane
To wave in love—mayhap, disdain,
At me, her knight so gay.

Apart from city's crowded street,
Where pain and pleasure voiceless meet,
I find my Lady's throne.
Expectant are her eyes for mine,
Her yearning arms would me entwine
And claim me all her own.

She leans adown most lovingly
To hear my heart make melody
In sweet yet wordless song.
What words my Lady's love can tell!
She reads my tangled heart songs well;
My heart hath been hers long.

My Lady dwelt far o'er the sea
In times agone in Galilee
Where roller-birds flash bright.
But now—deep mystery of love,
Though Queen of royal courts above,
She's near me day and night.

I trow you know this Lady mine,
Not mine alone, but also thine,
Is Lady Mary fair.
What birthday gift for Mary blest?
A blameless life she prizeth best,
And simple childlike prayer.

THE SLAVE OF THE SLAVES.

I.

"IF THOU WILT BE PERFECT."

THE grave, tender voice of the Master counselling the young man in the Gospel is still heard through the ages, and some who hear "leave their nets" and follow Him, and some find it a hard saying, and with bowed head and faltering step turn from the Master's inviting presence and walk with Him no more. The call is not heard in all places nor at all times; but the invitation heeded has given to the Church, saints, and to the world, heroes.

CLAVER PROSELYTES.

All of God's saints are heroes, but the world that sees not the heroism of self conquest in the hidden lives of most of the saints passes them by unnoticed. It looks rather for the glory of Tabor than the obscurity of Nazareth. Hence it is that God in His providence raises up visible signs that even an unbelieving world must recognize; men whose work, judged even by the shortsighted standard of the world, must be acknowledged as heroes. Among such is Peter Claver, the apostle of the negroes, who signed himself "the slave of the slaves forever."

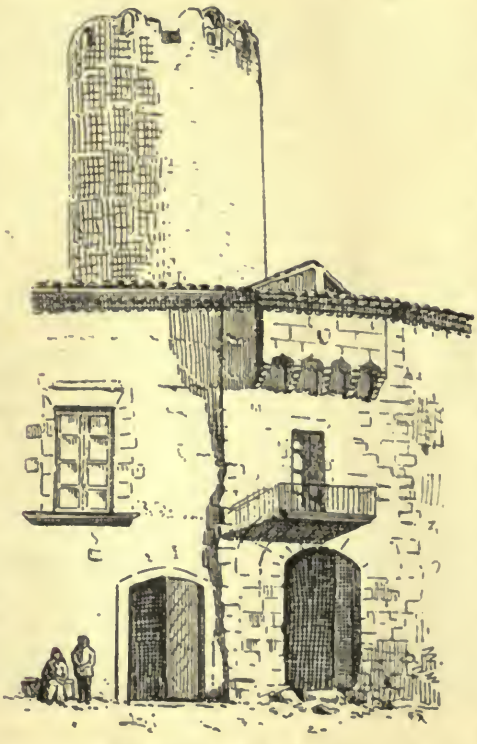
He was born at Verdu, in the principality of Catalonia, Spain, on June 26, 1580. His parents, Peter Claver and Anna Sabocano, both of illustrious Catalonian families, were distinguished for their virtues They watched carefully over the first happy years of Peter's simple village life, and their pious solicitude was rewarded by his docility and sweetness of manner.

He was early sent to Solsona, where one of his uncles was a canon of the cathedral. Under the tutelage of this pious priest he laid the solid foundation of a good education, and made rapid progress in piety. By the advice of this uncle he was sent to Barcelona, where he could find facilities to secure an education that would fit him for the ecclesiastical state for which his pious parents had destined him from his infancy.

Barcelona at this time was a great seat of learning, and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus were laboring in the College of Belen, in that city, to introduce the practice of frequent Communion. It was here he first met the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. He joined the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and was soon recognized as one of the most devout sodalists. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Mother of God were his chief devotions at this period. His only

recreation was to hold pious conversation with the Jesuit Fathers of the college. These talks gave him an insight into the spirit of the Order, and laid the foundation of the vocation which was soon to be developed.

His desire to enter the new order was at first kept secret, and it was not until the University of Barcelona had conferred on him his degrees with marked distinction, not until he had received tonsure and the four minor orders, on which occasion the bishop publicly commended him for his learning and virtue, that a flood of divine grace banished all hesitation, and he resolved to seek admission into the Society of Jesus. Having secured his father's permission and blessing, he was received as a novice into the Society, and on the morning of August 7, 1602, in his twenty-third year, dressed in a poor travelling garb, he knocked at the door of the Jesuit novitiate in Tarragona.



WHERE CLAVER WAS BORN.

There are no incidents recorded of Peter's noviceship that would single him out from his companions. He was exact in the observance of all the rules, obedient, industrious and humble. That he grasped the full import of his call to the way of the counsels, may be gathered from the following extract, taken from a diary which he kept at this time. It is the fourth rule of conduct which he marks down for himself, "to seek nothing in this world but what Christ, our Lord, sought there. As He came on earth to save souls and died for them on the Cross, we should try to gain them for Him, for this joyfully offering ourselves to any labor, and to death itself; receiving with contentment and joy of heart for the love of Christ, any insult that may be offered us, and desiring that they may be many, yet so that we give no cause for them on our part, and that there be no offence to God."

Among the experiments to which the young Jesuit novice is subjected, is what is known as the month of pilgrimage. The novices are sent two by two, to visit some shrine. They must travel on foot, live on alms, and lodge in the hospitals. The shrine assigned to Peter was that of Montserrat. It was at this shrine that St. Ignatius had prayed, and hung his sword in testimony of his devotion to the Queen of Heaven. While here the novice loved to spend hours in prayer before the miraculous statue of our Lady and many were the favors he received. In after life the memory of these days brought tears of joy to his eyes.

On August 8, 1604, he took his vows. He wrote at that time: "I consecrate myself to God till death, looking on myself henceforth as a slave, whose whole office lies in being at the service of his Master, and working with all my soul, body and mind, to please and satisfy Him in all and by all."

Most of the following year was spent

in the Jesuit seminary at Gerona, where he so distinguished himself as to be employed as professor. At this time a college of the society had been opened in Majorca, and thither he was sent to make his course of philosophy. This appointment was the source of much consolation to Claver, for he had heard of the sanctity of Brother Alphonsus Rodriguez, and rejoiced that he was to live for a time under the same roof with this holy lay brother. Brother Rodriguez, the college porter, led a life of heroic virtue, and as his life was drawing to a close God gave him the glorious task of moulding the heart of the apostle of the negroes. The heart of Alphonsus was consumed with apostolic zeal, and as a reward for his years of humble patience he was to find Claver's young and ardent heart the right material in which to enkindle the consuming fire.

The will of God in regard to Peter Claver was revealed to Alphonsus, and with this assurance he spoke to him of the Indies : told him of the souls perishing, of the plentiful harvest, and of the dearth of laborers. He spoke of the sufferings to be undergone, and the reward to be reaped.

The appeal of the holy brother was in accord with Claver's own holy ambition, and as the time of his philosophical studies drew to a close, he wrote to his superiors, asking to be sent to the mission of the West Indies. He was recalled to Barcelona, to study theology, with the promise that his vocation to the Indies would be examined. During the next two years he frequently renewed his request for the foreign missions, and, when, in 1609, Father Claudius Acquaviva, the General of the Society, ordered that each of the Spanish provinces should send a missionary to the recently founded province of the New World, Peter Claver was selected for the province of Aragon. Thus was his ever-increasing desire for the missions gratified, and in April, 1610, he sailed with his companions from the port of Seville.

During the voyage, which was long and tedious, Claver devoted himself to the care of the sick, and at an appointed hour he assembled the passengers and crew for catechetical instruction and the recitation of the beads. His apostolate had begun, and he had left all to follow Christ, for, although his parents lived within a few miles of Barcelona, he did not, on passing through that city, go to see them, or notify them of his coming. It is moreover said that as the shores of Spain vanished from the gaze of those on board, all memory of the land of his birth seemed to fade from his mind and heart. He never asked for news from Spain, and never alluded to the past, except in a few instances when he recalled incidents of his religious life.

When leaving Seville Peter Claver had not received holy orders. This was at his own request, for he pleaded his unworthiness, and asked for more time to prepare. Hence on his arrival at Cartagena he was sent to Santa Fé de Bogota, to complete his studies. This house was newly founded, and was extremely poor, and Claver was called on to do the greater part of the domestic work. He was porter, sacristan and cook. The dexterity with which he combined these different occupations with the study of theology, was truly marvellous. In fact he hoped in his humility that his superiors, seeing his aptitude for domestic work, might permit him to carry out his holy desire of spending his life as a lay brother in the Society.

His superiors, however, thought otherwise, and at the end of his third year of noviceship, which was made in the novitiate at Tunja, he pronounced his last vows, to which he added a special vow, "to devote himself forever to the salvation of the negroes."

II.

"GO FORTH."

He was sent at once to Cartagena, where he was ordained priest in March, 1616.

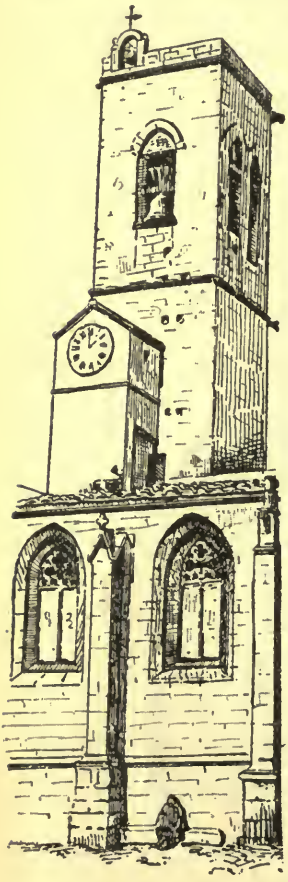
At this time Cartagena was the scene

of that struggle in which the nations of Europe were engaged for the wealth of the New World. It was the market for the treasures of Mexico, Peru and the islands of the West Indies. Every Spanish vessel was compelled by law to touch at Cartagena on its outward voyage to the Western hemisphere. Spanish sailors and merchants and sea captains and soldiers crowded its quays. Avarice, corruption, greed and cruelty were the characteristics of the motley crowd that thronged that tropical city. Almost every vessel that entered that harbor brought a living, or rather a dying, cargo of negro slaves. These unfortunate human beings had suffered great hardships during the slave hunt. Then the cruel march to the sea left them starved and worn out on the African coast, where they were crowded 800 and 900 at a time, into the tomb-like holds of the vessels that were to bring them to Cartagena. When at length after the long passage through the torrid heats they were brought on shore from their dark and fetid prisons, they were a reeking mass of corrupting humanity. Here they met with as little pity from their white purchaser as they did from the slave-catcher, who had bartered them for some trifle. It is estimated that 10,000 or 12,000 negroes were landed yearly at Cartagena, to be transported to the West Indian islands or to the mines of Peru. It was in the midst of such cruelty that God raised up a living witness of His providence over these abandoned creatures, a witness who brought a message of peace and pardon to their souls. This witness was St. Peter Claver, who, recognizing that his mission was from above, had offered himself to labor for the salvation of these outcasts.

CLAVER'S SPECIAL VOCATION.

Up to the present his life had been but a preparation ; he had but received, now he is to give. He is to be a witness of God's mercy in the midst of misery, a vindication of God's providence in face of man's oppression, a channel of God's

grace to hundreds of thousands of abandoned souls. He was not a great preacher or reformer. He was an apostle. He took no interest in the social question; he was not interested in slavery but in the slaves. Yet it must be admitted that men like Claver are true reformers. By laboring to improve the individual slaves, they improved the class, and by compelling the slave owners to look upon the slaves as human beings they truly paved the way for emancipation.



THE CAMPANILE.

The first year of labor among the slaves was spent in company with, and under the guidance of, Father Alphonso de Sandoval of the Society of Jesus, who for some years had devoted himself to the salvation of the slaves. It is said that during the course of his ministry Father de Sandoval baptized more than 30,000 negroes. Father de Sandoval had four maxims which were readily adopted by Claver: (1) that the missionary must not wait to be summoned, but must trust to his own watchfulness alone; (2) that he must attend immediately to each case that arises, for every succeeding day is too full for anything to be left to the morrow; (3) that he must keep on the best terms with doctors, overseers and others, that they may send for him when occasion demands; (4) that he must do all for the love of God, and leave the result to Him.

Our saint's work, during the forty years he devoted himself to the slaves of Cartagena, might be divided under four heads: first, the teaching and conversion of the slaves newly arrived; secondly, the care of those settled in Cartagena; thirdly, the constant visiting of hospitals and prisons; fourthly, the country missions.

St. Peter Claver saw in the cruel slave trade the hand of divine Providence guiding these poor creatures to the light of faith which they would never have beheld in their own idolatrous country, and he looked on himself as an instrument in the hands of God to spread this light. His was a work of love prompted by faith and so well known was his love for the work that the principal authorities would vie with each other in their endeavor to be the first to bring him the news of the arrival of a slave ship. On receiving the news his face lighted up, his eyes sparkled, and the enthusiasm of youth showed itself in every movement. His first act was to kneel and thank God that he had another opportunity to break the bread of life to hungry souls.

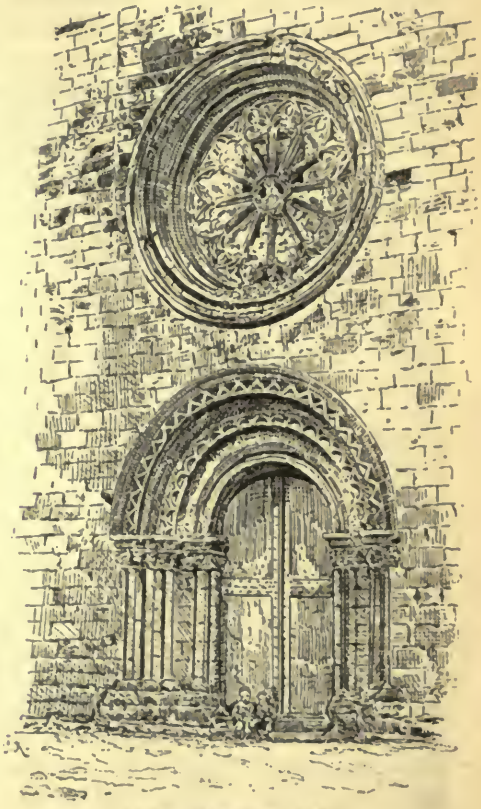
Then came the preparation, and what a preparation! He loaded himself with refreshing drinks, fruit, preserves, lemons, brandy and tobacco. Strange arms for a soldier of the cross! But they were the "bait," for he often said these poor people must first be spoken to by the hand with gifts. He next inquired of what race they were that he might secure the right interpreters. The multiplied variety of language and dialect among the different races would have deterred most men from undertaking the task Claver set himself. It is related that on one ship there were slaves speaking forty different dialects. Claver had seven interpreters, one of whom spoke four different languages. At times it was neces-

sary to employ five different interpreters in one case, thus forming a chain of communication by means of the different dialects. Surrounded by his interpreters and loaded with his "bait" he would stand at the dock awaiting the first opportunity to go on board.

To these poor slaves Claver's presence was like a ray of light athwart a lowering sky. Almost crazed by their past sufferings they looked forward to new atrocities, but the genuine love that shone in Claver's eyes as he embraced them and ministered to their bodily wants won their hearts. They had reached an oasis in their lives of misery, barren of kindly deeds and acts of charity. After distributing the provisions he inquired if any children had been born on the voyage. These he immediately baptized. His next care were the sick and dying. If they were Christians he heard their confessions and prepared them for death; if they were not Christians he instructed and baptized them. He loved to remain as long as possible with the sick, feeding them and showing them every attention their condition and his charity could suggest. Thus he won their hearts and those of the bystanders who beheld his tenderness towards the sick.

When the day of disembarkation dawned Claver was again on the quay with his provisions and interpreters as before. The poor slaves crowded forward to catch a sight of him and greeted him with clapping of hands in token of their gratitude. He helped them to descend from the vessel and received them with the kiss of peace. He provided conveyances for the sick and saw them safely lodged in their new quarters, the slave pens. These were little better than the hold of the vessel from which they were taken, but at least they would not remain here so long.

Early the next morning after saying Mass, laden with provisions for the sick, he hurried so rapidly towards the slave quarters that his interpreters could scarcely keep pace with him. He first inquired for the sick and attended to their wants. He then assembled the slaves in the large courtyard where he erected an altar and decorated it with pictures suited to convey to their dull minds some idea of the truths he was about to teach them. When the altar was decorated the work of classification of his pupils began. To accomplish this he was obliged to question each



PARISH CHURCH AT VERDU.

negro separately. If this precaution was not taken they would all answer alike. He then divided the negroes into three classes, those who had been baptized, those who had not, and those whose baptism was doubtful. He distinguished them by medals which he hung around their necks. Then he began the characteristic work of his life —the teaching of the Christian doctrine.

His method of catechizing was some-

thing akin to our modern kindergarten system. He employed both pictures and gestures largely in his instructions. The necessity and efficacy of the sacrament of baptism was portrayed by the central picture that hung over the altar. It was a picture of the crucifixion. Streams of blood flowed from the five wounds and were collected in a precious vase, by a priest who was about to baptize therefrom a negro who knelt in deep devotion awaiting that grace. Cardinals and kings in costly robes assisted at the ceremony. To one side of this group were shown, in shining light, the negroes who had received baptism; on the other, hideous and deformed, those who had rejected it. Such pictures were a powerful help in impressing the truths of faith on the minds of the negroes.

He began his instructions by making very solemnly a very large sign of the cross, saying at the same time the usual words. This was repeated several times, and then he went to each negro in the audience and made him sign himself with the same holy sign. He rewarded with fruit and candy those who did well, but he never passed on to another until the one he was instructing had learned the lesson. The prayers were taught by the same laborious process. His instructions were simple and brightened by comparisons and illustrations. To impress on them that they should give up idolatry and be baptized, he would say: "See, my children, you must do like the serpent who shakes off his old skin that he may have another and far more beautiful one." When they were prepared by a series of such instructions, he baptized them with all possible solemnity. It is estimated that the number he thus baptized was 400,000.

St. Peter Claver's method of dealing with these miserable members of the human family conveys a wholesome lesson to many, who, in our own day, pose as defenders of the poor. These seem to have lost sight of that which alone can alleviate the misery of the lower classes. They take a wrong starting point. Instead of bringing peace and consolation to the unfortunate, they strive by their speeches, and they contribute nothing but talk, to influence the worst passions of corrupt nature, to engender hatred towards the more fortunate, to sow discontent where they should engraft hope and cultivate peace.

Claver, crucifix in hand, spoke to them of the sufferings of Christ, and the great love of the Redeemer for each one of them. He rebuked them for their sins instead of pitying them for their misfortunes. He exhorted them to suffer still more in proportion as he aroused in them a deeper sense of their own guilt, and they forgot the wrongs inflicted on them in the face of the evil they themselves had done. He taught them the infinite love of God for each one of them, and held out to them the hope of an eternal reward which was within the reach of all, and a sweet peace and holy resignation diffused itself into their unfortunate lives. They became conscious of an individual responsibility; they realized that they had duties as well as rights. In that moment they rose above fallen human nature their condition had improved. But while Claver thus labored to elevate the oppressed he was not silent in the presence of the oppressor. He openly rebuked the masters for their cruelty, and fearlessly conceded to the slaves those rights and privileges which were theirs, despite the indignation and opposition of the slave owner.

Our saint was not satisfied when he had baptized the negroes; he would have them good Christians, and hence followed them up when they were within his reach, advising, instructing and rebuking them as occasion required. The sick slaves were special objects of his zealous care. No case was so loathsome that it could deter Claver in his ministry of love. To show the high degree of heroic self-conquest reached by this lover of the Cross, we need recall but one instance of his heroic charity.

A messenger from the house of a rich trader once called him to confess a negro who was covered all over with sores. The stench exhaled from his putrid body was so fetid that he was placed apart in an outhouse. No one went near the sufferer; so horrible was his very appearance. Even Claver, when he beheld him, was seized with a repugnance which made him recoil. But the recoil of nature was met and mastered, as the trader, who, having heard of the charity of Claver and anxious to witness it, had, unknown to the saint, followed him and testified to the way he conquered the weakness of human nature. At the first recoil of nature Claver withdrew and gave himself a severe discipline, saying to himself: "Is this the way that you refuse to touch a brother redeemed by the Precious Blood? But you shall pay for it, and learn charity!" He then returned, knelt by the side of the sick man, tenderly kissed the loathsome sores, and cleansed them with his tongue. He gave refreshments to the sufferer, heard his confession, spoke to him a long while of heavenly things, and left him much consoled.

Such an instance gives us an insight into the self-conquest which enabled him to labor so long and cheerfully in a field so abhorrent to human nature. The outcast slaves, the poor in the hospitals, the lepers, the prisoners, the soldiers, the merchants, all classes in short, were objects of his zeal. He was not only the apostle of the negroes, but of all Cartagena. His zeal for the slaves was not confined to Cartagena, for every year he undertook long and laborious missions into the surrounding country. He travelled over arid wastes of country, from village to village, baptizing, hearing confessions, catechizing and preaching from morning until late at night. When he returned, worn out by these excursions, it was only to resume his customary round of duties in Cartagena. The scorching sun, drenching rain, or biting wind could not prevent him from making a single charitable visit.

MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

God's work was to be done at the cost of any sacrifice, and Peter Claver worked with an energy, a love, and a devotedness that won the hearts of the most obdurate. After his day's work in the city he returned home, not to a well-merited rest, but to go to the confessional to hear the motley crowd that always surrounded it. And when at length the day is done, he retires to his room in the College of Cartagena. Let us see how he rests after his day of almost superhuman labor. In his room we do not find the most simple contrivances for comfort, which even the poor have. His bed was the hide of an ox, his pillow a block of wood. But poor as this bed was, he used it little, preferring to sleep on the bare floor. That room often became a hospital for months at a time, where Claver would nurse, with the tenderness of a mother, one of his negro interpreters, who was suffering from some disease that made it almost intolerable to be near him. But how does Claver spend the night when alone in his room? He first takes out a crown of very sharp thorns and places it upon his head; he then scourges himself with a severe discipline. He allows himself at most three hours of sleep, devoting the remainder of the night to prayer and penance. The passion of our Lord had the strongest attraction for him, and in imitation of his divine Master he labored that no part of his body should be without suffering. He bound his limbs with horsehair cords studded with iron points, and these he always wore. He never brushed away mosquitoes or other stinging insects, and his face was often covered with blood from their bites. If any one remarked it, he would laughingly say: "They are very useful, they bleed me without the need of a lancet."

He was often in his confessional as early as three o'clock in the morning. He heard confessions every day up to one hour before the last Mass, which he always said. This hour he spent in prayer, to prepare for the proper celebration of the holy sacrifice. He spoke to no one from the beginning of this hour until after the thanksgiving which followed the Mass.

He ate little, never taking more at a meal than those who fast take at a collation. This food was of the poorest kind, and frequently taken with the beggars, at the door of the house.

These are but a few instances of the many ways in which this holy man labored to mortify himself, and they give an insight into the source whence flowed that heroic charity and zeal which characterized his apostolate.

III.

"WELL DONE."

What reward did our Lord grant His faithful follower? In this life he gave him a larger share in His cross. Claver had learned two maxims from his saintly master, Aphonsus Rodriguez and he found plenty of opportunity to practise them as his life work drew to a close. These maxims were, first: "When I am persecuted or calumniated I have either deserved it or not. If I have, why do I complain? Ought I not rather to correct my fault and seek pardon from God? If I have not deserved it, I should rejoice at it, and be grateful to God for this opportunity of suffering something for His love, and for the rest I must be silent." The second maxim was, "when crosses or opposition come, why do I not imitate the ass? When he is ill-treated he is silent; when he is neglected, over-laden, starved, despised, he is silent; whatever is said of him, whatever is done to him, he is still silent and makes no complaint. So likewise, should a true servant of God act and say with David: 'I am become like a beast of burden before Thee.'"

There was a storm raised against the Jesuits at Cartagena and it fell with all its violence upon Claver He was accused of re-baptizing those who had already received the sacrament. His

superior forbade him to baptize and we can imagine how keenly he felt this order which prevented him from opening the way of salvation to his beloved slaves. He submitted without a murmur and never asked to baptize until the order was rescinded. He was frequently misunderstood by his own superiors and brethren and bore patiently much suffering on that account.

A TRUE BROTHERHOOD.

The last four years of his life were spent in almost total solitude. Until 1650 when he was seventy years old he labored with unremitting ardor. He was then attacked by a very severe illness from which he never fully recovered. He was confined almost entirely to his room. The plague had visited Cartagena and many of the Fathers had succumbed to it. The few who remained were overburdened with work and unable to give the sick man the attention they would have wished. He was placed in the care of some negroes,

especially one awkward boy whose attendance, instead of being a source of comfort to him, only made his life a martyrdom. For days together he would be left without food or drink. His room was uncared for, and when the negro did come it was only to inflict savage treatment even going so far as to strike the poor invalid. During all this time Claver never uttered a word of complaint. "My sins," he would say, "deserve infinitely more."

During this long sickness he was abandoned by almost all. He seemed to be forgotten. On Sunday, September 6, 1654, he was assisted to the church for the last time, where he heard Mass and received Holy Communion. On his return he said to the brother "I am going to die, do you want anything for the next life?" He spent that day in prayer and towards evening was attacked by a violent fever. Early next morning he received Extreme Unction and his soul, purified by suffering, passed to its reward.

COLLEGE OF ST. PETER CLAVER.

No sooner was he dead than the city which had so forgotten and neglected him, seemed to realize its loss, and citizens of every class flocked to do honor to the holy missionary. Children went through the streets crying out "The saint is dead, the saint is dead." The slaves gathered from all quarters to do honor to their benefactor and the authorities vied with each other in their public expressions of esteem. Numerous miracles performed during life and after his death testified to the sanctity of the servant of God. He was declared blessed by Pope Pius IX., on September 21, 1851, and our Holy Father Leo XIII. during his year of jubilee solemnly proclaimed him a saint.

We have recently received from Rome the following authentic declaration in regard to the new honor conferred by the Holy See on the Apostle of the Negroes: "As St. Peter Claver, illustrious Confessor of the Society of Jesus, among the other priestly offices which he so admirably performed, was especially devoted for six and forty years in Cartagena to converting negroes and instructing them in the Catholic faith, he is not undeservedly considered the apostle of that race. Moreover, there is evidence that, even after his death, the holy confessor rendered missions to the negroes glorious by miracles, besides giving other proofs of his special patronage.

"Wherefore very many priests and especially Superiors and Bishops, having charge of negro missions in Africa, in North and South America, in Australia, and in various other parts of the world have, under the lead of Very Reverend Father Louis Martin, General of the Society of Jesus, besought by written petitions His Holiness, Leo XIII., in virtue of his supreme authority, to deign to declare St.

Peter Claver the special patron of all missions undertaken to bring the negroes to the knowledge of the Gospel, as well as to preserve in the faith those who have already been converted.

"His Holiness graciously received their petition and referred it to the Sacred Congregation of Rites to have their opinion on the matter. At a meeting of the Cardinals, composing this Congregation, held May 23 in the Vatican, Cardinal Camillus Mazzella, Promoter of this Cause, and Rev. Father Gustavus Persiani, Promoter of the Holy Faith, spoke upon the subject. After weighing well what they had to say and the petition itself, signed by so great a number of Bishops and Superiors, the Congregation declared in its favor, provided His Holiness were of the same opinion.

CANONIZED TOGETHER - ST. BERCHMANS, ST. CLAVER, ST. ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ.

"Cardinal Aloisi-Masella, Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, then reported their decision to His Holiness, which he deigned to approve and confirm. Thus he declared and appointed, by his supreme authority, St. Peter Claver, Confessor of the Society of Jesus, to be the special Patron with God of Missions to the Negroes. This took place July 7, 1896."

Thus has the "slave of the slaves" become their universal patron and a model for all apostolic men.

WHAT ANSWER?

By P. J. Coleman.

A million plumes are tossing in the grass,
The dandelions lift their shields of gold;
Is it the fairy chivalry that pass
To tourney with the spirits of the world?

Nay, each within himself the answer hath,
And reads the riddle as his mood may chance.
One paces, purblind, in a barren path,
One finds th' enchanted meadows of romance.

FOR DECEMBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE WORK OF TEACHING CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

SELDOM since the origin of the Apostleship of Prayer has a more important matter been proposed for the prayers of the Associates than the present—the Work of Christian Instruction. This is the foundation of all Christian life, and of the work of salvation. It is necessary as faith itself, without which "it is impossible to please God." "For faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ." "How shall they believe him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?" So says the Apostle St. Paul. Without Christian instruction, then, salvation is simply impossible.

The most brilliant minds in ancient and modern times have devoted their attention to the work of catechizing. The Holy Fathers and the great bishops of the Church were, without exception, indefatigable in imparting Christian instruction themselves and promoting this work in the Church. The greatest merit is probably due to St. Augustine, who was the first to compose a complete and systematized method of Christian instruction, the object of which was, as he himself writes, that the person under instruction "might believe by hearing, hope by believing, and love by hoping." In the Middle Ages, Rabanus Maurus, in Germany, and Gerson, in France, distinguished themselves by important works on the excellence, necessity and method of catechizing. During the Middle Ages, and since, religious orders were founded with a special view to teaching the Christian doctrine.

St. Ignatius of Loyola never omitted an opportunity of instructing the ignorant in the streets and highways, in hospitals and prisons. He made this also a special duty of the professed Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and insisted that those Fathers who governed colleges and universities, and those who occupied high chairs of learning and the pulpits of great churches, should at the same time exercise their zeal in teaching the catechism to the poor, lowly and ignorant. The followers of St. Ignatius have taken up this work with very special zeal, not only practically in the churches, schools and institutions, and in the public streets, but also theoretically in composing catechisms of the Christian doctrine, and works on the best methods of catechizing. In this latter department have distinguished themselves, shortly after the Reformation, Fathers Diego Ledesma and Anthony Possevin, both scholars of great note. As the authors of summaries of the Christian doctrine, which have served as the basis of most subsequent catechisms, are known B. Father Peter Canisius and Venerable Cardinal Robert Bellarmine. Canisius' catechism has

been largely instrumental in the preservation of the faith in Germany, and has been translated into all written languages. Bellarmine's catechism has done similar service in Italy. The learned author declared that he bestowed more labor on this little book than on any of his famous controversial works. Father Joseph Deharbe devoted nearly a lifetime to the composition of his catechisms.

B. Benedict Labre lived with the poor and ignorant to teach them their catechism; St. Liguori and his followers have always devoted themselves to this special ministry; the pious founder of the Sulpicians, M. Olier, has left his brethren the legacy of his example in this work, which they have been scrupulously faithful in imitating. B. Leonard of Port Maurice, the Ven. Grignon de Montfort, B. John Baptist de Rossi, in a word, every distinguished lover of Christ's Church has made the teaching of catechism a labor of love.

We could mention many others who deserved well of the Church in promoting the work of Christian instruction, as St. Thomas Aquinas and Peter de Soto, of the Order of St. Dominic, the late Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, deserves special mention not only as a practical catechist, but as the first organizer of an extensive system of Sunday Schools in his vast archdiocese.

But we must not pass over in silence what the Church has officially done in her legislation for the teaching of the Christian doctrine. From time immemorial it was sanctioned by local laws and customs that the Christian doctrine should be taught publicly in the churches on all Sundays and feast days of obligation. The Council of Trent made this a universal law of the Church by enacting that "the bishops should provide that the children of each parish, at least on Sundays and other feast days, be carefully instructed by those whom it concerns, in the rudiments of the faith and in the duty of obedience to God and their parents; and that they should enforce this law, if necessary, under pain of ecclesiastical censures." To facilitate the execution of this law, the Council ordered a summary of the Christian doctrine to be published, which is known as the *Roman Catechism*.

But the Church has encouraged this work not only by salutary legislation, but also by granting indulgences to teachers and students of the Christian doctrine. Besides various very liberal partial indulgences, a plenary indulgence is granted to teachers and pupils on the feast of the Nativity, on Easter Sunday, and on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, on the usual conditions, provided they have diligently attended the catechism classes during the year, whether as teachers or as pupils.

The Church herself, then, and the most distinguished of her children have always considered the teaching of the Christian doctrine of the highest importance. But certainly if ever there was a time when the importance of this work has reached its highest point, it is now and here, in our own country. Now, when infidelity, indifference and irreligion are rampant, when faith and morals are beset with the greatest dangers on all sides, our young people, on entering upon the stage of life, need to be well equipped with solid religious instruction and practical piety, in order to withstand successfully the assaults which they are sure to encounter. In our country, where secular education is in the ascendancy, where religion is being slowly, but surely, eliminated from life, and religious indifference is, with the same pace, taking its place, the work of Christian instruction, becomes of paramount importance. The religious instinct which has saved our forefathers from apostasy is fast dying out. Nothing but a thorough and rational knowledge of our holy religion can save the present and the coming

generations. We can no longer content ourselves with the knowledge of those things that are barely necessary to lead a Christian life under favorable circumstances.

When we speak of teaching the Christian doctrine in this country we have to consider several classes of children. First, there is a numerous class who have the good fortune to be brought up in Catholic schools, of whose education religion forms an organic part. With regard even to those who are brought up in such enviable circumstances, we cannot be altogether without concern. Religion should be taught them according to their respective grades, whether in parochial school, academy or college, with the same thoroughness, the same care, the same perfection of methods and means, as the other branches of learning. The young man or woman who knows the Constitution of the United States, and can name the presidents, ought to know something about the constitution of the Church and the names of the twelve apostles, if not exactly the list of the popes. The boy or girl who is required to know and give an account of the works of some hundred authors, who figure in our English and American literature, ought to know something of the books of the Old and New Testament and the inspired authors. The student who is supposed to demonstrate the law of universal gravitation ought to be able to prove the divinity of Christ, and the mystery of the Incarnation. The young graduate who discourses learnedly on the Silver Question or the Income Tax should be able to treat with equal erudition the question of divorce, religious freedom, or the rights of education. And if the student is expected to know profane history, both ancient and modern, he ought to be required to have a comparative knowledge of the history of his religion and his Church.

How far this result is achieved we shall not here stop to inquire. Yet, after all, this is but the foundation of a religious education. Education, as all agree, does not consist merely in *knowing*, but in the power and facility of *doing*. The result of a genuine religious education, then, is not merely the knowledge, however thorough, of the Christian doctrine; it is the perfect Christian man or woman, who loves the Christian religion and makes it part and portion of life. Our young people, therefore, should, above all, be taught to esteem their religion and make it the leading element in their daily lives. Religion should never be allowed to dwindle down to a side-issue in the education of our young people. Now, everybody knows that this result cannot be achieved by any one power taken separately. It must be brought about by the combined efforts of parent, priest, and educator.

But there is another class of children, alas! too numerous, in this country who are being educated in secular schools, which are entirely divorced from religious influence. It is this class that presents the greatest difficulty, and causes the greatest anxiety to the Church. It is particularly for the religious instruction of these unfortunate children of the Church that our interest and our prayers are solicited. Can these be reached, or is theirs a lost cause? Their case is certainly a doleful one, and it is only by great efforts on the part of priest and parents, and others concerned in their religious education, that they can be rescued from the danger of proximate or remote perversion. But the greater their danger, the greater should be our zeal, and the more constant our efforts to aid them.

First, their parents should be made to understand that the only conditions on which they can send their children to secular schools, with the consent or connivance of ecclesiastical authority, are that their religious instruction is sufficiently provided for, and that they are carefully guarded against the dangers incident to a purely secular education with all its

attendant circumstances. Therefore they should see that such children attend regularly at religious instruction, at least on Sundays, and, if possible, on some one day in the week besides. They should see that they are not only carefully prepared for the sacraments—confession, First Communion, and confirmation—but they should continue to send them to the Catechism of Perseverance for several years after confirmation. If this is necessary for all it is most urgently necessary for public school children, whose religious education must, in most cases, of necessity be very defective. Such parents must, moreover, see that their children go regularly to the sacraments on the days appointed by the pastor. Finally, they must exercise great vigilance over their children, and keep them aloof from the corrupting influence of their school companions, many of whom have no religion, and consequently no conscience. Parents who are prepared to do all this may, with the consent of competent authority, send their children to public schools.

But of those parents who send their children to secular schools, how few there are who take all these precautions! As a rule, such parents are the very ones least likely to take the necessary precautions for the Catholic education of their children. Our prayers should be offered particularly for this class of parents, that they may see their responsibilities, and either send their children to Catholic schools, or at least make provision for their instruction in the Christian doctrine and for their practical training in the exercises of Christian piety.

Besides those two classes, there is a large class of Catholic children both in our cities and in country places for whose religious education no provision is made, whose parents have either lost the faith or given up the practice of their religion, and some who have been abandoned by their parents. These either grow up without any religion or fall an easy prey to the propagandism of Protestant Missionary Societies.

The question arises, how are these to be saved, and brought under Christian instruction? These can best be reached by the exertion of the laity. Prayer alone will not save them. For their rescue we should take a lesson from those who seek to pervert them and lead them away from the Church. What efforts are being made by Protestant missionary workers to capture such abandoned children! Should we be less active in our zeal for their salvation? We should bear in mind that these abandoned boys and girls are purchased at the price of the blood of Jesus Christ; and that "the most divine of divine works is to co-operate with God for the salvation of souls." Here is a great field for our zeal as apostles of the Sacred Heart. We can all do much in this field by our prayers; and most of us can do something, at least, by word and deed for the rescue of these unfortunate and helpless weaklings of the flock.

We trust that this General Intention, so appropriately chosen, and coming to us with the sanction of the Holy Father, will awaken our Promoters and Associates to the importance of Christian instruction, and encourage them to devote their energies as well as their prayers to a work which is so meritorious for themselves, so fruitful for others, and sanctified by the example of the Saints and the favors of the Church.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular, for the work of teaching Christian Doctrine.

THE·READER·

AS early as October this year we have read very elaborate and pretty definite programmes for the magazines of 1897. Not only are the topics and authors named, but even some specimen illustrations given. In these days of hasty reading one may gather almost enough from the advertisements of books oftentimes without waiting for their appearance. It ought to be a practice of publishers to draw up a table of contents only when a book is ready. It is, at any rate, an accepted principle of rhetoric to keep one's readers or hearers in suspense, to reserve some topics of interest in order to give them by way of a pleasant surprise now and then, instead of thrusting them upon the attention too profusely or too soon. But the book market, like every other, must be forestalled nowadays by enterprising bookmakers, and, unfortunately, neither the writer's quality nor the reader's benefit is so important in the view of the publisher as the attractive make-up of a publication, or, what is often as effective for his sales, the natty form of his advertisement.

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The trick of advertising future publications with so much cunning, disposes one to ask the serious question, since we are continually being called upon to look forward for so much merit in the books and magazines about to appear, how comes it that we do not look back to many of them with any sense of profit, but rather with regret at having lost so much time over them, or even with pain at having had our literary taste displeased, or, what is irreparably worse, at having our moral sense shocked by them? Of what use is it to read and to be always desiring to read more, instead of stopping at times to reflect upon our reading? Why crave so eagerly to see and hear what we shall never care to recall or ponder over? All the devices of latter-day advertising, and they seem to be beyond reckoning, cannot invest with lasting interest a thing that is fleeting in its nature, or make the human mind give more than passing attention to events of trivial importance. But what advertising can do is to magnify the commonest thing, placard the most obscure event in such a way as to crowd out from our gaze, and consequently from our thoughts and our interests, things most worth knowing and events most worth recording. Advertising can resort to every secret art of what Scripture calls the witchery of nonsense, and so fascinate us with its promise to make what is commonplace and transitory solidly enjoyable as to blind us to the benefit we might derive from higher and more enduring things. "The witchery of nonsense obscures good things."

* * *

What is the MESSENGER to do for 1897? What has it been doing in 1896? From the very nature of the interests it advocates, its pages will bear perusal long after the months for which they are printed. The work of prayer and the great devotion of the Church in these latter times are topics of permanent interest to men, no matter when or under what aspect they are treated. Current events of importance to our religion, great works and consoling results of Catholic zeal, questions that concern the welfare of the different classes of Christians, the vitality and progress of the

Church at home and abroad, prominent movements of piety, lessons from Catholic history, edifying narratives of saintly men and women, and the story of great centres of faith and of devotion, are topics that never cease to interest or benefit the reader who is looking for good things. By their very nature they cannot be cried up like the wares of our market stalls, but by their very nature also, and by the careful treatment they receive in the MESSENGER, they influence our readers to spread abroad a knowledge of them, and thus to make our magazine not a mere medium of pleasure or of sensational interest to the vain minded, but an organ of influence for all that is best in human life: for faith, for piety, for devotion, in a word, for religion at its best, with all the help it can derive from literature and art.

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The Director's Review is largely occupied this month with an announcement of the changes and additions to be made in the MESSENGER the coming year. According to that programme the Reader is to be combined with Book Notices next year, and in its stead an editorial department opened with a view to giving solid Catholic opinions on questions of serious import to our holy religion. The MESSENGER has not failed to express such opinions in the past, because they are part of its mission, which, it should be borne in mind, is not simply to be an organ of piety, but of intelligent Catholic devotion. How well its opinions have been received is clear from the frequent demands for reprints of them. We trust they will prove no less acceptable in the future; so far as we are concerned we hope to treat in this department more timely and varied topics than ever before.

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In due time our chief pastors will make known to us how they propose to make up for the withdrawal of government funds from the schools of our Indian Mission. The *Ave Maria* makes a very pathetic appeal for these poor members of Christ, and suggests a line of thought that St. Francis Xavier used to follow in his letters when he bade his missionaries give less time to the construction of material temples and more time as well as money to the more pressing needs of their spiritual charges among the Indian neophytes. We who build and support costly churches should not overlook the needs of those who for lack of means must often worship God in thatched huts and hovels. That is not the worst of it; the Indian children are crying for the bread of the word, and without our alms, there will soon be no one to break it unto them. It is somewhat of a natural motive, but it is a good motive, and it can be supernaturalized to help them, because they are the victims of anti-Catholic politicians, or rather, of the bitter sectarians who, in this instance, make the politicians do their bidding. When the great ones of the world league together "against God and against His Christ," we should be actuated by the high motive of loyalty to Him and of sympathy with His suffering members, and hasten with succor to their relief.

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In spite of all the Rev. Father Barry writes in a late pamphlet for the London Truth Society, the disposition of the great masses of non-Catholics has not been changed. There have been and will always be a number of fair-minded Protestants and their number is growing of late; but the masses are too much under the control of sectarian ministers who keep alive the spirit of bigotry. Individuals among them crave for unity with the true Church. The heresy transmitted through the centuries has not eradicated from their hearts the instinct which makes them long to come back to the bosom of the Mother from which they have been perverted by the wolves in sheep's clothing. Like sheep astray without their shepherd, they recognize

from afar the fold which is united with the chief pastor, and they long to come to him but they are hindered by the plausible deceits of their leaders. Prayer can do wonders for them, much more than controversy, which nowadays, Father Barry says very truly, should be replaced by explanation and instruction. Argument is not needed when we can appeal to the living, lasting, and organic unity which everywhere marks the true Church of Christ. "It is the connection of the whole body which makes one soundness and one beauty," wrote St. Leo the Great. The Catholic who does no more than remain loyal to his faith is a living argument for its truth, because the soundness and beauty of his life point infallibly to the Head of the whole body from whom he derives both.

* * *

The sentence from St. Leo just quoted has been very aptly used by His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, in his late circular to the reverend rectors of his diocese appealing for Peter's Pence. His eloquent exposition of the unity of the Episcopate very happily anticipates the malicious newspaper rumors about dissensions among our bishops and clergy. The very eagerness of an irreligious press not only to report, but, so far as they could, to foment discord among our venerable chief pastors, shows how valuable our Catholic unity is just now, since it is made the object of such insidious attacks. Fortunately, to fair-minded men, whose favorable opinion is worth having, mere differences of opinion or sentiment among the members of the hierarchy in this country serve only to emphasize their unity in faith and morals and discipline. How truly the Holy Father can plead with non-Catholics who are looking for real union with the Church of Christ and point to such unmistakable signs of unity! The prayer of Christ has been heard: "That they may be one." By our prayers may it be more fully heard: "as thou and I are one." Even those outside the fold are praying, and unwittingly they pray for what Christ prayed: "the one fold and the one Shepherd."

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The *Sacred Heart Review* has done a meritorious work in "writing up" our higher educational institutions. If there is anything that our Catholics need information on it is the fact that some, at least, of our Catholic colleges are entirely on a par with the best Protestant and secular universities in literary and scientific efficiency, while the faith and morals of the young men who are educated in them are safeguarded against the dangers attendant on secular or Protestant education. This fact should be insisted on in season and out of season. Parents who have boys ripe for college, and all Catholics interested in education, should also be impressed with the unique educational advantage of a solid course of religion and philosophy as given in our better Catholic colleges. Apart from the practical religious and moral aspect of the case, this opens a new intellectual field for the student, which for the pupils of non-Catholic colleges must remain forever an unexplored territory.

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The paper of J. N. Larned, superintendent of the Buffalo Public Library, entitled "The Perverted Press," recently read at a meeting of librarians in Cleveland, deserves wider attention than it has received. The flippancy of our modern newspapers has seldom been better exposed. The money quest of the news bureau and editor alike, is at the root of this perversion. The instinct of economy in the owners, as well as in the publishers of our so-called great dailies, puts us all at the mercy of the cheap and irresponsible reporter. Mr. Larned's words are so true, that we must reprint some of them:

"Here and there we may still bow with respect before a newspaper over which the responsible editor has kept his sovereignty. In most instances he has

been deposed, and the irresponsible reporter reigns in his place—master of the awful power of the press—chief educator of his generation—pervading genius of the civilization of his time. Trained to look at all things in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, with an eye single to the glory of big type, he sees them in one common aspect. The great and the little, the good and the bad, the sweet and the foul, the momentous and the trivial, the tragic and the comic, the public and the sacredly private, are of one stuff in his eyes—mere colorings of a coarse fabric of life which time weaves for him to slit and to slash with his merciless, indifferent shears. And so, with little prejudice and small partiality between things high and things low, he makes the daily literature on which most of us feed and tincture our minds. It is a monotoned literature, and its one note is flippancy; the flippant head line, the flippant paragraph, the flippant narrative, the flippant comment. To jest at public calamity, to be jocular with crime, to cap private misfortune with a slang phrase or sting it with a smart impertinence; to be respectful and serious towards nothing else so much as towards the gaieties and the gaming of the world of fashion and the world of sport appear to be perfections of the art to which he is trained."

The writer is deploring the perversion of the press from its true object, which should be, he says, a continuation of the common school education. It was not within his scope to ask, but the question suggests itself very obviously: If greed for money has perverted the press, is not the same greed debasing the system of public school education, whose strongest supporters are those who thrive most by it?

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The Holy Father has issued a document on Anglican Orders which is, humanly speaking, perfect. It is scholarly in form, elegant in expression, thorough in the research shown, masterly in doctrine, definite in decision, and most sympathetic for those whose opinions truth forces him to condemn. The condemnation was invited, not to say provoked by themselves. He knew that few of his petitioners would prove sincere in their petitions; he understood better than they can ever understand how impossible and how unsatisfactory would be the religious unity which they crave for. Still to remove even the semblance of an obstacle to their pretended good faith, he has gone to all the labor and anxiety his decision cost him, and those who, under his direction, investigated the question, and to prove how sincere are his expressions of sympathy for all who may wish to act on his invitation, he urges Cardinal Vaughan to provide means of support if possible for such as would lose their living by a conversion to our holy faith. Whatever flaw his enemies might have found in his encyclical, one would think they should feel compelled at least to attribute to him generous motives. On the contrary his historical and doctrinal statements are almost conceded, or at least their force and importance are not noticed in the eagerness of Anglican bishops and clergymen generally to impute to him motives of policy and selfishness. All this reminds one of the men who used to try to take Christ in His words, whose questions were so framed that He must needs answer to suit the questions, and thus yield His own doctrine, or else so as to displease them and thus justify in a way their enmity. Nor does the Holy Father's answer less remind us of the answers that Christ our Lord used to give, so couched as to confound His evil minded interrogators, but enlighten and attract to Him all well disposed hearers.

Catholic Congresses in Italy.—The Catholics of Italy are at length awaking to the necessity of making strenuous efforts to counteract the baneful influence of the revolutionary and Masonic party that has been so long dominating their country. As an outcome of this reaction three great Catholic congresses have been held this past Summer in Italy. One in Padua, which held its sessions from August 26 to 29, was for the discussion of the social questions from an abstract point of view. Another in Fiesole, from August 31 to September 5, was the fourteenth general congress of Italian Catholics to consider Christian work in society. The third at Orvieto, from September 5 to 8, was a Eucharistic congress, and was entirely of a religious character. It closed with a magnificent procession of the Blessed Sacrament. It is estimated that there were 20,000 visitors present.

Anti-Masonic Congress at Trent.—Far more important and wide-reaching in its effects was the anti-Masonic congress, which took place in Trent during September. It was composed of representatives of different nations, to study and deliberate on the best method of combating the Masonic sect. Leo XIII., in a letter to Commendatore Alliata, President of the Directing Council of the Anti-Masonic Union, says that such a congress "clearly indicates the growth in people's minds of the intimate persuasion that the gravest evils to civilization and religion are prepared by the secret societies." He then refers to his encyclical letters on the subject. "Nor," he continues, "is there any doubt, as we have formerly declared, that the dogmas propounded with the most audacious impiety by the sect, and the nefarious devices practised by it, will effect less mischief, and will spontaneously drop away, in case Catholics endeavor to unmask Masonry with more diligent care, since it derives all its strength from secrecy and falsehood, and it will be easy for the well-meaning to recognize and detest its iniquitous malice, as soon as its deceptive disguise is torn off."

As an antidote to the anti-Masonic Congress held in Trent, Signor Nathan, the Grand Orient, has issued a circular address to the Masonic Lodges, by which he convokes a Masonic Congress to be held in Rome during the year 1897. It is sufficient proof that they are, to say the least, uneasy at the steps Catholics are taking to resist and overcome their now open enemy, although the Italian Grand Master states in a circular letter in regard to the Trent Congress that he "notes the fact with profound calm." In another manifesto he hopes that the "day may be near when consciences shall have penetrated the truth," so that "the honorable secret may be abandoned." What this *honorable secret* is may be gathered from the instructions of the late Albert Pike to Mazzini, for "the double work of the destruction of the temple of Adonai and the building of the temple of Lucifer," that is to dethrone God and enthrone the devil, whom Pike calls "our divine Master, God-King."

Congresses in France.—During the month of August there were three congresses held in France. One was a sort of ecclesiastical pilgrimage held at *Rheims*. It was composed exclusively of *priests*, and the object was to encourage, edify and instruct one another by discussing the methods employed and to be employed in works of zeal, especially in carrying on the works for the benefit of the working classes.

Another was held at *Lyons*, and its members were all Catholic *lawyers*, assembled to express their opinions on the critical questions of the day, in which a hostile legislation is striving to destroy faith and religion, particularly as manifested in religious communities. As they were men of talent, learning and eloquence, their discussions and resolutions are of great value.

The third, held at *Versailles*, was a pedagogic congress. There were over 200 Catholic *teachers* present. They represented faculties of universities, colleges, and schools of various grades. Their deliberations, of course, concerned the manner and the matter of teaching, and how to combat anti-Christian educational establishments.

B. Thaddeus McCarthy.—A great celebration in honor of the newly beatified Thaddeus McCarthy took place in September at Ivrea in Italy, where his remains have lain in the cathedral for four centuries, honored by the inhabitants of the town, but comparatively unknown elsewhere. This distinguished Irishman of the family of Machar or McCarthy was so highly esteemed at Rome for his learning and piety that the reigning Pontiff, Xystus IV. appointed him Bishop of Ross. But he lived in the troublous times of the fifteenth century. The Catholic Bishop's mitre was a thorny one to wear. He was driven from his See and even accusations were brought against him at Rome. His sanctity so impressed the reigning Pope, Innocent IV., that he was not only restored to his bishopric, but the additional ones of Cork and Cloyne were confided to his pastoral care. His endeavors to put down abuses aroused a fresh persecution, and he sought Rome. Again he completely vindicated himself before the Vicar of Christ. On his return journey he fell ill at Ivrea in Italy. He lay in the public hospital quite unknown, except as a poor pilgrim. He died in the flower of his age, being only in his thirty-seventh year. After his death an extraordinary light from heaven shone around his body. The Bishop, his clergy, and a multitude of the faithful were witnesses, and on examining his effects they found his pectoral cross; in consequence the remains of the saintly Machar were buried most honorably beneath the high altar of the cathedral. Many miracles and the devotion of centuries have obtained the declaration of his beatification.

At the celebration lately held at Ivrea the successors of B. Thaddeus in the Sees of Ross, Cork and Cloyne were present, as well as many other prelates.

B. Thomas Percy.—The first solemn celebration of the feast of B. Thomas Percy, "The good Earl of Northumberland," as he was styled even in his own day, took place on September 13. He was a martyr for the faith under Queen Elizabeth. Every effort was made to induce him to renounce his *obscure* religion, as they called it, and embrace the new one, but he remained firm. To all their arguments he replied: "You may call my religion obscure if you will yet it is the faith of that Church which throughout the whole Christian world is knit and bound together, but as for this new Church of England, I do not acknowledge it." His blood was the price of his faith. It is interesting to note that this first celebration of the feast took place in St. Mary's Abbey, Bergholt, Northampton, the home of Benedictine nuns, whose Community descends from a foundation in Brussels started by the martyr's daughter, Lady Mary Percy.

A Syrian Archbishop Abjures Schism.—The first distinguished convert among the ranks of the schismatical clergy, since the Pope's recent appeal to the Eastern Churches, is Mgr. Gregorios Abdallah, lately Syrian Archbishop at Diarbekir, and a candidate for the Patriarchal Chair. He had long been considering the step but on account of opposition delayed making it. Finally, on the feast of St. Ignatius, in the Jesuit church at Homs, the ancient Phœnician Emesa, he made his submission to the See of Peter. The occasion illustrated the unity in essentials and the diversity in accidentals, for there were present representatives of the Syrian Catholic, the Uniate Greek, the Maronite and the Latin rites.

Losses in Madagascar.—Mgr. Cazet, Vicar Apostolic of Madagascar, reports that 150 mission stations, founded by the Jesuits have been destroyed. We may here fitly give the following details of the murder of Père Berthieu, the French Jesuit missionary, by the Fahavalos. The Father was first bound to a tree and left there without nourishment for twenty-four hours. The next day, after he had been stripped of his clothes, the Fahavalos cut off his nose and ears, both eyes being torn out by red-hot irons. Then followed a mutilation too horrible to be described. The wretches then filed before their victim, each one planting with careful skill an assegai in the quivering flesh. The dreadful scene was put an end to after two hours by Father Berthieu's native servant, who, on being forced by the Fahavalos to follow their example, took the opportunity it afforded him of putting an end to the dreadful sufferings of his master by inflicting two fatal wounds.

APOSTOLIC·WORKS·

A CATHOLIC PRESS CHAMPION.—

It is wonderful what one man can accomplish either for good or evil. Unfortunately the champions of the good are much more apt to hold back for fear of failure than the champions of the evil. Fifty years ago the Catholics of Holland had no privileges, to say nothing of rights. They were thankful to be let live without asserting any claims for their faith Just then Providence inspired a priest, the Rev. J. A. Smits, to become an apostle. How was he to carry on his apostolate? Through the press. So in 1845, in the town of Bois-le-duc, he started the first Catholic newspaper, and called it the *Tijd*—the *Times*. Its golden jubilee has lately been celebrated.

Father Smits began the *Tijd* with scanty resources, and with opposition from Catholics as well as Protestants. But he had taken for his principles: *God en mijn recht*—"God and my right"; and he faced all difficulties boldly. When he had worked a year at Bois-le-duc he transferred his office to Amsterdam, not heeding the new alarm which this move excited. The circulation every day increased, and little by little he bound the Catholics together, instructed them on their rights and how to make the best use of them, and in a short time he made them feel that, though a minority, they were a power in the country.

In 1866 Pius IX. made an appeal to his children all over the world. Amongst newspapers the *Tijd* was one of the first to plead for the Holy Father. And with what result? It collected for him in that very year 192,500 florins. This was followed in 1867 by 117,000, and in 1868 when the needs of the Holy Father became greater the *Tijd* sent him 185,000 florins. And it must be remembered that the number of Catholics in Holland is comparatively small. But Pius IX. wanted something more precious than money; he wanted men. And who led the way? Holland. And why? Because the *Tijd* had burned into the hearts of her sons a love for the Church and the Vicar of our Lord stronger than death, Holland sent the largest number of Zouaves to fight for Pius IX; the largest not simply comparatively, but absolutely. They fought like heroes, and when, notwithstanding their efforts, Rome was taken, the *Tijd* organized one of the finest assemblies of Catholics which ever met in Amsterdam. Bishops, priests and people from every part of the country came to publicly protest against the invasion of Rome. And this has had its effect. For, when a bigoted Government refused, in the discussion of the *Budget*, to pass the allowance for an ambassador to the Holy See, the king himself retained his representative to Pius IX., admiring in his Catholic subjects their fidelity to their spiritual head.

There was a very violent outburst of Protestant feeling in Holland when Pius IX. established the hierarchy there. This time the *Tijd* played the part of pacificator, throwing oil on the troubled waters. This was needed, for a revolution seemed inevitable.

The jubilee number describes the fight which the Catholics made for Catholic schools. It was the *Tijd* that brought the teaching of the Bishops into every home and united the Catholics into one compact mass, which, moving as one man, won the complete liberty which the Dutch Catholics enjoy to-day.

Where Catholics feared the publication of one newspaper fifty years ago, now every district has its own organ. Where fifty years ago Catholics were afraid to lift up their heads, they are now the freest of the free; where they were then despised, there they are now honored. Father Smits had a vocation, and no man could have been more faithful to his call. The Vicar of Christ recognized it and raised him to the Prelacy. God blessed him and his work, and a faithful people bless his name to-day. If we seek for the secret of his success we shall find it in his fidelity to his principle, "*God en mijn recht.*"

POPE LEO XIII. AND THE TABERNACLE SOCIETY.—

The following extract is taken from

the October number of the *Annals of the Tabernacle Society* of Philadelphia:

"On May 30, 1896, the Pope received in special audience a delegation composed of Religious of Perpetual Adoration and lady members of the Association, who presented themselves to lay at the feet of the Holy Father the annual offerings of vestments and sacred vessels which he distributes with his own hands to poor churches." The Association of Philadelphia was represented on that occasion, as the venerable foundress Mme. de Méeus explains in a letter, a part of which we reprint. "Your kind offering arrived just in time to permit us to add a humeral veil to the presents already prepared. Attached to the veil was a card which bore the name of Philadelphia, at the exposition held in the audience chamber. Moreover, your beloved Association figured on the list which I presented to the Holy Father as having contributed to the offering made him, and for which Associations I asked the benediction of His Holiness.

"The Holy Father was very grateful for the gifts and said that he had been expecting them, and needed them very much to answer the many calls that were made upon him. He then addressed the delegation as follows:

"'Woman,' said the venerable Pontiff, 'is by divine counsel and decree of Holy Church, formally excluded from what directly regards the Adorable Body of Christ, in the offering of Holy Mass, the custody of the Blessed Sacrament, the celebration of the Holy Mysteries. She may not serve at the altar the priest who celebrates; she may not touch the vessels intended for the Holy Sacrifice; she may not pass the limits of the Holy of Holies; she may not extend her hand over the Eucharistic Bread, which she receives only from the priest; she has no part in the act, by which, enveloped in a mysterious cloud of faith and love, the Man-God daily renews upon the altar the divine holocaust of Calvary; but her industrious, her happy piety has, in a certain way, broken down the barriers which separated her from the altar; it is her generous offerings, her apostolic zeal, the labor of her hands, which have prepared the sacred vestment and linens and provided all that appertains to the divine sacrifice, to the august Prisoner of the Tabernacle. Such, my daughters, is the holy, happy, sublime ministry, which you have found for yourselves, you, who respectfully prepare and labor upon the linens upon which Jesus will be laid; you who fashion the adornments of the altar upon which Jesus will descend; you who so lovingly prepare the veil covering the ciborium where Jesus does not merely pass by, as formerly in Palestine, but where He dwells, loading with blessings those who have recourse to Him. It is you, finally, who prepare the vestments with which Jesus Himself will be clothed, for, as St. John Chrysostom has said, the priest who extends his hand and immolates the Victim and whom you have vested with linen and silk and silver and gold is Jesus Himself: Jesus, who offers Himself, sacrifices Himself to His Father in the mystery of redemption and renewal of the bloody and infinite sacrifice of Golgotha.

"'Here is a new horizon opening out before you, pious ladies; a new dignity which elevates you, withdraws you from the crowd, consecrates you more intimately to our Lord, associates you with the grandeur of the Catholic priesthood. You are more fortunate than the pious women of the Gospel, who once only, and then for Jesus dead, prepared upon Calvary the spices, ointment and winding-sheet for His burial. As many times as there are priests whom you can assist; as often as they offer the unbloody Victim, you have the joy and the honor of doing all this for Jesus living in the Holy Eucharist.

"'Thought truly sublime, and well calculated to stir up hearts like yours, in which faith and love for the Holy Eucharist are already speaking loudly. Sublime thought, which may also be extended to the chief aim of our work and which shows that it is also possible for you to participate in the magnificent and triumphant apostolate of the priest of the Lord. It belongs to him to extend the knowledge, love, adoration of Jesus, and to that you are also called. It is his to repair the outrages to which that God is subject in the Holy Eucharist; you should do the same. It is his to cause Jesus—true King—to reign in all minds, all hearts; in individuals, in the family, in society; and you, too, with the zeal and advantages which a more sensitive heart and more delicate nature afford you can do the same work. You will accomplish all this in fulfilling the office of a true member of the Tabernacle Society."

NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

EGYPT.—The devotion to the Sacred Heart is taking deep root among the united Copts of Egypt. At Minieh, a short time ago, fifty children, of whom forty were of schismatic parents, were solemnly admitted to First Communion, after careful preparation. They were all invested with the Badge of the Sacred Heart, which they will henceforth wear on their breast every First Friday. The schismatic parents were so delighted and edified at the devotion of the little ones that they came to thank the Sisters, who had prepared their children for First Communion, and offered them full and unlimited control of their children, saying: "Take all our children and make Catholics, and even religious, of them, if you wish; we put them without reserve in your hands."

The newly converted schismatics show such zeal and piety in frequenting the sacraments that the missionaries find it necessary to restrain their ardor. A community of native religious women has been formed under the title of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, of whom three have already been invested with the religious habit. They are doing excellent work in the education of the Christian girls, and even the Mussulmans are eager to put their daughters under their instruction. Father Rolland, S.J., missionary in Egypt, in writing to the Director-General of the Apostleship of Prayer, asks the prayers of the League for the increase of religious vocations among the Copts.

CROATIA.—The work of the Apostleship of Prayer is spreading rapidly in these parts. The missionaries of the Society of Jesus made it a point to start the League wherever they went. But there were no books or popular prints on the devotion to the Sacred Heart, except the work of Father Crasset, which had been translated from the French by Mgr. Stadler. The Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, the Rev. Father Gattin, therefore, decided, to some extent, to supply this want. He had 40,000 pictures of the Sacred Heart printed, with prayers in Croatian, and 20,000 tracts on the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the First Friday, and leaflets with the Twelve Promises of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary. These were spread rapidly among the people and with them was spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Of late the League was established in the cathedral of Parenzo, in Istria, on which occasion a magnificent banner of the Sacred Heart, valued at 1,000 francs, was added to its treasures. A Centre has also been formed in the Convent of the Sisters of Providence in the same city, where the Communion of Reparation was organized, and a Catholic library established, known as the Library of the Sacred Heart.

At Ravigno there is a Centre numbering 600 members. The spirit of the League there may be concluded from the fact that nearly all the young women of the place, at the carnival, formed themselves into a union for the Three Days' adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, to atone for the sins committed against our Lord at that season. For three days the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the Convent Chapel, and all that time, without interruption, bands of young women alternately sang and prayed aloud before the altar.

The young women of the League showed a similar spirit when the anniversary of the taking of Rome was celebrated, September 20, 1895. The day fell on a Friday, and a banquet was announced, at which, of course, there was no abstinence. The young women who belonged to the League bluntly refused to go, notwithstanding the pressure that was brought to bear upon them by their families and friends.

The League has even reached places into which the missionaries have not yet been able to penetrate. In one district, Klana, of the Diocese of Trieste, two simple farmers have proved themselves true apostles of the Sacred Heart, and returned long lists of Associates to headquarters. A young man of that place who had been long sick and was on the

brink of despair wrote to the Central Director for advice. He was advised to make a Novena to the Sacred Heart. He did so; and after a few days he wrote again saying: "Since I began to pray to the Sacred Heart, morning and night, not only have my temptations entirely vanished, but I am, moreover, fully resigned to the will of God; nay, I assure you that I am happy to suffer in atonement for my sins.

The Communion of Reparation is also gaining ground, so that in places where even the best people went only once a year to Communion, there are now from fifty to 100 Communions on the First Friday.

A special feature of the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in Croatia is the introduction of paintings or statues of the Sacred Heart in the churches. Six copies of the great painting of the Sacred Heart by Brother Hamann, of Rheims, have been solemnly unveiled in as many churches. Such a solemnity is an event which is celebrated with a *triduum* or a mission and attended with remarkable conversions.

CANADA.—The *Canadian Messenger* continues to publish the statistics of the League in the Dioceses of the Dominion. The Diocese of Nicolet numbered January 1, 1896, 21 Centres, 12,440 Associates, of whom 8,538 belonged to the 1st Degree, 1,755 to the 2d, and 2,871 to the 3d, with 145 Promoters.

The Diocese of Three Rivers reports 28 Centres, 30,452 Associates, 19,661 belonging to the 1st Degree, 6,270 to the 2d, and 1,738 to the 3d, and 464 Promoters.

The summary of the Province of Quebec (one Archdiocese, four Dioceses and one Prefecture Apostolic) is: Local Centres, 294; Associates, 267,006; 1st Degree, 130,838; 2d Degree, 57,667; 3d Degree, 57,584; Promoters, 2,630.

The *Messenger* gives the following very interesting items on the history of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in Quebec:

"Quebec is undoubtedly the cradle of the heaven-sent devotion to the Sacred Heart on this continent. The venerable Foundress of the Ursuline Monastery, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, would seem to have had a foreknowledge of the worship which was to be given, in later years, to the Heart of Jesus. In several places in her writings she speaks of the divine Heart. She composed in its honor an admirable prayer, which she recited herself and had recited daily in her community.

"A comparatively recent letter, written by His Grace, Archbishop Begin, to the Ursulines of that city, brings to light certain historical facts that will be interesting to the readers of the *Messenger*. The Archbishop writes:

"'Shortly after the revelations made to the Blessed Margaret Mary, when very few religious houses in Europe knew of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, it had, through the Ursulines of Quebec, already become popular in these countries peopled with savages. In the year 1700 the Bishop of Quebec was solicited by the community to authorize the celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart in the Ursuline chapel. His lordship granted the pious request, and permitted his clergy to recite the offices of the feast. The pastoral letter granting this privilege is still kept in the archives of the community. It is assuredly the first official document in the New World on devotion to the Sacred Heart.

"'The annual feast of the Sacred Heart soon failed to suffice for the piety of the faithful. Something more had to be devised, and after the example of the pious associations of Europe, a sodality was organized in the Ursuline chapel, whose members pledged themselves to honor the Heart of Jesus in a special manner. The new sodality was inaugurated the Friday following the octave of Corpus Christi, in the year 1716, and the first name inscribed on the register is that of the bishop who then governed the church at Quebec, Mgr. St. Valier, the same prelate who sixteen years before had permitted the celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart.

"'Pope Clement XI., in a letter dated March 24, 1718, granted the sodality many indulgences. Every one wanted to join; and notwithstanding the evils of those times—continual wars, invasions, Jansenistic errors—from 1716 to 1800, not less than 5,000 names are inscribed on its register. It would appear, then, to be an undisputed fact that the sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus erected in the Ursuline chapel of Quebec is the oldest in America, and that this chapel is the cradle of the devotion on this continent.'

"It is gratifying to learn that the good city of Champlain has another glory to record; for nearly two hundred years the Sacred Heart of our divine Lord has had adorers within its walls."

DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Important Announcement.

The announcement printed on the back of our frontispiece in this number will be greeted with pleasure by all who have been reading the MESSENGER for the past eleven years. During all that time the MESSENGER has had for its supplement the *Little Messenger*, or *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*. Together, the MESSENGER and the *Pilgrim*, as they have been called, kept publishing all that concerned the Apostleship of Prayer, and the great devotion it advocates, whence its popular title, "League of the Sacred Heart." Although originally established to advance the cause of the Martyrs of Auriesville, the *Pilgrim* soon proved acceptable as a supplement of the MESSENGER, and to its wide circulation much of the activity and thoroughness of League work is due. In most League Centres it was circulated at the Councils of Promoters, who in turn passed it around to their Associates. Treating as it did of League topics in a popular way, it helped all classes to understand the nature and fundamental practices of the League, kept them posted on things of interest to them at home and abroad, and suggested so many ways of advancing in the spirit of the League, and of taking up other means of piety and devotion, that every one could, at some time or other, derive special benefit from it.

Work of the *Pilgrim*.

Acquaintance with the League was not the only benefit to be derived from reading the *Pilgrim*. Through its pages nearly 1,000 pastors have come to know more thoroughly the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, the Bona Mors Association, and the Sanctuary Society of St. John Berchmans for altar boys. True to its original purpose of establishing a Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, the *Pilgrim* spared no effort to encourage devotion to our Lady, and to propagate the confraternity that fosters this devotion best. Hence it was, that, as in many other countries, the *Pilgrim* became so acceptable to Associates of the League, who found in it their favorite devotion to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary so regularly and familiarly explained and recommended.

The *Pilgrim* and Auriesville.

Still, to none of its readers has the *Pilgrim* endeared itself so much as to those who subscribe to it as the organ of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, and of the cause of beatification of those who died for the faith at Auriesville and elsewhere, on the early missions of New France. For twelve years it has been faithfully publishing the Annals of the Shrine and narratives from the lives of these holy servants of God, and during all that time the interest of the patrons of the Shrine has been increasing, as is clear from their letters to us, from their frequent and generous contributions for the Shrine and cause, and from the numerous pilgrimages that are made to Auriesville every August. Founded in a modest and simple way by Rev. Joseph Loyzance, the pious inaugurator of the work in behalf of the Martyrs, in spite of many difficulties it has succeeded in interesting thousands of Catholics in this and other countries, and many Protestants, in the heroic lives and noble deaths of those who first came to preach the Gospel on our soil.

The *Pilgrim* for the Cause.

For the blessed work the *Pilgrim* has been doing, the *Pilgrim* has itself been blessed. Now that the Annals of the Shrine at Auriesville, and the cause of the martyrs who died there, along with the other interests represented by the *Pilgrim* require so much space, that it is no longer possible to publish in its pages matters pertaining to the League, it happened at a very opportune moment that a decision has been reached to publish everything that concerns the League in the MESSENGER, thus constituting the MESSENGER the only League organ for general subscription, and leaving the *Pilgrim* exclusively devoted to the Shrine, the Cause of the Martyrs,

devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows, Catholic Missions past and present, and news about shrines and pilgrimages in every part of the Catholic world.

One League Periodical.

Accordingly the MESSENGER will henceforth publish all that until now has appeared in the *Pilgrim* under the headings, *League Notes*, *Points for the Council*, *Monthly Patrons*, *News from Local Centres*, *Obituary* and *Calendar*. These departments will be combined with the League departments now conducted in the MESSENGER. For instance, *Points for the Council* will come under *Director's Review*; *News from Local Centres* will be a continuation of *Notes from Head Centres*. Some slight changes will be made in the MESSENGER departments themselves: thus the *Reader* will be combined with the *Book Notices*, and in its stead an editorial department will be opened, to give sound Catholic opinions on questions that seriously affect our holy religion. *Interests of the Heart of Jesus* will be published as usual, but it will embrace some of the points now published under *Apostolic Works*, the rest of these points appearing in the *Pilgrim*, under the title of *Missions and Missionary Labors*. The *Thanksgivings* will be given as at present, together with an additional page for *Graces Obtained* in a peculiar or striking manner, and described with more detail. The lists of *Letters with Intentions* will no longer be published. Extensive as these lists have grown, and careful as we have been to publish them accurately, we have never been able to do so in such a way as to satisfy all parties. Eventually they would require too much space; too often a blurred post-mark is our only indication of the place the letter comes from; letters noticed in any other way are not recorded in these lists; hence they were never complete, and very often they entailed upon us useless correspondence. Henceforth all who send their intentions may rest assured that if they are received by us in time they will be recorded in the Calendar; those who wish to have them acknowledged need only to enclose a stamp on the new intention blanks we are soon to send to Directors and secretaries for this purpose.

The Messenger Supplement.

We dwell at length on the changes to be made in the departments of the MESSENGER, not because they are the only changes to be made in it, but because with some additional matter these departments are to be printed in the last pages of the MESSENGER, as at present, in such a way that they can be reprinted separately, and used as a supplement or working organ of the League, taking the place of the present *Pilgrim* in Centres that are now taking several copies of this. Hence, taking or subscribing to the MESSENGER henceforth will mean taking and receiving by the fifteenth of the month the full MESSENGER in one and the same mail, not in two parcels and at intervals as at present. The full MESSENGER will still cost $2.00, and it will be much improved in the quality of its paper, in size, and in the matter contained in it. The part that will be reprinted as the MESSENGER Supplement will be issued along with the MESSENGER for all who subscribe to the MESSENGER, or separately and bound in a special cover for those who want it only; but it will be issued at the same time as the MESSENGER itself, *i. e.*, so as to reach subscribers by the fifteenth of each month, and it will cost the same as the present *Pilgrim*, fifty cents yearly; ten copies to one address, forty cents each; twenty copies, thirty-five cents each; thirty copies, thirty cents each.

Renewing Subscriptions.

In accordance with the notices given above, when renewing subscriptions to the MESSENGER it will not be necessary to mind the change just announced, In renewing subscriptions to the *Pilgrim* please state clearly whether it be the MESSENGER Supplement or *Pilgrim* that is wanted or both. Each for single subscription will cost fifty cents yearly, and each will be more than worth the amount. We have decided upon this step after long deliberation as a means of improving the work of the League, and of furthering the cause of the Martyrs. We are sure that our subscribers will justify our hopes not only by continuing to subscribe to MESSENGER and *Pilgrim*, but also by making renewed efforts to secure new subscribers to both.

New Intention Blanks.

We are making some changes in our Intention blanks. 1. With a view to spreading the use of these blanks, we shall issue in the future for general use only the small form of these blanks, like that which is now found on the *Decade Leaflets*. These can be provided so easily and so cheaply that Associates can get one from their Promoter monthly, and

thus make known their Intentions. These blanks are not to be returned to us, but to Promoters, or to the League Secretary or Local Director, either personally or by depositing them in the Intention box, usually found near the Sacred Heart altar or shrine.

2. With a view to encouraging Associates to mark their Intentions on the Large Calendar, generally hung near the church door, when there is no other way of recommending them, besides the saint's names and the list of Intentions already recommended on these sheets, Associates will hereafter find blank spaces on which to mark down the various objects of their prayers. A Treasury blank will also be found on these Calendars. This juxtaposition of the Intentions and Treasury should make us realize how effectively the League secures prayers and good works for our Intentions.

3. In order to facilitate the count of the increased number of Intentions all this will naturally bring to our office, we have been obliged to issue a special form of blank for Local Directors or Secretaries only. These blanks have both Intention and Treasury lists printed on one side; the sheet folds into an envelope with a gummed edge for closing it. Directors and Secretaries should collect the small Intention and Treasury blanks from their Promoters or from the Intention box every month, about the time of the Promoters' meeting. They should count them, enter the summary on these folding blanks, and then send them to us, before the first of the month. After January none but the Intentions on these blanks will be recommended on our large and small Calendars.

General Intention. Both Directors and Promoters will be glad to have some good reading on the subject of our General Intention this month. An article by Father Lavelle in the *Ecclesiastical Review* for October will be found very useful. The *Propagateur des bons Livres*, for October 15, has an excellent insert of eight pages on it, based entirely on the introduction to Mgr. Dupanloup's famous book on catechism. Father Lambing's practical treatise on Sunday-schools, Rev. W. Whitty's, on Catechistical Work, in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for February, 1893, and an article in the MESSENGER for April, 1895, on this same work as conducted by the Religious of Perpetual Reparation in Belgium, will suggest to active Promoters many ways in which they can help in this important ministry. In Dr. Conaty's *School and Home Magazine* the topic is treated from a practical standpoint monthly by Father McMillan, C.S.P. "Those who instruct others unto justice shall shine like stars for all eternity."

Departed Directors. The late Father McKenna, of Marlboro, Mass., and the Rev. William Butler of St. Monica's, N. Y., are recommended to the prayers of our Associates. Both deserve well of the League: the former for the work done the last six months of his active career, and the latter for his zeal as Local Director before being transferred to his last charge in St. Monica's.

Pilgrimage to Jerusalem. A pilgrimage is a continual prayer, and we may well join with those who are projecting a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in praying for the success of their enterprise, as well for all the Intentions that will be recommended in the Holy Land. Mr. Throop, of Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, who has so well managed three American pilgrimages to Rome and Lourdes, is making the arrangements for it.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Angelus	268,317	11. Masses heard	816,843
2. Beads	315,042	12. Mortifications	193,447
3. Stations of the Cross	40,102	13. Works of Mercy	79,400
4. Holy Communions	114 890	14. Works of Zeal	42,297
5. Spiritual Communions	466.672	15. Prayers	1,739,230
6. Examens of Conscience	148,118	16. Charitable Conversation	38,825
7. Hours of Labor	455,065	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	43,056
8. Hours of Silence	230,386	18. Self-conquest	68,331
9. Pious Reading	90,426	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	221,861
10. Masses Celebrated	8,299	20. Various Good Works	150,769

Special Thanksgivings, 1,125; Total, 5,532,501.

IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 173,147.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.—An Associate of the League returns thanks for favors granted. Five years ago, through his own fault he had brought himself and his family down from the position they should occupy. His health was apparently shattered, and there seemed no prospect of betterment. His position was lost on account of his health. The necessaries of life were wanting. He was crushed. He realized in some sense how the Holy Job must have felt, but he had none of the justification of that holy man. One friend was left, a saint of ninety years, who got him to join the League. After that he never faltered in his duty, and though for five weary years it seemed that perhaps his death was required as a sacrifice, and his mind was troubled continuously, he knew the Sacred Heart would not desert him. The Blessed Sacrament gave him not only health of mind, but of body: not at once, but gradually. His intentions were answered in the same way. He obtained the identical situation he had longed for. He knows all his intentions will be favored, and he gives glory to God, the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and all the other saints to whom he appealed for aid.

A lady was in danger of death, had been anointed and the priest had recited the prayers for the dying. She bethought herself of the League and asked to be enrolled and have the Badge. She recovered and declares that she owes her life "directly to the efficacy of the Badge, as she had at least six different doctors attending her."

A father and mother offer their thanks for the birth of a little girl on the feast of our Lady's Assumption. They had long been childless. They put in an intention asking the Sacred Heart to grant them this favor. They named the child Mary in honor of her heavenly patron.

A family in the country discovered their barn on fire. It was in the height of the dry season and the burning cinders were falling all over the house, so that it was in the greatest danger. They began to move their effects from it, when one, a Promoter, saw her Badge, and she and her sister knelt down before it and prayed the Sacred Heart for protection. The prayer was granted.

Thanks are offered for the recovery of a young man from appendicitis. He had neglected it until it was too late, and the four consulting doctors decided, one evening, that they must perform the usual operation the next morning at nine o'clock. The priest who was called, after attending him and learning that he and all his family were members of the League, applied the Badge. When the doctors came in time for the operation next morning they were surprised to find no need of it. The cure was permanent.

A Promoter gives public thanks for a great favor obtained. Four months ago my sister's eyes became inflamed. She could not bear the light and had to wear a bandage most of the time. She was under the care of a doctor who makes a specialty of the eyes, but he found her case a very obstinate one. About three

weeks ago she became very much discouraged, and I proposed making a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, our Lady of Perpetual Help, and the Holy Souls, promising Mass and publication. Within three days after the novena was over, she could go without the bandage, and the next day went to the doctor's office, a distance of about a mile. Since then she has gained steadily, and now you would hardly know her eyes had been sore.

A physician, whose wife and mother are Catholics, was taken so seriously ill that the doctors in the town where he resides deemed it necessary to telegraph to a distant city for a specialist. The man was said to be dying of blood-poisoning. A Badge was used and a number of persons commenced a novena to the Sacred Heart, begging that the doctor's life might be spared. He recovered rapidly. One of the attending physicians said: "I don't know what cured Dr. D———. It was certainly nothing we doctors did!"

Spiritual Favors: A great favor after making a novena to the Sacred Heart through St. John Berchmans, and having a Mass said; reunion of members of a family; several vocations to the religious life; the establishment of the League in several Centres where it was earnestly desired by the faithful; grace to receive Extreme Unction by one suddenly stricken; a father of a family received Holy Communion after many years of neglect; reform of a young man who had given up going to Mass; conversion of a mother after long neglect of her duties; a young man, who had neglected his religion for some time, was brought to his senses by the loss of his wife, the mother of several children; a young man has returned to the practice of religion after 10 years; another after 12; another after 15 years, having been a Free Mason; a father has received the sacraments after a lapse of 30 years; return to the faith of 5 young men and 7 conversions in one Centre; the reformation of several drunkards, especially of one who had been a drinking man for nearly 40 years; and many other spiritual favors not specified.

Temporal Favors: A mother returns thanks for herself and her family, who have been preserved from many accidents, and received many blessings through hearing Mass three times a week and making the Stations; several successful examinations, and the obtaining of teachers' certificates and positions; increase of pupils in many teaching institutions; recovery from a serious accident; success of a dangerous surgical operation; restoration to health of one seriously ill upon promising a Mass for the most forgotten soul; a successful operation in an almost hopeless case, Mass and publication were promised; recovery of a person from a serious illness when all remedies had failed; of a mother who has to work for the support of her family; preservation of 2 farms and a ranch from destruction by fire; safety in an accident; preservation from great danger during a wind storm and a flood; immunity from a contagious disease in an institution; renting of 2 properties that had been without tenants for some time; 2 successful terminations of lawsuits; renting of 2 houses on the Monday after the First Friday when the intention was recommended; return of a lost pocket-book to the owner; many other lost articles found; many positions are acknowledged; means to pay several pressing debts and to meet the payment of interest on mortgages; and many other favors not specified. These were granted by the Sacred Heart through the intercession of our Lady under various titles, St. Joseph, and other saints.

Favors through the Badge and Cross: A child was desperately ill with diphtheria and given up by the doctor, a Badge was placed on the part affected, and a change was seen immediately, the child is now quite well. Recovery of a mother and child dangerously sick, also of 7 religious, 5 of whom were Promoters; of a child hurt in an accident; of an only son of whose life the doctors gave no hope, but who began to improve as soon as the Badge was put on him; of 2 persons, one suffering from rheumatism, the other from appendicitis; of a child dying of pneumonia, but relieved as soon as the Badge was applied to his chest; cessation of hemorrhages; extraordinary improvement of a person in the last stage of consumption; cure of a child suffering from bronchial trouble; relief of one afflicted with liver complaint; recovery from a severe case of croup; recovery of a young girl from nervous prostration by wearing the Promoter's Cross; cure of a child from a dangerous illness by applying the Cross; and many other favors not specified.

BOOK·NOTICES·

POPE LEO XIII. By Justin McCarthy. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 12mo. Pages 260. Price $1.25.

A man of such literary attainments, and at the same time such a keen observer of men and things as Justin McCarthy is, could hardly fail to do justice to the character of the great leading spirit of the age. The theme was eminently congenial to the author, and though hampered by the restrictions imposed on him by the character of the book—being one of a uniform series of biographical sketches — he threw himself with his whole soul into his work. "I have tried," he says in his concluding chapter, where he sums up the result of his work, "to tell the story of his [Leo XIII.'s] life as one might that of the life of any other prince or statesman, surrounding it with no halo of mere hero-worship. But it is hard indeed not to grow enthusiastic as one studies the records of such a career. Statesmanship and philanthropy are combined in it, each at its best and highest. Pope Leo loved the working people and the poor, and strove unceasingly with all his power to lighten their burdens and to brighten their lives. He showed to others the best and most practical way to the accomplishment of such objects. He spread the light of education all around him. As a great leader of men, endowed with unrivalled influence, he made it his task to maintain peace among his neighbors. Better praise no man could have earned; a better life no man could have lived."

It is difficult to reach the ideal which the world has already conceived of Leo XIII. in his long and active pontificate, so that almost any estimate of his character is likely to disappoint a large portion of the public. One class particularly will be agreeably disappointed in reading Mr. McCarthy's sketch—those who were accustomed to look upon Leo XIII., not as the common father of the faithful, but as a selfish and scheming diplomat. The work will contribute much towards the better understanding of the Pope's policy, which has been eminently a policy of good will and conciliation, but has been widely misrepresented.

The following passage on the Pope's attitude on the Irish question, as coming from the recent leader of the Nationalist party, is very significant: "There is every reason to believe that as the Pope became more closely acquainted with the realities of the Irish struggle, he came to take a more liberal view of the objects which inspired it and of the men who guided it. The sympathies of the Pope with the Irish Nationalist cause grew and grew as that cause more and more justified itself. Only the other day the Pope sent his blessing to Mr. Dillon, on the wedding morn of the man who had taken so prominent a part in the political and agrarian agitation throughout Ireland."

ALETHEA: At the Parting of the Ways. By Cyril. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. Two volumes. 12mo. Pages 270 each.

This is decidedly one of the most powerful historic fictions we have read in a long time. The author is evidently master of every secret of strong novel writing—invention, delineation of character, description of human feeling as well as outward scenery, lively and dramatic style, even when the subject matter seems somewhat heavy.

The present story is an episode from ecclesiastical history — the Photian Schism—and gives a drastic picture of that perfidious defection. The heroine is Alethea, a kinswoman and protégée of Photius; and the hero, Theophylact, a military officer. Both are strong and noble characters, brought into due prominence by their own honorable deeds, and by contrast with the Greek baseness and perfidy which surround them. The saintly patriarch Ignatius and his rival, the schismatic-usurper Photius, Bardas Caesar, the Emperor Michael III. and his successor Basil—all play their part in the action, and are portrayed strictly in accordance with their historic character. The story deserves wide circulation.

MR. BILLY BUTTONS. By Walter Lecky. 12mo. Pages 285. Price $1.25.

THE VOCATION OF EDWARD CONWAY. By Maurice Francis Egan. 12mo. Pages 322. Price $1.25.

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE. By Christian Reid. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 274. Price $1.25.

Complaints have been raised by critics that our Catholic publishers were slow to put in the market the productions of our own Catholic novelists. To meet these complaints, and to satisfy the seemingly existing demands, the publication of this series of Catholic novels was undertaken. Two more volumes, *Passing Shadows*, and a *Round Table* (the latter a volume of short stories) are in press and will complete the series.

Billy Buttons is a most interesting story, abounding in clever pen sketches of the magnificent scenery which the Adirondacks, the scene of the plot, are known to present, and full of deft and realistic delineations of the quaint characters indigenous to those mountains. The style is drastic, and there is a healthy humorous tone pervading the story from cover to cover.

Mr. Egan transports us to another scene and introduces us to another phase of society on the banks of the Hudson, strongly suggesting the vicinity of West Point; where the civil and military element, Southern chivalry and Northern matter-of-factness, theosophy, agnosticism, ritualism, and Catholicism are blended in due proportion—the whole presenting an interesting picture of American cultured life. What place this story will occupy among Mr. Egan's works we are not prepared to say; but one thing is certain that it deserves great popularity, and is pretty sure to gain it.

Another very important phase in American cultured life is travel. This phase is presented us in *A Woman of Fortune*. The heroine is a Southern young lady of wealth and beauty, but bereft of the one thing needful—faith. She seeks it, and after many trials and adventures, finds it at the feet of the Vicar of Christ. This charming story is well worthy to rank with the brilliant author's previous productions.

We unhesitatingly recommend this series of American Catholic novels, and trust they will meet with the favor they so highly deserve.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIÆ MORALIS. By the Rev. Aloysius Sabetti, S.J. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1896. Twelfth edition.

We congratulate the learned author on the remarkable success of this admirable work. It needs no commendation from us. If there is any American priest's library in which it does not yet occupy a place, we trust that Father Sabetti's moral theology will soon find its way into it.

ETHELRED PRESTON; or, The Adventures of a Newcomer. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 260. Price 85 cents.

Another book for boys from the prolific pen of Father Finn is sure to meet with a hearty welcome. It is in every way equal to its predecessors in the same line.

ADA MERTON, by the same author. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1896. 16mo. Pages 173. Price 75 cents.

This story is a reprint from the MESSENGER of 1884.

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Price 25 cents.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE A.P.A. By J. Alex. Edwards. New York: P. J. Kenedy. 1896. Price 25 cents.

HEAVEN ON EARTH; or, Twelve Hours of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. By the Rev. D. G. Hubert. London: R. Washbourne. New York: Benziger Brothers.

HOW TO SPEAK LATIN. A series of Latin dialogues, with English translation. By Stephen W. Wilby. Baltimore: John Murphy & Company.

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. Translated by the Right Rev. Richard Challoner. With illustrations. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ST. PETER'S PRIMACY AND THE ROYAL SUPREMACY. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. (Price 1d.) THE CONVERSION OF CARDINAL NEWMAN. By the Rev. Luke Rivington. (Price 1d.) THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER. (Price 1d.) London: Catholic Truth Society.

DEVOTION TO THE MIRACULOUS INFANT JESUS OF PRAGUE. Containing a history of its origin and propagation. New York: Joseph Schaefer.

THE LIFE OF OUR DIVINE LORD, briefly told for children. By a member of the League of the Sacred Heart. Philadelphia: Happy Home Publishing Company. Price 10 cents.

PROMOTERS·RECEPTIONS·

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (September 20 to October 20, 1896).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Diplomas and Crosses.
Alton	Pittsfield, Ill.	Immaculate Conception	Church	18
Baltimore	Leonardtown, Md.	St. Aloysius'	"	2
"	Washington, D.C.	Georgetown	College	3
"	" "	St. John's	"	4
"	Baltimore, Md.	St. Joseph's	Church	4
"	Washington, D.C.	St. Peter's	"	7
"	Baltimore Md.	St. Thomas'	"	1
Belleville	Carlyle, Ill.	Immaculate Conception		3
Boston	Somerville, Mass.	Patronage of St. Joseph		1
"	Chelsea, Boston, Mass.	St. Rose's	Church	10
Brownsville (V. Apos.)	Beeville, Texas.	St. Joseph's	"	3
Buffalo	Jamestown, N.Y.	SS. Peter and Paul's	"	1
Brooklyn	Huntingdon, "	St. Patrick's	"	9
"	Brooklyn "	Mercy	Convent	4
"	" "	Blessed Sacrament	Church	16
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul's	"	11
"	" "	St. Michael's	"	1
Chicago	Amboy, Ill.	St. Patrick's	"	5
Cleveland	Cleveland, Ohio.	St. Agnes'	"	22
Columbus	Nelsonville, Ohio	St. Andrew's.	"	3
Dallas	Fort Worth, Texas	Fort Worth	Mission	1
Davenport	Brooklyn, Iowa.	St. Patrick's	Church	8
Denver	Denver, Colo	Sacred Heart	"	6
"	"	Annunciation	"	11
Detroit	Newport, Mich.	St. Charles'.	"	13
Dubuque	Odebolt, Iowa.	St. Martin's	"	4
"	Tama, "	St. Patrick's	"	4
Duluth	Duluth, Minn.	St. Clement's	"	1
Helena	Livingston, Mont.	St. Mary's	"	3
Hartford	Thompsonville, Conn.	St. Patrick's	"	47
Louisville	Bowling Green, Ky.	St. Joseph's	"	1
"	Russellville, "	Sacred Heart	"	2
Milwaukee	Watertown, Wis.	St. Bernard's	"	5
Nashville	Jackson, Tenn.	St. Mary's	"	2
Newark	West Hoboken, N.J.	St. Michael's	"	3
"	Elizabeth, "	St. Mary's	"	5
"	Newark "	St. James'	"	15
New Orleans	New Orleans, La	Holy Name of Jesus	"	2
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul's	"	2
Nesqually	Spokane, Wash.	Gonzaga	College	2
New York	New York City	St. Ignatius Loyola's	Church	2
"	" "	St. Anthony's	"	2
"	" "	St. Paul the Apostle's	"	6
"	" "	Sacred Heart	"	9
"	" "	Catholic Sailors' Reading Room		1
"	" "	The Nativity	"	8
"	" "	St. Vincent Ferrer's	"	82
"	" "	St. Jerome's	"	9
"	Yonkers, N.Y.	St. Joseph's	School	12
"	Milton, "	St. James'	Church	2
Omaha	O'Neill, Nebr.	St. Patrick's	"	8
Philadelphia	Ashland, Pa.	St. Joseph's.	"	10
"	Villa Maria, West Chester, Pa	Immaculate Heart of Mary	Convent	4
Pittsburg	Beatty, Pa.	St. Vincent's	Arch Abbey	2
"	Pittsburg, S.S., Pa.	St. Michael's	Church	3
Richmond	Newport News, Va.	St. Vincent de Paul's	"	1
San Francisco	North Temescal, Cal	Sacred Heart	"	2
St. Louis	Florissant, Mo.	St. Ferdinand's	"	2
"	St. Louis, "	St. Kevin's	"	1
"	" "	St. Leo's	"	14
Springfield	Holyoke, Mass.	St. Jerome's	"	102
Syracuse	Syracuse, N.Y.	Assumption	"	2
"	Oswego, "	St. Peter's	"	15
Vincennes	Richmond, Ind	St. Mary's	"	20
Wheeling	Clarksburg, W. Va.	Immaculate Conception	"	8

Total number of Receptions, 65. Number of Diplomas, 592.

LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from September 20 to October 20, 1896, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Mobile, 25, 28.
Montgomery, 9.

ARIZONA.

Phœnix, 10.
Springerville, 8.

ARKANSAS.

Brinkley, 21.
Fort Smith, 7.
Helena, 13.

CALIFORNIA.

Alameda, 5, 14, GO.
Eureka, 10.
Los Angeles, 25, 29.
Marysville, 24, 14.
Menlo Park, 25.
Oakland, 6, 13 GO.
Riverside, 22.
San Francisco, 22, 23, 25, 26, 2, 6, 11, 14, 15.
San Andreas, 20.
San Jose, 20.
San Mateo, 15.
Santa Barbara, 7.
Santa Clara, 25.
Santa Cruz, 16.
Santa Rosa, 9.
Ventura, 6.
Woodland, 23.

COLORADO.

Animas, 9.
Cripple Creek, 18.
Denver, 20, 21, 23, 27, 5, 17.
Leadville, 17.
Pueblo, 3.
Trinidad, 25.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 17.
Baltic, 22, 17.
Bethel, 29.
Bridgeport, 15, 19.
Danbury, 25.
Derby, 19.
East Hampton, 9.
Hartford, 30, 13, 18, 19.
Meriden, 23.
Middletown, 25.
New Hartford, 29.
New London, 15, 18.
Newton, 19.
Norwalk, 20, 19.
Norwich, 12
Thomaston, 19.
Thompsonville, 2.
Waterbury, 30, 13.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 28, 9, 19.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 20, 21, 23, 24, 29. 30, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 15, 18, GO. 19.

FLORIDA.

Armstrong, 30.
Fernandina, 5, GO.
Key West, 3, 14.
Orlando, 28.
Pensacola, 17.
Saint Augustine, 15.
Saint Leo, 5.
Tampa, 9.

GEORGIA.

Augusta, 15, GO.
Columbus, 10.
Macou, 21.
Milledgeville, 14.

IDAHO.

Boise, 2.
Wallace, 20.

ILLINOIS.

Alsey, 30.
Alton, 15.
Aurora, 12.
Beardstown, 30.
Belleville, 12.
Belvidere, 23, 17.
Cairo, 17.
Canton. 12.
Carlyle, 14, 18.
Charleston, 16.
Chicago, 24, 2, 5, 6, 7, 14, 15, 17. 18, 19.
Collinsville, 14.
Decatur, 10.
East Saint Louis, 15.
Edwardsville, 17.
Evanston, 18.
Feehanville, 30.
Joliet, 22, 5, 14.
Kidd, 19.
Ladd, 13.
Lincolu, 22.
Lostant, 26.
Mattoon, 5.
Mendota, 12.
Moline, 28.
Morris, 17.
Mount Sterling, 17, GO.
Newton, 15.
Ottawa, 19.
Peoria, 26, 9, 16, 17.
Quincy, 19.
Rockford, 28, 10.
Sainte Marie, 30.
Springfield, 18.
Streator, 29, GO. 16.
Taylorville, 16.
Waukegan, 23.
Wenona, 17.

INDIANA.

Connersville, 25
Evansville, 18.
Frenchtown, 17.
Fort Wayne, 2, 3, 8.
Indianapolis, 28, 1, 15, 19.
Lafayette, 3.

INDIANA (con'd.)

Laporte, 14.
Notre Dame, 21, 26.
Saint Mary's. 17.
Saint Meinrad, 1.
Terre Haute, 20.
Valparaiso, 17.

IOWA.

Cedar Falls, 10.
Connor, 15.
Council Bluffs, 23, 29, 5, GO.
Danbury, 5.
Davenport. 22, 28.
Des Moines, 5, 16.
Dubuque, 23, 26, 17, 19.
Eagle Grove, 12.
Fort Madison, 18.
Independence, 1.
Iowa City, 23, GO. 27.
Keokuk, 17.
Lawler, 20.
Le Mars, 21, 30, GO.
Marcus, 5.
Odebolt, 15.
Parnell, 17.
Tama, 8.
Vinton, 29.
Webster City, 14.
Williamsburg, 16.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 7.
Atchison, 7.
Hays, 9 GO.
Leavenworth, 24, 16, GO.
McPherson, 21
Osawatomie, 5.
Topeka, 10.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green, 5, GO.
Carrollton, 12.
Covington, 12.
Dot, 30.
Fancy Farm, 18.
Frankfort, 16.
Knottsville, 17.
Lebanon, 8.
Lexington, 10, 16, 18.
Loretto, 16.
Louisville, 22, 27, 28, 3, 9, 15, 16. 17.
Maysville, 16.
Morgantown, 2.
Nazareth, 23.
New Haven, 10.
Newport, 20, 28.
Paducah, 4.
Russellville, 7.
Saint Joseph, 30.
Springfield, 16.
Versailles, 14.
Victoria, 22, 14.

LOUISIANA.

Batou Rouge, 13, GO.
Grand Coteau, 7, 15, 17.

LOUISIANA (con'd.)

Lafayette. 23, GO.
Mansura, 25.
Morgan City, 8.
New Iberia, 9.
New Orleans, 28, 5, 12.
Pineville, 20.
Saint Gabriel, 26.
Shreveport, 8, 17.

MAINE.

Bangor, 19.
Oldtown, 28, GO.
Portland, 28, 2, 19.

MARYLAND.

Ammendale, 30.
Annapolis, 28.
Baltimore, 23, 28, 30, 4, GO. 8, GO. 13, 14, 15, 17, 18 19.
Cecilton, 19.
Centerville, 30.
Chapel Point, 26.
Cumberland. 1.
Davidsonville, 16.
Ellicott City, 14.
Forest Glen, 20.
Forest Hill, 29.
Frederick, 18, 19.
Hagerston, 21.
Ilchester, 19.
Leonardstown, 17.
Montrose, 21.
Mount Saint Mary's, 15.
Newport, 8.
Pomfret, 15.
Saint Mary's. 23.
Woodstock, 28.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Adams, 17.
Amherst, 10, GO. 17.
Boston, 21, 27, 28, 30, 1, 2 3, 4, GO. 7, 8, 14, GO 16, 17, 18, 19, GO.
Cheshire, 19.
Chicopee, 12.
Fall River, 25, 15, 19.
Gloucester, 21.
Holyoke, 24. 29, 30, 19.
Hopkintou, 19.
Hudson, 28.
Hyannis 17.
Lawrence, 30.
Lowell, 16, 17, 19.
Malden, 30.
Maynard, 14.
Mousoon, 18.
Newburyport, 12.
North Abington, 25.
North Adams, 9.
North Brookfield, 19
North Chelmsford, 19.
Northampton, 13.
Pittsfield, 29.
Salem, 14, 19.
Springfield, 29.

MASS. (con'd.)

Waltham, 18.
Westfield, 30.
Winchester, 6.
Worcester, 25, 14.

MICHIGAN.

Beacon, 21.
Chelsea, 21. GO.
Detroit, 21, GO. 16.
Dollar Bay, 16.
Escanaba, 25.
Grand Rapids, 6.
Grosse Pointe, 15.
Hancock, 24.
Houghton, 24.
L'Anse, 21, 18.
Lexington, 23, 19.
Manistique, 30.
Marquette, 21.
Mount Clemens, 5.
Mount Pleasaut, 5.
Newport, 10.
Petoskey, 17.
Pontiac, 21.
Port Huron, 1, GO.
Saginaw, 28, GO. 10.
Wyandotte, 23.

MINNESOTA.

Carrollsville, 21.
Collegeville, 29.
Duluth, 7.
Fairfax, 17.
Faribault, 23,
Graceville, 17.
Hastings, 17.
Le Sueur, 9.
Minneapolis, 2, 16, 17.
Red Wing, 12.
Robbinsdale, 14.
Rochester, 20, 17.
St. Paul, 21, 25, 26, 28, 30, 6, 8, 18, 17.
Springfield, 12, 15.
Stillwater, 12, 17.
Wabasha, 5.
Winona, 24, 17.

MISSISSIPPI.

Canton 18.
Chatawa, 16.
Jackson, 11.
Maxwell, 24, 13.
Muldon, 16.
Pass Christian, 7.
Sulphur Springs, 13.
Tucker, 26.
Vicksburg, 12.
Yazoo City, 13.

MISSOURI.

Arcadia, 15.
Cape Girardeau, 12, GO.
De Soto, 13.
Farmington, 7.
Florissant, 6.
Glencoe, 30.
Hannibal 7.
Independence, 23.
Joplin, 23.
Kansas City, 5, 15, 16.
Kirkwood, 7.
Marshall, 13.
Moberly, 24, 17.
Monett, 5.
Norborne, 25.
Normandy, 24, 17.
Saiut Joseph, 21, GO. 23, 6, GO. 15.
St. Louis, 25, 26, 27, 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
Saint Paul, 19.
Seneca, 16.
Ste. Genevieve, 24, 26.

MONTANA.

Arlee, 26.
Living-ton. 5.
Saint Paul, 21.

NEBRASKA.

David City, 8.
Helena, 10.
Lincoln, 21, 28.
Minden, 28.
Omaha, 12.
O'Neill 23.
Prague, 16.
Rulo, 16.

NEVADA.

Carson City, 30.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Falls, 3.
Keene, 15.
Manchester, 14, 15, 17.
Salmon Falls, 28.

NEW JERSEY.

Asbury Park, 28, 1, 13.
Atlantic City, 27.
Burlington, 28.
Camden, 25, 12.
Cape May, 17.
Convent Station, 19.
Elizabeth, 20, 19.
Englewood, 29.
Jersey City, 22, GO. 27, 17.
Macopin, 19.
Millville, 12.
Montclair, 22, GO.
Moorstown, 20, 16.
Morristown, 21.
Mount Holly, 23.
Newark, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 6.
Orange, 22.
Paterson, 29, 1, 19.
Rutherford 17.
Short Hills, 28, 19.
South Orange, 19.
Summit, 18.
West Hoboken, 28, 19.

NEW MEXICO.

Albuquerque, 20, 19.
East Las Vegas, 15.
Santa Fé, 16.
Socorro, 22.

NEW YORK.

Albany, 20, 5, 19.
Amsterdam, 24, 19, 15.
Andover, 17.
Arcade, 14.
Attica, 28.
Averill Park, 28.
Avon, 10, GO.
Babylon, 19, GO.
Bath, 13.
Binghamton, 23, 8, 12, 14.
Blauveltville, 1.
Brewster, 3.
Brooklyn, 21, 25, 26, 28, 30, 1, 2, 6, 11, GO. 12, GO 13, GO. 14, 15, 16, GO. 7, 19.
Buffalo. 23, 5, 6, 13, 14, 17, 18.
Camden, 19.
Canandaigua, 19.
Cape Vincent, 21.
Cazenovia, 20.
Clayton, 12.
Clayville, 19.
Cohoes, 30, 2.
Coney Island, 1.
Corning, 10.
Cornwall, 9.
East Quogue, 22.
Ellenville, 8.
Far Rockaway, 25.
Flushing, 29.
Fordham, 12.
Frankfort, 21, 19.
Galway, 6.
Glen Cove, 28.
Glens Falls, 24.
Granville, 15.

NEW YORK (con'd.)

Great Neck, 19.
Greenport, 3.
Haverstraw, 30.
Horse Heads, 18.
Hudson, 16.
Huntington, 12.
Ilion 16.
Jamaica, 19.
Jamestown, 16.
Java Center, 12.
Johnstown, 6.
Keeseville, 17.
Kenwood, 14.
Kingston, 24, 29, 3.
Little Falls, 19.
Livonia Station, 1.
Long Island City, 12, 14.
Mamaroneck, 2.
Middletown, 23.
Mount Kisco, 23.
Nanuet, 22, 19
New Brighton 15.
Newburgh, 22.
New Rochelle, 25.
New York, 20, 21, GO. 22, 23, 24, 25, GO. 26, 27, 28, 29. GO. 30, 1, 3, 5 6, 14, GO. 15, 16, 17, 18, GO. 19.
Nyack, 30.
Ogdensburg, 22.
Olean, 8.
Oneonta, 30.
Oswego 20, 26, 16, 19.
Oyster Bay, 29.
Peekskill, 29 19.
Plattsburg, 28.
Port Chester, 19.
Port Henry, 29.
Poughkeepsie, 20, 21 GO. 2.
Rochester, 30, 9, 12, 16.
Rosebank, 19.
Rye, 28.
Sag Harbor, 23, 17.
Schenectady, 24.
Sing Sing, 24, 10.
Stapleton, 2.
Syracuse, 20, 24, 29, GO. 3, 18.
Tarrytown, 19.
Troy, 28, 30.
Utica, 28, 17, GO.
Waddington 21.
Wappinger's Falls, 29.
Watertown, 13, 14.
Waverly, 15.
West Troy, 19.
Whitehall, 29.
White Plains, 21, 19.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Charlotte, 21, GO.
Raleigh, 25. 15, 17.
Wilmington, 14, GO.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Bismarck, 9.
Elbow Woods, 28.
Fargo 27.
Sidgerwood, 14.
Wheatland, 23.

OHIO.

Canton, 20, 17, GO.
Carey, 10.
Carthage, 14.
Cincinnati, 7, 16, 17, 19.
Circleville, 19.
Cleveland, 26, 29, 6, 12, GO. 17, 19.
Columbus, 22.
Cresk, 6.
Dayton, 21, 26, 12, 17, 19.
Dungannou, 21.
East Liverpool, 28.
Elyria, 19.
Fairport Harbor, 19.
Fremont, 1.
Gallipolis, 6.

OHIO (con'd.)

Hanoverton, 14.
Lancaster, 13.
Lima, 2.
Louisville, 28, 14.
McCleary, 1.
Mount Saint Joseph, 25.
Mount Vernon, 25.
Newark, 21, 19.
Piqua, 17.
Portsmouth, 15.
Reading, 15.
Salineville, 21.
Sandusky, 23, 15.
Shawnee, 19.
Shepard, 19.
Steubenville, 21, 12.
Tiffin 19.
Toledo, 24, 10.
Warren, 17.
Wyoming, 18.
Youngstown, 22, 28, 19, GO.

OKLAHOMA TER.

Pawhuska, 28.

OREGON.

Mount Angel, 21, 12.
Portland, 21, 25, GO.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Alleghany, 25, 12, 19.
Altoona, 30, 19.
Athens 21, 15.
Bally, 13.
Beatty, 23, 16.
Bently Creek, 18.
Bridgeport, 19.
Bristol, 10.
Brookville, 14, 17.
Butler, 17.
Carbondale, 8, GO. 17.
Carlisle. 17.
Carnegie, 13.
Chest Springs, 18, GO.
Clarion, 20.
Derry Station, 19.
Doylestown, 15.
Dudley 19.
Dunmore, 23, 7.
Easton, 17.
Ebensburg, 10, 18.
Erie, 28. 15.
Freeland, 19.
Germantown, 19.
Glenside, 16.
Harrisburg, 15, 16.
Hazleton, 25.
Hermau, 19.
Hinton, 19.
Hollidaysburg, 30.
Honesdale, 29
Houtzdale, 12, 13.
Jermyn, 1.
Johnstown, 22, 17, 19.
Kane, 6.
Lancaster, 2.
Latrobe, 29.
Lebanon. 29, 12.
Littlestown, 21, 5.
Loretto, 26.
Lucinda, 15.
McKeesport, 24.
McKees Rocks, 19.
McSherrytown, 17.
Manch Chunk, 10.
Meadville, 10.
Media 14.
Minooka, 17.
Mount Carmel, 30.
New Derby, 16.
Norristown, 19.
Overbrook, 18.
Parkers Landing, 26.
Philadelphia, 20, 23, GO. 24, 27, 28, 29, 30, 1, 3, 10, 12, 15, 17, 18, 19, GO.
Pittsburg, 21, 24, 26, 29, 13, 17, 19.
Plymouth, 8.

PENN. (con'd.)
Pottsville, 29, 30.
Reading, 29, 8, 13.
Renova, 19.
Ridgeway, 17.
Saint Clair, 30.
Scranton, 22, 28, 7, 19.
Shamokin, 29.
Sharon Hill, 19.
Sharpsburg, 19.
Towanda, 13.
Tyrone, 18.
Villa Maria, 17.
Wayne, 12.
Wilkesbarre, 23, 24, 28, 30, 8, 16.
York, 6, 8, 15.

RHODE ISLAND.
Newport, 30.
Niantic, 22, GO.
Pawtucket, 21, 26, 29.
Providence, 29, 12, 16, GO. 17, 19.
Rumford, 26.
Valley Falls, 19.
Westerly, 13.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
Charleston, 30.
Ridgeland, 19.

SOUTH DAKOTA.
Lead, 4.
Mitchell, 28.

TENNESSEE.
McEwen, 11.
Memphis, 25.
Nashville, 12, 16.

TEXAS.
Austin, 13, 15, GO.
Denison, 21, 8.
El Paso, 13.
Fort Worth, 26, 8.
Galveston, 5, 14.
Houston, 20, 15.
Murphy, 16.
San Antonio, 16.
Sherman, 13.
Victoria, 12.
Waco, 16.
Wylie, 18.

UTAH.
Park City, 27.
Salt Lake City, 28, 16.

VERMONT.
Burlington, 21, 29.
Pittsford, 14.

VIRGINIA.
Abingdon, 22.
Alexandria, 18.
Cape Charles, 9.
Fortress Monroe, 23.
Lynchburg, 15.

VIRGINIA (con'd.)
Newport News, 19.
Norfolk, 29, 16.
Portsmouth, 29.
Richmond, 26, 12.
Roanoke, 21, 19.
Staunton, 16.
West End, 5.
Wytheville, 18.

WASHINGTON.
North Yakima, 23.
Seattle, 2, 3, 12.
Spokane, 25, 13.

WEST VIRGINIA.
Grafton, 15.
Harper's Ferry, 12, GO. 17.
Huntington, 19.
Weston, 21.
Wheeling, 21, 30, 12, 15, 19.

WISCONSIN.
Bayfield, 28.
Bay Settlement, 14.
Chippewa Falls, 12.
Cooperstown, 12, 13.
Fond Du Lac, 17.
Foxlake, 12.
Glenwood, 9.

WISCONSIN (con'd.)
Green Bay, 28, 18.
Hartford, 21, 1.
Jacksonport, 13.
Janesville, 5.
Keshena, 12.
Mendota, 17.
Merrill, 4.
Milwaukee, 20, 26, 27, 1, 5, 9, 10, 16.
Monches, 30.
Northport, 17.
Oshkosh, 5.
Portage, 27.
Prairie Du Chien, 28, 29.
Racine, 8.
Reedsburg, 18.
Sheboygan, 15.
Thompson, 8.
Tomahawk, 30, 15.

WYOMING.
Cheyenne, 2.

CANADA.
Lebret, 13, GO.
Quebec, 7.

FOREIGN.
Kingston, Jamaica, 29.
Spanishtown, Jamaica 6.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from September 20 to October 20, 1896.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Date of Diploma.
Boise City	Old Mission, Wyo.	Sacred Heart	Church	Oct. 9
Boston	E. Boston, Mass.	Assumption	"	Oct. 9
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Transfiguration	"	Oct. 6
Cleveland	Norwalk, O	St. Mary's	"	Oct. 20
Dubuque	St. Anthony's, Ia	St. Anthony's	"	Sept. 29
Erie	Bradford, Pa.	St. Bernard's	"	Oct. 6
Galveston	Orange, Texas	St. Joseph's	"	Oct. 17
Kansas City, Kan.	Atchison, Kan.	St. Benedict's	College	Sept. 29
" " Mo.	Lexington, Mo.	Immaculate Conception	Church	Oct. 6
La Crosse	Chippewa Falls, Wis.	Holy Ghost	"	Oct. 20
Marquette	Newberry, Mich.	St. Gregory's	"	Oct. 1
Milwaukee	Muscoda, Wis.	St. John's	"	Sept. 29
Monterey and Los Angeles	Redlands, Cal.	Sacred Heart	"	Oct. 17
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	St. Alphonsus'	"	Sept. 29
New York	Dunwoodie, N. Y.	St. Joseph's	Seminary	Oct. 12
" "	New York, N. Y.	St. Ignatius Loyola's	Church	Sept. 23
Omaha	North Platte, Neb.	St. Patrick's	"	Oct. 20
"	" " "	Nativity	School	Oct. 20
Oregon City	Corvallis, Ore.	St. Mary's	Church	Oct. 20
" "	Montavilla, Ore.	Precious Blood	"	Sept. 23
Pittsburg	McKees Rocks, Pa.	St. Francis de Sales'	"	Oct. 4
Providence	Providence, R. I.	St. Joseph's	Hospital	Oct. 9
St. Louis	Fredericktown, Mo.	St. Michael's	Church	Oct. 17
Scranton	Great Bend, Pa.	St. Lawrence's	"	Oct. 9
"	Little Meadows, Pa.	St. Thomas'	"	Sept. 29
Syracuse	Syracuse, N. Y.	St. Patrick's	"	Sept. 29

Aggregations, 26; churches, 22; seminary, 1; college, 1; school, 1; institution, 1.

NOTICE.—We shall print no more lists of letters with Intentions. Extensive as they are they are never complete, partly because so many letters containing Intentions come without any address, and partly because we do not mention places from which Intention letters come that are acknowledged in any other way. As the publication of this list has nothing to do with recommending the Intentions, but serves merely as a convenient way of acknowledging them, we shall henceforth acknowledge such as reach us from Directors or Secretaries on the proper blanks, provided a stamp be enclosed.

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